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THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME I. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1893. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 10 CTS.

IN ESTABLISHING THE TRAVELER, it is the aim of the publishers to devote its columns to the description and illustration of the scenic, and, in some measure, the industrial features of the Western States and Territories, as well as entering more fully into the places of resort (both summer and winter), and reaching out into new fields of research which abound on the Pacific Slope.

The first number will naturally deal largely with California, though future numbers will have generous reference to other sections of the Coast.

Much good work has been already done in the line we have taken up, but the field is so broad and so wonderfully interesting, and the facilities for illustrating, through the medium of the photograph, have lately arrived at such a degree of perfection, that we feel confident there is a niche in the journalistic world we can fill with some measure of credit.

In addition to the attention we will give to descriptive articles of coast scenery, we will deal especially with our summer and winter resorts, it being our design *to promote travel for pleasure.*

While THE TRAVELER is for travelers, it will nevertheless be quite as companionable to those who stay at home, as it will contain a liberal share of humorous sketches and short stories.

There is, fortunately, no occasion for partisanship in our mission. We have no grievances to air, and no world-startling reform to inaugurate; and, being travelers, and promoters of travel, we believe in railroads.

We wish to prosper, if we can do so decently; and we propose to pay special attention to high-class, artistic and attractive advertising. We will rigidly adhere to that class and no other, as we fully realize the important position that fine illustrations are taking in modern journalism.

In connection with our journal we have established at our office, in the State Board of Trade rooms, San Francisco, a "Travelers'" Bureau of Information, where we make it our business to furnish, *without charge*, to the general public, reliable and detailed information concerning any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line in America. Such information we will give over our own counter on personal application, or, on request, will forward the same by mail. We will submit suggestions for planning a vacation, for sights worth seeing, for places worth visiting, including the best hotels at which to stop, and the most available routes of travel.

We will likewise furnish, gratuitously, to intending settlers, trustworthy information as to the resources and possibilities of the various portions of the country.

We do not expect to have a public library at once, but from time to time necessary sources of information will be added to the Bureau with a view to making it complete in every detail.

CASTLE CRAGS.

GLU-KLUM-NUM-MUKIT, the Wintun Indians call this remarkable jagged, up-thrusted ridge of naked granite that lies thirty miles south of Shasta, and forms, at least, the second most noticeable scenic feature to be seen along the railways of California. The Indian term signifies—as "Wintun Nancy" informed the writer—"up-quick, high, white mountains." They come of a very old family, these crags, namely, the granite, and are very select and exclusive: they do not in any way mix up with their neighbors.

The elevation above the river of the front row of crags is about 4,000 feet, but there are peaks and pinnacles back of these attaining a greater altitude by several hundred feet.

As in all other cases of mountaineering the grandeur of the surroundings is revealed in a much larger measure to the one who clambers around their rugged, precipitous fronts, or scales their dizzy, beetling heights.

As in Yosemite, no one can afford not to make the ascent of one or other of the walls of the valley; so the visitor at the Tavern of Castle Crags cannot afford to miss the wonderful panoramic views to be had, not only from the Crags themselves, but from many of the adjoining peaks on both sides of the cañon.

There have just been completed several first-class trails to these points of interest, and when the country is opened up for travel next spring the accessibility of these scenic vantage points will add an additional attraction to this new and already popular mountain resort.

The Wintun Cañon, to which a trail has been completed via the Red Hill and Shower-Bath Springs, extends from the most formidable and impressive of the Crags, as seen from Castella Meadows on the railroad, in a southerly direction. It is an altogether marvelous revelation of the wonders of this region; it is as wild and ferocious, as formidable and fierce, as any of the cliffs and gorges of the Yosemite.

Another trail has its present terminus at the foot of Castle or Giant's Dome, from which point the view is simply immense. The magnificent proportions and splendid isolation of California's proudest landmark, Mount Shasta, stand out cleancut and radiant against the northern sky; and this scene, with the rugged granite needles and cliffs of the Crags for a foreground, is especially worth a visit.

Probably the most advantageous point of view from which to take in the whole country at one grand sweep is from Cragview Summit, a peak of 5,100 feet elevation, about three miles east of the Tavern and six miles from the Crags, reached by a good saddle trail in about an hour and a half from the Tavern.

We make the assertion, carefully and without fear of contradiction, that the view from this peak is unparalleled in this northern land of mountain wonders. A few of the main peaks that rise in all points of the compass in this circle of grandeur are: Shasta, Antelope Butte, Pilot Knob, Muir's Peak, the Siskiyous, Mount Eddy, Castle Crags, Tamarac Peak, Mount Eleanor, Lassen's Peak, Burney Peak, Bully Cheup and Winnum Bully, while there are scattered between, scores of unnamed promontories, crags and spires, with their accompanying gorges, wooded cañons and watered glens. This point is on the trail to the Squaw Creek, Tom Neal Creek and McCloud River sporting regions; and we most strongly commend visitors to this region, who at all enjoy mountain scenery, to take at least the latter trip.

If one should care to follow the ridge of the Crags a few miles westward he would find himself in a most interesting lake region. On the north is the Sacramento group of lakes, the real source of the Sacramento River. On the west, across the Trinity Mountains, are the Mum-baugh lakes, the source of the Trinity River, which flows west and north to the Klamath, and on the south Echo Lake, the main source of Big Castle Creek; in fact there are lakes in every direction.

HASTA.

IT IS a rather difficult matter to give an altogether satisfactory reason for making the ascent of Shasta: it may be for scientific research, for curiosity, pleasure, love of the grand and sublime in nature, or something to brag about. I am not quite clear as to which one of the above reasons, or whether all of them, in a measure, may have entered into my motive in the matter. I only know that I have had a passion for mountain-climbing since childhood, and enjoy it more than any other form of recreation.

I had traveled almost all around this magnificent mountain, had gazed upon it from the crest of Castle Crags, from the summits of the Trinity, McCloud and Siskiyou mountains; I had marked well, its glacier-scarred bulwarks on the north, and had strained my eyes up the awful chasms of its southern slopes; I knew by sight every one of its vast lava gorges and cliffs on the west; I had seen it in sunshine and storm, at sunrise and sunset, in summer, winter and spring, but I never found myself in its neighborhood without experiencing the old yearning to know something more of the secrets locked up in its upper heights, and so at last the opportunity came of which I am about to write.

Sisson, on the Shasta Route (340 miles north of San Francisco), being the most available point of departure for the mountain, it may be well at this point to furnish some data for the use of travelers.

The summit of the mountain, 14,442 feet in elevation, lies twelve miles (in an air line) east of the railroad at Sisson, although by trail the distance is eighteen miles. The ascent is generally made from the west side, and the ordinary itinerary, which, by the way, is too hurried a one, starts the climber from Sisson's tavern at noon, and lands him at nightfall at timber-line camp, altitude 8,000 feet. Resting at this point until about midnight the journey is resumed, and the summit is reached (if you reach it) in about eight hours, the return to the tavern being made in from seven to eight hours.

From Strawberry Valley (or Sisson, 3,500 feet altitude) the trail to timber line is finely wooded, but nowhere of startling interest.

Occasional glimpses of Castle Crags, Muir's Peak and the Coast Range are to be had through the long pine aisles that stretch down along the ribs of the mountain.

It is all uphill work, but finally the points above-named crumble into insignificance; evidences of early volcanic fires become more apparent; the trail grows steeper and more rugged; the tall pine trees of the lower levels have given way to the hardier members of the conifer family, the spruce and the fir; and the trail opens out into a thinly foliaged, rock-strewn country, which affords more comprehensive views of the mountain and the surrounding country.

The keen, vivid starlight of that memorable night as we camped on the border-line of life and death has left an intense impression on my mind. It was calm, clear and silent. Our bivouac was made in a cluster of fir trees, whose low-set trunks and stubborn roots betokened their struggle for existence against the tempest and the thunderbolt. This little band of storm-scarred veterans stands defiantly just below the life line, forming the last semblance of shelter and almost the last appearance of vegetation.

I have said it was silent; this is a mild statement: it was awfully silent. If the wolves had howled, if the wind had rocked the cradle of the pine tops, if a friendly owl had gone into business over our heads and hooted at us for being such fools, we would have been thankful; but there was no voice nor sound to break the death-like stillness, the oppressiveness of which drove every thought of sleep from our minds.

WHITNEY GLACIER.

About ten o'clock, Mars, then the "Queen of the Stars," swung into view across the Konwakiton ridge in the southeastern sky, a blazing ruby ball, whose very reflection seemed to cast a lurid tint down along the slanting snow-fields. No star ever seemed to us so large and lustrous; and then there came into the already luminous sky, the moon (slightly passed its full), flashing into the gloom of the great lava trough through which we were to pass, a light altogether glorious and supernal.

At twelve o'clock we arose and had coffee and crackers. We were advised by the guide to take a light repast, and this advice was no doubt good, as very few persons can sleep at timber line. Possibly, if one, however, could enjoy a good night's rest at this point, a moderately hearty breakfast would be beneficial. The preceding winter season having been a mild one, and the summer warm, the snow had melted as far up as "Horse Camp," which permitted us to use our animals up to that point. The trail, so-called by courtesy, is over a rugged, boulder-strewn gorge, up which our horses panted with enormous difficulty. One of the animals, after being re-cinched, and which was being led by the guide to a more favorable mounting spot, took a notion to pull back, and in doing so stumbled and backed off the trail, turning a double somersault among the boulders below.

Instead of being killed, as we supposed, he was extricated almost unharmed; and what Wickham, the guide, said to the horse after he got him again on the trail was not full of sympathy, and possibly not quite the thing to repeat in polite society.

The country at Horse Camp has the appearance of being either a vast landslide or a recent terminal moraine, with long snow forks extending down the slope on either side of this great lava-glacier ravine for a mile or more. We were now far above any signs of vegetation, and in the region of perpetual snow. The silentness of the night below was not more impressive than the solemn, weird desolation that now surrounded us. The northern slopes were aglow with light,—a clean, white, bright light,—and occasionally from the upper heights there came a blast of shivery air that cut like a knife. Although at an altitude of nearly 11,000 feet, we realized that the struggle had really just begun. Our animals had, so far, done the work; we had ahead of us several miles of hard, up-hill work, and every ascending rod would bring increasing difficulties.

I rather suspect that in mountain-climbing it is not best to gaze too long nor too often upon the summit and its intervening ridges and chasms. Turn once in a while to see what you have already accomplished. There is encouragement in one case and hope in the other.

Once on foot upon the hard-crusted snow, the impulse to take a little run is almost irresistible, but that is very soon dispelled. After a bit the breath comes shorter, the heart throbs violently, and one realizes that the struggle has begun in earnest. These distances, always deceptive, are particularly so in the moonlight. What is known as the Oyster, a treacherous, up-hill patch of land near Thumb Rock, which late in the season is clear of snow, looks from the railroad at Sisson to be possibly a hundred yards in length: it is really over a mile. And not until you have tramped for about an hour along the border of this gigantic bivalve do you begin to realize the task you have taken in hand.

It was near this point that I was first impressed with any symptoms of alarm. My pulse was beating at 140, and at frequent intervals there came over me a feeling of nausea, a dizzy, faintish sensation entirely unlike anything I had ever before experienced.

The cause of this no doubt is not only from the altitude and rarefied air, but from the position in which the body is held while climbing,—bending

forward for several minutes in active exercise, then resuming an upright position and turning to gaze upon the frightful slopes and scenes below you. It is quite like standing unsteadily on a ship's deck in a storm at an angle of 45°. After a short time these symptoms wore away and did not again return during the trip.

Shortly before we reached Thumb Rock (elevation 13,000 feet) the dawn began to break. The supremacy of Luna's domain was invaded first by a broad horizon band of faintish purple, which gradually spread into waves of lavender and gray; and soon the warm flush of the morn was spread over the whole face of the heavens. It was then that we noticed an apparition against the western sky that for a few moments was entirely perplexing and mysterious. It extended far above the horizon line in a conoidal form, but the sun breaking upon the scene traced the profile lines of this awful shape against the mountains of the Coast Range, and then we saw and shouted as we saw the "Shadow of Shasta!" This wonderful and awfully impressive picture lasts for a few minutes before and after sunrise, and can only be seen to advantage at or above an elevation of 12,000 feet. We were fully repaid for all our toil in this one sight.

Thumb Rock is the most important milestone of the ascent, and is the point from which the eastern horizon and the main summit are first visible. It lies on the western rim of Konwakiton glacier, and on the east side drops down abruptly for several thousand feet.

From this point to the Black Rocks the way is along the ridge referred to, sometimes over the "Red Banks" (or what is supposed to have been the last overflow of Shasta), and sometimes over the *neve* of Konwakiton.

The real tug of war in the ascent is on the slope of Black Rocks very near the summit. Our guide informed us that out of a party of seventeen persons he had once taken charge of there were fifteen stranded at this point. My experience, however, was that the trying time came before Thumb Rock was reached; and I have attributed this to the fact that until we reached the sunlight we had perspired none. From that on, however, we had no occasion for complaint in that direction, and had no difficulty in reaching the goal.

Of course the "Black Rocks" were a bugbear to us. Their formidable character had been drummed into our ears by many a successful, and some unsuccessful, climbers. Here was the Rubicon of the grand ascent; but once upon their crest and the battle would be fought; and so we plodded on, stopping for breath every twenty feet or so, not allowing any such word as failure to come into our minds. Plod, plod, puff, puff; stop a moment and hear your heart beat! Phew, how that small organ is pumping! May it not break at 145 and 150 beats to the minute? This is double its regular capacity. Respiration is difficult; the lungs seem contracted, the breath comes quick and short, and the head a trifle dizzy; the light is positively dazzling; and when you remove your goggles for a moment it smites you to the brain. To it again! A few more steps, and hurrah! There across the level snow-field a half a mile away is the final peak.

This main peak rises between two and three hundred feet above the snow-field already referred to, which covers the main crater and the birthplace of Whitney glacier. It is a mass of loose, irregular boulders that doubtless once formed a portion of the crater's rim. Upon its topmost pinnacle stands the geodetic monument, its ostensible object being to afford ambitious tourists the opportunity of enrolling their names on its storm-worn surface, but its real purpose was to connect the long lines of the main triangulation of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, some of them the longest observed geodetic lines in the world, as, for instance, Shasta to St. Helena, 190 miles. The elements of decay and disintegration are fast crumbling this cloud-piercing peak; and the monument, now badly slanted, will soon topple into the abyss below, to be gazed upon as a geodetic relic of this tempest-swept peak.

Near the foot of the monument there is a tin box which contains a Bible, a thermometer and an experience-register book. It was a strange coincidence when one of our party opened the Bible by a mere chance at the account of the destruction of the temple, and read that memorable prophecy, "The days will come in which there shall not be left here, one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

The day was clear and moderately warm, the thermometer registering 43° with a strong, fresh breeze blowing from the north. Occasionally, far below us, small clouds swept around the lava crags into the sunlight and vanished into the warm air. On account of Shasta's isolated position the panorama from its summit is vast and varied. For over a hundred and fifty miles, *in every direction*, the view is unobstructed. From Mount Thielsen, the lightning-rod of the Cascades in Oregon, on the north, to the snow tents of the Sierras, near Lake Tahoe, on the south, and from the blue, hazy plains of Nevada on the east to the level rim of the ocean's horizon on the west, half the length and the entire width of the great State of California could be scanned by a single turn of the head; and what a sea of mighty wonders is embraced in this marvelous circle! We remained long enough to have photographed upon the brain something of the glory and majesty of this awful summit; and we shall call up this sublime panorama again a thousand times, and will see new glories breaking in upon it from every point of the compass.

The descent was uneventful and fatiguing. The usual thrilling experience of sliding a few miles in as many minutes was denied us, first on account of the lack of snow in many places, and the fact that what there was of it had melted too deeply for comfortable coasting.

We reached timber line in three hours, and Sisson's tavern in four hours more. We certainly needed no nerve-stilling potion to lull us to sleep that night.

What would my advice be as to making the ascent? To be slightly evasive, I wouldn't have missed the trip for anything, and I wouldn't make it again for a good deal more. At least that is how we all felt as we gathered around Sisson's old fireplace on the evening of our return. Possibly that feeling may wear away after a bit, as every member of the party seems to see how much easier the trip could be made a second time.

THE NORSE PIRATES.

I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse !
For this I sought thee.

THE FIRST western traveler or discoverer of America was either a Norseman, an Italian, an Egyptian, a Chinaman or somebody else; and until the returns are all in we will still be in doubt as to whether or not the great World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago may not be a false alarm.

It is recorded in the Sagas of the Norse Kings that Eirik the Red, in the spring of 986, emigrated from Iceland to Greenland with Heriulf Bardson. Biarne, the son of the former, was absent in Norway at the time, and, finding on his return that his father was gone, resolved to follow him, and put to sea.

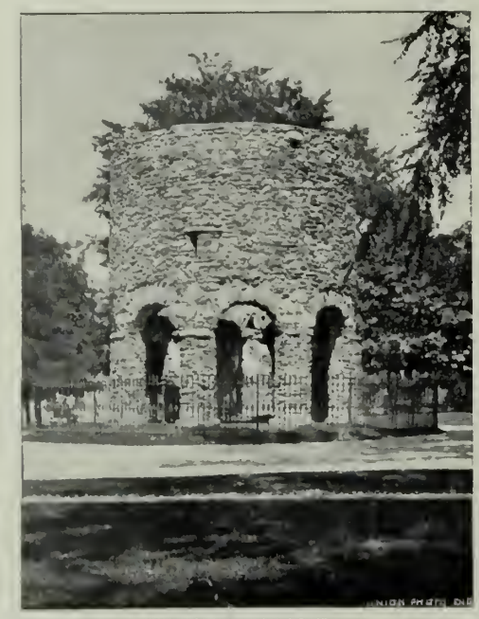
Biarne, not making much of a success in the exploring line, sold his ship to Leif, his brother, who with a crew of thirty-five men set out about the year 1,000 to look for the land of the sunset.

There has been many a bloodless battle fought by antiquarians over the Heimskringla, as to how far Leif Eirik actually sailed on that occasion. It is all as misty as the "Wild Baltic's

STATUE OF LEIF EIRIK.

Strand" itself,—this interim between the year 1,000 and the date when Columbus sailed to Iceland in 1477 in search of nautical information pertaining to the land he is said to have discovered some fifteen years later.

It seems quite clear that the Norse folk came at least as far south as Maine; why? Well, look at the resemblance in nomenclature between the two countries. Take if you please, in Maine, "Moostocmaguntic," "Molechunkemunk," and "Cauquomogomoc" (names so long that they stick out into New Brunswick), and compare them with a few Scandinavian words, such as Yonkopingyonson, Kongsbackensagar, and Storganskaldunhot. A child could see that these terms must have been manufactured by the same people; they have the same easy-flowing, liquid,



THE ROUND ARCH TOWER.

jaw-breaking style. The aborigine of Maine could neither read, write nor spell; neither could the Norseman. This is probably why they each acquired that reckless and picturesque style of piling crazy-looking syllables together. They had no spelling schools, and hence did not realize the trouble to which they were putting posterity.

There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour
Stands looking seaward.

The Round Arch Tower of Newport has given the antiquarians a great deal of comfort; they affirm that this building was erected at a period decidedly not later than the twelfth century.

The Norse pirate's bride is supposed to sleep under this tower. Did not the Viking say:

"Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another.

A rather painful uncertainty exists, however, as to whether it is the bride or the historian that lies here; for now comes the unsanctified iconoclast, and in cold blood chronicles the following:

"In 1678 Benedict Arnold, who appears to have been Governor of this settlement (Rhode Island) at one time, in his last will and testament calls this very building (meaning the old tower) his "stone mill."

"This is not all," continues this irreverent critic. "One of the first settlers, a Mr. Peter Easton, had the laudable custom of marking in his pocket-book whatever notable event occurred in his township, and under the year 1663 he makes the following memorandum, 'This year we built the windmill!'" Shades of Don Quixote, my lady's bower converted into a vulgar apparatus for grinding corn!

Probably the very first overland travelers to the Pacific were Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, and Estevan, an Arabian negro. They left Florida in 1528, and arrived on the Pacific Coast in 1530, making the trip quite easily in two years.

ALL ABOARD FOR ALPHA CENTAURI.

AS AERIAL navigation will soon be the vogue, we beg to call the attention of our readers to our proposed sky excursions to all parts of the universe. The one to Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star, will cover scenery not approached by any other line. THE TRAVELER'S special astronomer and sky guide has carefully arranged the schedule for this excursion, giving all necessary information as to distances, stop-overs, meals, charges, etc.

The first stop will be made at the moon. It has been said that there is no life in this luminary. This is an invention of a rival line; the same has been said at times of Saratoga, or even of our own Del Monte. We beg to assure our patrons that the moon is a very gay, lively place, and in every way up to the brag. At our proposed cannon-ball rate of speed we will reach the moon in about two weeks, stopping there a few minutes for repairs, refreshments, etc.

In about seven years Mars will be reached. This seems like a long time, but in these excursions time is no object, and you will gain the experience of a lifetime. A side excursion around Mars, solely for our own patrons, will be gotten up to explore the double canals, snow-fields, etc. There being some spots on the sun's reputation as a summer resort, we will go around the other way by Jupiter, which point, barring accident, we hope to reach in about fifty-one years.

In this neighborhood our tourists will be treated to the great novelty of dodging meteors, planetoids and other terrestrial missiles which abound hereabouts. This is one of the most thrilling experiences to be met with on the whole trip, and, to be very candid, is not wholly unattended with danger. In 111 years (from San Francisco) we will be at Saturn, in 241 years at Uranus, and in 387 years at Neptune.

At the latter point you will be 2,800,000,000 miles from home; and, as this is really only upon

the threshold of the journey, all complaints, difficulties and dissatisfactions of the trip must be settled here. Those who have found the journey thus far monotonous, and do not care to proceed, will be sent home free of charge.

The regular schedule time (no stop-overs allowed) from Neptune to Alpha Centauri is a trifle over 3,000,000 years. At the latter point visitors will be allowed a reasonable length of time to examine the nearest fixed star, to see how it is fixed, etc., when the return trip will be made direct to San Francisco. (See page 14.)

W. H. JACKSON.

JACKSON, of Denver, has fairly earned the title of the "Scenic Pathfinder of the West;" and it seems passing strange, yet eminently appropriate, that the initial number of THE TRAVELER should contain the first extended notice of his career in this connection. We say strange, for it is a very uncommon occurrence in these interviewing days that a man may accomplish so much in any direction as Mr. Jackson has done, and not have had himself written up in every journal in the land; but the true artist shrinks from notoriety, and is often the last one to see anything remarkable in his own achievements.

We verily believe that had this man been an Englishman, and had accomplished for England what he has for America, he could now place behind his name almost any of the honorary titles for which men traverse the globe and risk their lives. It does not now devolve upon a stranger to chronicle a few of the thousand and one events that have made this busy man's life a success. The writer has traveled on horseback, on muleback, by rail and by river in his company, has helped pack the outfit, participated in the grub apportionment, has loafed by the evening campfire and swapped yarns, has seen the outfit upon the verge of ruin, after it had been bucked and kicked apparently into kindling wood.

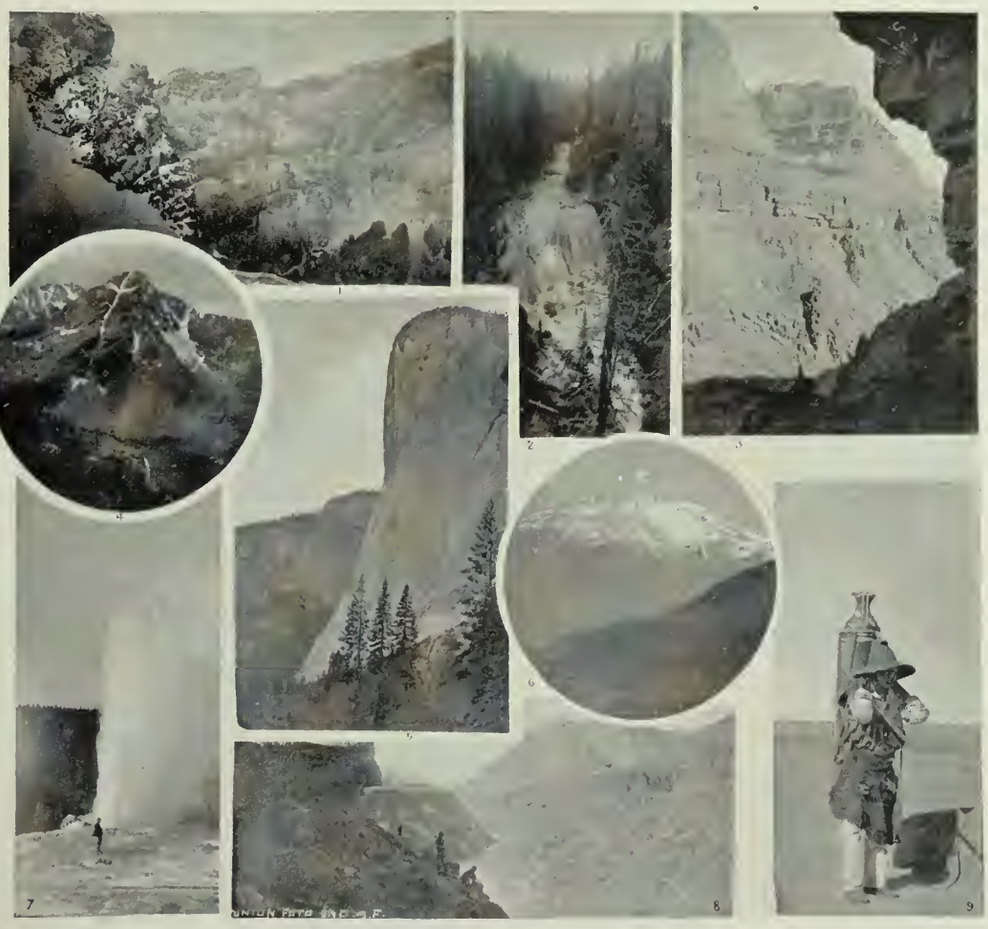
Mr. Jackson was born in Keysville, N. Y., in 1843. In his early boyhood he showed signs of artistic tendencies by his drawings and sketches, which he made whenever he had pencil and paper and opportunity. The first work he ever did for pay was while he was a mere boy. He engaged to a portrait painter in Troy, N. Y., to make backgrounds for the artist's pictures, at $1.00 each. His work was so rapid and so good that he astounded his employer, who was obliged to inform him that he could not furnish him enough work to keep him employed.

It was soon after this that the war broke out, and he enlisted as a youngster. But he did not engage in active fighting, for his superior officers soon found out his capabilities, and sent him at once skirmishing over the country, which resulted in his returning with accurate and valuable sketches of the surrounding country. When he had served out his first enlistment, he applied for re-enlistment, but the examining physician rejected him on the ground of his having had some affection of the heart; but his subsequent expeditions through the Rocky Mountains proved that the physician had made a mistake.

The knowledge he had acquired in sketching before starting for the West was of great benefit to him in his long governmental service, which extended from 1870 to 1880.

The Hayden geological expeditions, to which Mr. Jackson was attached, covered the great Rocky Mountain range from Mexico to Canada; and it was during these years of excellent opportunities that there was achieved or mapped out the enormous work contained in his present collection of over 50,000 negatives.

It was during this season that the largest portion of his North American Indian collection of views was made, which consists of almost all the tribes from the Seminoles on the east to the Bannocks and Klamaths on the west, and from the Dacotahs of the north to the peaceful Pueblos of the south.



1. Crater of Popocatepetl. 2. Cañon of the Yellowstone. 3. Grand Cañon of the Colorado. 4. Mount of the Holy Cross. 5. El Capitan. 6. Mount Hood. 7. The Geysers, Yellowstone. 8. Colorado Cañon. 9. Mexican Water Carrier.

This collection, the most complete of its kind in existence, of over two thousand subjects, is now in the possession of the United States Ethnological Bureau at Washington.

"The American Indian," says Mr. Hayden, "is extremely superstitious, and every attempt to photograph him is rendered difficult, if not entirely frustrated, by his deeply rooted belief that the process places some portion of himself in the power of the white man, and his suspicion that such control may be used to his injury." Under such circumstances it can readily be imagined the difficulties under which such a collection was taken.

The cliff dwellings of the Southwest were first photographed and brought to the attention of the civilized world by these expeditions, as well as many other valuable archæological and ethnological features of the wild man's land.

Photographing under the conditions in which these expeditions were made was accompanied by arduous toil, privations and dangers. In the old wet-plate process, which prevailed at that time, it was necessary that the plate should be exposed very shortly after its preparation, which fact necessitated taking a heavy equipment into the field. It was also necessary that the plate should be developed on the spot where it was exposed, and in the vicinity of water; therefore the army of Kodack snappers and dry-plate manipulators of to-day, as well as the public generally, have but a faint notion of the drawbacks, hardships and heartaches experienced by the artist of the wet-plate days, especially in high mountain work, where snow or ice had to be melted, a dark room improvised, and when often one view a day was considered good work.

Mr. Jackson's account of the first taking of the Mount of the Holy Cross would make an article of thrilling interest in itself.

Working his way under great difficulties ahead of the party to an elevation of 12,000 feet, he found night overtaking him, and without food, fire or coat, spent the night and most of the following day awaiting the arrival of his assistants.

These expeditions were very far removed from anything akin to picnics, yet the toilsome mountain-scaling trips were occasionally relieved by streaks of humorous incidents, that varied the every-day grind; and such incidents were keenly relished by the party.

Camping upon one occasion high up on the Wind River Mountains, the *chef* of the party, thinking to surprise the camp, put a pot of potatoes on to boil about the middle of the afternoon, thinking that at such an elevation any such luxury would be entirely stunning to the crowd.

Now, "Potato John," as he was afterward dubbed, was not a scientific man. He supposed, as many people do, that hot water was hot water, no matter where you might find it; and as to an ordinary "spud" refusing to yield to its softening influences, no matter what the altitude might be, never entered his head, and so John put his potatoes on in good faith, and cold water, building a good rousing fire under them.

After they had boiled about the usual time he tried them in the usual way, and found them, as they had been, raw. This surprised him slightly, but he stirred the fire, and adding more wood sat down to smoke over it.

After a reasonable time he tried the stubborn tubers again, and this time was more than slightly surprised to find them as hard as ever. He speared a medium-sized sample, and proceeded to examine it closely. Then he examined the pot, the water and the fire, and, after looking down the mountain

for the hungry mountaineers, built a roaring fire in a new place and gave them a fresh start. Twice again they boiled dry, and, if anything, seemed a trifle harder than at first.

When the members of the party came into camp at nightfall they found Potato John in a state

W. H. JACKSON.

bordering on insanity. He laughed and cried and swore, and perspired between times, as he recited his experience:

"First I thought the damned things was petrified," he exclaimed, "and then I thought the old party I bought 'em of must have palmed 'em of on me as a new kind of eggs; and I got so scared, and kind of queer feeling like, that I jist took a club and mashed the pot and the fire and the whole darned outfit."

The Yellowstone Park was visited in these campaigns and its wonderful scenic glories first photographed and published to the world by the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Jackson's first important campaign after the close of his governmental work was amid the magnificent scenery of his adopted State, Colorado; and much of the fine advertising matter of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, which first called public attention to the great wonders of the Rockies, were from the collection of this trip; but the range, though great, was not broad enough for this restless mountaineer. His fame was slowly and surely traveling eastward.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company engaged him for an extended trip over their picturesque road; and the handsome "panoramics" of that trip put the artist in the way of securing the finest railroad photographing in this country.

Besides the local Colorado railroads he has "done" the Mexican Central road from Juarez to the City of Mexico, and from Aguascalientes to Tampico, on the gulf; he has photoed the New York Central Railroad in all its branches, and some of these magnificent panoramas occupy a proud place in the private collections of the Vanderbilts; he has made several extended tours through the Southern States, particularly through Florida, for the Florida, Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West road; he has done excellent work for the Southern Pacific Company on the Shasta Route, and gone through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé; he has climbed the heights and delved in the depths of the Yosemite; he has explored the Columbia River and the Cascades about Mount Hood,—in fact every region of any great scenic interest in the United States and Mexico.

Mr. Jackson's supurb panoramic views, twenty-two by eighty inches, of Del Monte, Ponce de Leon, Raymond, and other great caravansaries of the country, are well known, as also are his large views of the Hudson River, Lakes George and Champlain, Niagara Falls, and the Potomac and Susquehanna, the rivers and tropical scenes of Florida, the grandeur of the Rockies, and the glories of the Western Slope; in fact it is safe to affirm that there does not exist in any country anywhere near so valuable and extensive a collection of negatives as is found in Mr. Jackson's studio in Denver, the number now creeping well up to 60,000,

And this quiet, modest man, whose camera has gazed into the awful depths of Popocatepetl's crater, 17,500 feet above the sea, and stamped upon the retina of its faithful eye the images of all the principal mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes and seas of America, the red man's wigwam and the resorts of the élite, the wild wastes of the storm-swept Sierras, the lofty, cloud-wreathed crests of the Continental Divide, and the Lake-gemmed summits of the Adirondacks; from ocean to ocean, from the sunland of the Aztecs to the land of the Decotahs, this man is grander in his character than in his achievements, and nobler than his triumphs.

The phase of his character that has endeared him to the brethren of his craft is the fact that they find an "open house" at his studio in Denver, where his store of valuable information and experience can be drawn from by any one in the business, whether he be a fresh, brand-new Kodak fiend, or a veteran of the eighteen by twenty-two wet-plate days.

WELLS, FARGO & COMPANY.

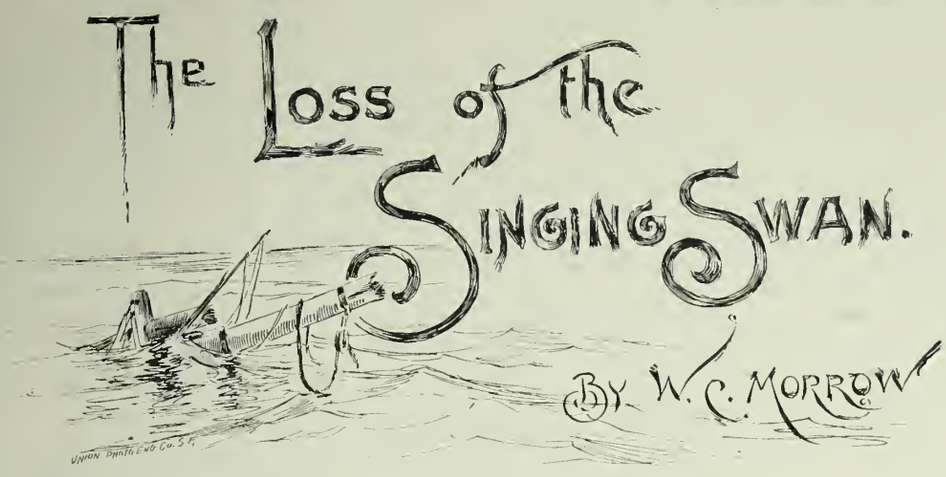
In March, 1852, Henry Wells, William G. Fargo, and others, organized in New York City, under the laws of the State of New York, "Wells, Fargo & Company," to transact an express, exchange and banking business, particularly on the Pacific Coast, but also between San Francisco, New York and Europe.

The company sprang into existence Minerva-like, fully equipped for service, and at once engaged upon its long mission of trust and responsibility, ever since maintaining itself successfully amidst some of the most trying commercial vicissitudes, extending its lines farther and farther, over mountains, across deserts and plains, and along inland waterways, until it spans the broad continent, extending throughout forty-one States and Territories within the United States and Mexico, as well as reaching Great Britain and Continental Europe. In 1888 it acquired the Erie system, centering in New York, and extensive auxiliary lines, thus securing its own direct through lines to New York, Boston and all other large commercial centers, and where it is now prominently represented. The company operates nearly forty thousand miles of lines by railway, stage and steamer; has 2,830 agencies, and over 6,000 employees; transacts millions of business annually in its Express Department, and handles, in its Banking Department, its accumulated capital and deposits, amounting to over $10,000,000. In 1857 they transported over their lines in California, $59,884,000 in gold. The main office of the company in New York City is at 63 Broadway, but its headquarters proper, or general accounting office, is in San Francisco.

It was Wells, Fargo & Company that originated, in 1860, the famous Pony Express, for the most rapid conveyance then possible of important mail correspondence, across the continent. The success of the undertaking demonstrated its practicability, and suggested other possibilities of accommodating the needs of the age. The narrow trail of the Pony may be said to have marked out the course soon afterward followed by the capacious mail and passenger coaches, along with the telegraph wires, and, in no less quick succession, by the railroad track and swift speeding locomotive, which span the continent.

Their building in San Francisco is a marked architectural feature of the city. It covers two-thirds of a block, and is probably the largest and best appointed express office in the world.

The business of this company is, briefly, to carry and deliver money, valuable parcels, etc.; collect invoices, notes, drafts, etc.; fill commissions, reclaim baggage, transfer money by telegraph, attend to custom-house clearance of baggage for foreign travelers; foreign and domestic coin exchange; record deeds, etc., for non-residents; a general banking business, etc.



IF YOU will ask my good friend Allan Luce, the genial light-keeper at Point Pinos, he will corroborate my assertion, that a long time ago a phantom ship made it a practice to haunt the Bay of Monterey; at least he will say that he has known people who solemnly averred they saw it;—but he will likely add that he does not keep the great light trimmed for the purpose of warning phantom ships from the ugly rocks that guard the wide mouth of the harbor. It is a strange legend for all that, for it involves a ghostly ship, a wild old man, and a tragedy at sea. It would really spoil the story if I should attempt a solution of the mysteries which it conveys, and hence I shall do no more than tell it as I heard it:

A queer old man, known as Captain Newsom, one time appeared on the streets of Monterey. Everything about him advertised the fact that he was a sailor, but nothing of his history was ever definitely learned. It was clear that he could never ship again as able seaman; for, besides being old and infirm, he had a mind that was no longer responsive to calls of alertness and responsibility. He excited the pity of all; for, in spite of his evident poverty, he told the wildest stories of piratical cruises and buried treasure, and for a time made the most diligent efforts to secure the assistance of men of means to help him in recovering the hidden plunder. But as he grew older and feebler his spirit and loquacity lagged; and so, finally, he had come to accept the charity which gave him food and clothing, rarely telling his extravagant tales, and realizing in a way that the younger men were merely making sport of him when they would ask him for a yarn.

Where he had come from no one ever knew; but reason finally was found for remembering that he appeared on the street one day following a night when a strange-looking vessel was seen to slip quietly and mysteriously into port. Her movements were singular, for she bore far from either of the shores forming the mouth of the harbor; and more than that, if she carried the required lights on starboard and port, there were at least two persons who swore they could not see them. These were two intelligent young ladies, who, visiting the family of the light-keeper on Point Pinos, were placed to sleep in the east room of the quaint old stone house which incloses the base of the lighthouse. They said that, instead of the customary red and green lights, the vessel carried a number of the faintest and most ghostly bluish lights imaginable. Evidently there was something in the whole aspect of the vessel that alarmed them, for they awakened the light-keeper and told him that a phantom ship was sailing into the bay. He merely laughed at them, and sent them back to bed.

It was the next morning that the strange little old man appeared in Monterey He was suffering under great excitement; and his wild tale of having been "marooned," as he called it, from his own vessel the night before received no attention. Where the phantom ship moored, if she moored at all, and when she went out again, were never learned.

The "Old Cap'n," as Ransom was called, had in time possessed himself of a dilapidated marine glass, which he patched up into serviceable shape; and with this he haunted the coast of the peninsula of Monterey, from the Hotel del Monte all the way around to the inner bend of Carmel Bay. He had become more and more a solitary, coming into Monterey only when driven by hunger. Two favorite spots were well worn by his ragged shoes. One of these was Cypress Point, that high promontory which is joined to the mainland by a narrow neck of land. The other was the partly detached rock that forms the outer extremity of Point Pinos. On this rock he was caught by the tide more than once, for at high water the sea floods the strip of rock which joins the point to the land; but he cared little for that, even though he must have suffered terribly on stormy nights. No one ever heard him complain about it; and, although so old and feeble, he was never injuriously affected by the exposure.

For hours the old man would stand on the rocks and sweep the horizon with his glass, but never until the very last hours of the day. Many and many a time has his lonesome form been seen outlined against the sky by belated pleasure parties driving through the forests of pine and cypress. He learned where the fattest mussels and abalones were to be found, and upon these he subsisted for long stretches of time. Occasionally, when he supposed no one was near, he would talk vehemently to imaginary persons, and it was clear that he had been accustomed to the command of a vessel. At other times he would steal a sailboat from the wharf at Monterey and go out at night for a lonely cruise; but the boat was always at its proper place the next morning.

Meanwhile, as the months and then the years were rolling by, the phantom ship was reported to have been sighted in the bay on several occasions; but if she ever made a landing on all that great stretch of shore, which extends from Point Pinos around the bay to the headland of Santa Cruz, no one could ascertain the fact. To be sure, there were many who laughed at the idea that these visitations had occurred at all; there were others who suggested the possibility of a vessel engaged in smuggling.

It was noticeable that every time the phantom vessel was reported as having been sighted, Ransom became greatly excited. It is not certain that he had seen her himself; but he heard the stories of her visits, and would make the most eager inquiries concerning them.

"I knew she would come back!" he would cry. "That's my schooner, the 'Singing Swan,' the prettiest craft that ever carried a rag. They robbed me out of her, sir!—robbed me out of her!—and I'd rather see her in the bottom of the sea than in the hands of those d—d cut-throats. And I'll send her there yet, sir," he would add mysteriously.

But no one paid any attention to what he would say, further than at times to start wholly unfounded rumors of the presence of the phantom, simply to draw the old man out of the deep melancholy into which he had fallen, and then see him rave and threaten; and perhaps it was these idle stories that have had so much to do with the popular belief in the uncanny visitations.

Some workmen who were blasting in the vicinity of Monterey began to miss the powder which they used in their operations. A watch was set, and it was discovered that the old man was stealing it, and hiding it in a well-selected spot which he had chosen in the thickest part of the pine forest, where it slopes down toward Lake Majella. The property was recovered, and the old man was warned not to steal again. The discovery made him ill, but after a time he recovered. That he afterward resumed these operations and secured sufficient explosives for his purpose there is good reason to believe; for one night a terrible thing happened in which powder played a part—but this is anticipating.

On a September afternoon, just as the yellow sun was sinking in the west, the old man was seen by the light-keeper, standing on the outermost rock of Point Pinos, slowly studying the horizon of the Pacific through his glass. Finally his glass settled on a particular spot, and there the outcast stood like a part of the gray granite on which his feet rested. The sun dipped into an orange sea, and simultaneously with its disappearance a sharp point of light struck across the mouth of the bay from the lighthouse at Santa Cruz, meeting half way the light from Point Pinos. A strong breeze was blowing, and this, strengthened by the inflowing tide, made the waves break heavily on the rocks.

How long the old man stood on the rock, and what he saw through his glass, may never be known. Late in the night he was seen hovering among the shadows of the old adobe houses of Monterey, and by his excited movements and mutterings, and the uncommon brilliancy of his eyes, it was clear that he was suffering under some terrible strain. A kindhearted citizen tried to comfort him, but the old sailor was too wild to be controlled. A constable, to whom his actions had been reported, went in search of him, thinking it best to put him under lock and key, but the old sailor was gone; and some one reported that as he slipped away into remoter shadows he carried a bag over his shoulder.

The town went to sleep at last. At midnight the light-keeper left his warm bed and clambered up the stone steps of the lighthouse to trim the lamp. As this was his nightly custom from year to year, he took no notice of the mouth of the harbor for a possible stray sail. For that matter,

he might have looked out three hundred and sixty nights in the year and never seen a sail at that time of the night, except possibly a Chinese fishing-smack. Besides the lighthouse there was not a habitation along the whole front of the northern face of the peninsula between Point Pinos and Cypress Grove; so that, if no one in the lighthouse should happen to look to sea, a vessel might have slipped into the harbor unseen.

It is a singular coincidence, however, that the wind, which had risen almost to a gale, lashed the sea so furiously as to disturb the slumbers of a young lady who was visiting the light-keeper's wife. To one accustomed to sleep beyond the reach of the ocean's roaring, as this visitor had been, a night in a room alone, by a turbulent sea, often brings terrors and mysteries. The young woman loved the sea, but the crash of the breakers near at hand and the heavy rumbling of those far away filled her with an alarm which no reasoning could control. Darkness quickens the imagination, and the presence of means to prevent disaster suggests its happening. She wondered if the silent light far above her was performing that faithful service upon which hung, possibly, the lives of many human beings. Suppose the light-keeper had overslept and not trimmed the lamp!

From thinking upon these dangers she began to imagine the occurrence of disasters. A raging sea will yield up any sound for which an anxious ear is bent, and darkness lends them form and intensity. Was it not possible that, even though the light was faithful, a vessel might get beyond control in the gale and drift helpless on the rocks? For the wind was from the northwest, and was blowing obliquely upon the frowning rampart of black rocks which the lighthouse surmounted; one blow upon this formidable barricade would shatter the strongest ship afloat, and send its human freight floundering and grinding upon the sharp, black teeth of the rocks. These pictures grew in intensity and realism as the hours passed. Finally the crash of a great breaker meant to her the crushing of a ship, and in the uncanny whistling of the wind about the eaves of the old lighthouse were audible the shrieks of the drowning.

This was more than flesh could bear. The frightened guest, now alarmed beyond all reason, and yet realizing vaguely that she would possibly be laughed at if she should awaken the light-keeper's wife, lay still and listened in terror. By a great effort she finally found courage to sit up in bed, for she imagined that mangled men were now crawling up the stretch of sand that lay between the lighthouse and the beach. Where were the matches? She could not remember. A heavy gust of wind sent a dislodged shrub flying across her window, and she imagined that behind the drawn curtain were the bloody hands of men feeling the panes. Just in time to prevent her losing all control of herself, the guest leaped from bed, staggered to the window, and pushed aside the curtain. Nothing unusual was visible, and this calmed her considerably. The light must be burning safely overhead, for its faint rays fell upon the white sand below, and failed to reveal any figures crawling up from the beach. Very faintly she could see great clouds of surf curling over the rocks, and to watch this exhibition of the fury of the elements calmed her more and more.

The great clouds of spray rose between her and the mouth of the harbor, so that it would have been difficult for her to see a passing vessel; and besides the spray were clouds of sand which the wind sent flying near at hand. All this she saw as she looked from the north window. There was another window—in the east end of the room. To this she went, and there a very different view presented itself. A long stretch of country intervened between her and the bay, and the shore was so far away that the lighter mist which the breakers sent up left a clearer field of view. Straining her eyes to the utmost, she made out a strange spectacle in the bay, and her heart gave a great bound as she remembered the stories of the phantom ship; for certainly this, with its pale bluish lights, must be the famous ghost of the bay.

She watched it a long time. It was far away from the rocks, and safe. It glided very slowly along, wholly undisturbed by the gale.

While thus she was looking she saw an extraordinary spectacle. A flash of brilliant light shot up from the vessel; evidently a terrific explosion had occurred. While she stood thus watching and wondering, the old lighthouse was struck with a blow that startled her—it was the concussion from the explosion. Simultaneously with this, dark-red flames sprang up from the place where the flash had occurred, and as they grew momentarily longer the wind sent them trailing out over the water. The flames brightened, and in the distance she could see that a vessel, already wrecked by an explosion, was burning. Forgetting the light-keeper, forgetting even her own fears, but absorbed wholly by the strange picture that lay before her, she stood breathless at the window. Thus watching, she saw a second explosion, smaller but blacker, and then the air was filled with living sparks. The sight was beautiful. In another moment absolute darkness fell on the bay.

The "Old Cap'n" disappeared that night, and has never been seen since. About the only thing that was discovered was part of a board, on which had been painted a vessel's name. It looked something like "Singing Swan." There is but one other thing to note: A sail-boat was missing from the wharf at Monterey the next morning, but later her hull, somewhat shattered, was found on the beach near the Hotel del Monte.

YOSEMITE.

YOSEMITE has two great cliffs, the memory of which will ever linger in the mind as inimitable emblems of massiveness, majesty and strength, namely, El Capitan and Half Dome.

The former is in some senses the more impressive of the two. The bold, square, continuous front of solid granite mounting up at a single bound over two-thirds of a mile, with no apologies of stepping-stones or half-way landing-places, marks this great buttress as the only one of its kind extant.

The tall trees on its summit look like shrubs, and the heavy-winged cranes (tutocanula) sailing past its upper walls look like motes in the sunbeam. Clinging to the granite walls, in a cleven niche half way to the summit, is a great pine tree that to the naked eye looks no larger than a fern.

Perhaps the readiest way to appreciate this stupendous work of God, and at the same time your own insignificance, is to climb the foothill talus, place your hand against the wall and look up! The pronoun I will never have the same significance to you. The most popular view of El Capitan is that looking down the valley. The Merced River, in its rippled winding reaches, forms a foreground of great beauty. And nowhere else does that great sweeping profile line from base to apex stand forth so boldly as here,—half against the frowning walls beyond and half of it against the sky. Gazing for the first time upon the splintered and scarred surface of its walls, one would imagine that enormous masses of débris would be found at the bottom, but such is not the case. The homogeneous, unstratified character of the rock has rendered disintegration a very slow process.

Occasionally a fading remnant of the Yosemite tribe may be seen in the valley plying his vocation, which is simply to loaf around in the sun and enjoy the scenery while the wife of

EL CAPITAN AND THE LAST OF THE YOSEMITES.

his bosom "hustles for grub;" or possibly if he does strike a streak of activity he may be seen astride a maple log that juts out into the river, accomplishing what is found by the tourist to be a very difficult task, namely, the capture of a mess of trout.

The Rio Merced, which swings around the foot of El Capitan, has many an eddying curve of beauty; but it is when the early shadows begin to fall and the breezes die out, when the clear light of heaven smiles up through its unruffled bosom, when a nether world of grandeur is reflected from its surface, when the cliff swallow wings his erratic flight along its margins, when the holy hour of night covers the face of the dying day, and even the stars of God crowd in to see some of its departing glory, it is then that the river of Mercy is a glorious river.

FOOTPRINTS.

ONE FINE morning the good people of Nevada determined to have a penitentiary,—for ornament first, and then possibly for use; so they selected a location one mile and a half east of Carson, the capital of the State, just where the foothills border the valley, on what the wise men call the bed of an ancient sea. The plan of operation was to begin on or near the level, and quarry far enough into the hill so as to allow space for all practical purposes, and thereby furnish a wall around two sides of the prison, utilizing the stone excavated for building purposes. As the work proceeded there was found overlaying the country rock a thin layer of rather soft material of a grayish slate color, very similar in character to chalk. This formation probably consisted in the volcanic days of lakeshore or seashore mud. By what freak of mother earth there came to be piled upon this pliocene beach a wall of solid rock thirty to forty feet in thickness is equally as strange and startling in character as were the queer impressions found under it. When a thickness of thirty feet of solid rock was removed, it was found that somebody had been there before.

CARSON FOOTPRINTS.

In addition to the unmistakable footprints of a man, there were those of a mastodon, a wolf, a horse, and some extinct species of bird, very large, and divers other prehistoric remains.

These strange impressions at once attracted the attention of the knowing ones, and, in order to make sure that there was no hoax in the matter, they tunneled into the wall and found them genuine and intact in their Plutonian darkness.

Then there followed such a pow-wowing and a jawing amongst the geologists and the paleontologists and the ancient fossil sharps as was never before heard in any language. The most interesting track was that of the man, which measured eighteen inches in length and eight inches in breadth. This was the bone of contention. This man, whoever he was, had the bad taste to toe out in his walk, and resolutions were at once adopted condemning him for attempting to pass himself off as a North American, when it had been proven again and again that no respectable aborigine had ever put on any such airs. It was, therefore, further resolved that on this account this man's track be looked upon with suspiciou, and it was so ordered.

One member modestly hinted that the size of the foot and the length of the stride didn't jibe. He was promptly flattened out by a neighbor, who gave it as his opinion that any man laying any claim to ordinary horse sense might see that this man was walking leisurely down to the lake for a drink, and having more time than anything else on his hands just loafed along. What did the honorable gentleman expect? That this dignified pliocene of 750,000 B.C. was on a late-for-the-train gait?

It was the opinion of another scientist that this was a gee-whizzin' big man. He had himself seen in the museum at Carson a club and a kneebone relic that would fit a man of this size, and he had discovered that this kneebone was found in about the direction the track was heading for when last seen! After recovering from the brain exhaustion consequent upon the erection of such a colossal idea, this member calculated that the wife of this Goliath could "hang out" her clothes on a modern telegraph line without standing on tiptoe, and could hold seven more clothespins in her mouth than her Milesian sister of the present day.

The writer has a theory: that this man was about a foot high and a foot and a half long; and that as he evoluted he grew up instead of along. This horizontal style of anatomy would have its advantages. This early-day man would find his feet of incalculable advantage to him. He could use them as snowshoes in the winter and fan the pliocene mosquito from his ear in summer. In the budding spring he could dig with his toes in the mud for the shells of the planorbis and the toothsome anodonta, and in the leaf-falling autumn he could stand on his toes and chew apples from the tall orchard trees.

Harknesarius, the sage, Savant Davisonari, and Dr. Lacontera were appointed a committee to look into this man's tracks and report thereupon. When these most learned and venerable citizens beheld these prehistoric imprints, they were indeed filled with amazement.

Harknesarius smote his brow with one hand, and clenched his fist with the other, and exclaimed, "By the great Megatherium Cuvieri, they are immense, but beshrew me if I have not seen larger ones than these on the lakeshore about Chicago." "If I be an honest man and no rogue," quoth Savant Davisonari, "these imprints are not more wonderful, nor yet so large, as I have observed on the banks of the wild Mississippi, near St. Louis." "The beach of Lake Merritt, back of Oakland," said Dr. Lacontera, "has upon it, impressions alongside of which these are not in it!" The discussion was brought to an irreverent ending by a small barefooted boy, who had joined the committee unawares, remarking that this man probably had the biggest sore toe on record!!

There seems to be only one clear thing regarding this large-footed man: His toes pointed toward the setting sun;—he was without doubt the original Westward Ho!

SPORT.

WALTON, IZAAK (1593–1683), author of "The Compleat Angler," hooked a much bigger fish than he angled for when he offered his quaint treatise to the public. There is hardly a name in our literature, even of the first rank, whose immortality is more secure, or whose personality is the subject of a more devoted cult. Not only is he the *soccr vates* of a considerable sect in the religion of recreation, but multitudes who have never put a worm on a hook—even on a fly hook—have been caught and securely

held by his picture of the delights of the gentle craft, and his easy, leisurely transcript of his own simple, peaceable, lovable and amusing character.

To the above let all the disciples of Izaak rise up and say, *Amen*.

While on the way to some fishing the other day one of our party told us a funny experience of jack-fishing. As night drew near he had used all his live bait, and, there being plenty of large pike in the mill pond, he determined to put two or three trimmers in for the night; but what to bait with? His live bait all gone, he had to be contented with a few frogs he found in an adjoining garden. These he put one on each, with the hook just through the skin of the back, and retired to rest. His trimmers were made of a large flat piece of cork about four inches in diameter, around which the line was wound, and when the jack took the bait of course he unwound it. Early in the morning, armed with gaff hook and landing net he made his way to the pool; but instead of finding any jack on his trimmers he found all the frogs sitting comfortably on the top of the bungs out of danger.

Angling in California is much the same as elsewhere. There are no conditions under which it is absolutely certain that trout will bite: one clear day they will, and the next day—though clear—they wont; and one cloudy day they will rise to any fly, and the next day—though cloudy—nothing will tempt them to rise. And because in May last year the rainbow beauties in McCloud River were jumping at anything, it is by no means certain that in May next year they will jump at all.

It is therefore a difficult matter to make any angling itinerary very far in advance. In a general way it may be said that in the streams of the Coast Range good fishing may be expected in April, but in the Sierra streams not until late in May or even June, according to the season.

ITEMS.

Among our contemporaries we shall always point with pride to *The Tourist*, that handy little monthly magazine for travelers published by Mr. F. G. Barry of Herkimer, N. Y. Mr. Barry is a man of indomitable pluck, energy and talent; and although his publication, in which he takes so much interest, has not yet completed the first year of its existence, it has made a masterly stride on the road to popularity. *The Tourist* and THE TRAVELER are almost synonymous terms, but are no more closely affiliated than their respective publishers, whose mission is very largely identical. As long as Mr. Barry is at the helm *The Tourist* will be bright, attractive and entertaining. It is rumored that he contemplates some radical improvements in his magazine, and when they are inaugurated we may look for something far above the ordinary. .

Each year in California sees a new resort opened to the traveling public; but, while we are always ready to make changes, the old-established watering places that have sufficient attractiveness in themselves will always be in popular favor. Napa Soda Springs is one of the old-timers, but every season sees an improvement in the general surroundings, until at the present time it comprises a veritable village on the mountain side. There is no more charming place in California to spend a few days than at Napa Soda Springs. There you combine picturesque landscape, comfort and refined society, all in one, saying nothing of the delicious natural mineral water, famous the world over, which can be dipped from "Lemon Spring." A handsome group of the Springs, prepared especially for THE TRAVELER, will be found on page 12.

We take much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the new group of half-tones of The California Hotel, appearing in our advertising columns. This group was designed for our journal, and has never before appeared in print. Will you look at it, and say whether there is "art in advertising?" On the 1st of December, 1892, The California completed the second year. Through the tact and energy of Mr. A. F. Kinzler, the manager, the Hotel has earned a well-deserved and increasing popularity. Mr. Kinzler was formerly manager of the Hotel Brunswick, New York, and latterly of the Auditorium, Chicago, which alone is an index to the character of The California.

The patrons of Paraiso Springs may not be aware of the recent change in the management, by which Mr. A. J. Foster has been superseded by Mr. John S. Matheson. The owners of the Springs are W. W. and Mary A. Ford, whose interests are handled by the well-known attorney of Watsonville, Mr. F. A. Kilburn. The new management are making many improvements in the Springs, which the traveling public will appreciate.

As stated in our prospectus, we expect to devote some attention to the State's industrial development. We will give general information, when we know it to be reliable, of all parts of the State.

In this connection we call the attention of our readers to the splendid map of the Kern County Land Company in this issue of THE TRAVELER.

The property of this Company amounts to something like 400,000 acres, and we pledge our readers that the advertising matter published by this Company is true and genuine; it is likewise instructive, interesting and entertaining.

OLD GOLD.

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meager ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah, me! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.
It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap, elastic, from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit.
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom; I can feel
With all around me; I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle; and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE IDYL OF THE BAGGAGE-MAN.

With many a curve the trunks I pitch,
With many a shout and sally;
At station, siding, crossing, switch,
On mountain grade, or valley.
I heave, I push, I sling, I toss,
With vigorous endeavor;
And men may smile, and men grow cross,
But I sling trunks forever!
Ever! Ever!
I'll bust trunks forever.

The paper trunk from country town,
I balances and dandles;
I turn it once or twice around,
And pull out both the handles,
And grumble over traveling-bags,
And monstrous sample cases;
But I can smash the maker's brags
Like plaster paris vases!
They holler, holler as I go,
But they can't stop me never;
For they will learn just what I know,
A trunk won't last forever!
Ever? Never!

—*R. J. Burdette.*

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptersthe flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

Richard Realf.

CROSSING THE BAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

CHRISTMAS CARILLONS.

THE WASSAIL BOWL.

Was-haile!
Sire Christmas brings the wreathèd cup,
With apples, ale and spice filled up.
Was-haile!
Each ancient grief and grudge we drown;
The Lamb's-wool smooths the roughest frown;
Drink-haile!
Peal, merry bells, peal out apace;
We pledge Immanuel's day of grace.
Was-haile! Noël!
He brings us joy, Immanuel! —*Annie C. Ketchum.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

"You mustn't touch the top of the baby's head," said a mother to her little four year-old; "she has a soft spot there that is very tender." The youngster gazed at it curiously for a moment, and then asked, "Do all babies have soft spots on their heads?" "Yes." "Did papa have a soft spot on the top of his head when he was a baby?" "Yes," replied the mother, with a sigh, "and he has got it yet." And the old man, who had overheard the conversation from an adjoining room, sang out, "Yes, indeed, he has, my boy, or he would be a single man to-day."

Miss Ethel, having finished her own shopping, has just five francs left with which to get her brother a present. She decides upon a meerschaum.

MISS ETHEL. "I like this. How much is it?"

SHOPKEEPER. "Feefteen francs, mademoiselle."

MISS ETHEL. "Oh! that is too much. It is for a present. I will give you five francs."

SHOPKEEPER. "Zen eet vonld be I zat give ze prazent!"

"Poor fellow, he he was only sick a few hours." "Oh, indeed, when will the funeral be?" "I don't know, he isn't dead."

A Swiss lady friend of ours, while a most conscientious person, is quick to catch any appearance of deceit, especially in those with whom she has dealings. In recounting to us in not very fluent English an experience she had with a shopkeeper and his wife, she remarked: "There vas one ting I deed not like; he look at his wife, and—what you call it—he, he squeezed his eye to her!"

Rev. Mr. Genuflux fell down stairs last Sunday morning, with a flower-vase in one hand, a pitcher of water in the other, a lamp globe under his arm, and a china saucer tucked in his coat pocket. He was trying to carry all these things down stairs, and he succeeded. But when he got them to the bottom, and his anxious wife screamed from the head of the stairs to know if he had broken anything, he took an account of stock and calmly reported that he believed "he had broken every d—n thing but the Sabbath." "The only thing," petulantly commented his careful and economical wife, "that we could afford to break."

What is the greatest surgical operation on record? Lansing Michigan.

What is the most difficult train to catch? The 12:50, because it is "ten to one" if you catch it.

Why does a man's hair turn gray sooner than his mustache? Because it is about twenty-one years older.

As a correspondent of a New York paper I was once sent to the South during the heated term. It was too hot to work, and any excuse to loaf was encouraged.

One day I mustered enough courage to walk far enough into the country to reach the woods, and found myself by the roadside in a clump of magnolias.

Leaving my paper down by my side I gave myself up to complete idleness. Very soon I noticed a very old darkey upon a very old mule coming up the road. The former had succumbed to the heat and was dozing comfortably, while the mule's ears were flopping after the laziest possible fashion.

As they arrived opposite me the wind caught up my paper, blowing it directly under the mule's nose. He jumped suddenly clear across the road, leaving the old darkey in a heap in the mud.

After rising and wiping the dirt from his mouth he slowly remarked, "Fo' God, dats what makes me 'spise a mule."

A dozen years ago there used to come a rusty old dealer in farm produce to Boston. One Saturday night, having sold everything but a keg of apple-sauce, he exchanged this in a tailor's shop for an overcoat, which the tailor told him fitted him perfectly. Next morning, on the meeting-house steps, all his friends began to disparage his purchase. "Why, it's all puckered up behind; it don't touch you nowhere." "Well," said the farmer, "I couldn't see it behind when I bought it, but I took his word for it; he seemed to be a nice sort of a man. But I guess I ain't got much the worst of this trade, after all. I guess when he comes to eat well down into that air keg of apple-sass, well down towards the middle, I guess he'll find it just about as puckery as the coat is."

A lady writes from Germany that she is discouraged about learning the German language.

A German friend who tried to converse with her in English made such a mistake that she fears she may do as badly in German.

The German gentleman innocently gave this rendering of a familiar saying:

"The ghost is willing, but the meat is feeble."

From Gotama, the Buddhist: "'How are we to conduct ourselves with regard to womankind?' 'Do not see them.' 'But if we should see them, what then?' 'Abstain from speech.' 'But if they should speak to us, what then?' 'Keep wide awake, friend.'"

Our Japanese neighbors may sometimes be crude in their drawings, but the subject at the head of this column, which was called to our attention by Mr. Frank Deardorf of 27 Post street, certainly has the pure spirit of humor in it.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE "TRAVELER" BY THE FIRESIDE.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE features that have made this elegant seaside establishment so great a success are briefly these: A delightful natural situation, with mountain, forest, lake and ocean scenery; an equable, comfortable, year-around climate; a perennial display of flowers; a charming eighteen-mile drive around the peninsula; an elegant establishment, elegantly appointed and excellently managed; reasonable charges; a faultless cuisine and table service; a homelike air that pervades the whole establishment, and the society of refined people.

SPECIAL attention is called to the last-named attraction of Del Monte quoted above, namely, the society of refined people. The cream of the traveling public congregates here.

AND while Del Monte is all and more than it is cracked up to be, the fact should be borne in mind that the rates are always reasonable.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME I. *SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY, 1893.* NUMBER 2.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 10 CTS.

THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line in America. Call upon or write to us at any time.

THE reception accorded the first number of THE TRAVELER exceeded by far the expectations and hopes of the publishers. We have been highly complimented, not only by the prominent press of the country, but by the best judges of artistic printing and illustrations in every circle of society.

The only coutingency expressed in these friendly comments is that, "If THE TRAVELER is kept up to the standard adopted at the outset it is bound to meet with success." We promise to do this and more. We expect to make each number better than the last. We cannot afford to do otherwise. We have not started at the top of the ladder, but from the bottom, and, rung by rung, we will build up until we have established a journal that will be the pride of the Pacific Coast.

To do this we will need substantial encouragement from all institutions of travel, entertainment and industry.

It has been charged against us in some instances that we are simply the tools and minions of other parties. This is emphatically untrue in every respect. We have invested our own money in the enterprise, and are entirely independent of outside influences in any direction whatsoever. We take this opportunity to make this statement that the public may know just where we stand.

We propose to keep our advertising matter distinctly classified, and in a section of the journal devoted to that purpose, so that our readers may discern at a glance what is intended to be of a literary, instructive and entertaining character, and what is otherwise. We propose to draw the line so carefully in this respect that no one can impute to THE TRAVELER the term of "advertising scheme," which has been the ruin of so many good mediums in the journalistic world.

Just as we go to press, the publishers wish to announce to their readers the most flattering testimonial we have received as to the general typographical elegance of THE TRAVELER. The Pressmen's Union of the Pacific Coast propose sending to Chicago, for exhibition at the World's Fair, a few specimens of the finest printing and illustrating on the slope. Through their committee, THE TRAVELER *was one of two specimens selected for that purpose from hundreds submitted for their inspection, from the best printing houses in San Francisco.* This is not only a most valuable advertisement for THE TRAVELER, but for the whole Pacific Coast as well.

Story of the HUNTER and the OWL.

Hunter: "No doubt this advice is intended for you."

Owl: "It is intended, I think, for you too-hoo."

Hunter: "It says, NO HOOTING allowed hereabout."

Owl: "But stop, don't you see that there is one letter out?"

Hunter: "Quite clearly to me this is but a device."

Owl: "It's easier to give than to take good advice."

And so they had it, back and forth, until the proprietor came along and drove them away.

There are a good many bits of wisdom in this simple story, but the main points are: First, that the notice on the tree attracted attention, and, second, it invited discussion. These are strong points in good advertising, and you would'nt have read down this far in a common-place advertisement, but since you have gone so far you had better wait until we say what we intended to, namely, that THE TRAVELER knows something about attractive advertising, and it is not necessary to say now-a-days that good advertising pays. THE moral is, advertise in THE TRAVELER.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

A really meritorious applicant for public favor is THE TRAVELER, a monthly illustrated journal, published by E. McD. Johnstone and William V. Bryan. Typographically, it is the handsomest paper I have seen; the pictures are remarkably fine, and show in their arrangement the artistic sense for which Mr. Johnstone is famous. Even the advertisements are handsome, and invite perusal. THE TRAVELER should be successful.—*The Wave*, Dec. 24, 1892.

To say that THE TRAVELER is an elegant publication is drawing it mildly, and I trust it will meet with the recognition it deserves. If there is any field for the publication it is in the hands of men who will make it succeed.

F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., Gt. Nor. Ry.

I thank you for your very kind note, and the work of art which accompanied it, and which you have modestly termed THE TRAVELER. Probably "Art Journal" would have been more appropriate under the circumstances; still, modesty is as lovely as it is a rare trait in a newspaper man, and, if you can live up to it, I think you will be bound to succeed.

F. S. DOUTY, Sec. and Treas., Pac. Imp. Co.

The first number of THE TRAVELER is before me, and I wish to compliment you upon its appearance. I can safely say that it is the most beautiful and artistic periodical I have ever seen, and you certainly have exceeded my expectations, if not your own. From the nature of its contents it must become of great value to those who stay at home as well as to those who travel. I am much pleased with my advertisement, and I must say, that with the service of your "Bureau of Information," and the peculiar circulation of your journal, you offer exceptional inducements to your patrons.

A. F. KINZLER, Mg'r, The "California."

I have glanced over the copy of THE TRAVELER sent me, and must say that I am more than pleased with its make-up. It is certainly a very creditable journal in every way. The arrangement of the matter and the cuts are the best that I have seen, and if you keep up in the way you have started out I am sure that your venture will be a success.

CHAS. S. LEE, G. P. A., Colo. Mid. Ry.

The local field of journalism has been enriched by the advent of THE TRAVELER, an illustrated monthly journal of travel and recreation, published by E. McD. Johnstone and William V. Bryan. The initial January number, which has just been issued, is a model in every way. It contains sixteen pages of well-selected matter of general interest to travelers, and others who stay at home. The illustrations are the best of photogravures, giving one a clear and comprehensive idea of the beauties of California. THE TRAVELER is well edited, and if the first number in point of merit is equaled by the succeeding ones its success is almost assured.—*S. F. Examiner*, Dec. 21, 1892.

THE TRAVELER is the name of an illustrated monthly journal of travel and recreation, which has just made its appearance in this city, under the management of E. McD. Johnstone and W. V. Bryan. Tourists and residents of California alike will find in its pages much to interest and amuse. Typographically, the journal is as perfect as fine half-tone, new type and expensive paper can make it, while its columns are their own best evidence of the editorial ability displayed in their preparation. A short story by W. C. Morrow is a prominent feature of the first number.—*S. F. Chronicle*, Dec. 25, 1892.

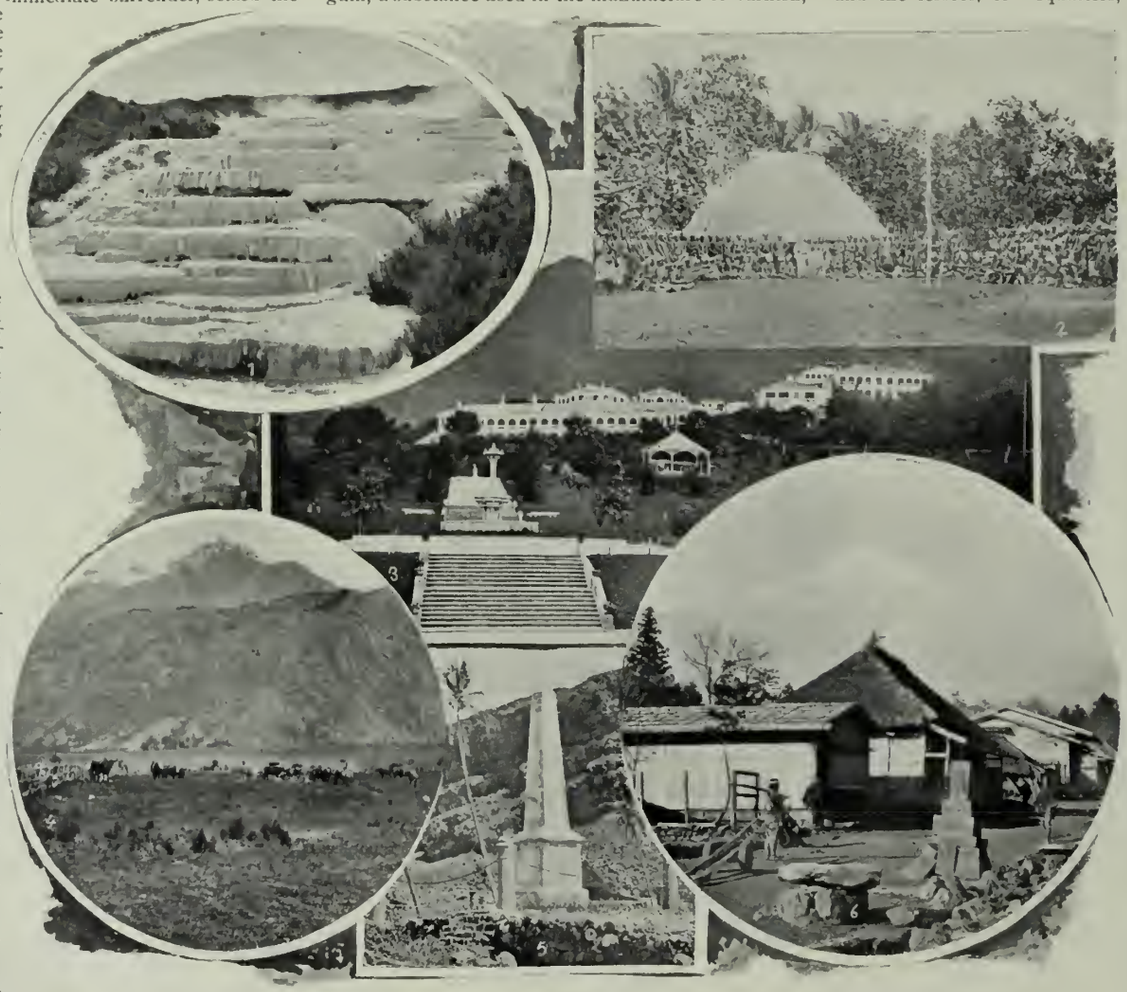
TO AUSTRALASIA AND HOME,

VIA CHINA AND JAPAN.

HON. FRANK McCOPPIN.

TAKING ship in the harbor of San Francisco, if all goes well, we shall be in the still more beautiful harbor of Sydney—Port Jackson—in about twenty-four days. The seventh day out we shall touch at the Sandwich Islands, that interesting group discovered by Captain Cook in 1777, when the Declaration of Independence was but a year old. The greatest living volcano known to us is here. Manna Loa, the seat of this tremendous disturbance, lifts its head nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, and, counting from the bottom of the ocean upon which it stands, it is one of the highest points of land upon the globe. It was Captain Cook's fate to be killed by the people he had discovered and made known to the civilized world. In their first contact with his sailors on his previous voyage, the natives discovered some of the uses of iron;—a nail could be turned into a fish-hook;—and knowing that iron was used in the construction of boats they stole one of his. He, in order to compel its immediate surrender, seized the chief of the people he suspected of the theft. Now, these islanders are deeply attached to their chiefmen, and seeing one of them being dragged off a prisoner by the English they fell upon and slew the man they had previously looked upon as a god! I have seen the monument which marks the spot where he fell. It is upon the shore of Hawaii, the largest of the group; and, like Timon, he hath made his everlasting mansion upon the beached verge of the salt flood.

Leaving these islands and crossing the equator about longitude 170 degrees, we shall shortly reach the Navigators or Samoan Islands, another of the Polynesian groups that dot the surface of this great ocean. The Navigators are handsomer than their cousins, the Hawaiians. The men are taller and the women more delicately formed. Some of the latter in very early youth are beautiful, and might compete successfully with Miss Rehan for the honor of posing for the silver statue. These islands stand right in the track of commerce between this country and Australasia; and the United States never, in my opinion, did a more honorable act than when it interposed its authority to preserve their autonomy.



1. White Terraces, New Zealand. 2. Samoan Warriors. 3. Hongkong Public Library.
4. New Zealand Alps from Greenstone Valley. 5. Captain Cook's Monument. 6. Fuji-san, Japan.

The still greater islands of New Zealand next attract our attention. Of the European navigators, Tasman was first in these waters, and named the western end of the northern island, "Cape Maria Van Diemen," in honor of the wife of his patron, the then Dutch Governor of Java. It is to be hoped that the character and temper of the lady were not such as to suggest to the seaman the propriety of giving her name to that stormy cape; for it has never been my ill-fortune to be buffeted by a rougher sea than I encountered there. It is not in evidence that Tasman effected a landing in New Zealand; but Cook, who came later, circumnavigated and mapped this group, finding three islands, the North, the South, and Stewart, which is small. Indeed, Captain Cook has left the impress of his powerful personality upon almost everything in this part of the world. He must have fared well here, for he named this the "Bay of Plenty." He held some irregular intercourse with the natives, the then warlike Maoris, who, according to Froude the historian, stood up against, and saw the backs of, some of England's best troops.

New Zealand now forms one of the great British colonies of Australasia, self-governing however, and practically independent. The only visible tie between these colonies and the parent country is the Governor, who is appointed by the Sovereign; but the colonists, whenever they choose, exercise a veto upon these appointments. As they pay for the splendor of the Crown, reflected through the Governor, they insist upon having the best obtainable in the way of high lineage and title for their money. Only a few years ago the people of one of the Australian colonies actually refused to receive the person designated as their Governor, and another of higher rank had to be substituted.

New Zealand is better adapted to the requirements of man than any other portion of Australasia. Its climate is milder, it is better watered, and therefore more productive, than the main continent, much of which is barren. Gold, tin, copper and coal are among its principal mineral productions. The majestic kauri tree, which grows nowhere else, is found here. This tree produces what is known as the kauri gum, a substance used in the manufacture of varnish, and which is found in considerable masses in the earth, into which it has been filtered through ages. From the export of this gum the colony derives considerable revenue.

Having said adieu to the land of the Maoris three days ago, we now enter Port Jackson, the beautiful harbor of Sydney, and, walking abroad, soon realize the English origin of the place by the names of the streets,—George Street, Pitt Street, Castlereagh Street, and so forth. Over yonder, only a few miles distant, is Botany Bay, so named by Sir Joseph Banks, who was there with Cook, just preceding the convict settlement. Oddly enough, Cook did not discover Port Jackson, the better harbor, and so recommended Botany Bay to the home government as a suitable place for the unhappy people who were taken there afterwards. Sydney is now a great city, having a population of 400,000. It is the capital of the powerful colony of New South Wales, from whose fields is taken much of the coal consumed in San Francisco. Australia proper contains 3,000,000 square miles,—nearly the same as the United States, exclusive of Alaska; but, unlike the United States, the center of it is comparatively waterless, and something like one-third of the entire continent is covered by the desert sandstone. Large tracts of country are as sterile as the desert of Colorado; hence immense areas must remain for an incalculable period of time uninhabited and uninhabitable, and population must continue to concentrate itself upon the belt of land forming the coast and stretching inland for a distance of three to four hundred miles.

As regards the interior of this extensive continent, nature seems to have decreed its unfitness for the prosecution of any other than pastoral and mining industries, unless, indeed, science should devise some means of counteracting the disadvantages under which immense tracts of this country now lie. These may be summed up in a few words: the absence of navigable rivers; the liability to severe and protracted droughts, during which running streams, shallow lakes and water holes are liable to dry up and disappear; the great difficulties of internal communication; and a climate which is capricious in the extreme. For three or four years in succession, perhaps, an area of pastoral country, tens of thousands of square miles in extent, will enjoy fairly good or favorable seasons; and the lessees, or "squatters," as they are called, will increase their flocks until the land is fully stocked; and so long as grass is plentiful, and the rainfall, which is usually stored in dams or other reservoirs, is adequate, all is well. But suddenly the fountains of heaven appear to have been sealed up. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, the sky resembles a dome of burnished silver. No clouds fleck its dazzling surface by day; no dews refresh the parched earth by night. The natural herbage withers and becomes so dry that it crackles like fine glass under the feet. The soil is transformed into dust; and when a fierce hot wind rises in the north, it blows away the surface soil and the very roots themselves. If circumstances will permit of it, the squatter shears his flock, which may consist of fifty thousand or one hundred thousand sheep; for the fleece is all he can save. The animals are then slaughtered, and their carcasses are burned. By this means they are spared the horrors of starvation. A few breeding ewes and rams are preserved, and perhaps moved miles away to some spot in which there is a possibility of keeping them alive until the drought breaks up.

Such being the nature of the country in many parts of the interior, and such being the dangers to which its pastoral occupants are exposed, it is very evident that agricultural settlement and the formation of communities are impossible in those regions under existing conditions.

But, in the temperate zone of Australia, cereals and fruits attain a very high degree of perfection. Both Victoria and South Australia are exporters of wheat, and wine-growing is becoming an important branch of industry. In 1888 there were 23,000 acres under cultivation for this purpose alone in New South Wales and Victoria. Oranges, olives, currants, raisins, cherries, prunes and figs may be enumerated among the special products of portions of South Australia, New South Wales and Victoria. The banana, the pine apple and all tropical fruits grow luxuriantly in Queensland, where also there are extensive sugar plantations. But most of this great colony is given up to the squatters, who hold 300,000,000 acres under lease or license for pastoral purposes; and the same is

true, in a measure, of all the colonies. A country as large as the United States, having a population of only 3,500,000, more than a third of whom are in the four principal cities of Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane and Adelaide, must necessarily surrender itself to pastoral pursuits. Australasia in 1888 owned 100,000,000 sheep, 9,000,000 cattle and 1,500,000 horses, and had under cultivation 8,500,000 acres, which was less than three acres per head of the population.

The mineral resources of Australia are enormous. They include nearly all the precious stones known to commerce, the royal metals, copper, tin, antimony, lead, manganese, asbestos, shale, bismuth, quicksilver, iron and coal, as well as marble, granite, slate, freestone, basalt and other building materials. The gold mined in the single colony of Victoria up to the end of 1886 exceeded one thousand million dollars.

The framework of a great nation of English-speaking people is laid down in Australia; but it will take time to unify and fuse them into a nation, as was done by our Federal Constitution. At present they are suffering from divergent railway and fiscal systems. When you come to the line dividing two colonies you have to change cars, because the gauge is different. The cars of the Victorian system will not fit the tracks of New South Wales. Your baggage will likely be examined to see that you have nothing contraband. Especially is this so in entering Victoria, which has adopted protection or high tariff. The railways are owned by the colonies, and are very badly, nay, stupidly, managed. On the road between Sydney and Melbourne, 600 miles long, when night comes and the sleeper is brought into use, a partition is put up in the center of the car to separate the wolves from the lambs, the mortals from the immortals,—in a word, the men from the women. Being husband or father confers no right that the porter will respect. Another thing that struck me as being very absurd was their method of carrying out the law of right-of-way upon the different lines of railway. The conductor having the right-of-way in a given direction was armed with a brass baton about eighteen inches or two feet in length; and as long as he held possession of that the right-of-way was his indisputably.

Nevertheless, I like Australia and the Australians. John Bull is, in my opinion, a more agreeable creature in that country than he is at home on his small island. In a generation or two he becomes structurally modified. The Australian is taller and thinner than his progenitors, with a narrower chest, greater length of limb, a clearer complexion, and brighter eyes. He has perhaps greater powers of endurance under circumstances of strong excitement than his forefathers, but his powers of application and sustained effort may not be so considerable. He is more impulsive and less stable; more impetuous and probably less tenacious of purpose.

The finest specimens of the Australian women resemble their American rather than their English sisters. They have frequently an air of refinement, and are, as a general rule, tall, slight and graceful. Perhaps there is as large a proportion of pretty faces to be met with in the principal cities as you will find in those of the United States. But their beauty is of an evanescent character, and does not last until the half-way house of life has been reached, and even passed, as it does in England. The teeth decay at an early age, and the complexion becomes desiccated, owing to the heat and aridity of the atmosphere during the summer months. But in the islands of Tasmania and New Zealand, where the climatic and geological conditions are different, there seems to be a reasonable probability that the physical and mental characteristics of the children and remote descendants of British settlers will not materially differ from those of the original stock in the United Kingdom.

The people of Australia are great lovers of outdoor sport, and enjoy it in a large and generous way. I have seen 150,000 of them on a racetrack,—the Melbourne Cup day; and so well-behaved were they that not an arrest was made within the range of my observation. It was a grand and memorable sight. Twenty-eight horses, among the best in the world, went to the post; and it was a race from start to finish, a distance of two miles over a beautiful green sward as level as a billiard table. The start was like the charge of a squadron of cavalry; and, as every one in that country stakes something upon the result of the race for the Melbourne Cup, the feeling was intense. As the pace began to tell upon the horses, and only the very best remained at the front toward the finish, the multitude became hushed. After so much noise the silence was almost painful, but it was soon broken by a tremendous shout, "Mentor wins."

In that country as in this the aborigine perishes before the advance of the white man. But the Australian Bushman is very far below the North American Indian. The former is, perhaps, the lowest type of man. He has never built him a house of any sort, nor invented a weapon except the spear and the boomerang. He lives upon what the earth produces without cultivation. The wallaby or dwarf kangaroo is his meat; but he does not despise meaner food, such as the smaller marsupials and reptiles furnish. He is unprogressive, mean, treacherous. No matter how much you may lay him under obligation to you it is never safe to walk in front of him, because his inclination to stab you is almost irresistible. If he approaches you in the field or forest empty-handed, and with manifestations of friendship, beware lest he is drawing an assagai between his toes through the grass with which to stab you. Though a cannibal he would prefer darker flesh to yours. He says the white man is too salt and disagrees with him. The women express great sorrow by gashing themselves across the breast; and, as they are not incumbered with tailor-made suits, you can easily tell how many husbands they have lost or had eaten by the number of their wounds. I visited a place called "Tabilk," in Victoria, which is the name of a tribe of this people which has all but perished. The remnant in this instance consisted of a woman—a hideous object—and her husband. Thinking the man a little off-color, though as yet he had spoken no word of English, I asked him his name, and was somewhat startled by the answer, "Pat Hennesy."

From Sydney to Hongkong by steamer will occupy the same number of days, twenty-four, that it takes to go from San Francisco to Sydney. Here again we shall follow in the track of Captain Cook. Inside the Great Barrier reef, which parallels the coast of Queensland, the channel is difficult of navigation; and the steamers, by a rule which leaves the commanders no discretion, anchor at night. But Cook navigated this channel more than one hundred years ago without the aid of chart or steam or those friendly lighthouses which now cheer the way of the mariner. He must have been in difficulties here, seeing that he named that point of land yonder, "Cape Tribulation." We stop at Cooktown and Thursday Island for brief periods. The latter is a station for an extensive pearl fishery; but the capitalists who furnish the outfits must be content with the shells, as the divers whom they employ swallow the pearls. These shells are shipped to Europe, mostly to Austria I was told, and worked up into buttons. In going through Torres Straits we have the very large island of New Guinea on the right, and after crossing the Gulf of Carpinteria make a landing at Port Darwin, the most northern point of land on the Australian continent, and but ten degrees from the equator.

Thence through the Moluccas and the Philippine Islands we reach Hongkong, another British settlement. This island, because it stands at the gate, or one of the gates, of Chinese commerce, was seized by the British, and is now a strongly fortified place. The warm climate seems to be particularly well adapted to the Highland regiment stationed there. Hongkong is also a naval station; and, seeing six powerful British bulldogs at anchor in those waters it occurred to us that in three weeks they could be upon us in California, if trouble arose. But we consoled ourselves with the reflection that the Scotts and their associates were raising bulldogs in San Francisco with fangs as sharp and jaws as strong as those of Great Britain.

Up the river about the same distance Sacramento is from San Francisco is the great city of Canton, that hive in which is packed from one to two million of the children of Asia. None other dwell within the city limits The foreign consuls, and agents of foreign mercantile houses at that post, have their dwellings upon a strip of land outside the city, upon the river bank. There are many curious things to be seen in Canton, that is, curious to us. We found the meat market well supplied with cats, both living and dead; cats hot and cold, boiled and baked; and it was intimated that the rodent that interfered with the malt in the house that Jack built could, if desired, be had on toast or otherwise. The very narrow streets were thronged with people. Keen-looking men, in whose glances the foreigner could discover no sign of welcome, barely conceded us a passage,—a most uncomfortable place to be in, and one I care not to see again.

The Japanese are so very different,—laughing children, pretty, smiling maidens with dazzlingly white teeth, which unfortunately they blacken when they get married, and thereby render themselves hideous objects; old men joyously flying kites for the amusement of the young. They raise fruit trees for the blossoms, not the fruit they bear; and they have a pretty legend that those trees are made to bloom by the invisible touch of virgin hands. The cherry blossom festival is an event in Japan each year. Their beliefs are simple and touching. Everywhere in the fields you see altars erected to their deities, whom they seek to propriate by offerings. A picture of an old fellow carrying a windbag upon his back represents their God of Fortune; and it may be that our expression, "raising the wind," has been borrowed from this circumstance. Their temples stand mostly in gardens, and thus have the advantage of beautiful surroundings; whilst their interior decorations surpass in splendor our most elaborately appointed churches; and the visitor, be he sightseer or devotee, is expected to remove his shoes before entering. The altars are railed off, and the offerings of the pious people are deposited in the space within. In praying, as indeed in all cases where reverence or deep respect is expressed, these people bow deferentially, and at intervals draw in the breath in an audible manner.

As a farmer the Japanese excels. His fields are as highly cultivated as the best kept kitchen gardens; and his house, however humble it may be, is exquisitely clean. A guest is treated with profound respect; and the chances are he or she, as the case may be, will be invited to go in bathing with the family. The bath amounts to a passion with these people, and I have seen a whole village bathing together,—both sexes and all ages; but after a while one ceases to mind it. Japan is the paradise of children. Sorrow and pain seem not to touch them, and therefore they are rarely heard to cry.

The first object to catch the eye as you approach that country, and the last upon which it lovingly gazes as you leave it, is their beautiful mountain, the peerless Fuji-san, which the people regard as a sacred thing, and believe the legend that it was created in a single night.

And now, after an absence of a year, and after voyaging a distance equal to the circumference of the earth, we are back in San Francisco, which we love so well.

Our peaceful mission ends here, but not so some of its consequences. These have been far-reaching and of incalculable value to both the State and Nation. The Australians are more our friends now than they were formerly. In the very crisis of the Samoan affair those powerful colonies threw the whole weight of their influence upon the side of the United States. The Federal Council, representing the whole of Australasia, adopted an address to the Crown, calling upon the Queen of England personally to stand fast by her treaties, and if necessary to make new treaties for the preservation of the independence of the Samoan Islands. Great Britain had up to that time acquiesced in the cruel treatment of those simple people by Germany, which was about to destroy their liberty. But when those great colonies declared, in emphatic terms, that they viewed with alarm the dominion of a foreign power in the track of commerce between their country and the United States, the policy of Great Britain was changed, and the Berlin treaty followed.

The great orange industry of California was menaced—some thought it was doomed—by the ravages of that terrible pest, the cottony cushion scale, otherwise the *Icerya purchasi*. Science had been taxed in vain to find a remedy for this pest; hundreds of thousands of dollars had been expended on washes and other makeshift remedies, but all to no purpose. The fruit-growers of the State, especially of the south, were in despair. In some places the orange trees were cut down, and no new ones were being planted; but just then the Australian ladybird came and performed something like a miracle. The annual reports of the State Board of Horticulture contain much information touching this beneficial insect. They say:

"So great were the ravages of the cottony cushion scale, on citrus trees especially, that in many districts the growing of the orange and the lemon was about given up." * * * * "More deadly than the hordes of Goths and Huns that came to plow Rome and harrow Italy, came the countless legions of *Icerya;* and shriveled foilage and bare and blasted boughs everywhere told of their resistless and ruthless march. No watchfulness or vigilance could guard against their attacks or turn them from their victorious course. Then in the deep night of our despair came a miracle and relief. As silent and noiseless as came the Angel of Death to smite the Assyrians beleaguring God's chosen people, so came the *vedalia* to our aid, and, like Sennacherib's countless hosts, the cottony cushion legions almost in a night melted away and were no more. What a vast army of men and millions of dollars could not have performed in years, a mere handful of Australian ladybugs has virtually accomplished in a few weeks; and even to us who have watched their work most closely, it seems utterly incomprehensible and almost beyond belief."

MAKING UP A SHORTAGE.

"Coming out of St. Louis the other day I gave half of my seat to a demure little widow. She told me she was awfully afraid of being robbed, and knowing by my face that I was an honest man she wanted me to take charge of her port-monnaie until we reached Chicago." "And you did?" "Yes, I did; and as she passed it over she sweetly said, 'There's exactly $90 in it.' We rode to Chicago without leaving our seats. As we ran into the city I handed her the purse. She opened it, and counted the money. 'Why, there isn't but $50 here,' she said, as she looked up at me.' 'But I haven't taken any.' 'Well, I am $40 short, as you see. Perhaps you can explain it to the police.'" "And what did you do?" "I gave her the $40 of course. Please kick me a few hundred times."

CRATER LAKE.

W. G. STEEL.

A TRIP to Crater Lake is, to a lover of the grand and beautiful in nature, an important event, around which will ever cluster memories of unalloyed happiness, thoughts of little adventures and weird experiences that go to make life worth living. It is situated in the northwest portion of Klamath County, Oregon, twenty-two miles west of north of Fort Klamath, and about eighty miles northeast of Medford, which is the best point to leave the Oregon & California Railroad. The Jacksonville and Forth Klamath military road passes the lake within three miles, and the road to the very walls of it is exceptionally good for a mountainous country, while in near proximity may be found remarkably fine camping grounds.

The Indians of Southern Oregon have known of it for ages, but until recently none have seen it, for the reason that a tradition, handed down from generation to generation, described it as the home of myriads of sea-devils, or, as they were called, llaos; and it was considered certain death for any brave even to look upon it. This superstition still haunts the Klamaths.

At times, when gazing from the surrounding wall, the skies and cliffs are seen perfectly mirrored in the smooth and glassy surface over which the mountain breeze creates scarce a ripple; and it is with great difficulty the eye can distinguish the line dividing the cliffs from their reflected counterfeits. The lake is almost egg-shaped, ranging northeast by southwest, and is seven miles long by six in width. The water's surface is six thousand two hundred and fifty-one feet above sea-level, and is completely surrounded by cliffs, or walls, from one thousand to over two thousand feet high, which are scantily covered with coniferous trees.

To the southwest is Wizard Island, eight hundred and forty-five feet high, circular in shape, and slightly covered with timber. In the top is a depression, or crater,—the Witches' Cauldron,—one hundred feet deep and four hundred and seventy-five feet in diameter. This was evidently the last smoking chimney of a once mighty volcano. The base of the island is covered with very heavy and hard rocks, with sharp and unworn edges, over which scarcely a score of human feet have trod. Farther up are deep beds of ashes, and light, spongy rocks and cinders, giving evidence of intense heat. Within the crater, as without, the surface is entirely covered with volcanic rocks.

Here was one of the hottest places on a clear day in August it has ever been my lot to witness. Not a breath of air seemed to enter, and the hot sun poured down upon thousands of rocks and stones that reflected his rays with an intensity that seemed to multiply beyond conception. Here, however, I determined to lunch,—and did;—but one such experience will last a long time.

Directly north of the island is Llao Rock, a grand old sentinel, standing boldly out on the west side of the lake, and reaching up over two thousand feet perpendicularly. From the top of it you can drop a stone, and it will pass down and grow smaller and smaller, until your head begins to swim, and you see the stone become a mere speck and fade entirely from view; and at last, nearly half a mile below, it strikes the unruffled surface of the water and sinks forever from sight in the depths of this seemingly bottomless lake.

There is probably no point of interest in America that so completely overcomes the ordinary Indian with fear as Crater Lake. From time immemorial no power has been strong enough to induce him to approach within sight of it. For a paltry sum he will engage to guide you thither, but, before you reach the mountain-top, will leave you to proceed alone. To the savage mind it is clothed with a deep veil of mystery, and is the abode of all manner of demons and unshapely monsters. Once inhabited by the Great Spirit, it has now become the sheol of modern times, and it is certain death for any proud savage to behold it. This feeling has, to a certain extent, instilled itself in the minds of such whites as have made it their Mecca, until every stray log that floats upon the water is imagined to possess life, and may possibly be a monster. Exaggerated accounts of different points have been given and implicitly believed without a question or reflection. It has been claimed that the crater of Wizard Island was eight hundred feet deep, while by actual measurement we found it to be scarcely a hundred. The island was said to be fifteen hundred feet high, but an accurate measurement placed it at just eight hundred and forty-five feet.

My first visit to Crater Lake was in 1885, at which time the thought was suggested, by Capt. C. E. Dutton, of having the lake and environs withdrawn from the market. Promptly acting on the suggestion, my friend, Hon. Binger Hermann, was sought, and a movement started looking to the formation of a national park. In response to a petition forwarded to Washington, and ably advocated by Congressman Hermann, the United States Geological Survey, under Capt. Dutton, was ordered to examine the lake and surroundings during the summer of 1886. In this expedition it was my good fortune to have charge of the sounding, which afforded me a pleasure unsurpassed in all my mountain experience.

That an idea may be had of the difficulties to be overcome, suffice it to say, boats had to be built for the purpose in Portland, transported to Ashland, three hundred and forty-one miles, by rail, and carried from there to the lake on wagons, one hundred miles, into the mountains, where they

were launched over cliffs one thousand feet high. On the first day of July I boarded the train for Ashland, where I met Capt. Dutton, and we were joined immediately afterward by Capt. Geo. W. Davis, one of the most eminent engineers of America, and ten soldiers. On the seventh we started for the lake, preceded by Capts. Dutton and Davis, who were followed by a four-mule team bearing a first-class lap-streak boat, which in turn was followed by three double teams, horsemen and pack train. Of our largest boat, the *Cleetwood*, we all felt justly proud, as it was certainly a beautiful model, four-oared, twenty-six feet long, and competent to ride almost any sea.

The entire distance from Ashland, ninety-seven miles, was accomplished by slow, easy marches, every precaution being taken to provide against a mishap; and no incident occurred of special importance. Soon after reaching the foothills we encountered sliding places and short turns in the road. As the wagon containing the *Cleetwood* was top-heavy and coupled, twenty feet long, it was impossible to turn on an ordinary curve; hence it became necessary at times to drive as far as possible, then let ten or fifteen men lift the hind end of the wagon around by main strength. At ten o'clock on Wednesday, the 14th, the boats were landed on the walls of the lake, having traveled four hundred and forty miles from Portland, with scarcely a scratch to mar the paint.

The southern edge of the lake is the most interesting. In the immediate foreground lies the lake with its twenty odd miles of rugged cliffs standing abruptly from the water's edge. To the left is Wizard Island, on the top of which rests the Witch's Cauldron, or crater, like a great flat top. Beyond stands Llao Rock, solemn, grim and grand, over two thousand feet perpendicularly; while still beyond stands Mount Thielsen, the lightning-rod of the Cascades. Just to the east of the lake is Mount Scott, partly covered with snow; while close to the camp on the east is a high cliff known as Cathedral Rock, running far down to the right and at last disappearing below the tree-tops. To the south the scene is varied by a wide range of mountain-tops stretching far away to California, chief among which is snow-capped and beautiful Pitt. Just to the left the rough mountain view is changed to a charming plain, in the midst of which is a broad expanse of water, which proves to be Klamath Lake, about thirty miles distant.

After becoming acquainted with the topographical features of Crater Lake, the strange, bright sunlight that shines down with such an unearthly brilliancy into its profound depths, the perfect reflections of its mountain-barred shores, the altogether unparalleled and gorgeous colors that dance upon its bosom and hover along its margins, the utter absence of animal life in the waters beneath or the heavens above, one can have a large sympathy with the idea that this realm is the stronghold of mountain spooks, who dance around its rugged walls in the moonlight, or ride upon the wings of the hurricanes that lash this aërial sea into sudden and savage fury.

A PARK IN OREGON.

WASHINGTON, December 20.—Representative Hermann, of Oregon, is urging the passage of a bill to establish Crater Lake Park, in the Cascade Mountains of Oregon, immediately north of the California State line. Crater Lake is eight by four miles in area, two thousand feet deep, and considered one of the great natural wonders of that region. The proposed park will embrace nearly 500,000 acres.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

E. McD. J.

NEVER since "the radiant morn of creation broke" will there have been seen such another gathering as that of next summer at Chicago,—"Parthians and Medes and Elamites," dwellers about Mesopotamia and Petaluma, from Pike County and the islands of the sea, from the white lands of the frozen south and the northern realm of the midnight sun, from India's coral strand and the home of the Maoris.

I wish some of the early settlers could be there, Adam for instance (Adam and Eve—Adam).

I think I can see the expression on Adam's face as he would find himself suddenly landed in the Fair Grounds. I think he would hardly recognize some of his people, the style of dress has changed so materially since his day. I can see also the look on his face when a real live cowboy from the wild and woolly Western districts would come up and slap him familiarly on the back with the remark, "Hello! 'Ad,' old boy, howdy?"

Adam would attract a great deal of attention at the Fair, and so would Mrs. Adam. It is doubtful, however, whether the first named would stand well with the ladies. They have an old grudge against him that seems to have ripened with the ages.

If the impressions made upon the wild tribes and tongues of the outlying portions of this round earth could be gathered and published, what an interesting volume it would make. The gentleman from Turkey will look with a wide-mouthed wonder upon the fashionably dressed Chicago belle and *vice versa*. The dude from Afghanistan will nudge his neighbor from Beloochistan, and call his attention to the very absurd costume of the Chinese; and the Chinaman will in turn laugh

THE KING OF THE COCOANUT ISLANDS AS HE ARRIVES IN CHICAGO.

himself into a fit over the grotesque mode of the Kaffir. And what a collection of old gags these foreigners will take away with them; it will then be the opportune time for the linguistic drummer to get in his deadly work. Why would it not be a good scheme to establish at the World's Fair an old-joke bureau, employing interpreters from every nation to translate "chestnuts" for a few cents apiece, and then they could be scheduled and bunched, say "ten mother-in-law jokes for a quarter," twenty spring-poetry gags for fifteen cents, and eighty puns for a cent. Conundrums

AFTER THREE MONTHS' SOJOURN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

ought to go off like hot cakes. Just imagine the paroxysm into which a Patagonian would be thrown when he found out that a "door was not a door" when it was ajar, or that Queen Victoria was like an umbrella because she keeps the reign off the Prince of Wales.

And what a civilizing agency this monstrous ecumenical gathering will be. The South Sea islander may come in his abbreviated garb to scoff, but he will remain to buy ready-made clothing.

The benighted son of Samoa may come pretty much as Nature made him, but he will return in store clothes and a plug hat. The tattooed Cannibal queen, though never so *décolleté* when she arrives, will take home with her, sixteen-button gloves and natty high-heeled slippers, besides, of course, other garments.

Even the fair daughter of the Mikado's empire will abandon the coiffure of her own country; and when she returns she will "astonish the natives" with her substitution of white teeth for black, French kid shoes for sandals, Parisian tea-gowns for the *Kimona*, and withal a liberal assortment of bonnets and Gainsborough hats. Truly we live in a progressive age.

And then, too, these strangers will in some measure adopt our manners: they will acquire cigarette smoking, and possibly the use of ardent spirits, and, when they are all gone and everything is rounded up, we shall have the gratification of knowing that the high light of our civilization has flashed its scintillating rays into the dark and cannibalistic corners of the globe.

A Strange Duality.

W. V. BRYAN.

FIVE years ago, at the incipiency of my career as a physician, I was attracted to Southern California by the tremendous land boom which, at that time, engaged the attention of the whole country. I suspended my sign at No.—— South Spring Street, where I was flattered at the outset by quite a liberal patronage. I was soon convinced, however, that this was solely attributable to the large transient population, who, while naturally unaware of my inexperience, were undoubtedly allured by the prominence of my location and the conspicuousness of my shingle.

I derived some satisfaction, however, from the fact that one of my patients became a regular attendant. Twice each week he called upon me for treatment, and I was indeed gratified to know that I could count at least one resident among my clients. The name of this extraordinary individual was George W. Atkinson. I say extraordinary because he is the nucleus of my story. In stature he was considerably below the medium height, and of rather delicate physique. The most noticeable feature about him was his restless gray eyes, the pupils of which were constantly dilated, and, if my opinion stood for aught, I should say that he was addicted to the use of some powerful drug. I had more than once hinted at my theory, but was as often met with a strenuous assertion to the contrary. His face was thin and sallow, his upper lip covered with a meager, closely cropped mustache, and his general cast of countenance gave evidence of some hidden grief, but of the exact nature of which I could find no solution. He was invariable in the character of his dress, always wearing a large black slouch hat, coat, vest and trousers of the pepper and salt mixture, and was a most inveterate smoker. My belief that some great mystery surrounded this man was strengthened by his proverbial reticence on all occasions, and although I frequently endeavored by adroit interrogatories to learn something of his history, he, with an equal amount of tact, would respond evasively, and neatly turn the conversation into another channel.

Although Atkinson called on me regularly, he sometimes found me absent, in which event he made it a practice to leave a card requesting a special appointment at a later hour. One day, I returned to my office, after having received an unexpected summons, and picked up a little piece of cardboard lying on my desk, presuming it was one of Atkinson's. I noticed, however, that it bore the name, "Geo. W. Walton." I was surprised in the first place, because I knew no one of that name, and puzzled in the second because I recognized the handwriting of Atkinson. My first impression was that Atkinson had brought a friend with him, and had left the latter's name on the card, but as it was improbable he would have done so without leaving some indication of his own visit, I dismissed that conjecture forthwith.

The same evening Atkinson called at my rooms, casually remarking my absence during the afternoon. I determined at once to invite an explanation of the name Walton written on the card. Handing it to him, I closely scanned his countenance, as I observed: "Atkinson, did you leave this card at my office?" For the moment he seemed thunderstruck as he gazed at the name, and then, as if suddenly recovering his equanimity, he replied in rather a jovial and indifferent tone, "Well, that's strange; I've written my middle name in a moment of thoughtlessness. At home I was always called Walton, and not infrequently have I written it instead of Atkinson," and thereupon he tore the card into bits, apparently glanced carelessly about the apartment for a waste-basket, and then placed the fragments in his coat pocket, with a nonchalant laugh.

Had it not been that his manner indicated more annoyance than embarrassment at the discovery, I would have concluded that he was striving to conceal his identity by dwelling among strangers under an assumed name, but as he neither appeared nor acted as a refugee, I had no other alternative than to accept his explanation.

Late one Saturday afternoon following this little circumstance, I was sitting in my office deeply engrossed in one of my medical works. Suddenly the door knob turned, and in walked my friend Atkinson. He was evidently in haste and somewhat perturbed. "Doctor," said he, "I wish to ask a favor of you. I must have fifty dollars by Monday night. Our acquaintance does not warrant my request on you for that amount, but my uncle who lives in Boston will gladly advance it on advice of my condition. My immediate necessity needs no enlightenment. The fact that I have heretofore promptly met all my obligations to yourself is some guarantee of my conscientiousness and good faith. I want you to send a telegram for me to my uncle soliciting the remittance, and as an evidence of my sincerity, you may direct that the reply be sent in your care." "Certainly, Atkinson," I answered. "Write it out, and I will take pleasure in forwarding it." He ran it off with alacrity, and after handing it to me I added: "Care Dr. C. F. Morrison, —— South Spring Street." Warmly thanking me he withdrew, and in another hour the telegram was on its way.

I had scarcely been in my office fifteen minutes Monday morning when up bobbed the ubiquitous Atkinson with a most concerned expression on his face. "Any answer yet, Doctor?" he asked timidly. "Nothing," I replied. "Well, Doctor," he added, "I might as well enlighten you a little first as last, but before I relate what I have in mind I must tell you that it is only my own stupidity which forces the explanation. My real name is not Atkinson, but Walton, just as you saw it written the other day on the card. After leaving you Saturday, it occurred to me that my uncle, in replying to my telegram, would of course address me by my real name, and as the telegram would come in your care, the address, coupled with the unfortunate slip I made in writing my card, would confirm you in your opinion as to my identity in spite of any explanations I might offer to the contrary. You would further be fully justified in believing that there must be something of a criminal nature surrounding a man who lived under an alias. While at the present time I cannot reveal to you the reason why I have changed my cognomen, some day you shall know all. I have one favor to ask of you. The disease to which I am subjected will ultimately prostrate me suddenly, and when it does I will not survive the shock. Should you hear of such misfortune overtaking me, will you hasten to my bedside, when I will unravel to you an important secret?"

The man's sincerity of speech disarmed all suspicious thoughts that flashed through my mind, and I rather admired his courageous indifference to his doom. I promised faithfully to carry out his request. That day his remittance came from Boston, and, after identifying him under his new name, he secured his coin and returned me the amount advanced for the message.

This was the last day he came to my office. Fully four months had passed since I last saw him, and I began to think he had left Los Angeles for good, when one evening, as I chanced to pick up the evening paper, my eye was suddenly arrested by a headline among the local notices: "A Consumptive Succumbs on N. Main Street. About two o'clock this afternoon an unknown man was taken with a hemorrhage of the lungs while standing in King's cigar store on North Main Street. He was immediately removed to the hospital. There were no papers upon his person to establish his identity, and he was unable to speak for himself. The attending physician says that he cannot survive the night."

By gracious! thought I. That's Walton unless I am very much mistaken. Hurriedly donning my overcoat I called a cab, and in ten minutes reached the hospital. "I would like to see Atkinson at once, please," said I to the interne as I reached the main hallway. "Atkinson?" he answered interrogatively. "No one by that name here." "Nonsense," I retorted. "I read a notice in the evening paper that a man had been taken suddenly ——" "Oh," broke in the interne, "You probably mean the unknown man who was carried in a few hours ago; but I guess the poor fellow is about done for. Follow me." I was ushered into one of the private rooms. There was Atkinson, lying upon a cot, with two physicians at his side. Too late, thought I; I fear he will not regain consciousness, and my promise will stand for naught. Presently, however, his eyes slowly opened, and as they rested upon me for a moment I could discern an unmistakable look of recognition. His lips parted with an apparent effort to speak, and although I hastily placed my ear against them, he was unable to articulate a sound. Then, as if suddenly recollecting something, he feebly pointed to his right breast. I placed my hand beneath his shirt, and withdrew a small sealed packet bearing the superscription: "Dr. C. F. Morrison—To be opened only in case of death." An expression of relief overspread his countenance as I found this document. He shortly relapsed into a comatose condition, and thirty minutes later life was extinct.

The end of my mysterious friend had come at last, and while I certainly experienced a deeper regret than our profession is usually deemed capable of, I am prone to confess that I felt the most intense curiosity to learn the secret of this man's existence. I had always taken unto myself some measure of credit as an interpreter of human nature. The very character of my profession called into play this faculty, but the case in point had evolved so many perplexities that I had been utterly incapable of making an intelligent diagnosis, with the exception that I acquitted him of any criminal intentions.

Leaving word with the physician in charge that I would return the day following in regard to the disposition of the remains, I hastened to my apartments. Quickly breaking the seal of the mystic document, I opened it, and read the following strange tale, dated at Los Angeles four weeks previous, and directed to myself:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: When you open this I shall no longer be among the land of the living, for it will be placed in your possession only when I shall be so stricken that recovery will not be possible. I will be brief: As you already know, my real name is Geo. W. Walton, not Atkinson. My home is on Beacon Street, Boston, where, up to three long years ago, I lived most happily. My parents were wealthy, proud and aristocratic, and together with their exalted position, and the association of two younger sisters, I moved in Boston's most cultured society. My family were likewise haughty, prone to unreasonable exclusiveness, and, as I was by nature more liberal in the character of my associates (though always thoroughly respectable), it occasioned some worriment, and not infrequent rebukes, which, at times, became so dictatorial that all the independence and rebelliousness of my disposition asserted itself, and, if anything, only increased my aversion to the straightlaced social laws which governed my family. I was passionately fond of amusement, and twice each week visited the theaters. I became greatly interested in the leading lady of one of them, so much so that my weekly excursions ultimately found me always at the same place. In a roundabout manner I secured a presentation to her. She was a lady in every sense of the word. Her intelligence, vivacity and unusually engaging manners, coupled with a lovely face and exquisite form, made her in my eyes the most attractive woman I had ever met. In short, I was in love! Furthermore, my affection was reciprocated, and three months from the day we met was set as the day of our marriage. Had I not realized the terrible shock that my alliance would occasion my family I would have been the happiest man on earth. Well, to be concise, I lost no time in breaking the news to them. The consequence was even more severe than I anticipated. I was denied a home, as long as I should associate with her, and if I carried out my determination to make her my wife, I could expect nothing but disinheritance and perpetual banishment.

"I took up my abode in a down-town hostelry, which action was naturally a fruitful source of gossip among my many friends. But nothing could swerve me from my determination to marry Helen, for that was her name. The few brief

moments of her society were a sufficient stimulant for the intervening hours. Each night, after the performance, we dined together, and on Sundays the entire day was our own. But now comes the climax. It was the last Saturday night of the play in which Helen took part. I was there, as usual, and, after the curtain dropped on the final act, waited for her at the side exit. Suddenly she appeared, completely enveloped in wraps, with a heavy black veil thrown over her head. She was accompanied by a gentleman, and, before I recovered from my surprise, they both entered the open door of a cab, and were rapidly driven away. To say that I was disappointed and dumfounded at this strange episode would be to express it mildly. I stood like an insane man, gazing after the rapidly fleeting cab, when a small boy stepped up to me, and, after learning my name, slipped into my hand a little note, and as quickly disappeared. I hastened to the nearest lamp-post, tore it open and read:

"'MR. WALTON: I have seen your sisters, and they have told me everything. I never dreamed that you, above all others, could be so base and deceitful. But my mind is made up. It will be useless for you to follow me, as this very night I shall wed another, who, while I shall admit that I have no love for him, has at least proved himself an honorable gentleman.'

"Wild with grief, anger and resentment, I hastened the next morning to my home, and confronted my sisters with the note. I learned from them that as a last resort to frustrate my intentions they had seen Helen only the day previous, and had recited a plausible tale concerning another imaginary fiancée. How successful they were you already know, but they miscalculated just one point in the diabolical plot, and that was my reinstatement in our home. Helen was beyond redemption. I cherished the most bitter hatred toward my whole family, and the following day I gathered my effects together, came here under an assumed name, and determined that my family should never know what became of me. My suddenly shattered hopes, and the extreme cruelty of the blow, are alone responsible for my declining health. With both mental anguish and physical infirmities I have been able to eke out a bare existence.

"At my lodgings you will find sufficient to cover my necessary expenses and debts. Please also telegraph my mother at once at No. —— Beacon Street, apprising her of my death. Thanking you sincerely for your many kindnesses, believe me, most sincerely,

"GEO. W. WALTON."

I laid down the manuscript, and thought for a long time. "A most singular story that, I thought. I question whether the man was in his right mind. The inconsistencies in some parts of his story partake almost of absurdities. The marriage of Helen to another man, without even affording Walton an opportunity to speak in his own behalf, borders on the ridiculous. But of what use is speculation?"

I at once sent the telegram, and the following day received an answer to forward the remains, which I did by express, and accompanied them by mail with a letter giving the full details of his death, together with a copy of the ante-mortem statement.

Two weeks later I received in my morning mail a letter in a lady's handwriting, postmarked Boston. The circumstance of Walton's death had almost escaped my mind, but I at once concluded that this was a communication from his mother in answer to mine. The following is an exact copy of the letter, and while it completely cleared up the mystery with which I still surrounded my former patient, it proved to be the most astounding feature of the whole affair:

"MY DEAR SIR: Your telegram and letter in regard to our poor boy were duly received, for which I hasten to thank you most sincerely, both on my own account and for my family. The statement my son made to you is most extraordinary, for it discloses the result of a terrible experience of which you are entitled to be enlightened.

"You will be surprised to learn that there is no truth whatever in the story George relates, but that his long absence from home and his most singular hallucination were the outcome of a *hypnotic experiment*. He was, as he states, fond of the theater, and at one time was an admirer (but only from the standpoint of a critic) of a certain eminent actress, about whom his friends would at times endeavor to chide him. One evening, while attending an exhibition of hypnotism, given by Professor Colton, the latter placed George in his power, with several others. The Professor had been previously coached by George's friends, and, in a sportive spirit, my son was given the impression as outlined in his own Quixotic statement, namely, that he was madly in love with this actress, and that subsequent events transpired just as he relates. The Professor, unfortunately—I might say criminally—neglected to dispel the impression before the conclusion of the exhibition, and being, so to speak, a monomaniac, his friends noticed no change in his demeanor. But the fearful consequence was that he left his home and native city the very next day after a heart-breaking interview with his family in reference to his imagined wrong. At the time, we believed his mind had become suddenly impaired, and it was not until after his departure that we learned the awful truth. We never knew of his whereabouts, or whether he was alive or dead until the receipt of your telegram, although we have left no stone unturned to find him. Could this have been accomplished, a counter-effect could have been impressed upon him by a professional hypnotist that would have left him in his normal condition.

"Thanking you again for all your trouble and kindness, and assuring you that the recovery of our poor boy at the mouth of the tomb is better than the terrible suspense, anxiety and uncertainty to which we have so long been subjected, believe me, gratefully yours,

"MARGARET F. WALTON."

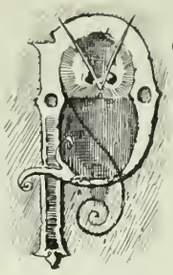
THE TRAVELER is issued from the press of the H. S. Crocker Company, 215, 217, 219 Bush Street, San Francisco, which possesses facilities for executing the finest class of work known to the trade. The skill displayed in the typographical construction of the advertisements, and the general typography of the reading articles, in THE TRAVELER is of a high order and invites comparison. The presswork of the half-tone illustrations is the result of much labor in preparation by the finest artists; and the printing is executed on machines of the latest and most improved pattern.

This company makes a specialty of artistic advertising in colors and half-tones.

Bournemouth, England, is becoming a popular place for American tourists. Many prominent people are now making their headquarters at the Royal Bath Hotel. Many who go there for a day or two stay several weeks. They prefer Bournemouth to almost any watering-place or health resort on the continent. The Royal Bath Hotel is homelike; the wants of the guests are carefully looked after. The climate of Bournemouth is delightful; it is only 90 miles from London and 18 miles from Southampton. Four express trains daily from London with Pullman cars. Mr. A. Thorne, the London, Chatham & Dover Railway Company's American representative, will afford *every facility* to obtain tickets, *reserve compartments* and register luggage. If wished, a porter from the Royal Bath Hotel will be sent to Southampton to meet the steamer and look after the comfort and attend to the luggage of intending guests.—Boston *Home Journal*.

John Muir says: "No excursion can be made into the Sierra that may not prove an enduring blessing. Notwithstanding the great height of the summits, and the ice and the snow, and the gorges and cañons, and sheer giddy precipices, no mountain chain on the globe is more kindly and approachable. Visions of ineffable beauty and harmony, health and exhilaration of body and soul, and grand foundation lessons in Nature's eternal love, are the sure reward of every earnest looker in this glorious wilderness."

THE TRAMP.



POSSIBLY the first tramp that figured in the world's history was Cain, and his trade-mark is stamped upon his posterity as unmistakably as it was upon the primitive fugitive vagabond. And what an illustrious army of his people have tramped down the centuries even until now. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were tramps, as all their fathers were.

All tramps are Bohemians, yet all Bohemians are not tramps.

We have the tramp with us in California quite numerously; whether more so than elsewhere is not defined by the last census, yet there are certain conditions existing here that seem to foster the increase of this class. The most important of these conditions is the mildness of the climate, which makes a perennial outdoor existence a possibility.

And then Californians are extravagant; armies of people might be fed and clothed from what goes to waste. The tramp is made comfortable out of these fragments, hence our well-meaning, charitably disposed people are largely responsible for the existence of vagrancy in our midst.

Tibbitts photo.

That there are many of this class who have seen a great deal better days, we doubt. The tramp is born, not made; he is born lazy, restless and shiftless, and under almost any conditions he develops the same characteristics.

And what an independent, robustious, happy-go-lucky fellow the California tramp is; how anxious he appears to be to get work, and how fervently he prays he may not get it. There are only two things that frighten him: they are the watchdog and the bucksaw; the former he will sometimes take chances on, but the latter never. Perhaps the very best vagrant exterminator is a good, big woodpile, with a nice, lusty sawhorse and buck in plain sight. I have found this to work much better than the bulldog. The tramp is not so particular about his personal appearance as to care whether he leaves fragments of his wardrobe with the watchdog, but his abhorrence of fatigue and his high-strung nervous system prevent him from toying with the festive bucksaw.

There is one thing that I believe may be said in his favor: He is rarely vicious; in fact, to eke out an existence, he does not need to steal, for, on account of the conditions already named, this is not necessary, and as for laying up anything for a rainy day, that is a little too absurd for anything. Altogether his mission is probably not undesirable in one sense, for he at least enables us to strike a contrast between conservatism and progress.

ARCHITECTURE OF SPANISH AMERICA.

W. G. MITCHELL.

BETWEEN that civilization which was on this continent in the days of the Aztecs and that which is now is a great gulf fixed great as the fifty or more centuries that have elapsed, and almost as impassable as were the waters of the Atlantic to those who first made known the New World to the Old.

But although it may not be necessary to go back to times all but prehistoric, in order to comprehend something of those influences at work in evolving that which we recognize as the architecture of Spanish America, it is necessary to go back a long way, for styles of architecture become such rather by process of development than by spontaneity.

It is also well to remember that while barbarism may live apart unaffected by barbarism, civilizations are ever contiguous, the new rising contemporary with the decadence of the old.

To-day, then, if we would analyze the feelings expressed in that which we call architecture, the mind naturally travels backward over that period of time which has elapsed between the present and the days when Greece was the leader of nations.

Then it was, five centuries before the Christian era, that the Greeks were building their columned temples, simple structures compared to those of modern times, but, in so far as they went, perfected in a degree that seemed to leave no room for improvement.

But the nation was ripe unto harvest, and with the newer life of their northern brethren came a departure from this refined simplicity of the Greeks. So we find that about the commencement of the Christian era the Romans had so elaborated the models of their teachers, the Greeks, using the arch and the dome extensively, as to have truly evolved what might be called a new style. And again, on the decadence of the Roman Empire, we find with the infiltration of more northern and savage influences a further departure from refinement and simplicity into coarseness and complexity, till in the tenth century the Greek temple and the Roman palace became transformed into the rude though picturesque Romanesque.

Again the process of refining and maturing went on, but still all the while departing from classic lines, till, in the fourteeth century, this savage architecture of the Romanesque has been refined into that delicate and slender beauty which is the glory of the Gothic cathedrals of France and England.

But the times of devotion and adoration of things mysterious also must come to an end, for nature has many sides, and not in the knowledge of one only shall we find the pathway to the promised land, and so we find that, having fixed their eyes for centuries upon the cross, and becoming weary of searching for happiness among the stars, the thoughts of the nations again turn earthward to contemplate that portion of heaven which is in matter; and so came the Renaissance, a reversion to the sentiment of times Roman, only grander in its conception and far more rich in its detail.

And so, in the sixteenth century, St. Peter's, at Rome, was built, and architecture again went forth its prodigal way, this time, perchance, to fill its belly with the husks which the swine do eat, and thus to modern times.

All along throughout these many changes in Europe (excepting Spain), one faith and one religion molded their architecture along sympathetic lines, the different styles being rather a change of attitude by the same people than the introduction of a foreign element.

Not so in Spain, for here for seven centuries the Moors held sway, building their mosques and alcazars throughout the land, and inoculating the native mind with Asiatic thought.

And what was the direction of such modification of mind of the Spaniards by their rulers, the Moors?

If you would rise above things earthly into the realm of spirit, which was the essence of medieval times, go visit the Gothic cathedrals of the north. If on earth in the eternal now you would build that kingdom which has in it both matter and spirit, go stand beneath the dome of St. Peter's; but if you would wish to dwell in that region of romance, where earth is made to blossom once again, as when in Eden, go contemplate the sun-kissed castle of Grenada, perched on its olive-crowned hill, set as a precious stone deep in the bosom of Nature, radiant with a thousand hues, resonant with the harmony of sweet sounds, the flowing of water and the song of birds, and, permeating all,—the eternal sunshine.

Tawdry may have been this palace of Grenada compared with the marbles of Italy, but suggestive in a degree of what in times to come may be accomplished; and as the efforts of the scenic artist, compared in detail with that nature he would improve, may come far short, as a conception of the ideal, they doubtless often far outrun reality.

And so with Spanish architecture, it all has in it this element of romance, half studied, too gorgeous to be yet complete, but prophetic of that which may be.

Shortly before the time of the Renaissance, the Moors were expelled from Spain, so that Spanish architecture during that priod, and up to the time of the missionaries coming over to christianize Mexico, was no longer controlled except by traditions of that people, in whose eyes Mohammed is a prophet of God. Still, although following in a degree the lines of their Italian brethren, always superadded is this Moorish sentiment, which, in conjunction with the native conception, we recognize as Spanish architecture of the Renaissance.

Our illustration of the Mission of San Xavier, near Tucson, in New Mexico, built in 1790, is such a composition, the origin of which we have tried to trace.

Viewed as a whole, it breathes the life of the far East in its solidity and mass,—few openings, low dome and flat roof.

The front, which is the portion seen in our view, is distinctly Spanish of the Renaissance period, rich, suggestive, unstudied, while the bell towers, rising story upon story and surmounted by a small dome, would not be exotic in the land of the Arab or his wanderings.

In conclusion it may be said that although the architecture of Spanish-America is essentially Spanish, it is not a copy of such, but rather a development about lines adapting it to new conditions. Lack of material resources has made it poorer in substance and in execution than that of the Old World, but it is rather of the impress of mind than the work of the mechanic that we were wont to speak; and in this respect many of the cathedrals through Spanish-America attest the fact that those who conceived them were no pygmies in the art of designing.

"There is a doctor who claims that a man can live for two or three weeks at a time upon water alone." "I can testify to its truth. Several different times in my life I have lived from two to three weeks on water." "Good heavens! why?" "Had to; I crossed the ocean."

IN THE MATTER OF SIGNATURES.

THE publishers of THE TRAVELER have asked me to give them the history of a signature with which I have become tolerably familiar,—the record of its inception and growth, from the sign-manual germ as it appeared in the crude, tentative and perfectively legible form in which it first illuminated my correspondence, and gave, as I thought, a sort of presumptive value to my personal checks,—until by degrees it developed imperceptibly into the beautiful and amazing thing it is to-day.

While I am at a loss to comprehend how any traveler can be particularly interested in signatures, other than those he finds on the register of his hotel, I confess to a feeling akin to gratification that the publishers of California's new monthly should invite me to write something about this symbol,—one that has not yet failed to excite gaping admiration in every community into which it has penetrated.

I think that I am safe in saying that thus far, with a few minor exceptions, the talismanic combination of characters which stands for my personality has been received with proper respect, and I have found that wherever this *coup de plume* has preceded me I have been pointed out as a man of mark, as it were, and have, in consequence, enjoyed many favors and immunities to which the man without a signature is a stranger.

An evidence of the potency of a great name—in ink—or a name made great by ink, if you prefer, was given me a short time ago at Coronado.

I had dropped down to the big hotel, to see Mr. Babcock, that promiscuously busy man, who was never known to be in fewer than three places at one and the same instant, and who, had I thought a moment before leaving San Francisco, I might have known was just as likely to be in that city as in Coronado. It turned out, that about the time I boarded the train for Coronado, Mr. Babcock left the Hotel del Coronado for San Francisco.

As I walked along the tiled floor of the corridor that evening, wondering why I had not known that if I had expected to find Mr. Babcock in Coronado, I should find him in San Francisco or New York, and speculating as to whether Mr. Gardiner would leave his desk at the *Union* office long enough to accept my telephonic invitation to dinner, I was accosted by a young man who seemed to stand in great awe of me.

"Is this Mr. Barry?" he asked.

"I think so," said I.

"I feel that I am pretty well acquainted with you, Mr. Barry," the young man continued. "Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, I know you by—"

"Reputation," I thought he was going to say.

"Your signature," he added. "I am the cashier here, and several times have had occasion to identify your indorsement of certain checks and drafts which we have cashed for you. Our bank declined to decipher your signature, and I had to act as translator."

"I am sorry that my signature has caused you so much inconvenience," I said, as we walked toward the office together.

"No trouble, sir, I assure you, but how do you make—?"

"Young man," I interrupted, as sepulchrally as I could, "do not ask me. Life is all too short for that question. That signature represents the thought and dream of a lifetime."

"I suppose it does," was the young man's response. "It is one of the most wonderfully superb things I have ever seen." He then bade me good evening and disappeared.

Another attaché of the Hotel del Coronado, Mr. Rossier, seemed to be deeply impressed with the mystic greatness of this signature. I had never seen Mr. Rossier before, but within two minutes after our meeting, he broached the subject of the signature. As I remember our conversation, he ventured to make but one criticism, and this was rather implied than expressed in his query,—

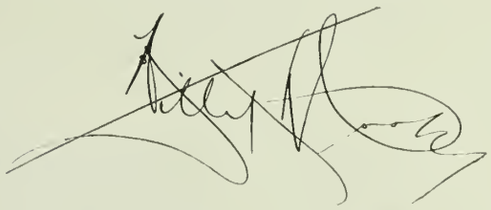
"But where is the G?"

"I make it a rule never to answer such questions, Mr. Rossier," I said. "The G is there,—just where, is the problem. Its situation is, I am told, what puzzles would-be forgers so hopelessly."

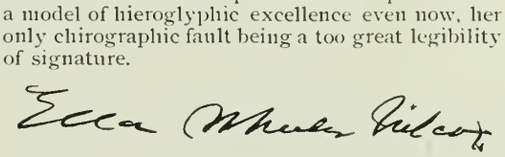
I thought Mr. Rossier did not seem to be quite convinced.

I have sometimes thought that the young aspirant to a signature, Mr. Willet F. Cook, of *Judge*, might some day be the author of an essay upon "The Unattainable in Signatures," judging from the fruitlessness of his endeavors thus far;—but the mention of Mr. Cook's name in connection with the playful critic to which I have referred must not be construed as a belief on my part that the advertising manager of *Judge* may be counted among my mild traducers.

Mr. Cook is a very talented young man, but a signature requires something more than mere talent. Any one can write his name, if he can write at all, but a signature,—that transcendent, unique condensation of the graphically illegible,—genius alone can accomplish that.



Ella Wheeler Wilcox comes very near having the signature of a genius. After she shall have practiced obscurity a little while longer, she will undoubtedly reach a proud eminence in the realm of cryptography, as she has already done in the world of letters. Her personal correspondence is a model of hieroglyphic excellence even now, her only chirographic fault being a too great legibility of signature.



Every one is, or was, familiar with the signature of that sleepless old "Watch Dog of the Treasury," General F. E. Spinner, whose name, now gone from the notes of the nation, will long remain in the memories of his countrymen.

I once asked the General to tell me how he came to adopt his famous signature. He replied that he thought it was a clear case of evolution, that somehow it came from his inner consciousness and grew and grew, while he was sheriff of Herkimer County, New York, until finally it developed into what during the Rebellion, and some years afterward, appeared on the notes issued by the United States.

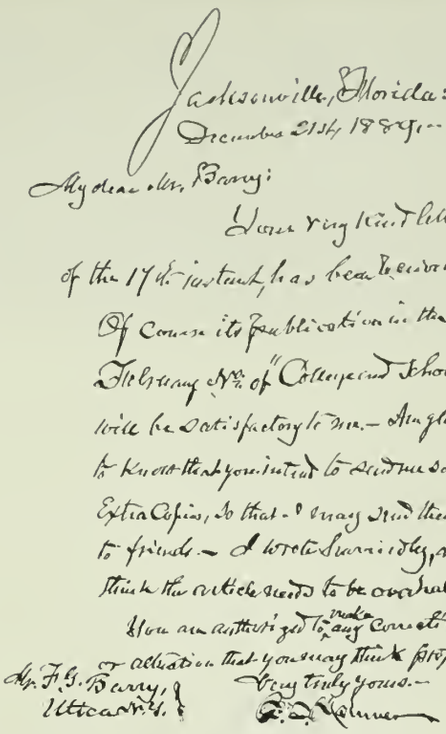
I have in my office, in a narrow oaken frame, a little card bearing the signature of General Spinner, made long after his retirement from public life, and only a few years before the cancer which finally caused his death, and almost destroyed his sight. This signature is more like those we used to see on the Treasury notes and fractional currency from 1861 to 1875, and for some time afterward, and is in pathetic contrast to the one appended to the following letter written about a year before the General's death, which occurred almost in the last hour of 1890. The letter will be of interest to such among the General's old-time friends as may, perchance, see this number of THE TRAVELER, as a specimen of the handwriting of that noble old patriot in those last dark days when his life was slowly and painfully going out upon the banks of his beloved St. Johns.

A month later, under date of the 22d of January, 1890, General Spinner wrote me from Jacksonville:

"Contrary to the good advice you gave me in your letter of the 12th inst., I will attempt to acknowledge its receipt.

"On yesterday I attained the great age of eighty-eight years. In spite of all that can be done, I can't hold my own. I can't last long, but, if my eyes will permit, I will die in the harness."

In eleven months and a few days from the date of this letter, the General's prediction had come true, and the nation had lost one of its most loyal and loving sons. The *College and School* to which the General refers was the name of a magazine which I published at that time, and in the April number of which the General's article on his school



Jacksonville, Florida:
December 21st, 1889.

My dear Mr. Barry:

Your very kind letter of the 17th instant has been received. Of course its publication in the February No. of "College and School" will be satisfactory to me. I am glad to know that you intend to send me some Extra Copies, so that I may send them to friends. I wrote hurriedly, and think the article needs to be overhauled. How am I to get to make any corrections or alteration that you may think proper.

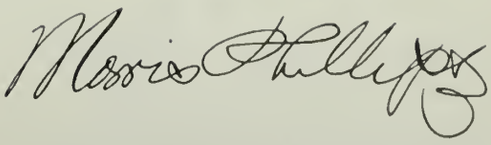
Very truly yours.—
F. E. Spinner

Mr. F. G. Barry,
Utica, N.Y.

life appeared. We called this issue the "General Spinner Number." I have a few copies left, and shall be glad to send them to those among the General's old-time friends who may care for them.

And here is a note from Morris Phillips, one of California's good friends, whose letters from Monterey, Coronado, Santa Cruz and other Pacific Coast resorts were features of his paper, the New York *Home Journal*, two winters ago.

Phillips' signature is a good deal like himself and his literary style: there are few flourishes about it, and there is nothing fancy about its author. Mr. Phillips dresses well, but there is never about his apparel a suggestion of the superfluous. His tastes are simple and such that he finds no greater pleasure than in the society of his two cultivated daughters, who are devoted to him; or, perchance, in one of those cozy coteries of his old friends at a quiet luncheon at some little restaurant away from the crowd.



Phillips stoutly asserts that he is not a writer,—only an editor, which is quite another person, but his friends and the public know better.

Here is a signature which I have but to name, and in many minds there will arise pleasant recollections of an inn, which was once to New York what the Palace is to San Francisco to-day,—Uriah Welch, the proprietor of the famed St. Nicholas in its palmiest days.

Mr. Welch will also be remembered as the proprietor of the New American, at Richfield Springs, N. Y., which he sold to Mr. Eugene M. Earle, the proprietor of the Hotel Bristol, New York. The New American has since become the Hotel Earlington.

Mr. Welch is now the proprietor of the Beach House, Sea Girt, N. J., which is accounted one of the most charming of New Jersey's resorts. To those who know Mr. Welch, there is a certain swing, without swagger, about his signature, which is indicative of the activity of the man,—an abruptness which at times characterizes his movements. It is probably true that there is in the country to-day no hotel proprietor with a more thorough knowledge of his vocation than has Uriah Welch.

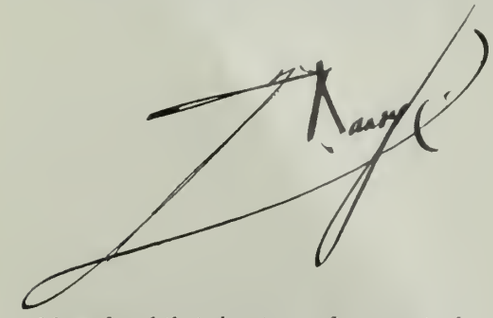
A signature is often the product of evolution, but not necessarily proof positive of the survival of the fittest.

I think that my first serious attempt at making my mark in the world by means of a signature was the following:

which for a period of a year or more I regarded as little less than an inspiration. After a time, however, I began to have a vague feeling that this was not, after all, just what I had been striving for,—that it was too legible and, aside from a peculiar tail to the fore part of the B, was not sufficiently unusual.

The result was that my enthusiasm gradually died out, and I relapsed into an indiscriminate and indeterminate manner of writing my name which, however, my friends assured me, was sufficiently *bizarre* for all ordinary purposes. In the course of time the following was evolved,

which continued to be a revelation of latent pen-possibilities until displaced by the sweepingly mysterious creation which is now in the fourth year of its existence, and which I incline to think will last as long as I do, because I am satisfied that there is a point, even in signatures, beyond which artistic development cannot go.



I have found that signatures often serve to show the indolence and incapacity of people, as well as their lamentable lack of good breeding,—not of the people who make the signatures, but the people who receive them.

OLD GOLD.

WESTWARD.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghosts of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'rl, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone;
Now speak, brave Adm'rl; speak and say—"
  He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
  A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson, "On! and on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

THE FOOLISH ELM.

The bold young Autumn came riding along
  One day where an elm tree grew.
"You are fair," he said, as she bent her head,
  "Too fair for your robes' dull hue.
You are far too young for a garb so old:
  Your beauty needs color and sheen;
Oh, I would clothe you in scarlet and gold
  Befitting the grace of a queen.

"For one little kiss on your lips, sweet queen,
  For one little kiss, no more,
I would give you, I swear, a robe more fair
  Than ever a princess wore.
One little kiss on those lips, my pet,
  And lo! you shall stand, I say,
Queen of the forest, and better yet
  Queen of my heart alway."

She tossed her head, but he took the kiss
  ('Tis the way of lovers bold),
And a gorgeous dress for that sweet caress
  He gave ere the morn grew old.
For a week and a day she ruled a queen,
  In beauty and splendid attire,
For a week and a day she was loved, I ween,
  With the love that is born of desire.

Then bold-eyed Autumn went on his way,
  In search of a tree more fair,
And mob winds tattered her garments and scattered
  Her finery here and there.
Poor and faded and ragged and cold,
  She stood in her wild distress,
And longed for the dull green gown she had sold
  For a fickle lover's caress.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in The Tourist.*

A STICKER.

Press me closer, all mine own,
Warms my heart for thee alone,
Every sense responsive thrills,
Each caress my being fills;
Rest and peace in vain I crave,
In ecstasy I live, thy slave;
Dowered with hope, with promise blest,
Thou dost reign upon my breast;
Closer still, for I am thine,
Burns my heart, for thou art mine;
Thou the message, I the wire,
I the furnace, thou the fire;
I the servant, thou the master—
Roaring, red-hot, mustard plaster!

— *Burdette.*

Belinda is but seventeen,
And yet she knows that if she flaunts
Her painted fan and steals a glance
  At me behind its gorgeous screen
She sets my pulses all a-dance.

So, too, she knows that if we play
At tennis in the August sun,
  The little roguish winds that fray
  Her curls and blow them all astray
Tug at my heartstrings, one by one.

And then again, if she and I
  Stroll down to watch the young moon shine,
A shape of gold in sea and sky,
She knows if she but feigns a sigh
  She hears the truer ring of mine.

So she is leading me a chase—
  Why should she? Well, I won't propose
To any loveliness and grace
Whose only fortune is her face,
  And *that*, you see,—
  Belinda knows!

—*Mary E. Wardwell.*

SOME MOTION.

"I've a notion,"
  Said Neptune,
"To have a calm ocean;"
And with a calm motion
He stilled the commotion,
And made a calm ocean.

"I've a notion,"
  Said the whale,
"To have a commotion;"
  And then with his tail
He broke the calm ocean
('Twas not a calm motion),
And made a commotion
All through the calm ocean.

THAT REMINDS ME!

A young man went to see his girl and stayed late. After midnight he asked her to sing. "No, dear," she replied, "but if you will stay a little longer I will crow for you."

God made the country,
  And man made the town;
But who made the suburbs
  Is not yet set down. —*Puck.*

She had made a motion, and the "ayes" were being counted. He whispered, "Your supporters are on the floor." And to this day he does not understand why she blushed so violently and hurriedly glanced down at her feet.—*Truth.*

A friend of Mr George Gould sent him a book and with it his card. "I am glad you sent your card," said Mr. Gould, "for not long ago a friend sent an oblong cake of maple sugar without any notification, and the butler took it into the cellar and put it in a pail of water, thinking it was dynamite."

MRS. FORACLOQUE: "And you say the minister refused to christen your baby 'Nebuchadnezzar?' What was the reason?"
MRS. QUIVERFUL: "He stuttered."—*Puck.*

YOUNG MOTHER: "I wonder why the baby always wakes up crying?"
YOUNG FATHER (wearily): "I suppose he's mad because he's been making no trouble."—*Good News.*

A girl usually looks so pretty when she puckers up her lips to try to whistle that it is dangerous for her to do it in the vicinity of a young man in the moonlight, for fear she may be misunderstood.

A blacksmith had in his employ two men who stuttered, but found at last that they were unprofitable help; the reason is summed up in the following:
FIRST BLACKSMITH (taking a hot iron from the forge): "St—tut—tut—tut strike it, Billy."
SECOND BLACKSMITH: "How—wow—wow—wow where will I st—tut—strike it?"
FIRST BLACKSMITH: "Oh, it's un—nun—nun no difference now; it's kuk—kuk—kuk cold!"

One morning a gentleman, upon entering the office of a large firm, noticed the lights were very dull and shaky, and accordingly said to the innocent-looking clerk at the counter, "What's the matter with the lights this morning, Mr. ——?" "I don't know, sir; perhaps because they were out all night."

The railroad companies want to lay their tracks with hardened sleepers. One of the Southern California ministers says that his congregation has material enough to set up a whole road.

Flipkins was passing along the streets and saw a trunk outside the door of a dealer bearing the legend, "This size for $10." "So do I," said Flipkins.—*Kaleidoscope.*

Not long since I took a train on the N. C. R. R., leaving Austin at 7:00 A. M. In front of me sat a lady and a boy. The conductor came along, punched her ticket and asked, "How old is the boy?" "Ten years old to-day," said she. "We collect half fare for all children ten years old or more," said he. The lady hesitated, colored somewhat and answered, "He will not be ten until about eight o'clock to-night." The conductor colored also and passed on, while the passengers smiled.

MRS. BIBBS: "I declare, you men can't write a letter unless you have a regular desk and office-chair and big blotting-pad and I don't know what all."
MR. BIBBS: "Yes, and a woman may have a two-hundred-dollar writing-desk, with everything to match, and yet she'll sit down on a stool and write on an old book."—*New York Weekly.*

Down in our neighborhood there was a likely looking widower, not too far advanced in life, who paid suit to a widow's daughter, and won her. Shortly afterwards the widower's son fell in love with the widow and married her. By and by, children grew up in both families. The progeny of the first named couple did not know whether to say grandfather or uncle or what; but the reader will have to figure out the relation the children and grandchildren would bear to each other.

HE MEANT THE BILL.

"When I was fishing on the Kankakee some fifteen years ago," said the man with the cigarette, "a whirlwind came along and carried off my vest that was hanging on a limb just over my head. It had my watch in it and—a tailor's account. Well, the whole outfit sailed out of sight in less than a minute. Seven years afterward a party of us were camped up the same river, only 100 yards farther up. It was my turn to do the cooking, so I started out for some dry wood, stepped on a log, which caved in, and lo! as the story-books say, there lay my watch, with the same old tailor's bill twisted through the ring. It was still running."
"Oh, come off! You want us to ask you how such a thing could be, and then you'll explain that the whirlwind wound your watch up so tight that it ran for seven years."
"I didn't say the watch was still running," said the story-teller, as he lighted another bacillus exterminator: "I had reference to the tailor's bill. It is running yet in fact."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

YACHTING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Treat photo.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

The Following is from the pen of Pathfinder Fremont.

The Bay of San Francisco is separated from the sea by low mountain ranges. Looking from the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, the coast mountains present an apparently continuous line, with only a single gap, resembling a mountain pass. Approaching from the sea, the coast presents a bold outline. On the south the bordering mountains come down in a narrow ridge of broken hills terminating in a precipitous point, against which the sea breaks heavily. On the northern side the mountain presents a bold promontory, rising in a few miles to a height of two or three thousand feet. Between these points is the strait—about one mile broad in the narrowest part, and five miles long from the sea to the bay. To this gate I gave the name of *Chrysopylæ*, or *Golden Gate*, for the same reason that the harbor of Byzantum (Constantinople afterward) was called *Chrysoceras*, or *Golden Horn*.

MADGE MORRIS.

The ships go out through its narrow door,
White-sailed, and laden with precious store;
White-sailed, and laden with precious freight,
The ships come back through the Golden Gate.
The sun comes up o'er the eastern crest,
The sun goes down in the golden west,
And the east is west, and the west is east,
And the sun, from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.

BREAKERS AT THE CLIFF HOUSE.

NOMENCLATURE.

CALIFORNIA is a word of doubtful origin. There was published in Seville, Spain, in the year 1510, a romance entitled, "The Sergas of Esplandian, the Son of Amadis of Gaul," in which the following spirited and fanciful sketch appears:

"Know that on the right hand of the Indies there is an island called California, very near the Terrestrial Paradise, which was peopled by black women, without any men among them, because they were accustomed to live after the manner of the Amazons. Their arms were all of gold, and so were the caparisons of the wild beasts they rode."

The origin of the name is misty, some authorities maintaining that it comes from *calix fornax* (a hot furnace). We only know that if there were any such highly gilded females in this portion of America in the very early times, as the old romancer of Seville affirms, they are lamentably sparse at present.

Oregon is also of doubtful derivation; its first use seems to have been in 1776, when Captain Jonathan Carver published in London a narrative of his travels in the West.

One theory is that the name comes from the wild marjoram (*origanum*) that abounds in that country; another is that it comes from *orejon*, Spanish for big ear. This last is a thrust at our northern neighbors entirely unkind and uncalled for; they may be webfooted and all that, but that they are longer eared than the rest of us is not so.

Nevada is of distinct origin, being named from its magnificent western frontier, the Sierra Nevada, or "Mountains Snowy."

Arizona, or Arizuma, as it was at first called, comes, it is said, from Arizonaac, the native (Pima) name of a locality near the headwaters of the Rio Altar.

British Columbia has changed its name oftener than any other section of the Pacific Slope. At first it was "New Hanover," next "New Cornwall," and then "New Caledonia," and finally British Columbia.

Alaska is the only portion of Uncle Sam's territory that has appeared with an "alias," the name being originally Aliaska. It is purely Russian, and, as far as we know, no one has even attempted to peer into the eccentricities of the Russian language far enough even to build up a theory of its birth.

The State of Washington was originally a part of what was called "New Georgia;" it was afterwards known as "Northern Oregon," then "Columbia," and finally, in 1853, received its present name.

Idaho is an Indian word, meaning "The Sight on the Mountains." Joaquin Miller says that the Indians pronounced it *E-dah'-hoe*.

The name Montana means "Of or Belonging to the Mountains," and is of Latin origin; the Indian name for the country was *To'-yabe-shock'up*, or the "Country of the Mountains."

Wyoming comes from an Indian word, *Waughwauwame*, meaning "Broad Plains;" and Utah is also of Indian origin, and means "A Home on a Mountain Top."

ITEMS.

Among the neat and attractive publications issued by the hotels, the Hotel Pleasanton, San Francisco, has printed a handsome souvenir about 4½ x 6 inches. It is liberally illustrated with half-tone cuts, and is altogether quite a handsome little pamphlet.

The Brown Palace Hotel and the Hotel Metropole of Denver stand prominently among their contemporaries in respect to artistic advertising. The printed matter of these hotels, as well as the general advertising, is under the able management of Mr. Harry Watcham, who has the reputation of being a most tireless and effective worker. These two hotels are growing daily in popular favor, and rank among the most elegant in America.

The Rio Grande Western Railway has just issued a handsome pocket memorandum book for free distribution during the Columbian year. The cover is Russian leather, embossed in gold letters, and altogether it is one of the most elegant books of its kind ever issued. Mr. Snedeker, the General Agent, is having a hard time supplying the demand.

Mr. J. M. Fulton, Master of Transportation of the Nevada-California-Oregon Railway, has recently sent us a new map of his road, which is certainly most valuable, and, in addition to the information given about his own road, it shows in detail the various stage routes in the northeastern part of the State, about which little has been known.

Much speculation is indulged in at the present time in reference to the probable charges for hotel accommodations at the World's Fair. We are able to announce with some degree of reliability the following average daily rates that will be charged for rooms without board, located near the Exposition Grounds. Single room, for one, $1.36; double room for one, $2.12; double room, two persons, $2.70; one room with two beds for two persons, $3.50; for three persons, $4.15; for four persons, $5.50.

These figures do not apply to the large hotels, or to the new hostelries in course of construction, although careful inquiry has elicited the fact that the rates in the latter will be advanced only from ten to twenty-five per cent above the regular tariff. Many of the prominent hotels will make no alterations in their regular rates, expecting to profit by the crowding process of making three rooms out of one through the medium of the Japanese screen.

THE TRAVELER is now in communication with the authorities to obtain a confirmation of these figures, and will give its readers the complete details in the next number.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. has just sent to THE TRAVELER'S Bureau of Information a supply of one of the most attractive, interesting and instructive folders ever issued.

It is entitled, "How to Visit the World's Fair," and is given up wholly to most valuable information for the prospective visitor. It tells you how to go, what to take with you, what to do when you get there, and how to do it. It is illustrated in colors, and accompanied by a splendid map of the United States.

Copies will be mailed free from the office of THE TRAVELER, or will be forwarded to any address by applying to Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. & T. A., C., M. & St. P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. H. C. Clement has recently retired from the proprietorship of the Grand Pacific Hotel at Tacoma, and has been succeeded by Mr. Chas. T. Uhlman. Mr. Uhlman is an affable and experienced hotel man, and under his management the Grand Pacific will become more popular than ever with the traveling public.

The Hotel Crellin, Oakland, has recently come under the management of Mr. E. R. Lewman, which is an assurance for its increased popularity.

PROF. C. H. ALLEN.

There is, perhaps, no other country in the world more favorable to a comfortable outing than is California. This is particularly true with an angler's outings. During the month of the "open season" for trout, the weather is entirely genial, and, except in the higher mountain ranges, free from storms or unpleasant weather of any kind. Railroads, post roads and mountain trails have been opened, so that a large portion of the trouting water is easily accessible; and contiguous to many of the best waters, there are excellent hotels, so that the angler can take his choice of "roughing it," at a mere nominal expense, or luxuriating on "Palace Hotel" fare at reasonable prices.

The writer has enjoyed for more than twenty years the pleasure and benefits of these outings, and, at the solicitation of the editors of THE TRAVELER, purposes to prepare a series of articles, "setting in order," for the good of those who would enjoy the same, these outings, one by one, until either the editor or the writer cries "enough," or some other event equally disastrous happens.

OUTING NO. 1.

It was about the first of June, early in the sixties, when my first California outing was taken. For some weeks I had developed symptoms of spring-halt in the elbow, a disease very common among fly-fishers as the spring days come on, particularly violent when near running water.

At the time I was a "tenderfoot," and of course needed the companionship of some one "to the manor born." Such a one was soon found, and a line of march agreed upon. Laying in the usual piscatorial supplies, for we were to "rough it," we started for the Aptos, a coast stream in Santa Cruz County. By rail to Watsonville was an easy task, though our "baggage" attracted no little attention. At Watsonville we secured two lank-looking, but, as it afterwards proved, sure-footed, cayuses, and began the seemingly impossible task of roping and strapping upon their backs our implements, in such a way as to leave room for a man at or near the summit. At last the difficult task was accomplished, as was also the equally difficult task, to me, of mounting, and forth we started for the mountains. A photograph of the procession would be striking. What with all the fishing-rods and frying-pans, shotguns and sausages, blankets and bottles, indiscriminately mingled in one confused mass, with a tall, gaunt tenderfoot astride,—even the remembrance of the picture brings up a smile.

Through the town we rode sedately, but striking the rural districts we increased our speed. Then came my first lesson. Having ridden some in the East, I knew no other way to guide my animal than by the bit, but when in a spasmodic manner I essayed to turn either to the right or the left, the response of the animal was to go in an opposite direction, and when in despair I "pulled up" to see what was the matter, there was almost a collision of heads in mid-air. I was at last instructed in the mysteries of cayuse guidance; but ever and anon the old habit would return, sometimes with disastrous results.

Next the luggage began, under the influence of gravity, aided by the jolting, to seek a lower level. The jointed rod, which was aforetime on the top, lying horizontally, soon assumed a perpendicular on the side of the animal,—which was better than I could do on the top. A re-cinch was ordered, and at last successfully accomplished, although the beast entered a vigorous protest with teeth and hoof against the barbarous operation. This was lesson number two.

Up over a picturesque mountain grade we wended our way until the summit, near Buzzard Lagoon, was reached. Here we camped, and as our commissary department had been enriched by a "cotton-tail" or two on the road, we feasted like kings, with the appetite of peasants.

At daybreak we prepared to descend to the head-waters of the Aptos, a descent of about 2,500 feet, down a trail varying in width from the width of the hand to three feet, and in inclination from horizontal to almost vertical. A casual inspection of the trail led me positively to decline risking myself on a horse going down. My friend rode, and arrived safely.

At nine o'clock we strung up our rods and began operations. How the trout did "rise to the fly!" At noon our creels were nearly full, and the trout were beauties. Returning to the lone cayuse for lunch, we found to our dismay that he had stretched his tether until our supplies had been reached and almost entirely consumed. The brute had left two hard boiled eggs, although even these he had half crushed. It was a frugal meal, but remembering the counterpart of the "wet foot," on we went, still taking trout with ease. At last our creels were full, and we were off for camp. On the way up that tedious trail I felt many times like crying out, "My kingdom for a horse!"

When camp was reached we were ready for our evening meal. I would not care to say how many of the one hundred and twenty trout that we brought up disappeared, but, as they ran from seven to fifteen inches in length, we could not "surround" them all. A pipe and a good night's sleep on a bed of redwood boughs put us in trim for the next day,—and then, and thereafter, I *rode*.

For nearly a week we camped among the gigantic firs and redwoods, most of the time angling, but occasionally gathering in quail and tree squirrels,—both abundant. We saw many signs of deer and bear, but we were "not loaded for bear," and contented ourselves with small game. One day we "took in" the headwaters of the Corralitos, which was easily accessible, finding excellent sport. The trout here were plentiful, and we often took two at a cast. They were of a very dark color, and of delicious flavor.

When the time came to return to civilization we regretfully left our camp, feeling that the time had been all to short; but refreshed in body, and invigorated in mind, we reached, in good time, our homes, better and happier from our short communion with Nature in her woody haunts.

All along the coast, throughout the entire State, there are opportunities for similar outings. The saw-mill is rapidly encroaching upon the angling ground. The Aptos is nearly ruined for angling purposes by sawdust; but there are streams enough left, and the angler need never be at a loss when looking for a place where he can successfully "wet his line."

PARAISO SPRINGS.

Much has already been written about this beautiful resort, which occupies a commanding position on a shelf on the Coast Range Mountains in Monterey County, California, six and one-half miles from Soledad station on the line of the Southern Pacific Company; but, however much may be said, the real attractiveness of the place can be hardly overdrawn.

Paraiso Springs have long enjoyed the distinction of being the "Carlsbad of America," not only because of the peculiar charm of their location but on account of the striking similarity between their mineral waters and those of the famous Carlsbad of Germany. In fact, the analyses of the two border very closely on the identical. If anything, however, Paraiso may be said to have just one advantage over its European competitor, and that is the wonderful variety of its natural waters, which have proven a veritable panacea to the afflicted.

While Paraiso Springs are celebrated for their recuperative and curative properties, they rank among the first pleasure resorts of the state, because they have everything to make them so. The climate is mild throughout the year, the situation among the mountains strikingly picturesque, the means for diversion innumerable, and the table and apartments above reproach.

Paraiso has but recently changed hands, being now under the immediate management of Mr. John S. Matheson. The traveling public are to be congratulated upon the change, as Mr. Matheson is not only thoroughly experienced in his line, but is a man of untiring energy. Already the new management has made many innovations. Some of the old buildings have been entirely remodeled, and every structure on the place bears evidence of alteration and improvement.

Paraiso will shortly issue a handsomely illustrated pamphlet descriptive of the Springs. It will be a model in point of art, and will be furnished gratuitously to those interested. If enterprise stands for aught, certainly Paraiso Springs will become more popular than ever before.

The following information has been obtained direct from official sources, and is absolutely correct and reliable. The principal routes to Chicago are shown in the simplest form possible. They are in no sense an advertisement of the roads mentioned, but are given solely for the information of our readers.

Further and more detailed data concerning routes and rates will be cheerfully furnished on application to "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU OF INFORMATION, office in the State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Route 1.—Southern Pacific Company to New Orleans, Illinois Central to Chicago.

Time, 5 days, 5¾ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	9 00 a m	Miles
Arrive Yuma	Tuesday	5 20 p m	731
" El Paso	Wednesday	12 15 p m	1287
" San Antonio	Thursday	12 55 p m	1919
" New Orleans	Friday	10 55 a m	2496
" Cairo	Saturday	5 30 a m	2946
" Chicago	Saturday	4 45 p m	3411

WHAT YOU WILL SEE: You will cross the largest mountain chain in North America at an altitude of nearly a mile above the sea, and will descend into what was once the bosom of the deep, 263 feet below the sea-level. You will cross the longest river (Mississippi), the largest State (Texas), and the widest plain in North America. At El Paso you can take the street cars over to Mexico. You will pass through the cotton districts of Louisiana to New Orleans, the Crescent City, and thence through Jackson, Cairo and St. Louis to Chicago.

Route 2.—Southern Pacific Company to El Paso, Texas & Pacific to Texarkana, Iron Mountain to St. Louis, Chicago & Alton to Chicago.

Time, 5 days, 5¾ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	9 00 a m	Miles
Arrive El Paso	Wednesday	12 15 p m	1287
" Fort Worth	Thursday	6 05 p m	1903
" Texarkana	Friday	6 30 a m	2147
" St. Louis	Saturday	6 20 a m	2637
" Chicago	Saturday	4 45 p m	2920

THE SCENIC FEATURES of this route have the peculiar charm of oddity in themselves,—passing the orange-groves of Southern California, across the Colorado River to Yuma, through Arizona, the land of the cactus, and then through the cotton districts of Texas. The famous Hot Springs of Arkansas are located on this line, and stop-overs are allowed to those who wish to see them.

Route 3.—Santa Fé Route *via* Mojave and Albuquerque.

Time, 4 days, 3 hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 30 p m	Miles
Arrive Mojave	Tuesday	6 50 a m	382
" Albuquerque	Wednesday	7 00 a m	1197
" La Junta	Thursday	8 45 a m	1544
" Kansas City	Friday	6 30 a m	2115
" Chicago	Friday	10 30 p m	2573

SCENES EN ROUTE: The Great Cantilever Bridge, longest single span in America. Indian tribes of Mojaves, Hualapai, Apaches, Navajos and Pueblos. The Grand Cañon of the Colrado River, 18 miles wide, 7,000 feet deep. Ruins of the Cliff and Cave Dwellers. Cañon Diablo, a chasm in the level plain over 200 feet deep. You cross three mountain chains and the continental divide. You pass through the historical city of Santa Fé, 400 years old, and by the famous Hot Springs at Las Vegas.

Route 4.—Southern Pacific Company to Ogden, Union Pacific to Council Bluffs, Chicago & Northwestern to Chicago.

Time, 3 days, 14½ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Ogden	Wednesday	5 15 a m	833
" Cheyenne	Thursday	3 45 a m	1348
" Council Bluffs	Thursday	7 10 p m	1867
" Cedar Rapids	Friday	3 27 a m	2137
" Chicago	Friday	9 30 a m	2357

BY THIS ROUTE you pass over the summit of the Sierras 7,017 feet above sea-level, around Cape Horn, past 1,000-mile Tree, the Devil's Slide, through Echo Cañon, Laramie and Cheyenne, historic Indian battle-grounds, across the rich farming districts of Nebraska, through Omaha, the pioneer city of the West, across the Mississippi (Father of Waters), and through the beautiful cities of Illinois to Chicago, the Western metropolis. Truly, it is a most interesting journey to the traveler.

Route 5.—Southern Pacific to Ogden, Rio Grande Western to Grand Junction, Denver & Rio Grande to Denver, Burlington Route to Chicago.

Time, 3 days, 20¾ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Ogden	Wednesday	5 15 a m	833
" Salt Lake City	Wednesday	7 50 a m	870
" Grand Junction	Wednesday	5 50 p m	1198
" Denver	Thursday	8 00 a m	1654
" Pacific Junction	Thursday	1 30 a m	2197
" Chicago	Friday	3 47 p m	2680

NOTES OF INTEREST: The only route passing along the shores of Great Salt Lake and directly through Salt Lake City. The Mormon Tabernacle and Temple viewed from the train. Over 11,000 feet elevation and far above the clouds, this route winds its way through the Rocky Mountains, passing "Pike's Peak," with its cog-wheel railroad to the summit (over 14,000 feet), Manitou, Colorado Springs and Denver, thence via Omaha or Kansas City to Chicago.

Route 6.—Southern Pacific to Ogden, Rio Grande Western to Grand Junction, Colorado Midland to Denver, Burlington Route to Chicago.

Time, 3 days, 20¾ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Salt Lake City	Wednesday	7 50 a m	870
" Grand Junction	Wednesday	5 50 p m	1198
" Denver	Thursday	7 50 a m	1582
" Omaha	Thursday	12 40 a m	2102
" Chicago	Friday	3 47 p m	2610

THIS ROUTE takes you through the Cañon of the Grande, Castle Gate, Glenwood Springs, the famous summer resort, over Hagerman Pass, 11,528 feet above the sea, the highest altitude reached by any transcontinental road, thence through Leadville, past the Cripple Creek Gold Mining District to Manitou, Pike's Peak and Colorado Springs. From Denver the route lies through Omaha over the Burlington to Chicago.

Route 7.—Southern Pacific to Ogden, Union Pacific to Butte, Great Northern to St. Paul, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway to Chicago.

Time, 5 days, 2¾ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Ogden	Wednesday	5 15 a m	833
" Butte	Thursday	5 38 a m	1230
" Helena	Thursday	11 30 a m	1302
" Great Falls	Thursday	1 45 p m	1401
" Assiniboine	Thursday	7 00 p m	1513
" Grand Forks	Friday	6 20 p m	2157
" Crookston	Friday	7 20 p m	2183
" Minneapolis	Saturday	6 20 a m	2472
" St. Paul	Saturday	6 55 a m	2483
" Chicago	Saturday	9 35 p m	2885

WHAT YOU WILL SEE: (1) Butte, the largest mining camp in the world, producing forty million dollars annually in precious metals; (2) Helena, literally built upon a gold mine, and the richest city per capita in the United States; (3) Great Falls, on the Missouri River, with 500 feet of cataracts, furnishing the most gigantic water-power on earth; (4) Fort Assiniboine, the largest military post in the country; (5) Devil's Lake, the largest body of water between the Rockies and the Mississippi; (6) The Red River Valley; (7) The Minnesota Lake Park Region; and (8) St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Route 8.—Southern Pacific to Portland, Northern Pacific to St. Paul, Wisconsin Central to Chicago.

Time, 6 days, 10¼ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	7 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Castle Crag	Tuesday	8 56 a m	320
" Shasta Springs	Tuesday	9 31 a m	327
" Sisson	Tuesday	10 22 a m	338
" Portland	Wednesday	7 35 a m	772
" Tacoma	Wednesday	10 45 p m	917
" Spokane	Thursday	5 50 p m	1316
" Helena	Friday	12 40 p m	1698
" Livingston	Friday	6 30 p m	1821
" St. Paul	Sunday	12 15 p m	2828
" Chicago	Monday	7 15 a m	3290

THIS IS ONE of the most comfortable and picturesque of the transcontinental routes. No desert to cross. Grand scenery, passing en route at the foot of old Mount Shasta, through Portland, Tacoma and Spokane Falls, through Helena, the great mining capital of the Northwest, past Yellowstone Park, and through the great twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and thence to Chicago.

Route 9.—Southern Pacific to Portland, Northern Pacific to Tacoma, C. P. line to Seattle, Great Northern to New Whatcom, B. B. & B. C. to Huntingdon, Canadian Pacific to Gretna, Great Northern to St. Paul, C., M. & St. P. to Chicago.

Time, 8 days, 1 hour.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	7 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Portland	Wednesday	7 35 a m	772
" Tacoma	Wednesday	3 40 a m	917
" Seattle	Wednesday	6 20 p m	937
" Mission Junction	Thursday	4 17 p m	1129
" Banff Hot Springs	Friday	10 25 p m	1657
" Medicine Hat	Saturday	10 00 a m	1919
" Winnipeg	Sunday	4 30 p m	2579
" Gretna	Monday	2 05 p m	2646
" St. Paul	Tuesday	7 15 a m	3064
" Milwaukee	Tuesday	7 10 p m	3389
" Chicago	Tuesday	10 00 p m	3474

THIS ROUTE takes you from Vancouver through the famous Selkirk Mountains, passing the Great Glacier. At Laggan tours can be made to the Lakes in the Clouds, and from Banff Hot Springs many enjoyable side trips may be made to Devil's Lake, Lake Agnes and Mirror Lake. The route then lies through Medicine Hat, Winnipeg and St Paul, where the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul makes close connection for Chicago.

Detailed information and printed matter concerning the following trips will be cheerfully furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU OF INFORMATION, 602 Market Street, San Francisco.

A SLEIGH-RIDE AND A SKATE IN CALIFORNIA.

Leave San Francisco	5.00 P. M	Saturday.
Arrive Truckee	5.55 A. M.	Sunday.

Breakfast at the Truckee Hotel at the depot. At Franzini Bros. stable you can secure a two-horse sleigh, and after a ride of two and a half miles arrive at Donner Lake about 8.00 A. M. Take your lunch with you. Here you can skate all day, and have a good time generally. Returning, leave Donner Lake about dusk, enjoy a moonlight drive over the snow, dine at Truckee, and take the train at midnight, reaching San Francisco at 10.45 A. M. Monday.

Railroad fare (round trip)	$15 60
Pullman berth " "	3 00
Sleigh for four " " each person	1 00

DEL MONTE, SANTA CRUZ AND SAN JOSE.

Leave San Francisco	2.30 P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Hotel del Monte	6.15 P. M.	Saturday.
Leave " "	1.38 P. M.	Sunday.
Arrive Santa Cruz (Sea Beach Hotel)	3.40 P. M.	Sunday.
Leave " "	2.00 P. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Jose (Hotel Vendome)	4.10 P. M.	Monday.
Leave " "	9.00 A. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive San Francisco	10.50 A. M.	Tuesday.

From San Francisco to Del Monte and Del Monte to Santa Cruz, you take the broad gauge route; from Santa Cruz to San Francisco, the narrow-gauge route through the Santa Cruz Mountains. At Del Monte you will have ample time to see the beautiful grounds and take the famous eighteen-mile drive. At the Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz, you are constantly in view of the ocean and the bathing grounds. From here a beautiful ride may be taken to the Big Trees, only seven miles distant. From the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, you can take interesting drives to the New Almaden Mines (12 miles), Santa Clara (3½ miles), or Alum Rock Springs (7 miles). A stay of one day longer at San Jose will give you an opportunity to make the trip to the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, twenty-seven miles from San Jose, leaving the latter point at 7.30 o'clock A. M., and returning to San Jose about 6.00 P. M. Round-trip rate from San Jose, $4.00.

Round-trip railroad ticket from San Francisco, good for six months, and including the above itinerary, $7 30.

A TOUR OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Leave San Francisco (S. P. Co.)	5.30 P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Los Angeles	12.30 P. M.	Sunday.
Leave " " (So. Cal. Ry.)	7.00 A. M.	Monday.
Arrive Pasadena	7.25 A. M.	Monday.
Leave "	9.28 A. M	Monday.
Arrive San Bernardino	11.30 A. M.	Monday.
Leave " "	4.05 P. M.	Monday.
Arrive Riverside	4.28 P. M.	Monday.
Leave "	7.55 A. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive San Diego	12.50 P. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive Coronado Beach	1.20 P. M.	Tuesday.
Leave " "	1.20 P. M.	Wednesday.
Leave San Diego	2.10 P. M.	Wednesday.
Arrive Los Angeles	6.50 P. M.	Wednesday.
Leave " (Redondo Ry.)	8.00 A. M.	Thursday.
Arrive Redondo Beach	8.50 A. M.	Thursday.
Leave " " (So. Cal. Ry.)	3.40 P. M.	Thursday.
Arrive Los Angeles	4.25 P. M.	Thursday.
Leave " " (S. P. Co.)	4.55 P. M.	Thursday.
Arrive Santa Barbara	9.35 P. M.	Thursday.
Leave " "	4.10 P. M.	Friday.
Arrive San Francisco	8.45 P. M.	Saturday.

The above suggested itinerary can of course be shortened or prolonged to suit the traveler, but it gives sufficient time at each place of interest to enable one pressed for time to obtain a very fair knowledge of the beauties of Southern California.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

Leave San Francisco	9.00 A. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Byron Springs	12.15 P. M.	Saturday.
Leave " "	9.00 A. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Francisco	12.15 P. M.	Monday.

This trip is most pleasant, and includes a short carriage drive of two miles from Byron Station to the Springs without charge. Byron Springs is essentially a place of rest and recuperation, and is famous for the remarkable curative properties of its waters and baths.

Fare (one way)	$1 90
Round trip (Friday to Monday)	3 00

THE GEYSERS.

Leave San Francisco (S. F. & N. P. Ry.)	7.40 A. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Cloverdale	11.30 A. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Geysers	3.30 P. M.	Saturday.
Leave Geysers	9.00 A. M.	Monday.
Arrive Cloverdale	2.00 P. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Francisco	6.10 P. M.	Monday.

Round-trip tickets (unlimited), $8 50. This includes stage, 16 miles. Both the baths and guide through Geyser Cañon are free to guests. Round-trip rail and stage ticket, including one week's board at the Geysers, $23.50.

The Geysers may be also reached via Calistoga, from which point the stage ride is twenty-six miles, and the arriving time two hours later. Fare is the same. Round trip ticket, going by one route and returning by another, $12.50.

BITS OF MEXICO.

MEXICO would fare badly if her chief locomotive power—the burro—were expelled from the country. There is no animal known to man that is so composed and dignified under difficulties; nor one that has such an everlasting yearning for grub, and gets as little of it, as this much abused creature.

He is philosophical and kindly, with an occasional disposition to turn loose and try to kick the other end out of creation (in which he is partly human); he is laborious, dumb under suffering, and an altogether ugly and interesting beauty.

How a Mexican can pack a cord of wood, his family, his household goods and gods upon one of these little creatures, leaving just enough space on his body to apply his burro-exhorter, or cat-o'-nine-tails, is quite as strange and hard to understand as it is to see the small creature walk away, or apparently rest comfortably, under such a load.

In the mining towns of Mexico the burro is the motive power: they, with their picturesque, sandal-footed, scantily dressed drivers, wind up and down the tortuous streets, to and from the mines, accomplishing a prodigiously small amount of work.

Where the thousands of these animals disappear to at sundown, and what they eat after they get there, are things known only to the burro.

LAVANDERAS.

Washtubs have evidently not been generally introduced into Mexico, as the banks of every stream and irrigating ditch in the populous districts are lined with lavanderas or washerwomen.

As a general thing, these people are very cleanly in their personal habits, but the public sanitary regulations of their towns are wretchedly defective. Systems of sewerage, for instance, are almost unknown.

The water supply in the cities of Mexico is not distributed as with us, but is conveyed in great aqueducts to central points, generally in the plazas of the town. To and from these plaza-fountains there is a continual stream of humanity pouring, and if you would study the people, here is the place.

Besides the regular aguadores, whose business it is to distribute water to those who can afford to pay the insignificant fee charged, there are hosts of the common people who have to perform this

labor for themselves, and you may see hundreds of "Rebeccas at the well" at any hour of the day: sly, mischievous, roguish-eyed Rebeccas; sorrowful, careworn, sad-eyed Rebeccas; haggard, savage, fierce-eyed Rebeccas;—but they all have the same graceful, easy manner of walking away under their quaint cantaros or water-jars.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way." The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway is no exception to this rule. For many years it has been popularly supposed that all elegance and comfort in railway traveling lay east of Chicago. The C., St. P., M. & O., however, is now running a splendidly equipped train leaving St. Paul at 8:10 P. M. and arriving at Chicago at 9:30 A. M. It has buffet, smoking and library cars, and private-compartment sleeping-cars, in fact "all the comforts of home." The push and enterprise of the C., St. P., M. & O. are rapidly popularizing it among the traveling element. It also runs superior service between Sioux City and St. Paul.

Mr. A. L. Crane, the chief artist of the Union Photo-Engraving Co., a sample of whose work (in photography and half-tone work) appears on the front cover of this issue of THE TRAVELER, is a late arrival from Chicago, and is a valuable addition to the field of illustrated journalism on the Coast. Besides the subject mentioned, Mr. Crane has supervised the reproduction of the largest number of the half-tones in the present issue of this journal.

It is safe to say that his work surpasses in excellence anything of its kind that has been attempted west of Chicago.

It is a matter of congratulation to every one concerned that there can now be done work in the printing line in San Francisco as meritorious and artistic in every way as can be turned out in the country.

On the first of February the resort at Cazadero will change hands, Mr. Burns retiring. He will be succeeded by Mrs. T. S. Hart and sons. Mrs. Hart is well known as a caterer for the Masonic orders of this city, and her sons, Wm. N. and Frank B. Hart, are respectively popular among the journalistic and musical fraternities.

Cazadero has always enjoyed a liberal patronage, and, as many alterations and improvements will be made by Mrs. Hart, it will undoubtedly stand in high favor during the coming season.

The route to Cazadero is through the redwoods of the Coast Range.

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327 Market Street.

SUMMER and WINTER RESORT ADVERTISERS

represented in THE TRAVELER may be interested to know that THE TRAVELER has arranged with the Travelers' Bureaus of *The Tourist* and *The News Series* (whose offices are at Utica, N. Y., Richfield Springs, N. Y., Saratoga Springs, N. Y., The Thousand Islands, N. Y., Herkimer, N. Y. and St. Augustine, Fla.), that a copy of THE TRAVELER be sent to each person who may make an inquiry in relation to California resorts. In return for this service, THE TRAVELER will send a copy of *The Tourist* to each person who may make an inquiry about any of the summer resorts of the East or the winter resorts of the South. THE TRAVELER may be had at any of the offices of *The Tourist*, while *The Tourist* will be found at THE TRAVELER'S *Bureau of Information* in the Crocker Building, San Francisco. THE TRAVELER and *The Tourist* will be sent one year for $1.50.

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JOHNSTONE & BRYAN,
Publishers "The Traveler."
602 Market Street, S. F.

MARCH, 1893.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Taber photo.

YOSEMITE.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE features that have made this elegant seaside establishment so great a success are briefly these: A delightful natural situation, with mountain, forest, lake and ocean scenery; an equable, comfortable, year-around climate; a perennial display of flowers; a charming eighteen-mile drive around the peninsula; an elegant establishment, elegantly appointed and excellently managed; reasonable charges; a faultless cuisine and table service; a homelike air that pervades the whole establishment, and the society of refined people.

SPECIAL attention is called to the last-named attraction of Del Monte quoted above, namely, the society of refined people. The cream of the traveling public congregates here.

AND while Del Monte is all and more than it is cracked up to be, the fact should be borne in mind that the rates are always reasonable.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME I. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1893. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 10 CTS.

THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with the TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line in America. Call upon or write to us at any time.

WE HAVE received from Mr. W. Marsh Kasson, Chief of the Public Comfort Bureau of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, an official circular, from which we glean the following that may be of general interest to the traveling public:

"Provision is being made within the Exposition grounds for several large, handsome buildings conveniently located, to contain spacious reception and waiting rooms, also commodious parlors especially for ladies and children, all comfortably furnished for the enjoyment of visitors. The buildings will be provided with lavatories and retiring rooms, and all will be in charge of polite and intelligent attendants. The whole will constitute an attractive headquarters for the people, —desirable resorts and resting places, free of charge to visitors.

"Notably, however, it has been made primarily the duty of this bureau to organize a hotel and rooming department, through which to co-operate to the best of its ability with the citizens and householders of Chicago and vicinity in securing suitable and desirable lodging accommodations at fair and reasonable rates for expected visitors."

We judge from the tone of this circular that intending visitors to the World's Fair would do well to apply at once to the above address (or to this office) for more detailed information.

NOW that the great Columbian Exposition is almost upon us, speculation is rife among those interested as to whether it will prove a benefit to California and the Pacific Coast, or otherwise. In other words, will it take away more people than it will bring?

It is a question in our mind whether this admits even of argument, as there are so many good reasons why the balance of travel will be westward. In the first place a conservative estimate places the number of visitors to the Exposition at ten million. They will comprise every conceivable class, from the aristocracy to the plebeian, and they will come from almost every known section of the civilized world. While it is true that a generous percentage of these visitors will be composed of those who have looked forward to this little treat for many months past, and have saved their little pile for that purpose only, it is likewise undeniable that at least ten per cent (one million) will comprise the distinctively traveling element. These latter will come from all quarters of the globe, and when they have "done" the Fair they will extend their journey to the different portions of the United States; and California will get her share. But again, to be modest, we would figure on not less than two hundred thousand who will visit the West during the six months. California is one of the best advertised States on the Coast, and the very fact of its situation in the extreme West, so far from the center of population, surrounds it with a charm which the average traveler cannot resist.

Further, stupendous efforts will be made, by those who are in a position to make them effective, to advertise California at the Fair as it never was advertised before. Printers' ink will be used unsparingly. Strangers will be informed of the many inducements we can offer for a westward journey; they will be told of our splendid scenery, our beautiful health and pleasure resorts, our industries and fertile lands, and other attractions without number.

Railroad fares will be cheap, probably one fare for the round trip. Besides, the various lines between Chicago and San Francisco will flood the whole country with good readable literature, necessarily advertising the Coast. Taking all things into consideration, the outlook is certainly most encouraging for the coming season.

THE exhilaration in our California climate stimulates to great activity, and without realizing it many of our business men are overworking themselves; they do not pay enough attention to recreation and change. If any old-time merchant of San Francisco will look around him carefully and figure up how many of his comrades (hardy, robust men, too) have stepped out of the harness between the ages of fifty and sixty years, he will be compelled to admit the truth of the statement that in many cases overwork was the cause,—not overwork in one day, week or month, but the year-in-and-year-out grind.

The machinery of the body and the mind is kept continually "at it," owing to the exhilaration referred to; but finally some portion of the works gives out, and inexorable Nature says: "My dear sir, you have overrun your account; you have drawn upon reserve forces that should have stood you in hand in the crossing of the weak bridge that spans the prime of life and old age." A little care, a month in the mountains in summer, a little more exercise, and a little less fullness of diet; camping, fishing and mountain climbing, exercising frequently to a perspiration; these little points attended to along the journey of life would enable you to reach that hale old age, the calm, retrospective and beautiful time of life that should "round-up" the career of a far greater number of our indoor workers than has been the case in the past.

THE present number of the TRAVELER contains half-tone views of the two greatest gorges or clefts on the globe, namely, the Yosemite and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the nearest existing counterpart of the former being the Naeroedal of Norway.

The waterfalls and abrupt precipices, the magnificent Alpine surroundings of our Yosemite, mark it as the greatest wonder of its kind extant.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is deeper, more savage, awe inspiring, and, from a geological standpoint, more interesting than either of the other points named above.

AN IMPROVEMENT is always a change, but a change is not always an improvement. We believe, however, that our readers will readily concede that the new dress donned by the TRAVELER for the March number can be safely included among the former.

A complete set of new type—technically known as French old style—has just been imported from the East exclusively for the TRAVELER. It is the "very latest," and, in our opinion, one of the clearest and most artistic designs manufactured by the typefounders; and the fact of its rarity—or its "aristocratic exclusiveness"—is evidenced for the reason that no other publication on the Coast employs it.

The TRAVELER can now justly claim to be a model of its class, as everything that contributes to its make-up is drawn from the highest and best sources. Money has not been spared to make it THE most elegant journal published in the United States. The paper upon which it is printed is the most expensive used, the engravings most carefully selected and from the best establishment on the Pacific Coast, the type of the latest pattern, and the printing beyond criticism. As to the contents,—our modesty dictates that they shall speak for themselves.

The TRAVELER is rapidly receiving recognition among those who know a first-class thing when they see it. The line of policy we adopted at the outset, viz., strictly first class in every department, is meeting with warm appreciation and encouragement; for it forms a most cheerful contrast to the thousands of inferior publications, catch-penny schemes and devices designed solely for advertising patronage.

THE progressive people of Oregon are just now urging upon Congress the necessity of setting apart for a great national park the country extending from Crater Lake in the heart of the Cascades upon the south to Mount Hood near Columbia River on the north.

THE Yosemite cut on our front cover is, we think, one of the best general views of the valley that has ever been reproduced. As to the general or special control of this splendid domain, we incline to the former. Of course California is reluctant to yield her rights, but Uncle Sam can manage his great national parks better than anybody else.

LAKE TAHOE.

LAKE TAHOE, while grand in its proportions and magnificent in its surroundings, is not so picturesque in its general character as the small lake gems that lie contiguous to its southern extremity.

It is from this end of the lake that short journeys are made into the Glen Alpine country, to the summit of Tallac, and the scores of exquisite mountain lakes of azurite and sapphire that sparkle in the glacier hollows of the fastnesses of the Sierra.

The summit of Tallac is 9,715 feet above the sea-level, and is reached conveniently from the Tallac House on the Lake, or from Gilmore's Hot Springs. The saddle trails from both points are safe, comfortable traveling, with an easy grade. The former route, seven miles in length, is across the wooded meadowland to the south of Tahoe, through groves of tamarack, pine and the quaking aspen, skirting the upland hills to the west of Fallen Leaf Lake, through the old glacier gulches, up past Castle and Floating Island lakes, to the summit, something like a three-hour ride.

The trip from Gilmore's Glen Alpine Springs is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur. Distance from the springs three and one-half miles.

Leaving the canyon near the springs, the trail winds around the mountain sides, across glacier-ground rocks, through small patches of meadowland, where small lakes nestle, through whose lily-mottled surfaces the reflections of snowy peaks gleam as in a mirror. The higher one rises the more interesting the scenery becomes. The western prospect is especially fine from this trail. Wild gorges, dark chasms, lakes of supernal blue; canyons, blacked-walled and rugged, torn out by glaciers, tempest-swept ridges, where the trees have been compelled to crawl along the ground for support, and along the horizon the sharply serrated and loftly pinnacles of the main crest of the Sierra,—it is a scene of the wildest desolation and grandeur.

On this trail, at an elevation of 8,100 feet, is Gilmore Lake. The purity and color of its water, the beauty of its surroundings, and its great altitude, render it of sufficient interest to insure a pilgrimage thereto, even though the summit were omitted.

One startling feature of this trail is that a short distance from the summit the whole eastern panorama is suddenly and abruptly revealed to the eye. This includes the entire extent of Lake Tahoe and the mountains that environ it, Cascade and Fallen Leaf lakes, and down at the foot of the almost perpendicular walls of Tallac, partly hidden in the forest, the small but altogether lovely Castle and Floating Island lakes. This panorama flashes upon one so unexpectedly, the depths seem so profound, the walls so abrupt, and the scene so marvelous, that all thought of speech is temporarily driven from the mind. The camera-men say that photographs from such summits as Tallac are never satisfactory. The same may be said of pen-pictures.

The cold, hard facts as to this region are that the lake itself is situated in a great trough of the Sierra Nevada, 6,200 feet above sea-level, is about twenty-five miles long, twelve miles wide, and as deep as a man's capacity for unveracity can reach, or from 1,700 feet to "no bottom."

The waters of the lake come from artesian sources. The Truckee River flows from Tahoe and empties into Pyramid Lake, Nevada; and, strange to say, there are no streams of any consequence running into Tahoe and none out of Pyramid Lake.

About one-third of these waters are in Nevada, two-thirds in California. The clearness and the blueness of these waters are marked characteristics.

The name "Tahoe" has clung to the lake through thick and thin, acts of the California Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding; and the appropriateness of "Tahoe," or "Big Mountain Water," is quite apparent. Its official name, however, is Bigler.

Whether the correct pronunciation of Tahoe will ever obtain is a question. It is evident that Tay'hoe and Tah'hoe (not to mention Tah-hoe') are manifestly incorrect. The Indians about the lake pronounce it as one syllable, Taow, or very nearly as one would pronounce t-o-w in towel.

It must be borne in mind that Tallac holds an isolated position, and that toward all points of the compass the vision is unobstructed, also that this is one of the wildest and most rugged portions of the Sierra. There are visible from this peak in the neighborhood of twenty lakes, Tahoe, Fallen Leaf, Floating Island, Castle and Cascade being the most important ones.

Southward the eye sweeps over that vast field of wonders embraced by the High Sierra. The earth giants back of Yosemite are distinctly visible, and the great range that leads up to Whitney. To the west, and under the brow of the main range, there lies what is known as Desolation Valley. The immense bodies of snow that gather on its sides clear up to the summit are feeders for scores of small lakes which are the head-waters of the American River. To the north a hundred miles of mountain wonders stretch away toward Shasta, the shadowy monarch of the north.

In consideration of the fact that here is one of the grandest observation points in the Sierra, that it is very accessible, the trails being good ones and nowhere dangerous, that the trip may be made from either of the above-named resorts in from six to eight hours (which will allow from one to two hours on the summit), that the trip is but slightly fatiguing, it seems unwise, nay, unpardonable, for any one visiting the lake not to make the ascent of Tallac.

The season at Lake Tahoe opens in May and extends to November. The general rule in visiting this country is to go in by stage from Truckee to Tahoe City on the lake, and out via Glenbrook on the eastern shore to Carson, which gives the traveler the opportunity to see the sights of Carson and Virginia City, a side trip no one can afford to miss.

State Line Point on the north end of the lake is a location where a man may stand in California and sneeze in Nevada. He can so construct his house that, when the California sheriff calls at the front door, he can go out into the kitchen in Nevada and laugh himself into a fit while the officer of the law is trying to serve papers on him over the line.

In a political way this might be made of great advantage: a man could run in one State for Congress and in the other for the Legislature.

KING'S RIVER YOSEMITE.

JOHN MUIR.

DOWN in the heart of the High Sierra there is a magnificent rival to the Yosemite in the Big King's River Canyon, or King's River Yosemite. The general characters as to the floor and walls, vegetation and rock-sculpture, are the same in both; but the King's Valley, although somewhat narrower, is longer, deeper, and lies imbedded in grander mountains. It is situated on the south fork of King's River, above noble forests of Sequoia and sugar-pine, and beneath the shadows of the highest mountains in the range.

It is about ten miles long, half a mile wide at the bottom, and the majestic rocks of purplish-gray granite that form the walls are from about 2,500 to 5,000 feet in height, while the depth of the valley below the general surface of the mountain flank in which it has been carved is more than a mile.

As to waterfalls, those of the new valley are far less striking in general views, although the amount of water falling over the walls is about twice as great, and comes from higher sources. The descent of the King's Valley waters is made mostly in long, dashing cascades, which are outspread in flat, plume-like sheets or smooth slopes, or squeezed in narrow gorges, set on edge, boiling, seething, surging from pool to pool, and breaking here and there into boisterous upleaping masses of spray and foam, taking a thousand forms of exulting, exuberant wildness, making marvelous outbursts of rainbow bloom when the sunshine reaches them, and giving forth a glorious abundance of wild mountain melody.

The area of the basins drained by the streams pouring into the valley is about 450 square miles, that of the Merced Yosemite about 250. The bottom of the valley is about 5,000 feet above the sea, and its level or gently sloping surface is diversified with flowery meadows and groves, and smooth, sunny flats, through the midst of which the crystal river makes its way, now gliding gently, now leaping in glad exultation across moraine and avalanche dams, swaying from side to side, ever changing, ever beautiful, and offering studies enough to an appreciative artist to last a lifetime.

From this flowery, well-watered park the walls rise abruptly in sheer precipices, displaying a great variety of richly sculptured architectural forms, which are as wonderful in beauty of color and fineness of finish as in height, when we consider to what unnumbered centuries of storms they have been exposed.

The first two miles of the walls, beginning at the lower end of the valley, are beveled off at the top, and support quite a growth of trees and bushes, but beyond this portion the rocks display Yosemitic forms and dimensions in lavish abundance. On the north wall there is a rock like El Capitan, and beyond it a group like the Three Brothers, called the Three Hermits. Further up on the same side you come to Booming Canyon, not unlike the Indian Canyon of Yosemite, but carrying a much larger stream. Beyond the canyon there is a North Dome, with its Washington Column and Royal Arches.

On the south wall counterparts of the Cathedral and Sentinel rocks occur in regular order, and at the head of the valley, in the place of the Yosemite Half Dome, towers the majestic Glacier Monument. And, strange to say, all these rocks bear the same relation to each other as the similar rocks do in Yosemite. Yet no rock in the valley equals El Capitan or Half Dome in plain massiveness and novelty of form. On the other hand, from no part of the Yosemite walls could a section five miles in length be found equal in beauty and grandeur to five miles of the middle portion of the south wall of King's Yosemite. This, the most interesting section, begins at the Roaring Falls, and includes Cathedral Rocks, the Seven Gables and the Grand Sentinel.

The valley is easily reached from Visalia, the nearest point on the Southern Pacific Railroad, from which it is distant about 45 miles in an air line. A daily stage runs from Visalia to Moore & Smith's mills, and from the mills to the valley there are two trails, the direct distance being only about 18 miles. The necessary outfit may be procured either at Visalia or the mills. Game is abundant for those who enjoy killing sport. But it is best in any case to go as lightly as possible. A little bread and tea and ordinary woolen clothing are enough for any one in health. Guns, blankets, tents, etc., make heavy burdens. The wilderness hereabouts is not altogether unfoodful, and one may command a perfect sunburst of fire in the rosiny woods at every camp-ground in all kinds of weather. The weather during the summer months is steadfastly good. Perhaps in no other region on the face of the globe may mountains be found at once so sublime in bulk and beauty, and so kindly and approachable and free from danger to defenseless wanderers.

The King's River Yosemite, with its varied gardens, groves, rocks and cascades, might well hold the visitor a whole summer in wondering admiration; but it has also the advantage of being a center from which many interesting excursions may be made to the mountains and valleys about it,—Mt. Tyndal, Mt. Whitney, Paradise Valley, Tehipitee Valley, etc.

My first visit to the King's Yosemite was made in October, 1873, when the autumn colors of the meadows and groves were ripe, and the rocks were bathed in the golden light of Indian summer. I set out from the Merced Yosemite, following the old trail to Wawona and the Mariposa Big Trees. Thence I groped a wild way through the woods and canyons across the upper waters of the wide-spreading branches of the San Joaquin, to the north fork of King's River; thence down the middle fork divide, through magnificent forests, across the main river, and on eastward through the giant Sequoias and sugar-pines, and down into the glorious valley. After spending a few memorable days climbing and sketching about the valley, and making haste on account of the approach of winter storms, I climbed Mt. Tyndal, and then crossed over to the east side of the range by a trail that conducts from the head of the valley up the Tyndal Fork of the river, and through the Kearsarge Pass to Fort Independence. Thence turning southward I climbed Mt. Whitney, then skirted the eastern flank of the range to the Mono volcanoes and lake, recrossed the Sierra through Mono Pass, and entered Yosemite from above.

Thus from ridge to ridge through the glorious wilderness, from mountain to mountain, from Yosemite to Yosemite, I wandered free, making a round trip without wheels or tickets, which for grandeur and general interest cannot be surpassed in all the Sierra, or perhaps in any other mountain range in the world.

If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of the roar which lies on the other side of silence.

You must be sure of two things; you must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin; and the other is, you must not be ashamed of your work, and think it would be more honorable to you to be doing something else.

I have a belief of my own, and it comforts me, that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are a part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower. —*George Eliot.*

The January number of the *Tourist* has reached this office and is a first-class production. Barry has been South evidently, for the opening article (illustrated) is upon the St. Augustine. It is cleverly written, and leaves one with a yearning to visit that famous winter resort of the South. "Personally Conducted; or, Around the World with Cook," is a brief Japanese sketch with a half-tone view of Daibutsu. Wm. Drysdale has a sea yarn in verse that is briny and clever. "A Matter of Education," "The Waiter and the Dress-coat," "On Deck," "Along the Rail," and "From the Editor's Window," are a few of the other good things in this number. The *Tourist* is agitating the "Waiter and the Dress-coat" question, and says upon this subject:

"There is a diversity of opinion as to the propriety of a waiter wearing the dress-coat while plying his trade, at which time it is often difficult to distinguish him, if he be of the Caucasian race, from the guests whom he is serving. The *Tourist* thinks that the costume of the waiter should be such as to render such confusion impossible. While, from the opinions thus far received, it does not appear that this is the opinion of every one, there is, however, a considerable number of people in this country whose views on this subject concide with those of the *Tourist.*"

We have received the following communication anent this matter from an excellent though remote authority in Inyo County:

"*Dear Sir*: I don't so much mind my waiter wearing a dress-coat, if he would not insist upon borrowing mine without my knowledge or consent, and then circulate the report among the guests of the house that I wear his coat to parties, etc."

He that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE LITTLE BURRO.

There is scarcely anything so cute (or, as the ladies say, cunning) in the animal kingdom as the infant burro; like the owl, he is at that age a little top-heavy, but wise beyond his days, and at the age of about sixteen hours he is liable to take a little turn around the block and kick the daylights out of anything in sight or bite into anything animal, vegetable or mineral.

We can still see that jack rabbit of a burro "like the rose just newly born" out in the wild desert waste

Taber photo.

near Tucson, laying his long ears over his neck and practicing the art of kicking an imaginary pack off his back, or taking a nibble at the needle-covered cactus, not so much as an article of diet as the inherent love of biting into things that no other creature in existence would do.

Later on this little fellow, like all other animals, human and otherwise, finds himself in more sober lines, and settles down into cart-horse, every-day work.

ABORIGINAL METHODS OF FISHING.

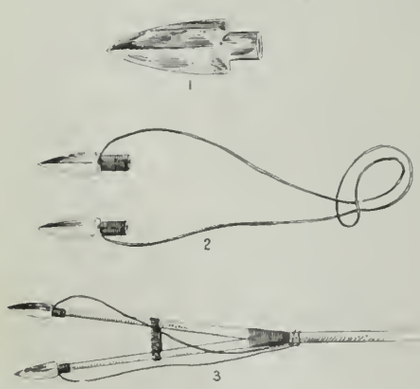
W. S. CONWAY.

ORIGINAL methods of the Sacramento River Indians (or Wintuns, as they styled themselves) for catching fish are quite interesting, and prove that the uncivilized Indian possesses more of the inventive genius than most people would give him credit for. Forty years ago these methods were only four in number, namely, the Indian spear, or lammer, the dip-net, the willow trap and the poisoning method.

This article will describe the manufacture and use of the salmon spear, or lammer, before the use of knives, hatchets, etc., were known to the "Wintun." The lammer and its applications were entirely an Indian invention, and furnished a greater quantity of food than was obtained from any other source. Both the manufacture and use of the lammer were the work of the old men, and required an abundance of patience and industry.

To make the pole, a straight, slender, red fir two inches in diameter at the ground was selected, and a fire was kindled around it to burn it down. This done, it was drawn across the fire, and the branches burned off until trimmed to the required length (about fifteen feet). Then the top was burned off and taken to camp. Next it was drawn through a pile of burning coals until charred to a depth of a quarter of an inch. This char was scraped off with the sharp edges of a piece of broken quartz rock. This charring and scraping was repeated until the pole was reduced to the required size (about three-quarters of an inch), with a very slight taper. The large end was slightly flattened on two sides for the tines or prongs.

The tines were made, in the same manner, of two sarrace-berry sticks, sixteen inches long, reduced to a half inch in diameter, with a flat bevel six inches long on one side to fit the flat place on the pole. They tapered slightly from the bevel to the other end, with a short point to attach the tines to the pole. They were placed and temporarily held by wrapping small threads of sinew around them. This sinew was obtained from the cords and muscles of the deer. Next the splice was besmeared with soft pitch obtained from the yellow pine. The pitch was burned in with a firebrand or hot stick. Next the splice was securely wrapped with sinew. Then a coat of hard pitch or gum was put on like the first, making a smooth, substantial splice that would last for years. Then to preserve the pole it was treated to a coat of hard pitch smeared into the wood. The tines, when put on as described, would



spread three or four inches at the point, which was too wide for ordinary use. This was overcome by braiding a sliding keeper across them. Now the pole was ready for use.

To make the lammers the first thing required was a cord three feet long and one-third smaller than a common lead-pencil. This cord had to be soft and pliable, so as not to shrink or expand by being wet or dry, and had to be strong enough to hold a salmon three or four feet long. The material generally used at the present day for making this cord is the hair from a horse's tail; but forty years ago horse hair was not always to be had. The old Wintun would therefore arm himself with a hardwood stick burned to a point, and go to a grove of young yellow pines, and with his sharp stick dig the small thrifty roots, and peal the bark off in small long strips. After scraping the rough outside off, these strips were split into small threads. These were twisted together, making a durable cord of remarkable strength. Two pieces of bone from the leg of a deer were then shaped into points like figure 1 in the accompanying cut. These points were an inch and a half in length, and were shaped by rubbing them on a piece of sandstone. Two pieces of Indian arrowwood a quarter of an inch in diameter and two inches long were next needed. The pitch was extracted from one end to the depth of half an inch, to allow the large end of the bone point to slip into the shoulder. The other cords of the sticks were countersunk to the depth of a quarter of an inch, to fit on the tines of the pole. The bone points were set into the arrowwood sticks with hot pitch. This made the lammers three inches in length. Then the cord was attached, and the end was twisted for three-quarters of an inch.

The cord was put in the center of the lammer, some of the fibers of the cord running each way, and some of them running around to make the shape uniform. Then the whole thing was wrapped with sinew to within three-quarters of an inch of the point. A coat of hard pitch was put on, and the lammer was complete (as shown by figure 2). By referring to figure 3 the principle of this spear is easy to comprehend. When the fish was struck the lammers slipped off the tines and turned at right angles with the cord, making a complete tangle, and there was no such thing as the fish getting away.

The fish-house was probably the most interesting feature in Wintun salmon-fishing. A good site for a fish-house was not a very easy thing to find. It must be on a rapid just below a projecting rock, where the water was at least four feet deep and comparatively still for a rod or two. The salmon, when ascending the rapids, keeps near the shore, and when he finds a piece of still water he naturally floats into it to rest. Such locations are not numerous, and in days of old were valuable. They were held in fee, and descended from father to son.

In early summer, when the water receded to low-water mark, the old Wintun procured two long poles or logs from the hillside drift, and placed them about five feet apart and projecting over the stream six or eight feet, and almost touching the water. Two small poles about twelve feet long were laid across each other near the small ends, and were securely wrapped by means of a withe made of twisted twigs or willow bark. Then they were placed upright in the water, and were securely withed to the projecting poles. These poles were anchored on shore by piling large stones on them. Then a cross-stick was lashed to the ends of the projecting poles, and a floor of cedar bark was laid from the cross-stick toward the shore. A lot of long, slim willows were collected, with the small branches and foliage on them, which were bound into a large roll six inches thick and twelve feet long. The ends of some stiff willow sticks, six feet long, were attached to the roll two feet apart. These were for ribs. Then the roll was launched. The ends of the roll were made fast to the upright poles at the top of the water. The top ends of the rib sticks were lashed to the top of the upright poles, holding the roll on top of the water in a semicircle. Inside this semicircle was where the spearing was done, and if a salmon came inside the dead line while Mr. Wintum was on deck his name was "mud." But our fish-house was not complete. Rib sticks were extended across the floor, making the circle complete. Small willows with green foliage were woven around the ribs so thickly that they shut out every ray of light, leaving a very small hole at the top for the lammer-pole to project through, and a manhole on the side, which was covered with a deerskin. Then a lot of white quartz was carried into the house and thrown into the water. This answered the double purpose of attracting the fish to the spot and making the light ever so much better than a black bottom.

Now our old Wintun friend was happy. His work was done. He would catch the salmon, but his women and children were camped on the nearest sand-bar, and they would do the rest. They split the salmon down the back with a piece of sharp flint, took out the backbone, and hung the flesh up to dry. The old man poked his spear-pole through the small hole at the top of his house, crawled in at the manhole, folded his legs under him like a tailor, and was ready for business. He saw the tip of the first salmon's nose, and before he was half way across the semicircle he was struck. The fish was game; he made a good fight; but the old man was an expert, and soon had him on deck. He tapped him back of the head with a stick, the fish stopped his foolishness at once, and our friend was ready for the next.

RUMOR has it that the Nadeau Hotel at Los Angeles will shortly change hands. Mr. Billicke, formerly connected with the Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz, is the prospective purchaser. As his backer is Mr. S. H. Seymour, the retired proprietor of the Russ House, there is a strong probability that the deal will be effected.

SPRING, with its swelling buds and warm, balmy days, is making the earth glad around about Del Monte. A "full house" is expected the coming season.

GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO.

CAPT. C. E. DUTTON.

WHEREVER we reach the Grand Canyon in the Kaibab it bursts upon the vision in a moment. Seldom is any warning given that we are near the brink. At the Toroweap it is quite otherwise. There we are notified that we are near it a day before we reach it.

If the approach is made at random, with no idea of reaching any particular point by a known route, the probabilities are that it is first seen from the rim of one of the vast amphitheaters which set back from the main chasm far into the mass of the plateau. Of course there are degrees in the magnitude and power of the pictures presented, but even the least powerful is tremendous, and too great for comprehension. The scenery of the ampitheaters far surpasses in grandeur and nobility anything else of the kind in any other region, but it is mere by-play in comparison with the panorama displayed in the heart of the canyon. The supreme views are to be obtained at the extremities of the long promontories, which jut out between these recesses far into the gulf. Towards such a point we now direct our steps. The one we have chosen is on the whole the most commanding in the Kaibab front, though there are several others which might be regarded as very nearly equal to it, or as more imposing in some respects. We named it Point Sublime.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is a great innovation in modern ideas of scenery, and in our conceptions of the grandeur, beauty and power of nature. As with all great innovations, it is not to be comprehended in a day or a week, nor even in a month. It must be dwelt upon and studied, and the study must comprise the slow acquisition of the meaning and spirit of that marvelous scenery which characterizes the Plateau Country, and of which the great chasm is the superlative manifestation. The study and slow mastery of the influences of that class of scenery, and its full appreciation, is a special culture, requiring time, patience and long familiarity for its consummation. The lover of Nature, whose perceptions have been trained in the Alps, in Italy, Germany or New England, in the Appalachians or the Cordilleras, in Scotland or Colorado, would enter this strange region with a shock, and dwell there for a time with a sense of oppression, and perhaps with horror. Whatsoever things he had learned to regard as beautiful and noble he would seldom or never see, and whatsoever he might see would appear to him as anything but beautiful and noble. Whatsoever might be bold and striking would at first seem only grotesque. The colors would be the very ones he had learned to shun as tawdry and bizarre. The tones and shades, modest and tender, subdued yet rich, in which his fancy had always taken special delight, would be the ones which are conspicuously absent. But time would bring a gradual change. Some day he would suddenly become conscious that outlines which at first seemed harsh and trivial have grace and meaning; that forms which seemed grotesque are full of dignity; that magnitudes which had added enormity to coarseness have become replete with strength and even majesty; that colors which had been esteemed unrefined, immodest and glaring are as expressive, tender, changeful and capacious of effects as any others. Great innovations, whether in art or literature, in science or nature, seldom take the world by storm. They must be understood before they can be estimated, and must be cultivated before they can be understood.

GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO.

It is perhaps in some respects unfortunate that the stupendous pathway of the Colorado River through the Kaibabs was ever called a canyon, for the name identifies it with the baser conception. But the name presents as wide a range of signification as the word house. The log cabin of the rancher, the painted and vine-clad cottage of the mechanic, the home of the millionaire, the places where parliaments assemble, and the grandest temples of worship, are all houses. Yet the contrast between St. Mark's and the rude dwelling of the frontiersman is not greater than that between the chasm of the Colorado and the trenches in the rocks which answer to the ordinary conception of a canyon. And as a great cathedral is an immense development of the rudimentary idea involved in the four walls and roof of a cabin, so is the chasm an expansion of the simple type of drainage channels peculiar to the Plateau Country. To the conception of its vast proportions must be added some notion of its intricate plan, the nobility of its architecture, its colossal buttes, its wealth of ornamentation, the splendor of its colors, and its wonderful atmosphere. All of these attributes combine with infinite complexity to produce a whole which at first bewilders and at length overpowers.

From the end of Point Sublime, the distance across the chasm to the nearest point in the summit of the opposite wall is about seven miles. This, however, does not fairly express the width of the chasm, for both walls are recessed by wide ampitheaters, setting far back into the platform of the country, and the promontories are comparatively narrow strips between them. A more correct statement of the general width would be from 11 to 12 miles. This must dispose at once of the idea that the chasm is a narrow gorge of immense depth and simple form. It is somewhat unfortunate that there is a prevalent idea that in some way an essential part of the grandeur of the Grand Canyon is the narrowness of its defiles. Much color has been given to this notion by the first illustrations of the canyon from the pencil of Egloffstein in the celebrated report of Lieutenant Ives. Never was a great subject more artistically misrepresented or more charmingly belittled. Nowhere in the Kaibab section is any such extreme narrowness observable, and even in the Uinkaret section the width of the great inner gorge is a little greater than the depth. In truth, a little reflection will show that such a character would be inconsistent with the highest and strongest effects; for it is obvious that some notable width is necessary to enable the eye to see the full extent of the walls. In a chasm one mile deep and only a thousand feet wide, this would be quite impossible. If we compare the Marble Canyon or the gorge at the Toroweap with wider sections, it will at once be seen that the wider ones are much stronger. If we compare one of the longer alcoves, having a width of three or four miles, with the view across the main chasm, the advantage will be overwhelmingly with the latter. It is evident that for the display of wall surface of given dimensions a certain amount of distance is necessary. We may be too near or too far for the right appreciation of its magnitude and proportions. The distance must bear some ratio to the magnitude. But at what precise limit this distance must in the present case be fixed is not easy to determine. It can hardly be doubted that if the canyon were materially narrower it would suffer a loss of grandeur and effect.

The distance from Flagstaff, on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, to the Kaibab Bend of Grand Canyon in Northwestern Arizona is sixty-five miles, and is covered in one day of twelve hours' riding. There are fair accommodations to be had on the brink of the Canyon.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

E. McD. J.

DID he come from China or somewhere else,—this remarkable aborigine, with his strongly marked features, lips of Tartar, eyes of Mongolian, brow of Greek, and Chaldean nose? The ethnographer, while he advances first one theory and then another on this interesting subject, is very guarded in his conclusions. Let us have no hesitancy in speaking out frankly our opinion. "Where did he come from? We hav'nt the remotest idea in the world! !"

The early settler, when pursued by a band of Apaches, did not consider it necessary to stop and inquire of this impromptu barber of the wild west whether his grandfather came from Madagascar or Japan; what he most yearned for was some territory where the Apache was not so promiscuous.

This question having been settled, let us proceed with some comments upon the phases of character we find existing in the native races.

We have no means of knowing to what degree of civilization he may have attained had the opportunity been given him by the American people; we have to discuss his qualifications as they exist, and judge from them, to some extent, what kind of a citizen he would have made.

He is not altogether good, as some enthusiasts would have it; he is not by any means altogether bad, as others would have it.

He has combativeness, as the phrenologists would say, large. This bump, according to the scientists, lies directly behind the ear. The original Apache, in addition to a large stock given him by Nature, must have been soundly whacked with a club, or had a lean-to put on this particular bump in some remote period of his history.

He has cautiousness; he is a natural-born politician, crafty, adroit, shrewd, eloquent, and no conscience to speak of. The crop of politicians, for the present, needs no recruits.

He is lazy. I have a deep personal sympathy for him in this failing. Well, if you, dear reader, had as little encouragement to work, and as small a hope of reward, as the Indian has, you would live on lizards and grasshoppers too.

He has self-reliance, that beautiful virtue born of self-esteem and conceit, which is so very much misunderstood and underestimated by us in these days.

He has veneration, wonder, wit and ideality in a considerable measure. Superstitious wonder and awe are transformed by civilization into reverence and worshipfulness.

The Indian, from his constant association with the grand and majestic in nature, has evolved many crude but sublime ideas. Every cliff and cavern, every mountain and valley, has its deity. The black thundercloud that wraps the cliffs in gloom is a messenger of the Bad Spirit. The gentle breeze that comes up from the west at sunset is the breath of the presiding deity of the day.

But his ideas of God are immeasurably little. When the fury of the storm has passed away, and the inky messengers of the tempest he so much dreads are gilded with sunset glory, the Indian looks upon the passing conflict as a triumph of the Good Spirit: and there is, he thinks, a combat going on all the time between the Good and the Bad Spirit.

Any commotion of the elements, or any disturbance of the phenomena of Nature, stirs the Indian's soul to its profoundest depths; but when the lightning's fury has been spent, and he has escaped any baleful consequences therefrom, it is not a part of his religion to be thankful, or to conform his life and actions to what the Good Spirit might wish. He will pray as devoutly to the Great Spirit for assistance in stealing a horse from an enemy as he will for the Bad Spirit to protect him from harm.

Manulito Segundo, the dude of the Navajos, son of the great war-chief of that tribe. The pose is natural, easy and admirable.

The moral sense of the Indian is not particularly sensitive, though he has a keen perception of his individual rights and is quick to avenge a wrong.

Briefly these are some of the phases of Indian character as we find them in his savage state. Is he worth educating? Is he worth civilizing and christianizing?

The evangelical societies of the United States claim that the Government has been unfaithful in her treaties with the red men, has robbed, cheated and massacred them, and that in all the disturbances of the last fifty years the white man has been the aggressor; that promises of concession and protection have been ruthlessly broken. But the strongest point the Church makes in her charges against the Government is, "You are treating the aborigines as 'wards' or prisoners of war, denying them the right of tenure to the soil, or any of the privileges of American citizenship. Can you expect to christianize before you citizenize them?"

The Government says, "You Church people have a Utopian, sentimental notion of the Indian; your views of the question might be reasonable if he possessed the qualifications you imagine he does; and in your conclusions you are apt to place them all in one class, when really there is as much difference between the Cherokee and the Digger as there is between the native New Zealander and the Anglo-Saxon."

We find the civilizing of this nomad an exceedingly difficult proposition, and perhaps his case is an illustration of the old doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." Nations, like individuals, have their youth, manhood and old age, and the Indian is evidently in the latter period.

The American citizen who has had much experience in Indian countries says, "Kill him first, and civilize him afterwards." He takes the Indian as he finds him (provided the Indian doesn't find him first), forgetful of the fact that it is not a present injury he is avenging. He has been treated for too long a time as a foe to the white man, and one American is as good as another for him to wreak his vengeance upon.

Of these various parties the Church, though perhaps over-sanguine, is much nearer right than the others. There is too much political chicanery in the governmental management of the question, and too much impulsive violence by white residents.

Now, what are you going to do with the Indian? You remember the story of David Copperfield: how he ran away from London, and found his way at last, ragged, footsore and weary, at the house of his aunt, Betsy Trotwood; how that lady had several spasms when she saw his bedraggled condition; and what to do she did not know. In her extremity she thought of Mr. Dick, and explained to him fully the circumstances.

She said: "Now, here you see young David Copperfield, and the question I put to you is, 'What shall I do with him.'"

"What shall you do with him?" said Mr. Dick, feebly scratching his head. "Oh! do with him?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Trotwood, with a grave look and her forefinger held up, "Come, I want some very sound advice."

"Why, if I was you," said Mr. Dick, considering, and looking vacantly at David, "I should—I should wash him."

What shall we do with the Indian? Wash him, teach him habits of cleanliness and thrift, raise him up so that he shall stand a free man, civilize him, allow him the privilege of owning his own property, to buy and sell for himself, and vote, wear a plug hat and a swallow-tail coat, and go to Congress.

Lost Medicine of the Dacotahs, the bad man of his tribe,—savage, untractable, unhandsome, with a disposition to make it hot for any one he does not take a fancy to.

WESTERN LOCOMOTION.

WESTERN locomotion has been developed by easy stages from the propelling power of Shank's mare up to the modern racy steam engine. The first and slowest transcontinental tour, which took about two years, made 360 years ago, was by the first-named mode, and the fastest (84 hours from New York to San Francisco) was made a few years ago by the latter.

Between these extremes there came in their order the mule-back, pony-express, prairie-schooner, horse-back and stage-coach styles; but the last named are now back numbers and have given way to the roar and dash of the locomotive.

It may not be inappropriate in this connection to mention diligencia traveling in Mexico.

It takes about as many men to run a diligencia as it does a passenger train,—one man with a good flow of language to exhort the mules (there are generally two on the pole and three abreast on the lead), one man to throw rocks and act as an exhorter when the first man gets hoarse, a boy to run ahead once in a while and disturb the front mules' meditations, and an all-round man to act as superintendent. When all these people act in concert, and throw a little extra effort and rocks into their work on a down grade, the furious speed of six kilometres an hour may be made. Six kilometres comes very nearly being four miles.

HALF-TONE ENGRAVING.

A. L. CRANE.

It would be an interesting study to follow the art of engraving from its infancy to the present time, but as space is limited we will devote it to the process by which THE TRAVELER is illustrated,—the half-tone.

For years it was the dream of engravers to produce an engraving direct from a photograph or wash-drawing without the aid of tools, reproducing in ink the effect of the original. Many were the schemes tried; but while

some beautiful effects were produced, yet none were practical for rapid printing till the half-tone was perfected.

If the reader will take a magnifying glass and examine the cut carefully, he will see a network of dots and lines running diagonally from one corner of the picture to the other,—dots in the white, and lines in the dark, portion. This effect is produced by means of a tint, or screen, ruled with a diamond on plate glass. The cut made by the diamond is filled with an opaque pigment, making alternate black and white spots crossing at right angles.

This screen is placed between a sensitive plate and the subject to be reproduced. A powerful electric lamp furnishes the light which the opaque lines interrupt,

but which the transparent lines allow to act on the sensitive film. The original effect is thus reproduced.

It would be impossible to explain, in other than technical language, the various processes of developing and finishing, but when finished we have a negative compound of dense black, and clear, transparent dots and lines. From this negative a print is made on a copper or zinc plate, the plate having first been prepared with a sensitive coat, which on exposure to the sun or an electric light becomes insoluble and acid proof.

The light acts through the transparent portion of the negative, making the corresponding part of the metal plate insoluble and acid proof, the remainder being etched when placed in acid. The plate is allowed to remain in the acid until the required depth is obtained, when it is mounted on a block and is ready for the printer.

One would hardly believe that the slight variation of a dot or line so fine would produce the result obtained by this process; but it is this slight variation in size that enables the operator to reproduce on the metal plate all the fine detail of a flower or the wild grandeur of a mountain. It may interest the reader to know that in the Supplement of this issue of THE TRAVELER there are 1,346,400 dots in the entire view.

THE HAWAIIAN VOLCANO.

We have just received from Mr. S. D. Macdonald, a late visitor to Honolulu, the following note regarding the Mauna Loa eruption. In a foot-note Mr. Macdonald speaks in an equally graphic manner of the political eruption now occurring in the islands, in comparison with which Mauna Loa is not in it.

"The somewhat abrupt termination of what promised to be a violent eruption of the summit crater of Mauna Loa after its usual period of quiescence places the people of Hawaii in a state of suspension, fearing, as they have every reason to from past experience, that an underground lava flow is in progress and may at any moment burst forth beneath them; yet when once flowing in its subaerial channel thousands will flock, as heretofore, to witness the sublime spectacle of a river of red-hot lava on its way to the sea. On the last two occasions every available craft was in requisition, and for weeks the off-shore scene as well as the illuminated mountain was one long to be remembered.

"The crater of Kilauea or, more properly speaking, the pit or lake of fire on the flank of Mauna Loa, has been unusually active for some months past. This vast pit or cauldron is nine miles in circumference, with vertical walls, and has a depth of from 400 to 1,100 feet, according to the rise and fall of its molten tide. At present intense action is confined to its western portion.

"Visitors and tourists who have witnessed it in magnificent action of late are enthusiastic in their description of its fiery fountains tossing their red-hot spray high in air. Its gory surges sometimes roll in low-curling waves, and again dash like wind-driven surf against the lurid cliffs, which totter, fall, remelt, form new waves, and are borne forward again on the molten sea, whilst all the while dreadful detonations and earth tremors add sublime terror to the scene.

"In extent, grandeur and intensity of action Kilauea is unsurpassed among volcanoes.

"Every facility is now afforded to reach this wonderful place. A good carriage road is completed to the Volcano House, from which tourists cross the lava floor on horseback to within 200 yards of the lake. A house is also being erected at the brink, where visitors may remain all night and watch its ever-changing flood of fire."

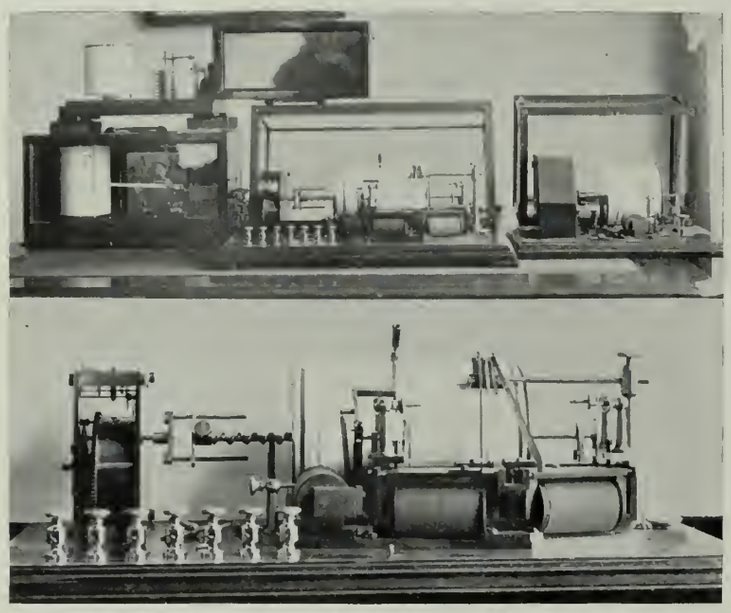
A MARGIN OF SILENCE.

The city man who goes to the country seeks a certain remoteness from villagers and people; he wants a margin of repose and silence about him. He is eager to get away from the unconscious but very real pressure of dense populations; to escape the noise and tumult, and constant presence of mobs and crowds. There is a deep instinct in his soul which prompts him to seek quiet and solitude in order that he may recruit his depleted spiritual force. He has a sense of being submerged and lost; he craves the opportunity of returning to himself and recovering his individuality. Such a margin of silence and repose is the constant necessity of every thoughtful mind and every fruitful career. An active, creative man must be in the world, but can never be of it; he must keep it at a distance, and resist its approach as if it were a deadly enemy. To draw one's inspiration from those deep springs which feed the soul in silence and hidden places, and then to give this inspiration to men through all the powers of activity and self-expression, is to live a whole, sound life; to attempt to draw one's strength from the world is to run dry, and become a dusty, arid channel instead of a living stream. Many active, earnest men and women, in their eagerness to serve and achieve, violate this fundamental law of deep living, and surrender to the world that which is not theirs to give. A margin of silence, repose and solitude must protect every life that steadfastly grows and expands; to live without it is to violate one of the sanctities of our nature. Out of the rush and tumult of the world one must often retire into the silence where God speaks with that still, small voice never heard amid the uproar of mobs and cities. An hour of quiet, silence and solitude every day would save many a man from intellectual bankruptcy, and many a woman from nervous wreck. The physical need of repose is as great as the intellectual and spiritual need. The body craves its quiet hour no less than the mind and the soul; if the senses are always on the alert, and the tension is never broken, the nerves succumb, and the harmony of a noble instrument is turned into a discord full of misery. The greater one's work and power, the deeper one's need of privacy.—*The Christian Union.*

U. S. Government Weather and Wind Signals

Clear or Fair Weather. White ground. | Rain or Snow. Blue ground. | Local Rain. White & Blue. | Temperature Signal. Black ground. | Cold Wave. White ground, black center. | Storm. Red ground, black center. | Cautionary. Red ground, white center. | Easterly Winds. Red ground. | Westerly Winds. White ground.

The Meteorological Division or Weather Bureau was established in 1870. The progress of modern inquiry into the changes taking place in the weather, and especially into the phenomena of storms, had for many years previous strengthened the conviction that they are not capricious, but follow certain laws. To provide, therefore, for taking meteorological observations with a view to giving notice by telegraph and signals of the approach of storms was the end originally contemplated by the Government and carried into effect. The peculiar geographical extension of the country, stretching over fifty-seven degrees of longitude and twenty-two degrees of latitude, afforded exceptional advantages for investigating and forecasting the storms which cross its broad area; for experience had shown that they generally move from west to east, and not infrequently along the meridians; but the vast extent of the storm-field made the work very difficult. The fact was established that at any time of the day or night the central office could call instantly for reports from all parts of the country and receive them from all its stations, observations being taken at the same moment of time, giving the actual conditions over the whole country from Maine to California and the lake region to the gulf.



TRIPLE REGISTER.—Records wind velocity, wind direction and amount of rainfall.
BAROGRAPH.—Records continuous record of atmospheric pressure.
THERMOGRAPH.—Records continuous record of temperature.

The method of simultaneous observations has proved a success, and has continued since the establishment of the Bureau.

The operations of the Weather Bureau have been every year, since its creation, enlarged until they have become numerous and varied. Weather Bureau stations now dot the entire country, and every city of note geographically has a fully equipped station with a force of from one to ten observers, depending entirely upon the amount and importance of the work.

The weather chart, which is issued morning and evening at every large station, is a pen picture of the weather conditions over the country, and is examined by thousands of business men at Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, etc., from the Atlantic to the Pacific, often determining their day's labor.

The daily river bulletins issued at river stations, giving the stage of the river and other conditions, could not be dispensed with. The value of this branch was amply shown during the floods in the Ohio Valley in 1883 and 1884.

Weather reports and forecasts are telegraphed over the whole country immediately after they are issued, and are published in some form in almost every newspaper in the country; and in public and conspicuous places they are bulletined for popular inspection.

San Francisco has a first-class station, and is equipped with the latest and best instruments, many being self-recording. Among these might be mentioned the triple register, which records the velocity and direction of the wind, and also the amount of rainfall; the thermograph, which records the temperature; and the barograph, which records the atmospheric pressure. The barograph and thermograph make a continuous record for seven days.

The officers who have had charge of this station since it was established are Capt. Robert Craig, Lieut. Glassford, Lieut. Maxfield, Mr. Kirkam, and Lieut. Finley. The present officer is Mr. P. T. Jenkins.

The father of the Weather Bureau was Gen. Albert J. Meyer. Upon his death Gen. W. B. Hazen was appointed in his place, and upon his death Gen. A. W. Greely was appointed Chief of the Weather Bureau. Upon the transfer of the Weather Bureau two years ago to the Department of Agriculture, Prof. Mark W. Harrington was appointed to the position of Chief of the Weather Bureau, and still holds that position.

Forecasting in San Francisco is not nearly so certain as in the Mississippi Valley, of course leaving the erratic cyclone out of the question. Anywhere along the center of the continent, the progress of the storm is marked from the time it leaves the Gulf. Ordinarily California storms come from the north. They are born in the Japan current, and generally spend their fury against the Cascade Range, which extends through Oregon, Washington and British Columbia.

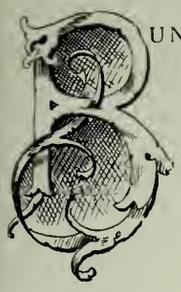
Sometimes a bubble breaks away from this transpacific whirl-blast and breaks suddenly in upon us, causing what is known as a "sudden local disturbance," which we cannot forecast many hours in advance.

P. T. JENKINS,
Local Forecaster, Weather Bureau, San Francisco.

INSTRUMENT SHELTER (roof of Mills Building, S. F.).
Contains wet and dry thermometers, maximum and minimum thermometers, thermograph and tele-thermograph, which are read at each observation.

PROF. MARK W. HARRINGTON,
Chief of the Weather Bureau, Washington.

HUMAN BURDEN-BEARERS.



BUNYAN, in describing Christian's deplorable condition, says: "I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back." If history and biography are to be relied upon, John carried a considerable of a jag himself in his younger days, as many saints and sinners have done, both previously and subsequently to his day. Burdens, burdens, burdens, all down the ages, ever since old Atlas started with the whole world for a burden; and as far as we know he is carrying it yet, but where to, no fellow knows, and when we are through with the use of his precious load we don't particularly care.

Travelers to Mexico will be interested in the burden-bearers. They will see in all parts of that country the vegetable vender, who tramps from thirty to forty miles a day, content with a profit of a cent a mile; and the lazy beggar who sits in the sunny plazas, and carries very little else than his appetite and an alms-seeking voice that would have commanded respect at the building of the tower of Babel. They pack every conceivable commodity on their backs—children and chicken-coops, hay and hacienda products, pulque and potatoes, trunksful of trinkets, sweetmeats and water.

In California we have the Chinese burden-bearer, who struggles along all day under loads that the Caucasian cannot lift. He supplies the suburban residences of San Francisco, and the small outlying villages, with vegetables, fish, oysters, fruits, and all other luxuries that the markets afford; and we have seen this hardworking, industrious son of Mongolia at the kitchen door of the wealthy as well as at the front door of the less well-to-do. We may hoot at this patient toiler as he crosses our path; we may stand idly by and watch the hoodlums pelt him with stones, and the policeman wink at it from a distance, but we are bound to admire him for some habits that many other foreign laborers do not bring with them to America,—such as sobriety, industry, fidelity to trust, thoroughness and (though this may be considered an outrageous statement), cleanliness.

The Indian of the Pacific States and Territories is not notable as a burden-bearer, but he does not object to having his wife fill that position for him. I have seen the benevolent Siwash on the trail in the Puget Sound forests comfortably mounted on his pony smoking the pipe of peace, while there trudged along behind him his beloved consort with a sack of flour and one of the babies on her back.

I have never yet seen the Indian father carrying his papoose. It is considered beneath his dignity; if ever the white man ran away with this idea he has been long ago disabused of it: so much for civilization.

But of all the burden-bearers we pity the business man,—the man who, for instance, has to carry a railroad or a bank on his back, especially if they don't pay. The man with the railroad, whether lucrative or otherwise, has undoubtedly all he can stagger under; and what a motley parcel it is,—politicians, hungry and well fed; leeches of every color and grade; pettifogging lawyers who defend the lady whose cow was killed; the blackmailer, respectable and otherwise; the man who expects a dividend every two weeks; the newspaper man who intimates that if you don't care to do so and so he will not be responsible for the consequences; the man who wants to stop over on a ferry ticket; and the modest but persistent citizen who is working for the good of the country and would like a pass to Chicago any time during the (coming) summer.

Then the burden of the man with the bank consists of mortgaged real estate of questionable value, the thought of the cashier's possible notion to emigrate, and whether by some freak of fortune there may be a run on the bank to-morrow, or whether something unexpected may turn up.

Then there is the man who, not content with bearing his present ills, has a huge load of prospective ones clinging to his neck like an old man of the sea. There is the politician, too; his load is mostly anxiety, not so much for his country as how the election will go; and last of all there is the writer of these lines struggling with a burden which is to fill a gap in the column that the relentless printer says must be occupied.

From the highest point in the United States, Mount Whitney (15,046 feet) you can look down into Death Valley, Inyo County, the lowest spot in the United States, 285 feet below the level of the sea.

THE LOCOMOTIVE OF THE FUTURE.

The speed we shall attain in traveling is engaging the attention of the public and engineers alike, and people have set a standard of one hundred miles an hour as the desired goal, just as the two-minute trotter is the object of the breeder's desire.

Scribner's Magazine of a late date contains a symposium from scientific writers on the subject. First and foremost among these is the veteran writer M. N. Forney, who, after an examination of all the problems entering the question, is satisfied that a speed of one hundred miles an hour is out of the question for an ordinary locomotive.

Theodore N. Ely is more hopeful, believing that by compounding the use of steam such an end may some time be reached. "The measure of the speed and capacity of the locomotive rests in the firebox, the length and breadth of which cannot exceed certain dimensions. It therefore follows that, when this furnace is arranged to burn the maximum quantity of fuel, the steam-producing limit will be reached, and with it the limit of speed. But this steam must be used to the very best advantage, as relating to the proportions of the locomotive as well as to its type. The first of these are already well known, and it will probably be found that some form of compounding will suggest the type. With these limitations the speed of locomotives with passenger trains will not fall far short of one hundred miles an hour, by which is meant a sustained speed at that rate, as, for instance, a trip between New York and Philadelphia in about one hour, or between New York and Chicago in ten or eleven hours."

A third article in the symposium, by Walter H. Webb, deals more particularly with what has been accomplished in the highest type of the locomotive of to-day. Referring to the famous run on the Central tracks to Buffalo, in September last, he gives the following interesting facts:

"A careful schedule of the running time of each mile was kept, an analysis of which shows the following:

"Four hundred and thirty-six miles were run in four hundred and twenty-six minutes. One hundred and thirty miles were run at a rate of less than sixty miles per hour. One hundred and eighteen miles were run at a rate varying from sixty to sixty-five miles per hour. One hundred and fifty-one miles were run at a rate varying from sixty-five to seventy miles per hour. Thirty-seven miles were run at a rate varying from seventy to seventy-eight miles per hour.

"The schedule and analysis certainly indicate a radical change in the conditions affecting fast passenger-train service in this country. For many years the problem has been to obtain power sufficient to draw heavy trains long distances, at high rates of speed. The above figures make it evident that steam will, without difficulty, furnish power sufficient to take a train heavy enough to be profitable over a long distance at a rate of speed very much in excess of an average of sixty miles per hour; and attention is now diverted from the motive power to other departments of the railroads, and a consideration of whether the roadbed, bridges, tracks and safety appliances are such as to permit the use of this power and speed with entire safety and comfort to passengers." *Current Literature.*

NEAR-BY CAMPING SPOTS.

F. L. FOSTER.

CALIFORNIA is the paradise of the camper. The long dry season, extending from the beginning of May to November, invites to the outdoor life and recreation, and almost every one can make it convenient at some time, during these long months of sunshine, to get away from the cares of business for a few weeks' rest at the seashore or in the heart of the redwoods. Then, too, there is such a variety of climate and scenery in California that individual preferences can always be satisfied. From the dry, rarefied air of the higher Sierra to the fresh, moist atmosphere of the coast there are numerous gradations of climate; and either the invalid or the man of business who feels himself "run down" can easily find just the kind of air that will be most beneficial in his particular case. There is plenty of game in almost every locality for the wants of the camp. Nearly every stream has sufficient trout in it to satisfy the angler who is at all modest in his desires, and both surf and rock fishing are excellent at any point of the coast one may touch, to say nothing of the "grilse" in the lagoons, and the large and luscious mussels, and the curious abalones that cover the tide-swept rocks.

From the elegant three-roomed tents, with ample awnings, their interior fitted up with carpets, piano and luxurious furniture, that one may see during the summer months at the most popular camping resorts, to the plain 8 x 10 tent, with its cot or hay-bed and single camp-chair, there is a vast range in the matter of camp equipment, and, it may be added, in the comfort and pleasure of camp life. But, taking the mean, a 12 x 14 eight-ounce duck wall tent, at a cost of about fifteen dollars and fifty cents, makes a light, convenient and comfortable bed for one person. The slat bedstead, with short folding legs, is equally convenient, and perhaps more desirable than the cot. Hay can usually be procured not far from camp, and a bedtick filled with it is always a welcome addition to the accommodations for sleeping. I am assuming that there are women in the camp. Your genuine "stag" party, in quest of game and sport, scorns a tent and looks with contempt upon anything softer than a bough bed, with a blanket on it. Rattlesnakes and tarantulas are occasionally found throughout the foothills and mountains of California, and although they usually shun a spot that is occupied by human beings, one feels somewhat easier in mind when resting a foot or two from the ground. Spiders and other insects are great pests in many camping places, and, although harmless, one likes to avoid them as much as possible.

A convenient camp-stove is a light iron grating, say 15 x 20 inches in size, or larger if desired, with hinged legs that fold back when not in use. These legs are driven in the ground, and an oval piece of sheet-iron of the requisite size is laid upon the grating. Three sides of the stove may be walled up with stone and earth, and the sheet-iron cover may be prepared for a joint or two of stovepipe. I have found this simple, inexpensive contrivance most admirable for camp purposes. In lieu of the Dutch oven, which is heavy and cumbersome, one may do quick and perfect baking in a tin reflector so fixed that a shallow baking pan may be inserted in it. The amount and variety of other cooking utensils, and of provisions, are matters that each person can readily decide upon for himself; but it should not be forgotten that an ax, a hatchet and a few pounds of assorted nails are almost indispensable. In the way of firearms the very lightest No. 12 shotgun and a 38-caliber Winchester rifle will be found the most serviceable. These, of course, are for a short camping trip, during which you do not expect to do much hunting for large game.

CAMPING IN THE REDWOODS.

Contiguous to San Francisco are numerous attractive camping spots, but in this brief article I can mention but a few. The streams and woods of Marin and Sonoma counties are favorite haunts of the summer camper, and Mendocino, although somewhat farther away, offers so much in the way of picturesque scenery, fish and game, both large and small, that it is well worth the few days' additional time required to reach it, either by the coast road or through the interior valleys. Deer, bear and grouse still abound in many parts of Mendocino County, and the coast-fishing is unsurpassed. Lake County, with its deer, quail, trout and scores of mineral springs, is ever healthful and delightful. In the mountains, on either side of the Santa Clara Valley, are many charming canyons, where one may sojourn with friends or family for a week or a month in happy seclusion from the wordly cares that vex and sicken and kill. On the east side may be mentioned Sunol Canyon, the Calaveras Valley, Penetencia Canyon (near San Jose), Smith Creek (at the base of Mount Hamilton) and the headwaters of the Coyote. Oak and Pine are the prevailing types of large vegetation in the Hamilton Range, and that section is particularly recommended for those who, by reason of weak throat and lungs, desire to spend their vacation at an altitude of a few thousand feet in an atmosphere that is warm and dry. On the west side of the valley one may find beautiful camping sites in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Range, in any of the canyons traversed by the Stevens, Saratoga, Los Gatos, Uvas, Llagas and other creeks—all trout streams. Felton, between Los Gatos and Santa Cruz, has the San Lorenzo River; and the immense redwood trees are perennial attractions, and Santa Cruz and the beach are but a few miles away. Boulder Creek, near by, is also deservedly popular with campers. The cool, sweet air of the redwoods always refreshes and invigorates.

On the ocean side of the Santa Cruz Mountains, easily accessible from San Francisco, are the Purissima, San Gregorio, Pescadero, Scott, Wardel and other noble trout streams, flowing seaward pure and cold from the dusky depths of the magnificent redwood forests. There are choice camping spots near the banks of each of these streams, sheltered from the fogs that at times envelop the coast, and yet within easy distance of the shore, where one may amuse himself catching perch, rockcod and seatrout, or spend the long summer day on the white beaches in the lazy but fascinating pastime of hunting for pebbles. Here, in these canyons, the wild blackberry grows to perfection; the mottled tiger lily reaches to a queenly height; the daintiest ferns may be had for the digging; and from dawn until dark the air is redolent with the perfume of the drooping azalia and a thousand forest flowers.

THE Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz, has just been purchased by Mr. J. T. Sullivan, the popular proprietor of the Sea Beach Hotel at the same place, and hereafter both will be under his able management.

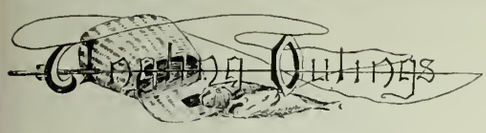
THE Sierra Madre Villa, Lamanda Park, will probably be purchased by an Eastern gentleman, who proposes to erect a fine hotel in place of the old structure. Mr. Barnard, the present proprietor, will undoubtedly continue as manager for the new landlord.

TRAVELERS are already showing their appreciation of Oakland's new hotel, the Metropole. It is a little gem in all its appointments, and, under the management of Mr. W. E. Veazie and Col. W. H. O'Brien, is advancing rapidly in popular favor.

Stoneman House, Yosemite.

Taber photo.

The Yosemite season is likley to be early this year, as at present there is no great snowfall in the mountains. There is no doubt but the Stoneman House register will chronicle more visitors for the season of '93 than ever before. Yosemite is losing none of its charm.



PROF. C. H. ALLEN.

OUTING NO. 2.

Called to Sierra County, I worked my way there, via Marysville, and had a delightful journey, although a somewhat tiresome one. The scenery, after reaching the mountain district, was fine, the flora, much of it new, and the roads good. Hardly as much could be said of the stage coaches (?), which were somewhat of the mud-wagon order.

This time I was not a tenderfoot, although I was, I suppose, taken for one, as when crossing one of the ridges the driver stopped near a telegraph pole and assured me that the winter before he had hitched his horses to the top of the pole, as it showed itself through the snow. While eating lunch he was about to complete the story by asserting that a sudden thaw came while he was taking his nooning, and that the snow melted so fast that he found the team suspended by their strong halters; but I "drew the line," and he subsided, asserting, however, that the first part of the story was true.

Going down on the hither side of the ridge he attempted, as I thought, to "fill" me again, by asserting that in the winter the horses were fitted with show-shoes. I was not a little astonished, on reaching the next station, to have them bring out the shoes—great rubber-belting discs, from twelve to sixteen inches in diameter—just as they had been taken from the horses in the spring. As there were the horses, and there the shoes, I was compelled to believe. Another California lesson.

Concluding my work at Downieville, and having a few days at my disposal, I, as usual, investigated angling prospects. Learning that Gold Lake abounded in trout, and that Gold Run was also within reach, I concluded to try both. Gold Lake was reached only by trail, the distance some twelve or fifteen miles. How to get there became an important question. I soon learned that Dick Wade, an old fisherman from the lake, was in town. I quickly sought him out and made overtures. I found him, as I had expected, a lover of angling, genial and accommodating. We arranged to "ride and tie," for he had an old white mare on which to take supplies to his camp. The result was that I did, unwillingly, most of the riding, for he, too, was a good walker. Perched on old white, with flour sacks and bacon attachments, I left early in the morning, joyous at the prospect of a few days' good sport.

The horseback ride was free from most of the annoyances of my first trip, and was full of interest, every mile bringing new revelations. We reached the cabin at noon, and in the afternoon strung up (for I had my rod along) and started out to try Gold Run. It is not often that I acknowledge myself vanquished when it comes to taking trout, but this time I was hardly "in it." The old fellow showed up with a fine basket of trout at supper time, while I had not more than twenty. It consoled me that they were fine fellows, fat and luscious, some of them weighing a good half pound. In this experience we solved the mooted question of "up-stream or down-stream" angling. Solution: If you know the stream, up-stream angling is best; if not, down-stream. He worked up stream.

At night a ground-squirrel stew, at the concocting of which mine host was an expert, and, after a smoke, a camp bed, finished the day,—a day full of pleasant recollections.

The next day we tried Gold Lake. At that time there was no boat on the lake, and we had to work around the edges. Trout were abundant and fine, where we could reach "trout water." In one of the little coves we encountered a fishing party of farmers laying in a stock of salted trout. They had long rods, the lines furnished with corks, sinkers and huge hooks. Of course they used bait, throwing the line far out and waiting for a "bite." They were taking a great many good trout, and were happy. The "sport" was too tame to suit us, and we sought projecting rocks, and threw our flies with good success. Two baskets of fine trout satisfied us. At three o'clock, taking a Winchester, I started out to see the surroundings. I took the rifle to protect myself from any stray deer that might cross my path. I encountered one, but he seemed so anxious to escape that I let him go, simply marking him in the right shoulder as he ran. As I had no dog there was little use of pursuit.

On my tramp I was greatly interested in the glaciated granite that abounded everywhere,—long stretches of it, smooth as glass, except where plowed through by the quartz pebbles in the nose of the old glacier. In no place have I seen glacial action more marked or more interesting. The flora, which was largely new to me, also claimed attention, and I did not return to camp until some time after dusk. Another good day.

At camp I found a party of "Marysvilliains,"—teachers, collectors and students,—who were rusticating in the vicinity. They had climbed Mt. Washington, just north of the lake, and were loud in their praises of the scenery revealed in the ascent. They, too, had taken trout. At the foot of the lake there was a dam with a waste-gate and no fish-ladder. In the waters below this, small trout swarmed, and were to be taken two or three at a cast. But, as is usually the case, they were in poor condition, and not gamy. A convenient ladder would have enabled them to reach the lake, where they would have thriven, as food was abundant. In these later years boats have been put on Gold Lake. My old fisher friend, John King, has taken semi-possession, and with good boats such as he would furnish I can well believe that there are few places more desirable for a summer outing than Gold Run and Gold Lake. I live in the hope that at no distant day I may visit those waters again.

On the morning of the third day, feeling that I must be on the move, I set about inveigling Dick into piloting me out. After considerable rustling another horse was secured, and taking our rods and other impedimenta we took the trail for Webber Lake. Climbing up the steep ascent we crossed the ridge at Haskell's Peak, crossing snow-banks twenty feet deep, although it was now July 12th. The climb up had been hot and wearisome, and it was amusing to see the dog that accompanied us cool himself off by sliding along on the snow-banks, and now and then taking a nip of the melting snow, to cool his parched tongue. Even the horses sniffed it and imbedded their teeth in the refreshing coolness. On down the ridge into the Sierra Valley we rode, lunching at a wayside inn after we reached the valley. After a short respite, which was now needed by both man and beast, we started on over the second ridge, on the farther side of which, Dick assured me, lay Webber Lake. At last we reached the lake, weary and saddle-sore, ready for the good night's rest that usually follows a day well spent.

Webber Lake is situated—but that, as Rudyard Kipling somewhere incidentally remarks, is another story.

After a day at the lake Dick Wade bid me adieu and went back with the two horses to his cabin. I never saw him again. Five years later, when in Quincy, Plumas County, the innkeeper informed me one day that there was a sack of game there for me. I found it to be a half-dozen grouse and a dozen quail. The package was inscribed, "Compliments of Dick Wade." He has since gone to his rest: peace to his ashes. A truer man never drew breath; a more genial fisherman never threw a line.

PERHAPS the weather bureau people are not responsible for the general atmospheric effects. Oh, no! Our special artist has succeeded in catching one of Mr. Jenkins' assistants in the act of raising the wind at the top of the Mills Building; and "they say" that from the thermometer house, or whatever they call that queer-looking bee-hive-accordion-shaped box, there are pipes leading to the main office, and when Mr. Jenkins wants to make it hot for anybody, or turn upon them the cold shoulder, all he has to do is to press a button, and the Clerk of the weather does the rest.

WE CLIP this from the January *Tourist:*

"The following, in relation to whaleback passenger steamers, which is from a recent issue of *Frank Leslie's*, will be of interest to those who intend to visit the World's Fair:

"'The whaleback type of vessel promises to occupy a permanent place in steamship structure. It is now four years since the first vessel of this description was constructed, and already twenty-eight are in use. All of these are exclusively for the transportation of freight. Recently there was launched at West Superior, Wisconsin, the Christopher Columbus, the first whaleback passenger steamer, which is likely to be followed by others of similar construction. This vessel is almost as radical a departure from any existing type as the whaleback was from the old style of vessels. She is constructed entirely of steel, and is 362 feet long over all, 42 feet beam, and 24 feet deep. Heretofore whaleback steamers have had but two turrets, but the Christopher Columbus will have seven in all, elliptical in shape, rising seven and one-half feet above the main deck. The vessel is built to carry passengers from Chicago to the World's Fair grounds, a distance of between six and seven miles. She will have accommodations for nearly five thousand passengers, and will be propelled at a speed of twenty miles an hour by a single screw fourteen feet in diameter. The Christopher Columbus, being the first whaleback passenger vessel ever put afloat, will no dout attract much attention from visitors to the Columbian exposition.'"

The above is a cut of the Mission Soledad Church key, a suggestive relic of the last century.

The ruins of this Mission lie about five miles northeast of Paraiso Springs, on the banks of the Salinas River, Monterey County. Their ruin is complete. The walls are crumbled and broken, and, where the fathers once performed their sacred offices, the coyote watches by the burrowing hole of the squirrel, and the bat finds an undisturbed niche in the adobe gable behind the altar. Broken tiles and fragments of huge hewn rafters wound with rawhide ropes have the place of pews; and the ground owl, solemn and wise, perches in the deserted chancel.

Sad, indeed, is it to see how men occupy themselves with trivialties, and are indifferent to the grandest phenomena, care not to understand the architecture of the heavens, but are deeply interested in some contemptible controversy about the intrigues of Mary Queen of Scots; are learnedly critical over a Greek ode, and pass by without a glance that grand epic written by the finger of God upon the strata of the earth. —*Herbert Spencer.*

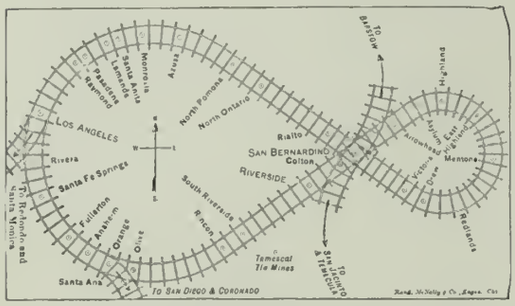
THE Lakeside Hotel, near San Diego, is becoming quite a popular resort for tourists, under the management of Mr. J. H. Smith.

ITEMS.

The *Santa Clara Magazine*, breezy and bright in its literary style, and neatly illustrated, comes to us from its gifted proprietor, Mrs. Carrie Stevens Walter. It will succeed.

There are three classes of amusements, athletic and otherwise, and we have witnessed them all, that in our judgment are on about even ground,—prizefighting, bullfighting and football.

The inexhaustible energy of the West has produced the TRAVELER, and who shall say that the West is in the pioneer age when it can establish a newspaper whose mission is "to promote travel for pleasure?" We extend our greetings to this latest effort in the lines which *Outing* has been advocating for many years. —*Outing Magazine.*



The above is a unique representation of the celebrated "Kite-shaped Track" of the Southern California Railway. A trip over it perhaps offers greater inducements than any other short journey in the south.

The passenger leaves Los Angeles at 9:00 A. M., pays $3.65 for a ticket covering the round trip, and is returned to the starting point at 3:55 P. M. The train makes the complete trip without change of cars, crossing itself as indicated in the illustration at San Bernardino, at which point a stop of twenty-five minutes is made for luncheon.

No other jaunt embraces so many places of interest in Southern California as this, nor so comprehensive a view of its typical features. It includes Pasadena, Sierra Madre, Lucky Baldwin's ranch of 50,000 acres at Santa Anita, San Bernardino, then through the thriving town of Redlands and Arrowhead Station, where connection is made for Arrowhead Hot Springs. Mentone is the "tail" of the kite, and from that point you begin the return journey, again passing San Bernardino, thence through Riverside, Orange and Santa Fé Springs to Los Angeles. Truly, it is an interesting ride for the tourist, as it takes in the very centers of the orange district, the great groves of fruit trees, broad palm-shaded avenues and magnificent mountain scenery.

Mr. S. B. Hynes, General Passenger Agent, or Mr. H. K. Gregory, Assistant General Passenger Agent, of the Southern California Railway at Los Angeles, have prepared some dainty literature on the trip over the "Kite-shaped Track," which they will forward to any address on application.

It was recently stated in two San Francisco papers that the steamer "Tallac," which plies on Lake Tahoe, had passed into the hands of Capt. Frank Holt. Such is not the fact. The "Tallac" is still under the joint ownership of Messrs. Lawrence, Baldwin and Holt. She has been completely remodeled at a cost of nearly $10,000, is twenty-five feet longer, being now eighty-five feet over all. She will be a valuable accessory to the Tallac House during the coming season, and Mr. Lawrence, the proprietor, says she will have no equal on the lake.

Mr. H. H. Tammen, manager of the *Great Divide*, Denver, Colorado, called upon us the other day, and after we had listened to him a short time we understood why this organ of the wild and woolly West had overcome so many obstacles, had wrested victory from what everybody once said would be a defeat, and had placed his magazine upon the high road to success. He says the TRAVELER is a healthy youngster and is bound to succeed.

On the 8th of February ground was broken for the new addition to the Hotel Green at Pasadena, Cal. The present structure, though a splendid specimen of its kind, and containing sixty rooms, has been found to be inadequate to accommodate the many tourists who visit Pasadena each season.

The new addition will be 91x164 feet, making the entire building 91x300 feet. It will have five stories and basement, and contain 125 rooms, making nearly 200 in all. The cost will be $125,000, the general architecture of Moorish design. An immense court will occupy the center, making every room face the street. The dining-room will be 51x90, and the office a perfect model, finished in marble throughout after the Oriental pattern.

Both buildings will be lighted by modern electrical plants and heated by steam.

In a word, the hotel when completed, about October 15th next, will be an ornament to Southern California, and should stand in high favor among the traveling public.

Mr. J. H. Holmes will retain the general management and supervision of the whole structure, which in itself is a guarantee of the manner in which this great caravansary will be conducted.

One of California's most delightful resorts is the Painter Hotel at Pasadena, under the management of Mr. M. D. Painter. It is charmingly situated 1,000 feet above the sea, and enjoys a deserved popularity among those who wish to spend two or three weeks in Southern California.

It will be remembered by the patrons of Castle Crags last summer that Col. Crocker assured them there would be a large addition to the "Tavern" by the opening of the season for 1893. He is rapidly fulfilling his promise, and before June 1st one will see a handsome structure containing 125 rooms *en suite*. The addition is about 45 feet from the main building; it is L-shaped, 189 feet long by 42 feet wide, with the wing 147 feet long. The character of the architecture is similar to the other, all of the rooms opening on the outside. It is three stories high, and the two buildings are connected by an open walk.

Many alterations have been made also in the main building. The dining-room has been extended to include the space occupied by the kitchen last year, the latter having been extended toward the Soda Creek side. Underneath the kitchen is the children's dining-room.

Beside all these improvements, much has been done in establishing trails for those who enjoy picturesque walks, so that there will be something else besides the little ten-minute walk to the spring.

The bathing facilities will likewise be improved, and withal Geo. Crocker is building a new $10,000 cottage across Soda Creek from the Tavern and a little further down stream, which will be as unique as the one occupied by the Colonel last year.

OLD GOLD.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now
At the old, forsaken bough
Where I cling.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before.
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.

—*Longfellow.*

"Wilt thou be gone? It is not near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear."
"It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
Night's candles are burned out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

—*Shakespeare.*

One after one the stars have risen and set,
Sparkling upon the hoar frost of my chain;
The bear that prowled all night about the fold
Of the north star hath shrunk into his den,
Scared by the blithesome footsteps of the dawn.

—*Lowell.*

The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disc, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

—*Aldrich.*

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

All day she hurried to get through,
The same as lots of wimmin do.
Sometimes at night her husban' said,
"Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?"
An' then she'd kinder give a hitch,
An' pause half way between a stitch,
An' sorter sigh an' say that she
Was ready as she'd ever be,
She reckoned.

An' so the years went one by one,
An' somehow she was never done;
An' when the angel said as how,
"Mis' Smith, it's time you rested now,"
She sorter raised her eyes to look
A second, as a stitch she took;
"All right, I'm comin now," says she;
"I'm ready as I'll ever be,
I reckon."

If I owned a trotter that would not trot,
D' you think I'd wallop him? Well, I guess not.
I'd put him into races, and—why then, of course—
I'd bet like the dickens on the other man's horse.

—*Life.*

A hornet's sting is a red-hot thing,
And gets there without fail;
It points a moral in language oral,
And, besides, adorns a tail.

—*Ashland Press.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

Mother—"So you wish my daughter for your wife?" He (gallantly)—"Partly that, madam, and partly that you may be my mother-in law." —*Detroit Free Press.*

"I tell you worth makes the man."
"Tut! *Worth* broke a man I knew."

—*Black and White.*

A bewildered Chinaman in the streets of Boston accosted an Irish policeman as follows:

"You — ah — you sabe Jimmy Kap-a-lain?"
"Jimmy who?"
"Jimmy Kap-a-lain."

And the Chinaman's wild ejaculations soon drew a crowd. The policeman certainly did not sabe, and but for the arrival of a Californian upon the scene would have probably run him in as a lunatic.

The Californian said, "Hello, John, what's the matter?"
"I go — ah— Jimmy Kap-a-lain. Where him? You sabe?"
"Oh! you mean Jamaica Plains."
"Yah, yah, Jimmy Kap-a-lain."

And the wide smile that suffused the brown face of the inquirer was a sight to behold.

The discovery announced by Dr. George Nuttall, formerly of San Francisco, and now assistant professor of bacteriology in Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, that by injection of the blood of animals immune by nature, or rendered so by inoculation, from certain diseases which now scourge the human race, human beings may secure similar immunity, and that thus, in time, those diseases may be entirely eradicated, opens up a wide field for speculation to the non-medical investigator as well as to the physician.

The diseases we have are bad, but it is by no means sure that it would be pleasant to exchange them for some to which the lower animals are subject. What advantage, for instance, would it be to a parent to fortify his child against the danger of croup by injecting it with the blood of an immune hen, only to have his offspring succumb at last to a fatal attack of pip, or wreck the parental heart, if it even escaped that danger, by sitting aimlessly for days at a time on a hatch of porcelain door-knobs? And what should it profit a man to inject his infant with the blood of an anti-diphtheritic tabby and then spend the remainder of his life in vain efforts to restrain the propensity thus imbued in the youth or maiden to prowl over the adjoining housetops and back-yard fences in search of nocturnal adventure, and to make the whole neighborhood resound with unmelodious song? —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A young country editor who applied to the TRAVELER for advice as to what would constitute a cheap and concise library was advised to procure copies of the "Bible," "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Encyclopedia Britannica. He did so, and now writes us as follows:

"Your advice as to the library may have been well meant, but I'll be darned if I can find a joke in the whole lot of them."

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" asked a teacher of the dunce of the class. The boy replied, "It depends a good deal on whether the word refers to a person or a bee." —*Puck.*

A country clergyman, meeting a neighbor who never came to church, although an old fellow of over sixty, gave him some reproof on that account, and asked him if he ever read at home. "No," replied the neighbor, "I can't read." "I dare say," said the parson, you don't know who made you. "Not I, in troth," said the countryman. A little boy came by at the same time. "Who made you, child," cried the parson. "God, sir," answered the boy. "Why, look you there," quoth the honest clergyman; "are not you ashamed to hear a child of five or six years tell me who made him, when you that are so old a man cannot?" "Ah," said the countryman, "it is no wonder that he should remember. He was made but t'other day. It is a great while, master, since I was made."

Party with dog—"Yer see, I had him down, wid my foot on his neck, an' I could ha' kilt him den an' dere, when his wife rushed in an' begged me fer ter spare his life. I wuz jus' goin' ter hit her a clip, when I reckerlected dat it wouldn't do to strike a woman, so I shoved her up agin the mantel-piece jus' easy enough to make her faint, and after I got her pocket-book I lef' the house widout molestin' her, as I wanted to giv' her ter understan' dat a feller could be a prize-fighter an' still be a gentleman." —*Life.*

"Put out your tongue a little further," said a doctor to a fair invalid. "A little further still, if you please." "Why, doctor, do you think a woman's tongue has no end?" said the gentle sufferer. "An end, perhaps, madam, but no cessation."

"What are the best stories?"
"That depends. When you are telling them, the long ones are; when you are listening, the short ones."

A sentry placed before a powder magazine sees his colonel approach, smoking an imported cigar.

He presents arms, and says, firmly but respectfully: "Pardon me, colonel, but smoking is not allowed here."

The colonel, with a superb gesture, flings away the cigar, and gives the faithful sentinel a louis d'or.

As soon as he has got around the corner, the faithful sentinel, with proud tears on his rugged countenance, picks up the cigar, and finishes it with every manifestation of delight.

APRIL, 1893.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Jackson photo.

MOUNT SHASTA.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

THE features that have made this elegant seaside establishment so great a success are briefly these: A delightful natural situation, with mountain, forest, lake and ocean scenery; an equable, comfortable, year-around climate; a perennial display of flowers; a charming eighteen-mile drive around the peninsula; an elegant establishment, elegantly appointed and excellently managed; reasonable charges; a faultless cuisine and table service; a homelike air that pervades the whole establishment, and the society of refined people.

SPECIAL attention is called to the last-named attraction of Del Monte quoted above, namely, the society of refined people. The cream of the traveling public congregates here.

AND while Del Monte is all and more than it is cracked up to be, the fact should be borne in mind that the rates are always reasonable.

VOLUME I. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL, 1893. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

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PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES $1.25.
SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with the TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line in America. Call upon or write to us at any time.

AN INSTANCE illustrating the inefficiency of some railroad ticket agents was recently called to our attention by a gentleman who not long since was a passenger on the Southern Pacific overland train going east. He says that among the occupants of the Pullman was an elderly lady *en route* for Philadelphia. She was entirely unsophisticated in routes of travel, but had called for a ticket to Philadelphia by the most *direct* route, supposing the ticket agent would furnish her a ticket accordingly. The ticket he sold her read as follows: San Francisco to Ogden, Ogden to Denver, Denver to Kansas City, Kansas City to St. Louis, St. Louis to Cincinnati, and Cincinnati to destination. This routing took her about five hundred miles out of her way, and cost her an additional day's time in making the trip. On arrival at Ogden, and for want of proper information, she boarded the Union Pacific train, and, but for a fellow-traveler stopping the train, would have experienced another half day's delay, in addition to being put to the expense of paying a hotel bill.

This is only one of many similar cases that take place daily all over the country. The ticket agent is the one who comes in direct contact with the patrons of a railroad. He should not only be thoroughly familiar with routes and rates, but should be courteous and obliging to all inquirers. If railroad companies would exercise greater care in the selection of competent and urbane ticket agents, they would save many an annoying complaint from the traveling public, who are generally forced to depend upon their suggestions and advice.

"WHERE shall we go this summer?" is on the lips of many people about this time of the year. Families are preparing for their summer outing, the busy clerks for their vacation, and the business man for a brief respite from his daily labors.

Few, however, know *where* they want to go. They want a different resort from last year. Or, if they have half-way decided where they would like to sojourn, they lack the information to enable them to settle it. In short, they need suggestions and information, and THE TRAVELER'S Bureau of Information, at 602 Market Street, is conducted just for that purpose.

We make it our business to keep on file, and for distribution, pamphlets of the principal hotels and resorts on the Coast. If you will call upon or write to us, we will take pleasure in giving you all the information you desire, not only as to the resorts, but as to railroad fare, how to reach your destination, etc. This information is very essential to a successful outing, and is of the most authoritative character.

As we offer this service to the public *without charge*, there can be no hesitancy in making use of it. Our office has been established in a prominent place, that our Bureau may prove useful and convenient.

IT IS an old, but nevertheless a good, anecdote of the enterprising widow who combined business and sentiment in the epitaph she placed upon her husband's tombstone. After giving the deceased a good, square send-off, she informed the public that "the business would be carried on at the old stand, and that better bargains than ever might be looked for."

It is scarcely possible that anything very new can be said on the subject of advertising. Perhaps the two most important features connected with it are to have something worth bragging about, and then to brag in the most attractive, forceful and convincing manner possible.

No permanent success can be made even by the most skillful manner of advertising a spurious article, save possibly of fake medicines or fake medicos.

You cannot fool the public long in the matter of soap, but with quack nostrums it is quite different. The quality of soap soon tells for itself; any servant girl is a judge of that, but the working of medicine is more subtle, and hard to understand.

There is always an element of chance in advertising. But there are general rules to follow in the matter. If you have cabbages to sell it would not be wise to make the fact known in an art journal; or if you are an artist it would be equally unwise to make known the fact in the columns of a horticultural journal.

To catch, and hold, the attention of the reader is always a strong point. One small, neat and attractive vest-pocket "ad" that is valuable enough to be kept for a while, and then passed along to others, is likely to be of more value than a score of larger and more flashy publications that are tossed into the waste basket as soon as received.

All advertisements that expect to live and prosper must have the stamp of genuineness upon their face. They, like the successful commercial traveler, must be well dressed, of presentable appearance, and have a story to tell that is worth listening to.

We frequently hear the expression used, "Yes, that's another advertising scheme." This word scheme has an honorable place in diction, that is, generally speaking; but we find this set down against it: As "schemes" are speculative, they often prove visionary; hence the words "schemer" and "scheming." If we were asked to define an advertising scheme, pure and simple, we should say that the most common and alluring fake is to procure the consent of some well-known resort, for the purpose of arranging a beautiful souvenir, on elegant paper, for free distribution; at sparse intervals there would appear through this plausible fake, cuts of the resort, which would be virtually drowned by outside advertisements.

To manufacture a good quality of soap, or to succeed in a mining operation, what is called "stock" is a necessary thing. Of course water is sometimes added in limited quantities, but you cannot palm off pure water on the public for any length of time. There is no "stock" in such souvenirs; they may be glanced over once, in a hurried manner, but they will not be retained, mailed to a friend, or placed on file for record.

Evidently this advertising nuisance is not to the manor born, for under the caption of "Clever Advertisers" we find the following well-written and excellent article from a prominent London journal. We *italicize* a few lines in this quotation, and add our hearty indorsement thereto.

"Devise a sufficiently worthless scheme, and there is money in getting up advertising dodges. Enough hotel men and merchants will always be found who will patronize "guides," "directories," "programmes," "souvenirs," and kindred snaps, without once considering their value as advertising mediums. Yet they will never think of investing in the class of advertising that will bring them an adequate return. *The only advertising that pays is that which the people will see at the time when they have leisure to look at it; and the newspaper or magazine is the best medium for this.* An illustration of this readiness to take up worthless schemes has recently been presented by the success of a smart advertising "fakir" who conceived the idea of announcing a game of football between the teams of the Eccentric Club and the War Office, and then busied himself soliciting advertisements to be printed in a "souvenir" to be sold at the game. There never was any chance of such a game being played; the whole idea existed only in the "fakir's" fervid imagination. But that is not the really interesting feature of the affair. The curious point is that business men actually imagined that anybody would have time to look at a programme at a football game! As well imagine a man selecting the back of an unbroken colt to take a quiet *siesta*. But this clever "fakir" found a sufficient number of merchants willing to pay for the privilege of being buried in the obscurity of his "souvenir," to guarantee him a handsome profit without the necessity of selling any copies. In fact he circulated none. Yet these same advertisers are always doubtful about the merits of advertising in reputable journals which are carefully read, thoroughly prepared, and circulated by scores of thousands of copies."

SEQUOIA GIGANTEA.

M. E. J.

"THE BIG-TREE question has been done to death;" so a friend remarked to me the other day. I replied: "Do you not, as a rule, read every paragraph of Gladstone you come across? Does he not always interest you?" "Yes." "Well, then, there are some subjects that never grow thread-bare."

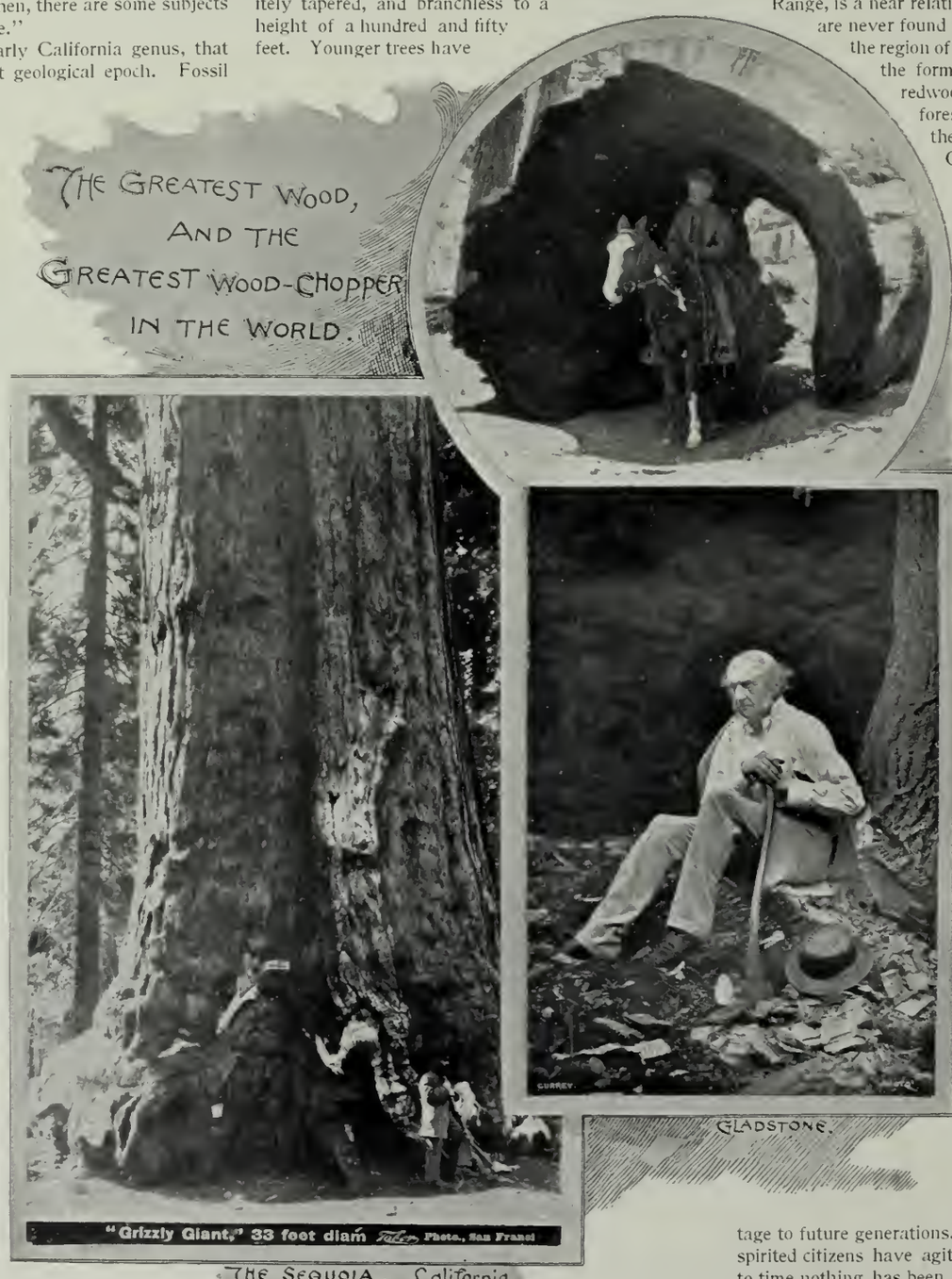
The Sequoia is a peculiarly California genus, that is, as regards the present geological epoch. Fossil species have, however, been found as far north as Greenland, so says Prof. Whitney.

Out here in California we have so many amazing natural curiosities that we have to cudgel our brains to furnish comparative illustrations. Our photographers place a man against the trunk of the giant Sequoia, thinking by that means to convey some idea of their magnitude!

I once heard a California lecturer in Boston make the following statement which, upon investigation, I found to be absolutely correct: "We have trees in California that are larger at the base and a hundred feet higher than your Bunker Hill Monument." An audible and skeptical inhalation swept through the hall that actually seemed to improve the ventilation for the time being.

The Bunker Hill Monument is about 80 feet in circumference and 221 feet high, and when I visited this historic hill to make sure that these figures were correct, I was absolutely appalled to think that any man would dare to say that there were trees in this world that were much larger, and towering a hundred feet above this colossal obelisk; but such is the case. The Sequoia are without doubt the largest trees in the world, but are not by any means the highest, as the Australian gum reaches a height of over four hundred feet. Mr. John Muir, who knows as much as any one of the Big Trees, says of them:

"There is something wonderfully telling and impressive about Sequoia, even when beheld at a distance of several miles. Its dense foliage and smoothly rounded outlines enable us to recognize it in any company, and when one of the oldest patriarchs attains full stature on some commanding ridge it seems the very god of the woods. Full-grown specimens are about fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, measured about the swelling base, and about two hundred and fifty feet high. Trees twenty-five feet in diameter are not rare, and one is now and then found thirty feet in diameter, but very rarely any larger. The grandest specimen that I have measured is a stump about ninety feet high, which is thirty-five feet eight inches in diameter, measured inside the bark, above the bulging base. The wood is dull purplish red in color, easily worked, and very enduring, lasting, even when exposed to the weather, for hundreds of years. Fortunate old trees that have passed their three thousandth birthday, without injury from lightning, present a mound-like summit of warm yellow-green foliage, and their colossal shafts are of a beautiful brown color, exquisitely tapered, and branchless to a height of a hundred and fifty feet. Younger trees have darker, bluish foliage, and shoot up with tops comparatively sharp."



THE SEQUOIA. California.

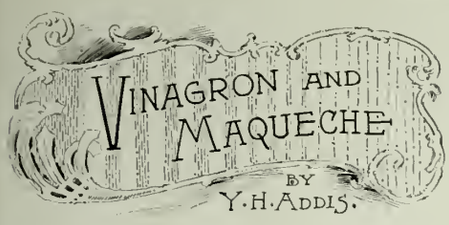
Perhaps the most accessible and interesting grove of these trees is the Mariposa group, a few miles from Wawona, on the road to Yosemite. The most notable tree in this grove is the "Grizzly Giant," ninety-three feet in circumference. "Some of the branches of this tree are fully six feet in diameter, or as large as the trunks of the largest elms of the Connecticut Valley, of which Dr. Holmes has so pleasantly discoursed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. This tree, however, has long since passed its prime, and has the battered and war-worn appearance conveyed by its name."

The bark of the Sequoia, which is sometimes two feet thick, is of a dark, rich cinnamon tint, and is channeled toward the base with vertical furrows. The cones, which mature in about five years, are about the size and shape of a turkey's egg.

That there are but few young Sequoia coming up in these groves may be explained upon the grounds that the seed cones the squirrels leave are often broken off by the weight of snow, and forest fires often consume those that mature and fall to the ground.

Sequoia Sempervirens, or the redwood of the Coast Range, is a near relative of the Gigantea, but they are never found together: the latter frequents the region of the Sierra Nevada only, and the former the Coast Range. The redwood is one of the handsomest forest trees of California, and the Big Tree Grove near Santa Cruz is the most imposing group of trees in California. "The question," says the *Humboldt Times*, "as to whether a redwood forest that is once cut away will renew itself is one that has occasioned much discussion among lumbermen. The redwood seldom or never propagates itself by means of its cones, as do pines, spruce, hemlock, etc. Practically speaking, all the young trees are sprouts. Several years ago the writer, accompanied by an agent of the State Forestry Commission, spent several days in investigating the question of the reproduction of the redwoods, and the conclusion reached was that, practically speaking, the forests will never be reproduced. This conclusion is also in accordance with the theory of Professor Kellogg, that our Sequoias are the remnants of a former epoch, and are the results of geological and climatic conditions that have long since passed away. If this theory be true, in another generation all that will be left to indicate the grandeur of the departed redwoods will be an occasional blackened and decaying stump, unless some provision be made to soon preserve as a park some portion of the primitive forest as a heritage to future generations. While a number of public-spirited citizens have agitated this question from time to time nothing has been done relative to a grand redwood park or reservation such as has lately been set apart by the Government for the preservation of the Sequoia of the Sierra."

The redwood bears transplanting to and thrives well in England, but does not flourish in the Eastern States of America. It is highly prized as an ornamental tree, and under favorable conditions is a fast grower. The wood is easily worked and finely grained, and some abnormal growths known as curly redwood make very handsome furniture. The San Mateo County redwood pavilion at the World's Fair is one of the best illustrations of the beauty of this wood, the picturesque effect of the bark for shingles or siding, and what might be done in the way of inexpensive and novel cottage building.



The entomology of Mexico is rich in curious members, of which none, perhaps, are odder than the two which I here yoke together—quite arbitrarily, for they are entirely unlike. While it is difficult to see what possible part in the economy of nature can be played by either, one represents the esthetic class, the Brahmin caste of insects, whose beauty and elegance do much to excuse their apparent uselessness, and their life for the sake of life and beauty only.

The worst enemies of the other little animal could not tax him with posing as a beauty. It is my firm conviction, however, that I have divined aright the final cause of his being: he must have been created for the impeachment and utter routing of braggarts, for the most bumptious swaggerer who claims to "fear no foe" would be apt to beat a retreat from an unexpected encounter with a vinagron.

This insect is of the spider family: genus, scorpionidæ; species, thelyphonus giganteus. He is locally known in various sections as the "whip scorpion" and the "mule-killer." Probably he is the only antagonist absolutely regardless of the mule's generally knock-down arguments. Small as he is he always comes off victor in their encounters.

But, fatal as he unquestionably is to mules and horses, I think no well-founded reason exists for regarding Senor Vinagron as a veritable dragon, as is the case among foreigners as well as natives in northern Mexico. I have never known of a human death from his venom, and I have found but one well-authenticated case of injury to a person. In this instance a young man upon whom, during sleep, a vinagron had fastened, was certainly left a physical and nervous wreck. However, I think much of his bad reputation is due to his hideous appearance.

The vinagron is of nocturnal habits, lurking under wood or stones, in dark, dampish spots, until twilight, when he sallies forth to prey on insects, larvæ, etc. He is very pugnacious, a trait which some adventurous Mexican children exploit by "playing bullfight" with him: a bit of rag waved at the mouth of a hole tenanted by one of these gentlemen will make him rush out to confront the challenger, when his leaps and plunges, and lashings of his tufted tail, are really quite taurine. Beside his bite or pinch—I insist that he does his biting with his claws, else why those enormous specialized cheticeræ?—Master Vinagron has another weapon, both defensive and offensive,—the pungent, acrid odor, like vinegar slightly "turned," which, when frightened or angry, he emits, apparently from every joint of his ugly, misshapen body, it rising in dense clouds or puffs like steam. This odor it is which gives him his name in Spanish. These animals are singularly tenacious of life. In size they vary, according to the region, from one to five inches in length, exclusive of the tail. These curious "bugs" are not peculiar to Mexico; they are found also in several of our southwestern States and Territories, as well as in Florida, where they kill much valuable stock every year. Indeed, it is often said that "mule-killers are as thick as fleas;" but while it is perfectly true that Pulex irritans is at times an object of search to the naturalist, it can hardly be claimed that this is because of his rarity.

The accompanying cut is a correct portrait of an energetic vinagron which the present writer captured in the city of Chihuahua, Mexico.

Zopherus Mexicanus is a native of Yucatan, where it is called maqueche (mah-kay'chay), an easier name to speak than the other title. It is a coleopter, a beetle. It cannot fly, and it walks but slowly, extending or contracting all three legs on one side before moving those on the other. It is about two inches long by three-quarters inch wide. The thorax and wing-cases vary in different specimens, but they usually are of a yellowish gray color, due, as the microscope shows, to a film of minute parasitic scales, incrusting a surface naturally of a glossy black. The gilded or iridescent color sometimes seen on these beetles is artificial, and it kills the little thing in a short time. The back is as hard as tortoise-shell, and covered with rows of little knobs.

Maqueche's native home is in the Alto Monte—what dear Charles Kingsley calls the "High Woods,"—the primeval forest of the tropics. In hollow logs, under the bark of trees, about the huge clumps of tarros (bamboo), or in the heaps of chips left by woodmen, he loves to nestle. The knowledge of his dwelling-place might have given a hint to those persons who vainly tried to feed poor Maqueche on animalculæ, or on sugar and water. The species is not greedy; indeed, several specimens have lived for some months absolutely without food; yet in time they must, of course, have aliment, "same as other folks." The one from which the accompanying sketch was made was fortunate enough—since it must be a captive—to fall into the hands of Senor Juan de Dios Peza, a distinguished Mexican poet, who by long, patient experiment discovered that the natural nourishment of his pet is found in rotten wood.

The natives and creoles of Yucatan superstitiously regard maqueches as amulets or mascots. Probably it is this association that has led to their being so highly prized by such foreigners as can procure them. The beetles are not particularly scarce, but the natives are too indolent and apathetic to bring many to market. They are worn by gentlemen quite as eagerly as by ladies, attached to the waistcoat or to the corsage, respectively, by a little golden harness. The adjustment of these fairy fetters, which are soldered about the waist, is a nice operation.

Few pets are as satisfactory as these beetles; they are in every sense inoffensive; they have no odor; they do not bite or sting; their presence does not deface or stain the most delicate fabric; once "harnessed" they cause no further care or responsibility. For pets for ladies they are particularly desirable, costing, as has been shown, far less to keep than even the most economical of husbands.

Not the least curious thing about Maqueche is his power to chew or cut, with his phenomenally strong mandibles, through hard wood and even through metal. This has been thoroughly proved by repeated experiments. In one instance, perhaps the most notable, a maqueche was confined in a glass jar, with a cover one-thirty-second of an inch thick, composed of three parts lead to one of tin. Clutching his feet through the holes made for ventilation, the animal hung below the lid until he had enlarged noticeably the perforations, and had even cut away the metal between two of them, making a space which he partly crawled through. The sound produced by his gnawing was plainly heard by spectators. Some of the chips cut off required the exercise of a force of 369 grams, thus showing the insect's tremendous strength, relatively to that of man, their respective proportionate sizes being considered.

Of the beetles which performed such feats, some had the cutting edges of the mandibles in perfect condition after the metal-working operations, while in others they were notched or broken.

THE TRAVELER has just published for the Hotel Mateo, that new resort at San Mateo, Cal., a handsomely illustrated sixteen-page souvenir. Copies of them can be obtained, without charge, by addressing Mr. M. Clark, Manager, San Mateo, Cal., or THE TRAVELER'S Bureau of Information, 602 Market Street, San Francisco.

NOW that the tourist season is upon us, we have frequent occasion to consult reliable and intelligible guide books for the time of departure and arrival of trains between different points. For the information of our readers, we would inform them that *The Railway Hand Book*, of nearly five years' standing, is the most comprehensive and convenient little book published. It can be carried in the pocket, is accurate in its information, and contains all that any traveler would wish to know, embracing the time-cards of every road on the Pacific Coast. No traveler or prospective traveler should be without one of these valuable little books. They can be obtained of any ticket agent, or sample copy will be forwarded to any address on application to THE TRAVELER'S Bureau of Information, 602 Market Street, San Francisco.

Salt Lake City, March 17, 1893.

Messrs. Johnstone & Bryan:

THE TRAVELER is certainly a magnificent paper, the best of its kind I ever saw, and I do not want any better medium for advertising my hotel.

DON H. PORTER,
Prop'r Hotel Templeton.

THE PARIS OF JAPAN.

W. V. B.

AS THE city of Osaka has been aptly termed the "Venice of Japan," it would seem to me equally appropriate to call Kioto the "Paris of Japan," for it is one of the liveliest and most interesting cities in the Mikado's empire, and one which no tourist should fail to visit. It is known among the Japanese as "Saikis," or the Western capital, just as Tokio signifies the Eastern capital.

From Kobe to Kioto I traveled by rail, and upon my arrival at the latter place I jumped into a *jinricksha*. In fifteen minutes I found myself at the large Japanese hotel at Ya-ami, conducted on the European plan, and, strange to say, boasting even of bedsteads, one of the rarest of luxuries in the interior. As we were situated upon an elevation, I could obtain a splendid view of the whole city, and was enabled to form a definite idea of its extent. It covers about the same area as San Francisco, and has a population of nearly 250,000, but lacks an imposing appearance, owing to the absence of tall buildings, the houses being generally small, wooden and unpainted, varying from one to three stories in height. The streets are regular, and through the central portion of the city runs a small river, from which numerous canals branch off and permeate the remotest suburbs. The entire city is almost walled in by a chain of high mountains, which form a most beautiful little circular vale some ten or twelve miles in diameter.

The principal thoroughfare of Kioto, Gion-machi, is full of novel sights. Just before reaching this street we cross a large bridge which spans a wide river-bed, and which is completely dry during the summer months. Both banks are lined with three-storied tea-houses, and on a warm, sultry summer evening the pedestrian will see the whole bed covered with little platforms, upon which social parties, mothers, fathers, children and lovers are whiling away the time in talking, rollicking, smoking and drinking *saki*, the national beverage, a mild liquor made from rice. Truly the Japanese are a domestic race, and enjoy life in its utmost simplicity. In the suburbs are numerous tea-houses of entertainment, where refreshments (tea, cake, rice and *saki*) are daintily served by pretty and coquettish young Japanese maidens. They are proverbially polite and modest, and, coupled with comely faces, are picturesque and attractive. A singular custom of naming prevails among them, all assuming some very fancy cognomen, which is usually taken from some object in nature. Should you say to one politely, "*Onama ewa nanto mo shimas?*" (What is your name?), perhaps she would answer, "*Tori no Yama*" (Bird of the Mountain), or "*Gin no Samisen*" (The Silver Harp), or possibly "*Kire na Hana*" (Beautiful Flower), and a host of others of similar character, but which are invariably sweet, musical and poetical, and evince the refinement and artistic taste of the people.

But to return to Gion-machi. We find ourselves in a moving, chaotic mass of humanity, none of whom seem to have a definite mission, but, like the little stick of wood on the river's surface, move slowly along with the great stream. The street is not over twenty-five feet wide, and, as sidewalks are unknown in Japan, everybody promenades in the center of the street. *Jinrickshas*, a two-wheeled conveyance drawn by one man, roll about hither and thither, their owners shouting unintelligible words to clear the way. A foreigner, until thoroughly "broke in," stands in constant dread of being run over by these vehicles.

As we pass along there seems to be an unceasing round of gayety in all conceivable forms. Theaters? Any number. Why, the whole street contains nothing else but theaters, jugglers, monkey shows, fortune tellers and shooting galleries for the bow and arrow. The Japanese jugglers are famous the world over, and I witnessed a number of marvelous feats of deception and legerdemain. One of these will bear description. The performer advanced upon an open stage, two feet above the floor, and not over eight feet from the audience. Four assistants seated themselves upon the stage, two on either side. The performer then placed before him an ordinary wooden table, upon which he laid eight Japanese smoking pipes, with the mouthpieces overhanging the edge. This completed, an inspection was invited, of which we took advantage. There was no evidence whatever of any preparation in either the stage, table or pipes. No sooner were we seated than the juggler, with a toss of his fan, caused a small stream of water to flow from one of the pipes and fall upon the stage. Following that, each pipe was successively turned into a faucet, until the whole eight were spurting at once. Our astonishment was heightened, however, when he caused the flow to cease by a wave of the fan, and, holding the latter in his hand, a stream emanated from the tip of the fan, then from the end of his finger, and lastly from the tops of the heads of his assistants. It was a remarkable experiment, and the illusion was perfect.

GION-MACHI, KIOTO.

At the upper end of the street you will observe a cloud of steam pouring from an orifice in the roof of a small frame building, and as you draw near a loud chatter of voices greets your ear. Curiosity leads us on, and we are prompted to peep within. Admittance is easily obtained, for we have only to slide back the half-open door and proceed. Lo and behold! It is a public bath-house. A large wooden tank, filled with steaming hot water some three or four feet deep, occupies about half of the floor surface, and, disporting and bathing in various sections, are some eighteen or twenty Japanese of both sexes, each one apparently unconcerned of the proximity of the other. Bathing costumes in Japan, if not altogether unknown, are not considered a desideratum, and undoubtedly a native would be utterly unable to comprehend for what use they were intended. These manners, however shocking they may be to foreigners, are observed by the Japanese without the slightest sense of impropriety; and the fact that they are customs which have been in vogue for hundreds of years, approved by their own Pagan religion, and sanctioned by the imperial government, is sufficient to satisfy any of Japan's fair sons and daughters that they are at once both right and proper.

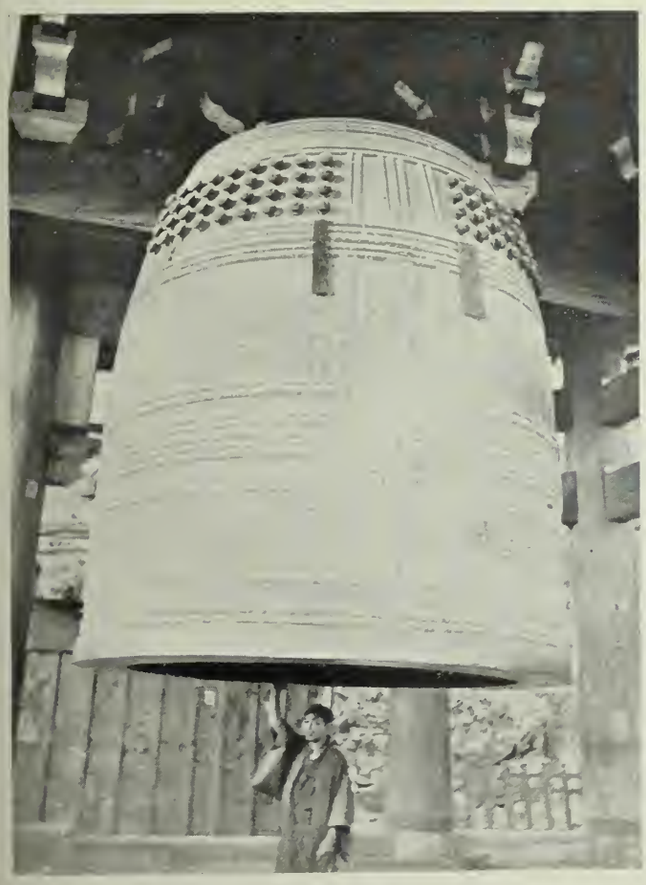
Let us ramble among some of the historic wonders of Kioto. We jump into a *jinricksha*, and in fifteen minutes are deposited at the huge gateway approaching the pagan temple of Gion, the most popular one among the Japanese. The Sammon or Great Gate is an imposing structure by itself, being some thirty-five feet in height, of expensive wood, exquisitely carved to represent chrysanthemums and lotus flowers, and painted and gilded in variegated colors. The temple is of carved wood, about sixty feet wide and eighty feet long. In the interior, where we are permitted access after first removing our shoes, are several large gilded images, representing heathen deities, before which are observed idolaters of all ages kneeling reverently and muttering weird prayers, seemingly undisturbed by our unfeeling presence. The walls and ceilings are artistically ornamented with pictures of poets, sculptors, and many unique floral designs. Years ago Dutch envoys were compelled to meet at this temple and pay an annual tribute for the privilege of trading with Japan, and history tells us that they were subjected to every species of indignity, being made to dance, sing and play grotesque pranks for the amusement of the Mikado, while the Empress lay hidden behind a screen.

The temple of San Jin San Gendo is a singular place. It is a long, low building, containing 33,333 gilded images. In the center of the building is a monster idol, called the one-thousand-handed Kwanon, and appropriately so, for hands are attached to his body on all portions. Each idol is abundantly provided with hands, and escorted with numerous other diminutive idols, so that all counted together aggregate the marvelous number of 33,333. After liberally feeing the ancient keeper of the temple we visited the largest bell in Japan. It is of cast bronze, standing fourteen feet high, nine feet in diameter, nine inches thick, and weighs sixty-three tons. It is over two hundred years old, and when struck produces a deep, rich and resonant tone.

It is queer what numbers of beggars, quacks and petty dealers of all descriptions frequent the public places in Japan. Often at the entrances of temples I have been importuned by half a dozen miserable looking objects to give them a few *sen*, but I always pursued the policy of remaining obdurate when too many were about, knowing full well that a few *sen* scattered among them would be the signal for a perfect swarm. They will resort to almost any device to excite your sympathy. I have frequently witnessed the revolting spectacle of leprous and diseased wretches groveling in the dust to solicit your charity, and their countrymen seem to make no provision for the care of these unfortunates. Thankfully, however, they are required to

keep within certain limits, like our own hack drivers, and may be easily avoided. Jugglers and fortune tellers here ply their respective vocations, and I remember once seeing an old man with a cage full of little sparrows, which he was liberating at the charge of one *sen* each. I noticed there were ten little captives remaining, and enjoyed the sport of setting them free at the large expense of ten *sen*.

In many respects the Japanese are a puerile people. The games and sports of the child and the youth are likewise those of the parent. The social disparity between father and son, mother and daughter, is not so marked as in other countries: the boy is a man in all respects but physically; the duties of youth are those of old age. And perhaps it is due to this close relationship that the amusements, pastimes and recreations of the race are nearly identical. Kioto is full of funny, trifling, nonsensical little shows and performances, and of innumerable toy and bauble shops, which places are quite as well patronized, and with just as much enthusiasm, by the old folks as by the neophyte. What would we think in America to see a middle-aged couple walking along the street with a large bald-headed doll, upon which they bestow as much care and attention as though it was a genuine baby? Such sights are common in Japan, and, in fact, it is not unusual for the ladies to carry their dolls with them when going out for a call.



THE GREAT BELL.

Kioto contains some very lovely and romantic spots, such as beautiful parks, gardens and lakelets. One in particular attracted my attention, viz., a place called Kin Kaku-ji, Kin meaning golden, and Kaku pavilion. The inclosure holds a large, exquisite garden, charmingly laid out, and teeming with rich and luxuriant vegetation. In the center is a picturesque little pond, in the middle of which are two quaint islets shaped to represent turtles. At the north side of the pond stands a three-stoty building, the Kin Kaku-ji, so named because at the time of its construction the entire interior was covered with thick gold leaf, the effect of which was said to be dazzling. Scarcely a trace now remains, however, save here and there an antiquated patch. From the veranda which surrounds this building I amused myself feeding a swarm of sacred carp and goldfish with which the lakelet was alive. I noticed a curious contrivance in the garden in the shape of a large pine tree skillfully trained and trimmed to represent a ship under full sail, and the perfection with which it was executed gave it a most unique appearance.

But a short residence among the Japanese will suffice to convince one that they are one of the most tasteful and artistic races in the world; and their innate love of nature in all its forms but evinces the finer sensibilities of open-heartedness, ingeniousness and amiability.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S PARADISE.

California is the paradise of the amateur photographer. I have attended several of the exhibitions given by the San Francisco Camera Club, and from them have learned an instructive lesson. As is generally known, the various clubs of amateur photographers throughout the country exchange lantern slides and the accompanying lectures. In this way I have seen specimens of work by the best amateur photographers in America; and from these examples I have learned that the work done by the amateurs of California averages far better than that of workers in this enticing art in other parts of the United States. There must be reasons for this superiority aside from the skill of the operators. Nature has supplied them,—light and subjects.

Consider the value of a rainless, cloudless summer, an atmosphere of soft, pure luminosity, and that seductive, opalescent light that is better than old wine to the heart of a true artist of the camera. Consider also the warm, long, delicious days, the glorious sport of outdoor rambles, the absence of any danger or discomfort or hindrance from rains, the marvelous lights of the early mornings and late afternoons. In addition to all this, imagine subjects which for uniqueness and variety are not equaled in any other part of the world. Here the true lover of nature may take his camera and plates on a pack-mule, and revel in the wonders of the Sierra Nevada,—among their beautiful lakes, their dark and mysterious canyons, their sky-piercing pinnacles of granite, their great mountains hooded in perpetual-snow, their limpid rivers or their rustling torrents and waterfalls, their strange and majestic forests; or, if he prefers civilization, he may have quaintness galore,—the old Spanish houses, the outlandish habitations and costumes of the Chinese, or he may have all the graces and charms which the culture of fruits and the making of wine present.—CARMELITA, in the March *Tourist*.

"A Margin of Silence" is the title of an article appearing in our March number, but it refers to the necessity of recreation. There is still another Margin of Silence that applies to the forgetful or inconsiderate man of business who makes it a rule of life never to answer a letter.

Experience inclines us to the opinion that the average business man of California is unpardonably neglectful of his correspondence, and, in the present advanced stage of civilization, when a very large proportion of business transactions is conducted by mail, a progressive man will make as prompt acknowledgment as if he were personally interviewed.

Many men make it a rule never to acknowledge a communication unless they are themselves personally interested, completely losing sight of the fact that common courtesy demands some response, whether they are interested or not.

There is no communication, provided it is courteous and business-like in its tone, that should not receive an answer, if it calls for one. It is not only exasperating, but an evidence of silent contemptuousness, to the writer of a letter who is unable to elicit an acknowledgment.

We know of one man from whom it was almost impossible to obtain an answer to a letter, and on one occasion added a "P. S." on our letter stating we had inclosed fifty dollars (which was not the fact), expecting that he would certainly answer it to ascertain where the fifty dollars were. But even that didn't move him; and, if he were written to that his grandmother had just left him a hundred thousand dollars, it is not likely that he would pay any attention to it until the money was placed in his hands. Then he might be induced to sign a *receipt* for it. Such men are truly progressive!

THOSE interested in Southern California will be likewise interested in the little pamphlet published by THE TRAVELER for Mr. J. E. O'Brien, manager of the Hotel Brewster, San Diego. The views are all new and attractive. Mr. O'Brien will send a copy to any one taking the trouble to ask for it.

A NEW SOUVENIR, with beautiful engravings, has been published by THE TRAVELER for W. N. Hart, K. S. Hart and F. R. Hart, proprietors of the resort at Cazadero, Sonoma Co., Cal. Copies will be mailed to any address on application.

Marine Barracks,

Navy Yard, Mare Island, Cal.,
Mar. 4 / 1893.

Messrs Johnston & Bryan,
San Francisco.

Gentlemen:

Many thanks for specimen copy of The Traveler. It is not often that publishers claims are so well founded. Put me on your list at once as a subscriber for "THE most elegant journal published in the United States."

Enclosed please find one dollar for one year, and send me the numbers 1 and 2, and much oblige.

Yours respectfully,
Henry Clay Cochrane.

AN ODD CORNER IN CALIFORNIA.

FREDERICK I. MONSEN

DEATH VALLEY is situate in the southeast corner of Inyo County, cut off in an air line of about two hundred and fifty miles from the ocean by the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The valley proper is about seventy-five miles long, by fifteen wide in its broadest part; and its general direction is from north to south. To the eastward rise the Funeral Mountains from six to eight thousand feet high, and to the west the Paniment Range reaches an elevation of from eight to ten thousand feet. The valley is an independent drainage basin, nearly closed in on the south by a low chain of mountains. The greatest depression lies south of Furnace Creek, and at the base of the Funeral Mountains; reliable authorities give it as four hundred and thirty feet below the level of the sea. This depression and the valley's peculiar conditions combine to make this desert the hottest and most arid locality in the world.

Leaving Daggett, a station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, we cross what is known as the sink of the Mojave River, and for five days we travel over an alkali waste that is dried and cracked by the intense heat of the sun. There is no vegetation; the landscape is strangely monotonous, and the solitude and absolute desolation of this wilderness is at once terrifying and sublime. Straggling greasewood and mesquite, interpersed with thorny, stunted cacti, are the only relief to the vast expanse of painful monotony. It is one hundred and five miles from Daggett to Armargosa, and sixty miles from there to Death Valley; and over this distance there are only three springs, two of which are sixty miles apart. It is necessary, therefore, to carry water for men and beasts alike; and, owing to the rapid evaporation in that atmosphere, the weight of our water-barrels is at times as heavy a load of anxiety as of physical necessity.

NAMELESS GRAVES IN THE DESERT.

As we progress slowly, we meet with many nameless graves, whose forgotten tenants spent their hardihood in a disastrous attempt to cross the desert during the heated term; and in some cases, no doubt, their lonely and untimely end could be attributed to inadequate equipment. A mound of earth and a stick, or rock, stuck at one end of the grave, are their sole records, solitude their unwritten epitaph.

From Armargosa to Death Valley is a journey of two days, of which the greater distance is through a canyon filled with a wash of rock and gravel, accumulated by the action of cloudbursts. And were it not for these washes, from which is derived the name of the locality, Furnace Creek Wash, the entrance to Death Valley at this point would be impassably obstructed. As we approach the valley the vegetation becomes scantier, the scenery more desolate and forbidding, while far toward the west the tops of the Funeral Mountains, like a glittering row of teeth, are clearly defined on the horizon. As we laboriously ascend, the magnificence of the valley gradually stands out below us in a relief that would defy the skill of a Turner; and, looking down into this deep sink, there seem to be several rivers and a large lake, but which in reality are a white borax field and arteries of salt. We are five thousand feet above and thirty miles away from it; yet, in that rarefied atmosphere the distance does not appear to be more than ten miles. As we contemplate the grandeur of our surroundings, the sun, sinking behind the lofty Paniment Range, bathes the valley in a beautiful rose-tinted light: and gradually the long shadows mantle this awe-inspiring desolation until the mountain-tops alone, blended with the brilliancy of the sun-down, give place to the darkness of night.

The next morning we arrived at Furnace Creek, the only sweet-water spring in Death Valley; and here we met for the first time a desert sandstorm. The northern part of the valley was completely obscured by a brownish cloud that moved with great velocity in our direction, and gradually thinned out until the sky was overcast with a yellowish haze, through which the sun peered like a flaming phantom. The air was soon clouded with fine dust buoyed in an atmosphere oppressively hot and stifling, followed by gusts of wind so depressing that they were like puffs from a furnace, almost exhausting every effort to breathe. Across the valley we could see a sand anger, or spout, projecting the sand and dust in a column high into the air. At length we were enveloped in this dust-bearing simoon till it was difficult to see ten yards away. The air was then filled with sand, and occasionally, as a heavier gust swept about us, gravel and even small rocks were hurled in our faces. This storm lasted two days and left us completely exhausted. This occurred in October, and the weather, though very hot, was bearable. The increased forces of such a storm in July or August can be approximately imagined when the thermometer registers 130 to 137 degrees in the shade. No living creature could exist in it for an hour.

Cloudbursts on the surrounding mountains are of frequent occurrence, and evidences of their terrific effect are to be seen on every side. The dangers of travel, and these phenomena of an overburdened atmosphere, which are characteristic of Death Valley, are sufficient, we think, to instill fear into the unwary traveler or adventurous prospector, without investing this inhospitable region with extravagant stories of pure fiction.

Death Valley owes its striking name to the circumstances attending a large party of immigrants who tried to cross this alkali sink in 1850, when the gold fever ran high, but who perished in their unfortunate attempt. The place from which they originally started, or the exact number in the party, has never been ascertained, though we know that the party left Salt Lake City, and traveled across Nevada over the well-defined immigrant trail leading to Los Angeles. Somewhere in Nevada the party divided, one-half leaving the trail and cutting across country, supposing they could reach their destination sooner. Little did these venturing unfortunates apprehend the suffering that awaited them, and the fatal termination of their unwise decision. Pushing their way over the hot and arid wastes of Nevada, they met with all the vicissitudes of desert travel; but not until they reached Ash Meadows, twenty or thirty miles from Death Valley, did they begin to feel the warning of their fate. Here, as their oxen commenced to die, they rested for a brief spell; and, leaving some of their wagons and heavy household belongings, they forced their way up a narrow mountain pass, and beheld for the first time the valley to which they were destined to give a name. This pass, from where they first saw Death Valley, is called Furnace Creek Wash; and here they camped to recuperate, as many of the party had died from the heat and hardship. Having heard that thirty miles toward the north they would find a spring, they resolved to cross the valley; and after several days they reached it to find the water salty and unfit to drink. Hopeless and exhausted, they perished from thirst, and in time the drifting sand mercifully covered their desiccated bodies.

But we bid adieu to Death Valley and the Funeral Mountains, though who knows whether these eternal giants and grim sentinels of death may not yet see the day when perishable man shall conquer even this desolate and forbidding territory. Yet there are large areas of this lifeless region that must forever remain in the realm of death, and there is little doubt but it will continue to be the last lonely resting place of future adventurous fortune seekers or explorers.

It was over such a grave as the above cut represents that some one scratched the words, *Quien sabe?* (Who knows). It being an unfinished epitaph some one completed it by adding, *Dios sabe* (God knows).

An English teacher, Miss A. C. Graham, has taken a prize offered by the *University Correspondent* for the best collection of pupils' blunders. We give a few of the choicest gems of her collection, in some of which the outcropping of the English idea that all history converges on the British Isles is almost startling:

Esau was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash.

The Jews believed in the synagogue, and had their Sunday on a Saturday; but the Samaritans believed in the Church of England, and worshiped in groves of oak: therefore the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans.

Titus was a Roman Emperor, supposed to have written the Epistle to the Hebrews. His other name was Oates.

Oliver Cromwell was a man who was put into prison for his interference in Ireland. When he was in prison he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress" and married a lady called Mrs. O'Shea.

Perkin Warbeck raised a rebellion in the reign of Henry VIII. He said he was the son of a prince, but he was really the son of respectable people.

Hydrostatics is when a mad dog bites you. It is called hydrophobia when a dog is mad, and hydrostatics when a man catches it. —*Youths Companion*

NAEROEDALEN IN SOGN, NORWAY,

J. B. MATHISEN.

NLY those who have visited Norway will appreciate the remark made by a German Professor that "The country is one large block of stone, full of cracks, and it is in these cracks that the fishes and the people live." In the nomenclature of the country, however, such "cracks" are called "dals" and "fjords." They are mostly long, deep valleys, the dals beginning in the heart of the mountains, and running down to the ocean, that part of the valley into which the sea extends being the fjord. There is quite a number of large fjords on the Norwegian Coast. Beginning at the north end of Jaederen, a rolling, sandy waste exposed to the unbroken fury of the North Sea, and going north about two hundred and fifty miles, are the Buknfjord, Hardangerfjord, Sognefjord, Soendfjord, Nordfjord, Romsdalsfjord, off from each one of which numerous smaller fjords cut into the land. The scenery of many of these places is beautiful and sublime, the enchanting feature being the wonderful intermingling of mountain and water. From the mountain lakes, down through the valleys along brooks, winding and with abrupt falls, swelled by streams from the sides until the fjord at the end of the valley is reached, is often a journey of only a few hours. And a sail on these deep arms of the ocean, the fjords, is sometimes practically a trip into the inland mountains, so deep do they cut into the heart of the country.

One of the most interesting valleys opening toward the Sognefjord is the Naeroedal, with its fjord, the subject of the following notes. There are parts of Sogn that would fain suggest to the traveler that he were in a land far to the north. The reposeful contour of the landscape, the richness and depth of color, the ample vegetation as seen in the height and warmth of summer, are a revelation to those who expect to find a land of ice and snow. But as a contrast to these places of a milder nature, such as Lyster, Stedje,

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Urnaes, Vik, stand the Naeroedal and the fjord of the same name. Here nature appears in her most forbidden and terrible aspect. The fjord and the valley are truly little more than a crack in the rock. On both sides of the fjord the mountains tower up to a height of from four to five thousand feet, while the sheet of water that extends between them seems scarcely as many feet wide. In places the face of the rock has split off vertically, and has fallen into the depths below, leaving large clean scoops in the mountain-side, looking verily as if an Almighty hand had left its modeling mark on the country. Leaving the fjord, and entering the valley, the character of the surroundings is hardly much modified by the few narrow fields, the roadway and the creek that endeavor to find room on the flat bottom-land.

RETURN FROM THE CHRISTENING.

THE NAEROEDAL.

The Naeroedal is situated well inland, on the south side of the Sognefjord. It can be reached either by steamer from the town of Bergen, on the coast, just south of Sogn, or overland, by rail, from Bergen to Voss, and thence over a good carriage road via Stalheim. The steamers land at Gudvangen, where the valley and the fjord meet, and the termination of the land route is at Stalheim, some ten or twelve miles from the former place. The fjord and the valley should, if possible, be traversed both ways, that is, coming to them both from the sea and from the inland. The fjord, I think, is best seen in the early morning, when the light falls softly diffused and in large masses directly into the gap over the water. The effect is then sublime and elevating in the extreme. Again the fjord should be first seen, coming to it from without, from the main body of water, the Sognefjord. Narrowing up toward the valley at its end it becomes more and more pronounced in its perspective, and the admiration of the beholder once aroused will not relax. The valley itself is almost fully surveyed from Stalheim, situated several hundred feet over the bottom of the valley. Here is the famous Stalheims-klev, a road leading up from the bottom of the valley, and built on a limited area, making it necessary to wind serpent-like up the steep hillside. On either side of the narrow space occupied by this winding road, which has fifteen or sixteen turns, there is a beautiful waterfall tumbling over the rocks; and these waterfalls are alternately brought into view by each turn of the road. Whether the credit for this beautiful and symmetrical arrangement of the road and the waterfalls is due to nature that left the space for the road where it now is, or the engineers that staked out the road, I do not know, but the traveler, even if he be on foot and weary with walking, cannot fail to be fascinated with the charms of the roaring and foaming waterfalls that, as it were, keep him company on his way up the klev.

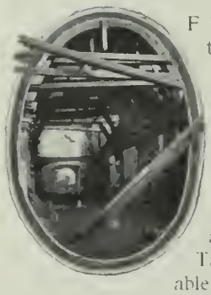
Stalheim itself, although of a commanding situation, was not a very attractive place some eight or nine years ago, when I last visited it. It was a rather poor farm, and my most pronounced recollections of the place are sour milk and fleas. But this is now changed. A large hotel for several hundred guests has been built, and is carried on in a civilized manner, if newspaper statements regarding the hotel can be relied upon to tell the truth. However, the best part of Stalheim, past and present, is the view. From here the valley lies at one's feet, the river winding through it, patches of pastures and grain fields dotting it, and with clumps of farmhouses here and there that appear like very small affairs indeed. On the sides the mountains stand a silent and impressive guard. Prominent on the left and about half way down the valley is Naeroedalskampen, a symmetrical, semi-detached cone of whitish stone, with smooth sides, and standing 3,500 feet above the bottom of the valley. Farther down the long silver threads of Kivle-fossene mark the right side, leaving at their foot heaps of stone and gravel that make small landslides of their own when the deposits of

STORRHOUSE ON BREDLAND FARM.

gravel and stone carried down by the waterfalls become too topheavy. Single stones and pebbles are constantly coming down these slopes, warning the traveler to keep a sharp lookout, and make haste suddenly if the slide should assume threatening proportions.

MISSION RESTORATION.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



OF THE old California Missions, the only genuine ruins in the country, bushels of remarks have been made these fifty years or more; they form the chief stock in trade of the hasty-tourist letters that contain ten per cent of fact to ninety per cent of nonsense and unintelligent criticism. Take them out of the innumerable volumes written about California, and their City Hall bulk would diminish to a small book-case. Of late there are signs that the Missions, having been fought over by the historians, essayists, tourists, and a host of others, are now to become the victims of the novelist, and that Mission tales, Mission romances, Mission myths of every description will presently assail a long-suffering public.

Nevertheless the Missions are fine things to have, if we only know what to do with them. Is it not time that the State, or some historical or other association, made an authoritative report upon their present condition and practicable future usefulness? We are rich enough, as a State, to restore every Mission to its original condition, or as nearly so as the best archæological skill obtainable can accomplish. To appeal to the lowest motive, the Missions, well managed, would bring in many shekels of good American money; to appeal to a higher motive, the world at large, and this particular part of it, ought not to lose these relics of an epoch forever departed. If some method could be discovered by which the restoration of the Missions, or of a few of them, would be of great and immediate benefit, the work might be put upon a practical basis. The sentimentalists will never rebuild the Missions, but there are people who would help if they could see any practical result from such a work.

Now there are some Missions that are mere piles of fast-wasting adobe, too far ruined to be worth restoring unless they possessed some peculiar and individual charm, or some transcendent historical value. Others would furnish the State with most valuable sites for simple "farm and industry schools" of a much-needed class.

Let me particularize. Suppose that several of the most suitable Missions for the purpose of Indian schools were restored, and a sufficient acreage of lands attached to make each place as much of a farm school as the

CARMEL BEFORE RESTORATION.

famous McDonough School, near Baltimore, or still more famous Hampton. Could the old Missions be put to any better use, or, in fact, to any other use which would justify the expenditure of large sums of money upon them? They will hardly be restored merely as "show places," or museums of old Spanish days; but how well it would round the century if some of them could be filled with Indian boys and girls learning trades, household-work, and a thousand useful and bread-earning occupations. There are many ignorant, destitute, despised Indian children in the Pacific Coast States—enough to fill a dozen such schools, and anxious for a chance. There are teachers for them, graduates of Hampton; and individuals and organizations of every creed could heartily support such an enterprise. I believe that some such movement has already been started in reference to San Diego Mission, and hope soon to see it elsewhere.

The plan of the Missions was admirably adapted to schools and workshops. The massive buildings, the walled-in courts, the orchards, vineyards, gardens, if restored as they once existed, would entirely suit an educator of the Indian races. The old Missions were much more than churches; they were complete establishments, self-supporting, and full of home industries. The right men could adopt, expand and liberalize

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

the idea, and give us the restored Missions and their schools. They would soon be considered indispensable.

San Luis Rey and San Jaun Capistrano are the best illustrations of the ruins of to-day. Hundreds of Indians once dwelt there, much happier, and much better fed and clothed, than their descendants are. Indian labor reared the grand old Mission, and if it could be restored its fitting use would certainly be to aid in the development of the Indian races.

San Fernando, a noble and massive ruin, deserves a better fate than to crumble slowly into shapeless piles. If taken in hand soon it could be restored and made a hive of industry, a Pacific Coast Hampton in fact, in the heart of the great northern valley of Los Angeles County. I visited it by moonlight not many months ago,—a grand, neglected Mission, with land about it that might be made to blossom as the rose. The old church is roofless and pretty well in ruins, and only a long ridge marks the rows of dormitories against a wall, but most of the main building is in a reasonable state of preservation.

San Miguel is excellently situated for an Indian school, in the outskirts of a thriving town, and within a few hundred yards of a railroad track. San Antonio and Soledad I have not seen for years, but understand they are fast falling into ruins. San Juan of the North is a most interesting place, and is one of the Missions that should certainly be restored. Every one who has visited the Monterey region is familiar with the famous Carmel Mission and its appearance as restored.

Any one of the old Missions, restored so as to preserve as much as possible of the historic past, but also adapted to the uses of an Indian school such as Hampton, would enter upon a new career of usefulness. Beside the ruins of such buildings as are too far gone to restore, new structures harmonizing in general effect could be built, and the ruins guarded in time to come.

A Mission school should include all the practical work of the Hampton Institute, with such outdoor modifications as California interests require. The

SAN ANTONIO.

Indian boys would become peasants, vine-dressers, gardeners, herdsmen, farmers, as well as mechanics, artisans and tradesmen. If the neglected orchards, priest-planted in many a rich valley a century ago, could be fenced again, and again cared for as in days of old, some of them might recover their fruitfulness. The hundred-year olives of San Diego, the palms of Ventura, and the pear trees of Mission San Jose, are historic trees of Alta California. Like the Missions themselves, they belong here, and we should take care of them.

Every now and then there is talk of restoring the Missions, but it will never be done until the field is thoroughly investigated. Perhaps the organization to do this is the Native Sons of California. A committee of that body could make itself familiar with the present condition of every Mission, the character of the soil, value of lands and property, and similar details. It could study the Hampton Institute plan, and gradually enlist the co-operation of philanthropists, and all persons interested in the preservation of the Missions. In this way a start would be made, and the possibilities of the scheme developed. But perhaps the present organization for the "preservation of the Missions," which, I believe, has headquarters in Los Angeles, would offer the best nucleus.

The Spanish Missions in California were organized from 1769 onwards, and were confined for the most part to the fruitful valleys along the coast, from San Diego to San Francisco. It has been said that the fathers were wise in their day and generation, in the selection of their Mission sites, but this credit should be given to the Indians, who had settlements of consid-

SAN LUIS REY.

erable importance in every locality where the padres located.

As in all pioneer civilizing movements, the musket and the hoe were partners, and the Mission buildings partook as much of the character of barracks as of missionary quarters.

ON THE GARRAPATA.

FRED. L. FOSTER.

"IF THE Little Sur is too far, what's the matter with the Gerry Patty?" asked my Monterey friend. "It's only fifteen miles down the coast, and there are some beauties in it."

"You mean the Garry Patos," put in the man from Salinas.

"You're both wrong," said the storekeeper. "It's the Gury Pathos."

"How do you spell it," I modestly inquired.

The three looked at me in astonishment. "How the deuce should we know?" they chorused. "It's Spanish!"

"Spanish be hanged!" I replied. "It sounds like a combination of Welsh and Irish."

"Well, the name won't make any difference with the fishing," philosophically remarked the Montereyan.

And it didn't; but before going there I learned by dint of much inquiry that the name of the stream is Garrapata, which in plain, vulgar English is "wood-tick."

The Spanish and Mexican nomenclature that obtains in California is beautiful and romantic; but the music and charm of the words lie almost solely in the correctness of their pronunciation. The Easterner breaks his jaw over many names of localities in California—names that are in fact as smooth and melodious as a California stream gliding seaward between banks of fern and flower.

And we Californians, who are notorious for our unseemly haste in everything, sprint and stumble over our Spanish until we are rapidly mongrelizing it into a repellant something that is neither Spanish nor English,

GARRAPATA CREEK.

nor like unto anything else under the sun. We slur some syllables, some we omit altogether, and we shift and shuffle accent and emphasis until many words are utterly unrecognizable. Santa *Cruz* becomes *San*ta Cruz, which sounds like the sudden jerk and lurch of a freight car. Monte*rey* is *Mon*terey; and Garrapata is Gerry Patty or Garypater, or some other equally ridiculous thing that is enough to make our old college friend, Alberto de Tornos, shudder in his grave.

From the luxurious cars of the Southern Pacific Company to a buckboard is an abrupt change, and there is also a vast difference between the smooth roadway of that corporation and the dusty, up-and-down highway that leads down the coast from historic Monterey to the Garrapata Creek. But there is a sublime variety in the scenery, from the time one leaves the old town, and from the first hilltop, crested with pine, looks back to the straggling streets and the quaint adobe houses, the Hotel del Monte rising picturesquely from its magnificent park of pines and oaks, and the curving blue bay, with its stretching beach of glistening sand, until, passing the Carmelo, the old Mission and Point Lobos, and winding along the edge of the ocean, we finally arrive at the silver lagoon, into which ripples the clear water of the Garrapata, before losing itself in the splashing green foam of the sea.

All along the waves have dashed angrily almost at our feet, and our ears have been filled with the din of their terrible volleys; on jagged islands of rock the sea lions have roared us defiance. But now, in the sunshine and shade of this narrow canyon, we experience a restful quiet; we hear only the hum of the bees, the ceaseless murmur of the stream, and the peaceful whisper of the air, as it lazily drones through the lofty foliage of the redwoods. Not such redwoods, these, as the towering giants of the San Lorenzo or the Pescadero, but stately, nevertheless, their green masses overshadowing the tanbark oaks and other vegetation beneath.

The Garrapata we found a pretty trout stream, quite open, with a pleasing variety of riffles, falls and pools. From its head, which is in a good deer country, one is within easy distance of several other trout streams. The scenery is attractive, the air fresh and invigorating, and large trout in this stream are not as yet a thing of the past. This is also true of nearly all the streams between the Carmelo and Point Sur, and the coast fishing is also excellent. The water in all the coast streams will be too high for satisfactory fishing in April this year, and there will be no real sport with the fly before June. It is an easy run by rail from San Francisco to Monterey, and from that point the trip down the coast, either by stage or private conveyance, occupies but little time, and will well repay those whom, like good old Walton's Piscator, providence has given "leisure to go a-fishing."

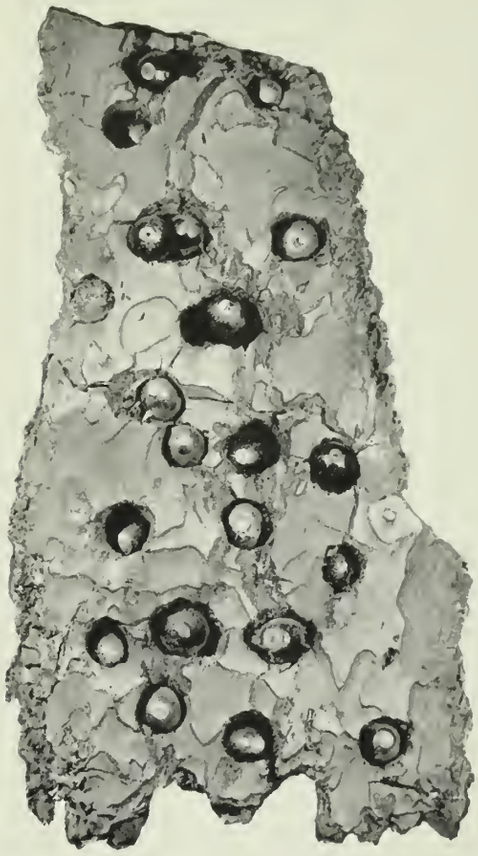
LOS ANGELES, March 7, 1893.

To the Editor of The Traveler:

A new attraction now taking shape in this section of the State, and destined, when completed, to become the chief artificial attraction of Southern California, is the remarkable engineering enterprise known as Prof. Lowe's Pasadena Mountain Railway. Its object is to connect the cities of Los Angeles and Pasadena with the summit of the San Gabriel Range of mountains, upward of six thousand feet above the sea. The grading, bridge-building and track-laying from Altadena (where it connects with the Los Angeles Terminal Railway) along the higher foothills, and up through Rubio Canyon, a distance of two and one-half miles, thence by a steep cable incline to the summit of Echo Mountain, thirty-five hundred feet above the Pacific, is already completed, and the road is now awaiting the arrival of the powerful electrical generator, *en route* from the East, when it will be ready to accommodate passengers.

At the summit of Echo Mountain a large hotel is being built, capable of accommodating two hundred guests. From its verandas a wonderful view of mountains, cultivated valleys, towns and villages, orange groves, villa residences and distant ocean greets the vision. About twenty miles of bridle roads have been constructed from the Echo Mountain House to neighboring summits, canyons, cascades, picturesque rocks, wooded ravines, ferny dells and other points of interest; so there will be no lack of attraction for the tourist who is lifted to Echo Mountain summit on the great cable incline. From the latter point the railroad will be extended by easy grades along the ridge overlooking Grand Canyon and through several mountain valleys to the summit of Mount Lowe, the highest point visible from Pasadena, where the great Summit Hotel will be built from granite quarried on the spot, and from which the view commands a horizon more than one hundred miles distant in every direction.

Immediately north of Mount Lowe is the highest point in the range, known as Observatory Peak, 6,723 feet above the sea, or about four hundred feet higher than Mount Washington. It is reserved for the site of a great observatory, and correspondence is pending which, it is hoped, will secure for it the construction of the largest telescope in the world. The atmospheric and climatic conditions are nearly perfect.—W. H. K.



The above is a cut of a piece of yellow pine bark from the banks of Rogue River, Southern Oregon. The particular feature of interest connected with it is the presence of a great number of acorns driven into the bark with great neatness and precision, which is done by the woodpecker, and with such an exhibition of skill as to command the respect and admiration of the deftest mechanic. Acorns vary as to size, but *Melanerpes formicivorus*, the California woodpecker, is an adept at fitting them into place.

The yellow pine bark seems to be a favorite with them for acorn storage, although occasionally we have noticed these cache perforations in the bark of the redwood, and but rarely in the oak.

The number of acorns "quick and dead" in this giant pine we figured roughly at eighty thousand.

It is a fairly well-established fact that these acorns are placed in their bark receptacles not so much as a direct article of food as for the worms that are born of the decaying portions of the acorn kernel. Whether there is a bird government or tacit understanding of some sort as to each one's rights or reserves is a difficult matter to determine. Perhaps the business is monopolized by some superior bird intellects, with rights of location and occupation reserved. At any rate it seems to be a surpassing measure of instinct which nearly approaches reason.

THE Yosemite Valley opened for the reception of tourists on April 1st. The itinerary will be about the same as last year. The round-trip rate from San Francisco to the valley and return, good for the season, is fifty dollars. April and May will be the most desirable months to visit the valley, as the falls will be of great volume, owing to the melting of the winter snows.

TIPPING.

EVERY traveler is directly interested in the subject of "tipping" or feeing waiters at the large hotels. It makes no difference whether he tips or not, he is concerned just the same.

Much has been said in condemnation of this practice. We squirm and wriggle and chafe at the custom which requires us to put up our little dollar or smaller change, as the case may be. We inwardly swear at the hotel manager because we think he expects us to help pay the wages of his waiters, then grumble audibly at the waiter as the cause of it, and lastly administer a figurative kick at ourselves that we permit the imposition at the breakfast table and twice thereafter during the day.

We wonder what bright being first conceived the idea, and if he realized its tremendous contagiousness. One thing is certain, it is an imported article, but has become so thoroughly naturalized that its individuality has completely disappeared.

Nowadays, a man traveling about the country, and making his headquarters at first-class hotels, must figure on feeing his waiter at every meal, that is, if he changes waiters at each meal, which is no unusual custom. We remember spending eight consecutive days at a certain hotel in Chicago, and never occupied the same table, or had the same attendant twice. Were it otherwise a fellow might stand some show of "evening up" by making a special rate with his waiter on the "regular-boarder" plan.

There are three reasons why a man tips a waiter, and at the same time has the Spartan fortitude to maintain a dignified composure and an apparent indifference at the loss of his dollar. The first is because he *has* to do it if he expects to get prompt attention and a square meal, the second because he doesn't want to be considered a close-fisted man even in the eyes of a son of Ethiopia, and the third because he wishes to be considered in good circumstances. If he only knew that the extent of these impressions was commensurate with the size of his fee he might sometimes be induced to bid higher.

In our opinion there is absolutely no practical remedy for the custom. It resolves itself to simply a question between guest and attendant. Money will always be the strongest argument a man can offer, and if he can obtain better attention, more servility and a refreshing cheerfulness from the waiter by paying for it, why shouldn't he? The waiter is paid to serve you your meal only, and he will; but he is not paid to wipe off your chair with his new silk bandana, keep up a truly realistic smile, rush into the kitchen with a regular cake-walk gait, then turn the chef, cuisine and all upside down with commendable eagerness to serve you; and finally, with his tray poised on three fingers at an acrobatic angle, he sails back to your festal board, and deposits his master's choicest stock before you with a grandiloquence of grace and art that would do credit to Sir Walter Raleigh himself. That *you* pay for, and why shouldn't you?

Of course we believe, as previously stated, that tipping is reprehensible, but there is no power on earth that can eradicate it. Consequently the only sensible view to take of it is to study *how* feeing can be done most effectively. Take one bit of advice, and if you intend to give the waiter a tip, do so when you first sit down, and relieve him of the uncertainty and suspense with which he would otherwise be afflicted. Or, on the other hand, require of him at the outset such special attention as will indicate to him that you expect to pay for it.

In connection with this subject we have asked the prominent hotel proprietors of the Pacific Coast the following questions:

1. Do you think "tipping" demoralizing to the traveler, the waiter, or both?

2. Is a complaint on the part of a patron who refuses to "tip" sufficient to secure him equal attention with one who does?

3. Can you suggest a plan by which the custom could be virtually eradicated or would cease to be considered a custom?

In reply to your favor regarding the subject of "tipping," so prevalent in hotels, and as to my "opinion" regarding the same, will say: Very much has been said and written, and doubtless ever will be on this vexed subject, and all, in my opinion, will result in absolutely nothing looking to its abolishment.

That the habit of tipping is demoralizing to the last degree there can be no doubt. Of course more so to the waiter or employee in any capacity, for on the part of the guest—especially so in hotels on the "American plan"—a tip is given more as an evidence of kindness and good-will and not as a bribe.

Tips to waiters in hotels on the American plan may, and doubtless do, facilitate more willing personal service; but if the general public knew how little, if indeed anything, is effected in the way of securing more or better food, no tips would ever be given with this latter purpose in view.

In any well-regulated and well-managed kitchen no collusion between waiters and cooks can exist that will secure for the guest more or better food than is already prepared, or will be, and subject to order by the guest, from the menu placed before him. Waiters can only give their order to the man before the range for dishes to be cooked to order, to the carver for his roasts, to the vegetable man for his vegetables, etc., and is never permitted to suggest anything regarding same or touch an article of food. Remember this is true in a well-regulated kitchen when the manager, proprietor or competent steward assumes active charge. Under other conditions "everything goes" and failure is sure.

So long as human nature remains as it is, I, for the life of me, can see no way to check its growth, or effect any permanent reform. Very truly, GEO. P. SNELL,
Manager, Hotel Vendome,
San José, Cal.

Replying to your letter of inquiry as to the question of "tipping" we believe in the first place that the custom is equally demoralizing to the traveler and the waiter.

We cannot suggest any plan for the undoing of this nuisance. In our opinion the traveler is to blame, and while he keeps up the custom any rules the hotel manager may make would count for nothing. BUSH & TABOR,
Proprietors, Brown-Palace Hotel,
Denver, Col.

I have observed with interest the science to which "Young America" has boiled down the different methods of securing a "tip" I cannot say that I think the practice is demoralizing to the traveler, for so many insist on distributing their change in this manner, and in my experience no guest has ever complained to me, but I know the practice is demoralizing to servants. At first they receive a tip graciously, and after being in service longer expect it, and it has a tendency to degrade a man who should have spirit and pride enough to aspire to higher motives.

With white servants a complaint from a patron usually insures every attention, but I think colored servants are more likely to slight a person who "forgets them" and give special care to their favorites, and the hotel proprietor is the loser, for the shining half-dollar will many times result in causing a wholesale transfer of the edible contents of the kitchen for the donor's individual benefit.

The remedy lies with the people who travel. If they would, as a body, stop feeing, hotel and railway servants would not expect it, and a failure to receive proper attention would immediately be reported to the proper authority. Should a guest offer a waiter or a bell-boy a tip in my presence it would not be proper or wise for me to interfere, for guests should be privileged to do as they please; but usually tips are passed so cleverly or at least received so cleverly that no great commotion is caused to require any interference on the part of the managers.

I think the sleeping-car service of this country has had much to do with increasing the tipping practice, for it is understood that porters are not paid sufficiently to subsist upon their salary and have to depend on "perquisites."
Yours very truly, J. E. O'BRIEN,
Manager, Hotel Brewster,
San Diego, Cal.

I have received yours of the 21st, and carefully noted contents. In reply must say that I prefer not to express an opinion upon the subject. With best regards,
Very truly yours, GEO. SCHÖNEWALD,
Manager, Hotel del Monte,
Monterey, Cal.

Yours of 21st to hand. I will endeavor to answer your three questions as briefly as possible.

1st. I do not think "tipping" demoralizing to traveler or waiter. It cannot have any effect upon the traveler. If he is stopping at a first-class hotel, where tipping is not encouraged, he is sure to receive good attention. If he rewards the waiter for good service, that is the waiter's gain.

2d. A complaint on the part of a patron who thinks he is not being well served because he has not tipped the waiter will always be gladly received by the management, as it may be the means of getting rid of a man who probably might be guilty of such an action.

3d. To suggest a plan to stop tipping is impossible in my opinion.

Tipping will never increase or decrease. The American traveler is always too ready to pay a little additional fee for anything that adds to his comfort and pleasure.
Yours very truly, H. C. BOWERS,
Manager, The Tacoma,
Tacoma, Wash.

Your esteemed favor of some days ago, asking me to give you my ideas in regard to the custom of "tipping," has been duly received.

In reply will ask to be excused from expressing my opinion on the subject, as I would prefer to leave this matter entirely with the public for discussion. Yours very truly,
A. F. KINZLER,
Manager, California Hotel,
San Francisco, Cal.

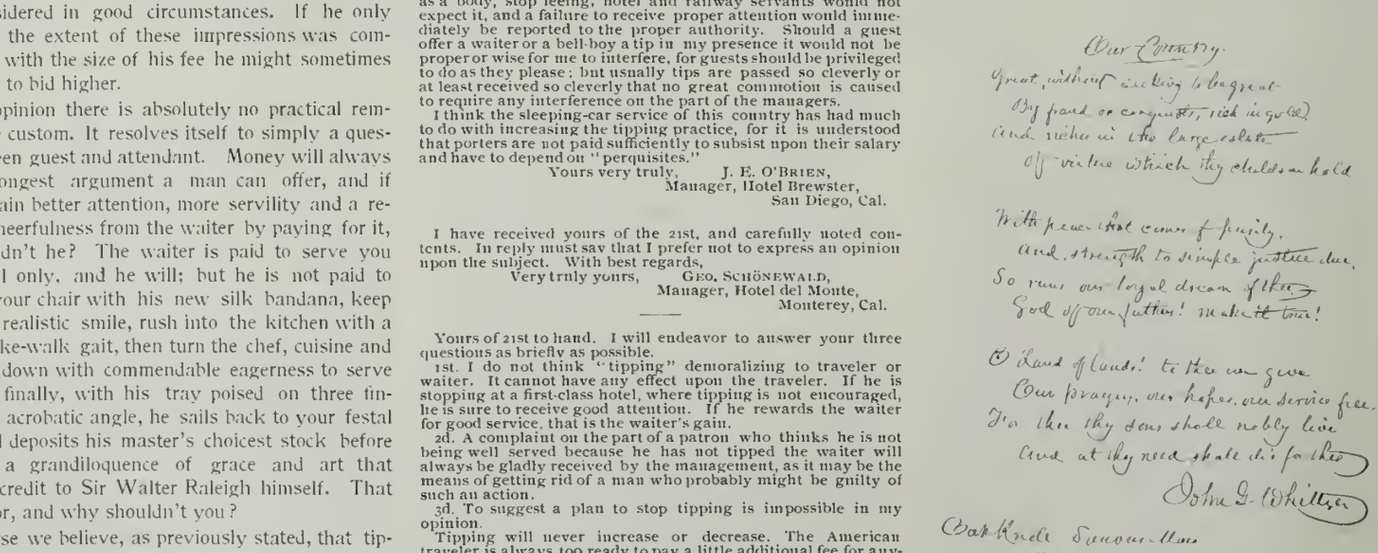
"Tipping" undoubtedly had its origin in the desire of requiting special personal service of attendants, and within proper scope and limits would not be without benefits. In this age of wealth and travel, however, in the hands of careless users, the system of fees has so developed and grown as not only to be an evil but a nuisance, from which travelers cannot escape; whilst it is yet possible to control the system in a measure by watchfulness on the part of the manager, yet we seem to have no other alternative than to drift into the customs as abroad, where the extra price for services is to the knowing ones as fixed by usage and as expected as a charge for fuel or lights. In most cases of service, nevertheless, proper and intelligent treatment of attendants brings much more satisfactory results than fees can buy, and recognition of services performed calls forth the best attentions. Yours very truly,
MARY E. PENDLETON,
Hotel Pleasanton,
San Francisco, Cal

In reply to your questions regarding "tipping" will say:

I consider the practice extremely demoralizing, equally to the waiter, traveler and proprietor. A complaint on the part of a guest to the proprietor may be in each particular instance sufficient to secure for him the best of service and attention, due to the proprietor's special instruction in his behalf, but generally speaking such complaint on the part of the guest is not sufficient without the regulation tip. A waiter serves more promptly the man who tips him, and he comes to regard the tip as his legitimate right, and when he fails to receive it is indifferent to the wants of the guest, and therefore gives cause for complaint and dissatisfaction. The traveler feels that unless he uses his money freely in the dining-room, or else complains continually, though he may be paying the highest rates the hotel affords and is entitled to the best possible service, he will not get the attention which the tips bring him. A long article might be written on how to eradicate the pernicious practice, and some suggestions made that would be feasible, and might help solve this, one of the most difficult problems with which hotel men are confronted; but I am of the opinion that unless by the strongest organization of all hotel proprietors, and the adoption of and strict adherence to, the most stringent rules, perhaps by combined efforts and influence using legislative powers sufficient to stamp out this practice, that at present under existing conditions it cannot be accomplished. I consider the guest the greater offender and the waiter an accessory after the fact. Yours truly,
G. S. HOLMES,
Manager, The Knutsford,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Your favor regarding "tipping" is before me. When I was young and innocent in the hotel business I should have answered your question. I started in to reform the evil, but soon found we were so far away from the base of supplies for hotel help that we could not accomplish what might be done at San Francisco; so the effort was dropped. I still feel unable to give an opinion. Yours truly, E. S. BABCOCK,
Manager, Hotel del Coronado,
Coronado Cal.

In our desire to place before the readers of THE TRAVELER whatever choice and especially unique matters of art or literature we can lay hands on, we have asked and somewhat reluctantly received permission to reproduce the autograph poem below by the late John G. Whittier, a voluntary and highly prized token of personal friendship, which otherwise might never reach the public eye. It was addressed to and is the much treasured property of Mr. J. J. Valentine, President Wells. Fargo & Co., San Francisco.


For my friend Valentine at the "Golden Gate".

Our Country.

Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold
And richer in the large estate
Of virtue which they children hold

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee
God of our fathers! make it true!

O Land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free.
For thee thy sons shall nobly live
And at thy need shall die for thee

John G. Whittier

Oak Knoll Danvers Mass
Nov 28 1887

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "There were four great men in the lives of whom I felt I had a certain relationship. They were Darwin, Gladstone, Tennyson and Lincoln, men who made the year 1809 conspicuous; and I was so unblushing as to creep into that year too."

Tourists will be interested to know that articles have just been signed for the building of the Donner & Truckee R. R., to run between Donner Lake and Tahoe City. A portion of it is expected to be ready for traffic by July 1st.

ITEMS.

Cazadero, Sonoma County, the terminus of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, is now fully equipped for its summer trade. Advance inquiries indicate that it will secure a generous share of patronage during the coming season. Mrs. K. S. Hart, with her two sons, have secured a lease of the place, and have made many alterations and improvements. A beautifully illustrated souvenir of Cazadero, compiled by THE TRAVELER, will shortly be issued by the management, and copies will be cheerfully furnished on application to Mrs. Hart or to THE TRAVELER'S Bureau of Information, 602 Market Street, San Francisco.

Among the really ideal summer resorts of Southern California may be mentioned La Jolla Park (pronounced La Hoy-ya) situated about twelve miles north of San Diego, and reached by the S. D., O. T. & P. Ry. Its chief charm lies in the evenness of the temperature, being eight degrees warmer in winter and six or seven degrees cooler in the summer than in any other portion of the South. La Jolla Park Hotel is a model resort under the management of Messrs. Johnson & Ritchie. The principal attraction of La Jolla Park is its wonderful natural caves, hollowed out into grotesque shapes. They are situated along the seashore near the hotel, and are well worth a visit. An excellent photograph of them may be seen in the office of THE TRAVELER, where also further information will be given concerning this wonderful place.

We have received a copy of the handsome souvenir recently published by the Brown-Palace Hotel, Denver. It is artistic and elaborate, and fully in keeping with their former tasty publications designed by Mr. Harry Watcham, general representative.

Mr. J. E. O'Brien is now the owner of the Hotel Brewster, San Diego, and rumor has it that he obtained it at a bargain; but even that must have been at a good figure, when we consider the fact that the entire property has been valued at about $120,000, furniture and all. The change took effect some time since, although the modesty of Mr. O'Brien is evidenced by the fact that he still calls himself "Manager." We can safely say that Mr. O'Brien is one of the most popular hotel men in Southern California, and if the popularity of the hotel manager is any index to the character of the hotel (which is undeniable) he can justly claim to have the best transient hotel in San Diego to-day. We say transient, because we do not wish to offend our friend Kennedy, who manages the Florence on the hill. But the Florence is essentially a family hostelry, and the best of its class. Therefore, those who read this need not fear that either Kennedy or O'Brien will feel offended wherever you go, for they console and rejoice with one another according to the weather, and THE TRAVELER can warmly vouch for the fact that you will be well treated at either place.

Last month the Painter Hotel, Pasadena, celebrated its fifth anniversary with a delightful musical entertainment, followed by dancing. The Painter has now a full house, and, owing to the peculiar charm of its location, overlooking the San Gabriel Valley, it has become deservedly popular.

The Hotel Vendome, San Jose, is one of the largest and best appointed in California, and is situated in a park of twelve acres, located in the most aristocratic quarter of San Jose, only two blocks from the depot. Many improvements have recently been made in advance of the summer traffic. The Vendome books all the Raymond parties, and Mr. Geo. P. Snell, the manager, anticipates a most prosperous season. Mr. Snell is well and favorably known by the first class traveling element, and together with the assistance of Mr. H. S. Bruner, his secretary and cashier, the patrons of the Vendome never lack for good treatment and courteous attention. The stables of the Mount Hamilton Stage Company are located on the premises, which proves a great convenience to those desiring to make the trip to the Lick Observatory.

Travelers going to Oakland will find the Hotel Crellin one of the most comfortable and convenient at which to stop. It is located in the center of the city, and is strictly first class in all its appointments.

Outing is the title of one of the most interesting and attractive magazines that is dedicated to the votaries of sport and recreation. Its illustrations are always elegant and entertaining, and its text correspondingly inviting to those in whose interest it is conducted. Its selections are always refreshing, original and apropos, and altogether it is one of the most entertaining magazines that emanates from New York.

The New York Home Journal is one of the most popular and progressive branches of the journalistic world extant, and, owing to the versatility of its contents, it is companionable at every tasteful fireside in the country. Morris Phillips, its genial and talented editor, is one of the best known journalists in the United States, and under his able régime the *Home Journal* will never lack for instructive and entertaining literature. Our California readers will find it to their advantage to take the *Home Journal* if they wish to be posted on both local and international events. The price is only $2 a year, or 5 cents a copy.

Mr. L. R. Mead, proprietor of Byron Springs, tells us that quite a number of guests are now domiciled at the hotel. Byron will always be a favorite resort, for it is ably managed and easy of access from San Francisco. Any one desiring rest, quiet and a general recuperation should not fail to visit Byron.

The Southern California Railway is preparing for its summer schedule, when its trains are almost as convenient as a street-car line. In our March number we gave a little sketch of the trip over its celebrated "Kite-shaped Track," but no less interesting is the journey over the Surf Line from Los Angeles to San Diego. For a long distance the train runs along the seashore, at times approaching near enough to feel the spray from the breakers. No tourist should miss this little four or five hour jaunt. The Southern California Railway now taps almost every resort and point of interest in Southern California, and the train service is superior in every respect.

The unique half-tone group of three little colored boys appearing in our advertising columns is used through the courtesy of the *Buffalo Express*.

The old patrons of the Pacific Ocean House hail with delight the new management of Messrs. J. T. Sullivan and J. R. Chace. Mr. Sullivan is one of the best known hotel men in the State, having successfully conducted the Sea Beach Hotel for several years past. Mr. Chace is famous as a rustler, and will assume the active management of the hotel, while Mr. Sullivan will continue to look after the interests of the Sea Beach. They are likewise to be congratulated on having secured the services of Mr. H. W. Lake as manager, the latter having resigned a similar position at the Hotel Ramona for that purpose. The Sea Beach Hotel has lost none of its popularity as a favorite seaside resort, and undoubtedly Santa Cruz will be more of a fashionable Mecca this season than ever.

OLD GOLD.

AN INDIAN LULLABY.

Sleep in thy forest bed,
Where silent falls the tread
On the needles, soft and deep,
Of the pine.

Rest in thy perfect dream,
Lulled by the falling stream
And the long, long hushing-song
Of the pine.

Send, mighty spirit kind,
Send not the rushing wind,
Send a gentle slumber song
To the pine.

Breath fragrant as the rose
From the tasseled branches blows—
Softly breathe upon my child,
Mother pine.

—*D. A. McKellar*

THE NEW SONG.

"*And they sang as it were a new song.*"

As the voice of many waters
That comes up from the sea,
As the sound from the far-off sand wastes
When the desert winds sweep free
Through the loneness of the midnight,
They sang triumphantly.

They sang, with the harpers harping;
And the song rose with a swell
That spread to the deepest heavens:
And lo! the wondrous spell
Was resting upon the nations;
But the song no man could tell.

The thrill of a mighty gladness
Like a subtle current ran
Through the measures of the music,
That hushed and then began,
And swelled to the farthest heavens
As the sweep of the hurricane.

And the hearts of the nations hungered
That the voicing they might know,
And the harping of the harpers,
That ever to and fro
Through the ages swelled and echoed
As the ages come and go.

And the harpers kept a-harping,
And still the singers sang,
Till the arches of the heavens
With the mighty music rang.
But the song—no man could learn it,
Nor the words the singers sang.

—*J. P. Widney in Overland Monthly.*

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched the silver strand,
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
An eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue —
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid,—
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such mirth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed.
The guileless movements of her breast,
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north,—
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O, need I tell that passion's name?

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

A Harvard boy outran his allowance and other resources so much that he was in imminent need of aid. So he sat down and wrote to his father thus:

"*Dear Pa:* I had the misfortune to be upset in a boat while out on the Charles River, and lost the beautiful watch you gave me. I would like some money to employ a diver to recover it.

Your affectionate son,
THOMAS."

The old gentleman was no fool. He replied:

"It is not worth while diving for it. It might as well be in soak in one place as in another."

A gentleman riding through one of the pine wastes so common in middle Georgia some years ago overtook a young man whose sack of corn under him on the farm-horse he rode gave evidence that he was bound for the grist-mill.

Some conversation between the two developed the fact that the young man was a son of the author of a popular almanac.

The gentleman asked the young man jocosely, "And do you ever make calculations upon the weather, like those for which your father is so celebrated?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, readily.

"And how do your calculations agree with your father's?" inquired the gentleman.

"Very well, indeed," replied the young man. "We are never more than one day apart in our reckoning."

"Why, that is wonderful, certainly!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Only one day's difference?"

"Yes," said he, with a twinkle in his eye; "he can always tell the day before when it is going to rain, and I can always tell the day afterward!"

What an experience it was, learning to write! And how many of us amiably and unconsciously made faces over it! For after we had learned where to place each finger, and how to move the pen, and how to hold the wrist, there was an unruly member that insisted upon helping us shape each letter.

Little Girl—Please ma'am, Johnny Smart is makin' mistakes in his writing lesson.

Teacher—How do you know?

Little Girl—There's three capital S's in the copy to-day, and he's makin' L's.

Teacher—You can't see his pen.

Little Girl—No'm, but I can see his tongue. —*Good News.*

A rather unique method adopted by the "dead-beat" class is illustrated in the following which occurred at New Orleans some years ago:

Two sailors attached to the cutter *Aiken* desired to secure a good pair of boots for one of them. One of the sailors entered the store of a shoe-dealer by the name of Moses. After trying on a pair of boots, and while in the act of stamping his feet down, his confederate entered and made an insulting remark to him. He resented it, and was forthwith knocked down by the confederate. He at once made after him, apparently hot in anger, and chased him out of the store. Moses regarded the sailors with amusement until after the chase was continued for couple of blocks, and he saw both of them dodge round a corner in company, and it dawned upon him that he had been swindled.

A young, inexperienced lad who wanted to solicit subscriptions for THE TRAVELER happened to drop into a business office down town, and asked the proprietor if he would subscribe for one year. The gentleman said, "I know the editor of THE TRAVELER very well, and you please tell him that I wouldn't give him a dollar a million for his paper." The message was delivered, and the editor at once called upon the gentleman to demand an explanation. "Is not THE TRAVELER a clean, respectable and attractive paper?" "Yes," "Then why do you say you wouldn't give a dollar a million for it?" "Because I couldn't make use of that money! But here is five dollars for as many yearly subscriptions." The business man smiled in a queer way, and the editor went out on the sidewalk and wondered.

A correspondent of *The Companion* vouches for a new story of Irish shrewdness.

A gentleman was sitting in the waiting-room of a station on the New York & New England Railroad, when an Irishman turned away from the ticket-office and came up to him.

"I have got the best of this ould corporation for once in me life," said he.

"How is that, Pat?"

"I have bought a round-trip ticket to New York and back, and"—in a whisper—"*I aint comin' back.*"

Mr. F. A. Haber of the Inglenook Vineyard, office 101 Front Street, has kindly loaned us the painting (by Saalburg) a copy of which adorns the head of this column.

The following information has been obtained direct from official sources, and is absolutely correct and reliable. The principal routes to Chicago are shown in the simplest form possible. They are in no sense an advertisement of the roads mentioned, but are given solely for the information of our readers.

Further and more detailed data concerning routes and rates will be cheerfully furnished on application to "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU OF INFORMATION, office in the State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Route 1.—Southern Pacific Company to New Orleans, Illinois Central to Chicago.

Time, 5 days, 5¾ hours.

				Miles
Leave San Francisco	Monday	9 00	a m	
Arrive Yuma	Tuesday	5 20	p m	731
" El Paso	Wednesday	12 15	p m	1287
" San Antonio	Thursday	12 55	p m	1919
" New Orleans	Friday	10 55	a m	2496
" Cairo	Saturday	5 30	a m	2946
" Chicago	Saturday	4 45	p m	3411

Route 2.—Southern Pacific Company to El Paso, Texas & Pacific to Texarkana, Iron Mountain to St. Louis, Chicago & Alton to Chicago.

Time, 5 days, 5¾ hours.

				Miles
Leave San Francisco	Monday	9 00	a m	
Arrive El Paso	Wednesday	12 15	p m	1287
" Fort Worth	Thursday	6 05	p m	1903
" Texarkana	Friday	6 30	a m	2147
" St. Louis	Saturday	6 20	a m	2637
" Chicago	Saturday	4 45	p m	2920

Route 3.—Santa Fé Route *via* Mojave and Albuquerque.

Time, 4 days, 3 hours.

				Miles
Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 30	p m	
Arrive Mojave	Tuesday	6 50	a m	382
" Albuquerque	Wednesday	7 00	a m	1197
" La Junta	Thursday	8 45	a m	1544
" Kansas City	Friday	6 30	a m	2115
" Chicago	Friday	10 30	p m	2573

Route 4.—Southern Pacific Company to Ogden, Union Pacific to Council Bluffs, Chicago & Northwestern to Chicago.

Time, 3 days, 14½ hours.

				Miles
Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00	p m	
Arrive Ogden	Wednesday	5 15	a m	833
" Cheyenne	Thursday	3 45	a m	1348
" Council Bluffs	Thursday	7 10	p m	1867
" Cedar Rapids	Friday	3 27	a m	2137
" Chicago	Friday	9 30	a m	2357

Route 5.—Southern Pacific to Ogden, Rio Grande Western to Grand Junction, Denver & Rio Grande to Denver, Burlington Route to Chicago.

Time, 3 days, 20¾ hours.

				Miles
Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00	p m	
Arrive Ogden	Wednesday	5 15	a m	833
" Salt Lake City	Wednesday	7 50	a m	870
" Grand Junction	Wednesday	5 50	p m	1198
" Denver	Thursday	8 00	a m	1654
" Pacific Junction	Thursday	1 30	a m	2197
" Chicago	Friday	3 47	p m	2680

Route 6.—Southern Pacific to Ogden, Rio Grande Western to Grand Junction, Colorado Midland to Denver, Burlington Route to Chicago.

Time, 3 days, 20¾ hours.

				Miles
Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00	p m	
Arrive Salt Lake City	Wednesday	7 50	a m	870
" Grand Junction	Wednesday	5 50	p m	1198
" Denver	Thursday	7 50	a m	1582
" Omaha	Thursday	12 40	a m	2102
" Chicago	Friday	3 47	p m	2610

Route 7.—Southern Pacific to Ogden, Union Pacific to Butte, Great Northern to St. Paul, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway to Chicago.

Time, 5 days, 2¾ hours.

				Miles
Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00	p m	
Arrive Ogden	Wednesday	5 15	a m	833
" Butte	Thursday	5 38	a m	1230
" Helena	Thursday	11 30	a m	1302
" Great Falls	Thursday	1 45	p m	1401
" Assiniboine	Thursday	7 00	p m	1513
" Grand Forks	Friday	6 20	p m	2157
" Crookston	Friday	7 20	p m	2183
" Minneapolis	Saturday	6 20	a m	2472
" St. Paul	Saturday	6 55	a m	2483
" Chicago	Saturday	9 35	p m	2885

Route 8.—Southern Pacific to Portland, Northern Pacific to St. Paul, Wisconsin Central to Chicago.

Time, 6 days, 10¼ hours.

				Miles
Leave San Francisco	Monday	7 00	p m	
Arrive Castle Crag	Tuesday	8 56	a m	320
" Shasta Springs	Tuesday	9 31	a m	327
" Sisson	Tuesday	10 22	a m	338
" Portland	Wednesday	7 35	a m	772
" Tacoma	Wednesday	10 45	p m	917
" Spokane	Thursday	5 50	p m	1316
" Helena	Friday	12 40	p m	1698
" Livingston	Friday	6 30	p m	1821
" St. Paul	Sunday	12 15	p m	2828
" Chicago	Monday	7 15	a m	3290

Route 9.—Southern Pacific to Portland, Northern Pacific to Tacoma, C. P. line to Seattle, Great Northern to New Whatcom, B. B. & B. C. to Huntingdon, Canadian Pacific to Gretna, Great Northern to St. Paul, C., M. & St. P. to Chicago.

Time, 8 days, 1 hour.

				Miles
Leave San Francisco	Monday	7 00	p m	
Arrive Portland	Wednesday	7 35	a m	772
" Tacoma	Wednesday	3 40	a m	917
" Seattle	Wednesday	6 20	p m	937
" Mission Junction	Thursday	4 17	p m	1129
" Banff Hot Springs	Friday	10 25	p m	1657
" Medicine Hat	Saturday	10 00	a m	1919
" Winnipeg	Sunday	4 30	p m	2579
" Gretna	Monday	2 05	p m	2646
" St. Paul	Tuesday	7 15	a m	3064
" Milwaukee	Tuesday	7 10	p m	3389
" Chicago	Tuesday	10 00	p m	3474

ADVICE TO TRAVELERS.

TICKETS.

An **Unlimited First-class Ticket** entitles you to ride in first-class coaches (or in second-class, if you prefer); it is good for use for an indefinite period, and allows stop-overs, subject to the regulations of the line or lines over which it reads. There are very few roads that now sell unlimited tickets, the extreme limit being thirty days for through overland tickets (single trip), and six months for local tickets.

A **Limited First-class Ticket** entitles you to every privilege accorded by an unlimited ticket, but must be used within a certain specified time from its date of sale. It is usually limited from one to three days longer than the time required to reach destination if you went through without stop. Stop-overs may be had within such limit, subject to the regulations of the line or lines over which it reads.

A **Second-class Ticket** entitles you to a seat in a second-class coach. *It does not allow stop-overs at any point.*

Children 5 years of age, and under 12, are charged half fare; those under 5, free.

Contract Tickets. If you attempt to travel on a ticket bought for use of another person, and usually marked "NOT TRANSFERABLE," it is the duty of the conductor to take it up and collect full fare, of which the passenger cannot expect a refund nor the return of the lifted ticket.

Unused Tickets. Though there is no law compelling a railroad company to redeem a ticket, they will generally do so as an act of courtesy. Unused tickets, or parts of tickets, should be forwarded to the General Passenger Agent of the issuing line, with an explanation of why they were not used. A ticket is generally redeemable at the difference between the amount paid for it and the regular rate between the points for which used.

Stop-overs. If you wish to stop off at any point, and your ticket allows it, do not fail to ask the conductor for a stop-over check, else you will be obliged to pay fare on resuming journey.

Lost Tickets. If you lose your ticket you are out of pocket the value thereof. The railroad company is under no obligation to give you another in its place, nor to allow you to ride free. Give notice of your loss to the conductor. Pay your fare to him or purchase another ticket from the first ticket station. *Take receipt for the amount paid.* When you reach your destination write the General Passenger Agent of the road of which you bought your ticket, inclose receipt, and explain the circumstances. If your ticket is found and returned *unused*, the company will refund your money. If your ticket was limited and is never found, the company will probably refund your money within a reasonable time after its date of expiration, providing it has not been honored.

Caution. You will often avoid considerable trouble in settlement of a possible claim for lost tickets if you will make a memorandum at the time you buy your ticket, showing its number, its form, date and place of sale and destination. Should any difference arise between yourself and the conductor, pay latter's claim, take receipt for the amount, and refer the matter to the General Passenger Agent, who will satisfactorily adjust it.

BAGGAGE.

Baggage.—150 Pounds of baggage are allowed on each full ticket; 75 pounds on half tickets.

A single piece of baggage weighing over 250 pounds will not be checked, but must be shipped by express or as freight.

Baggage cannot be checked to a point short of the destination of your ticket, unless such ticket allows stop-over privileges.

Baggagemen cannot knowingly check anything but personal apparel and traveling effects; all other articles must be weighed and charged for as excess baggage.

As a matter of precaution, have your name and address plainly marked on your trunk; and make a note of your check number, for in case of losing your check it would be much easier to prove your property.

Guns and bicycles may be carried in baggage car, but the latter at owner's risk.

Storage will be charged for baggage left at destination over 24 hours.

These rules are based on judicial decisions, and are therefore beyond dispute.

Detailed information and printed matter concerning the following trips will be cheerfully furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU OF INFORMATION, 602 Market Street, San Francisco.

YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Leave San Francisco	4.00	P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Raymond	5.50	A. M.	Sunday.
Leave " (Stage)	6.30	A. M.	Sunday.
Arrive Wawona	6.00	P. M.	Sunday.
Leave "	7.00	A. M.	Monday.
Arrive Yosemite	Noon		Monday.
Leave "	6.00	A. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive San Francisco	9.45	A. M.	Thursday.

Pullman sleeper between San Francisco and Raymond, $1.50 per berth. The above itinerary and rate includes side trip to the Calaveras Big Trees.

San Francisco to Yosemite and return $50 00

DEL MONTE, SANTA CRUZ AND SAN JOSE.

Leave San Francisco	2.30	P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Hotel del Monte	6.15	P. M.	Saturday.
Leave " "	1.38	P. M.	Sunday.
Arrive Santa Cruz (Sea Beach Hotel)	3.40	P. M.	Sunday.
Leave " "	2.00	P. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Jose (Hotel Vendome)	4.10	P. M.	Monday.
Leave " "	9.00	A. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive San Francisco	10.50	A. M.	Tuesday.

From San Francisco to Del Monte and Del Monte to Santa Cruz, you take the broad gauge route; from Santa Cruz to San Francisco, the narrow-gauge route through the Santa Cruz Mountains. At Del Monte you will have ample time to see the beautiful grounds and take the famous eighteen-mile drive. At the Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz, you are constantly in view of the ocean and the bathing grounds. From here a beautiful ride may be taken to the Big Trees, only seven miles distant. From the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, you can take interesting drives to the New Almaden Mines (12 miles), Santa Clara (3½ miles), or Alum Rock Springs (7 miles). A stay of one day longer at San Jose will give you an opportunity to make the trip to the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, twenty-seven miles from San Jose, leaving the latter point at 7.30 o'clock A. M., and returning to San Jose about 6.00 P. M. Round-trip rate from San Jose, $4.00.

Round-trip railroad ticket from San Francisco, good for six months, and including the above itinerary, $7 30.

A TOUR OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Leave San Francisco (S. P. Co.)	5.30	P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Los Angeles	12.30	P. M.	Sunday.
Leave " " (So. Cal. Ry.)	7.00	A. M.	Monday.
Arrive Pasadena	7.25	A. M.	Monday.
Leave "	9.28	A. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Bernardino	11.30	A. M.	Monday.
Leave " "	4.05	P. M.	Monday.
Arrive Riverside	4.28	P. M.	Monday.
Leave "	7.55	A. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive San Diego	12.50	P. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive Coronado Beach	1.20	P. M.	Tuesday.
Leave " "	1.20	P. M.	Wednesday.
Leave San Diego	2.10	P. M.	Wednesday.
Arrive Los Angeles	6.50	P. M.	Wednesday.
Leave " (Redondo Ry.)	8.00	A. M.	Thursday.
Arrive Redondo Beach	8.50	A. M.	Thursday.
Leave " " (So. Cal. Ry.)	3.40	P. M.	Thursday.
Arrive Los Angeles	4.25	P. M.	Thursday.
Leave " " (S. P. Co.)	4.55	P. M.	Thursday.
Arrive Santa Barbara	9.35	P. M.	Thursday.
Leave " "	4.10	P. M.	Friday.
Arrive San Francisco	8.45	P. M.	Saturday.

The above suggested itinerary can of course be shortened or prolonged to suit the traveler, but it gives sufficient time at each place of interest to enable one pressed for time to obtain a very fair knowledge of the beauties of Southern California.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

Leave San Francisco	9.00	A. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Byron Springs	12.15	P. M.	Saturday.
Leave " "	9.00	A. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Francisco	12.15	P. M.	Monday.

This trip is most pleasant, and includes a short carriage drive of two miles from Byron Station to the Springs without charge. Byron Springs is essentially a place of rest and recuperation, and is famous for the remarkable curative properties of its waters and baths.

Fare (one way) $1 90
Round trip (Friday to Monday) 3 00

PARAISO SPRINGS.

Leave San Francisco	8.15	A. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Soledad	1.43	P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Paraiso	2.45	P. M.	Saturday.
Leave "	11.45	A. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Francisco	6.10	P. M.	Monday.

Paraiso has an altitude of 1,400 feet, and is both a summer and winter resort. Here you can enjoy a delightful plunge bath and partake of the various springs. The beauty of its surroundings and the character of its springs have justly earned for Paraiso the title of "Carlsbad of America."

San Francisco to the Springs and return $9.00

CAZADERO.

Leave San Francisco	1.45	P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Cazadero	7.00	P. M.	Saturday.
Leave "	5.00	A. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Francisco	10.25	A. M.	Monday.

At Cazadero you can enjoy a hunt, fish, swim or ride through the Redwoods. The ride by rail on the North Pacific Coast is one of the most picturesque in California

Round trip from San Francisco $5.00

MAY, 1893.

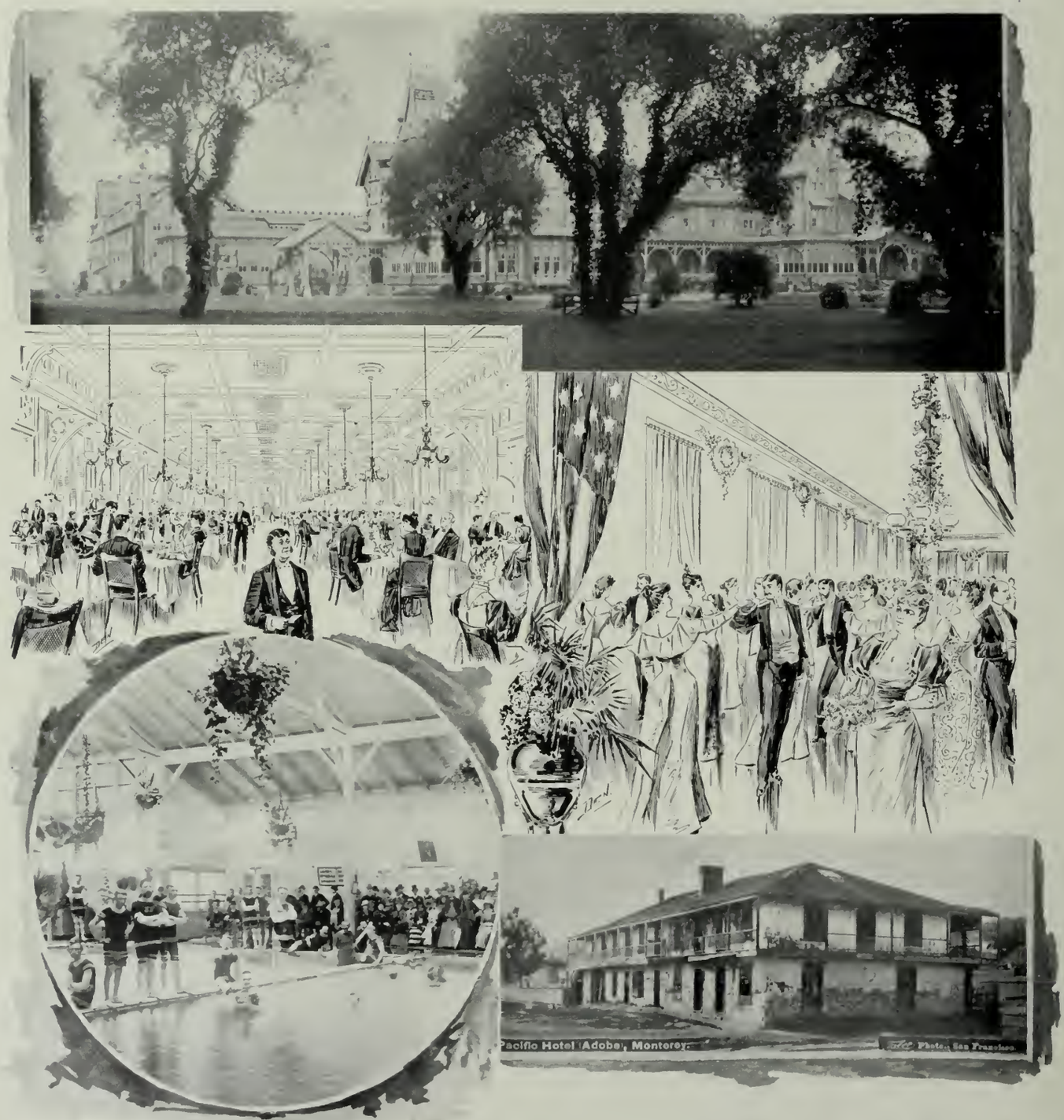
THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Watkins photo.

THE SIERRA NEVADA FROM ROUND TOP.



Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

VOLUME I. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1893. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

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PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES $1.25. SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with the TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

WHEN the World's Fair opens the tourist in New York can step on board a train of the New York Central road at the Forty-second Street station at three o'clock in the afternoon and at ten o'clock the next morning find himself in Chicago, having been whirled over the intervening 980 miles in the hitherto unprecedented time of nineteen hours apparent, and twenty hours actual time. To accomplish this the train must average forty-nine miles an hour, including stops, and of course for much of the distance the actual running time will be at the rate of sixty miles an hour and even higher. The experience of the New York Central with its high speed "Empire Express" between New York and Buffalo has proved that a similar rate of speed can be maintained to Chicago, and the company has the enterprise to undertake to furnish these remarkable facilities to the Eastern public for reaching the great exposition.

THE round-trip World's Fair rate to Chicago has finally been fixed at $100.00. One-way tickets to Chicago will be $60.00. The round-trip rate from common points in California to Missouri River common points was fixed at $80.00, and one-way tickets between the same points at $50.00.

The dispatches state that the tickets under the new rate will be good until November 15th. The agreement is understood to be that the tickets will be good only for one continuous trip East, but will give stopover privileges on the return trip. Second-class rates $52.50.

IN THE San Francisco *Chronicle* of recent date appears a vicious and unjust attack on Japan and her women, written by Clement Scott, who just arrived here to join his bride.

Mr. Scott charges the Japanese with being naturally immoral. He denounces the picturesque "tea-houses" as invariably sanctums of wickedness, and lays special stress upon the avariciousness of their occupants. He upbraids the customs of the married women, who are compelled to shave their eyebrows and blacken their teeth as an evidence of matrimony, and, lastly, condemns in stinging phrases the governmental regulation that the moral festers of the great cities occupy a locality separate and distinct from the purer sections.

We believe Mr. Scott's opinions on all these subjects morbid and absolutely without foundation. A man's impressions are gauged by the character of the glasses through which he looks. The Japanese tea-houses are, as a class, thoroughly respectable. They are little social and refreshment booths, so to speak, where one may spend a half hour in pleasant conversation with a few bright young girls, whose mission is to bring you such refreshments as you may order.

We all admit that vice in any form is reprehensible, and yet who will not agree that, while it does exist, it is far better to centralize it in one spot than to scatter it broadcast amongst virtue. It is questionable whether, if all the dens of iniquity in any of our own large cities were gathered together in one inclosure, they would not compare most alarmingly in area with that of any Japanese city of equal size.

The very fact of the *concentration* of evil in Japanese cities gives them an apparent precedence in the wickedness of the world; but it is unquestionable that, taking their own consciences as an index, the Japanese people will make a most favorable comparison in the code of ethics with the other civilized nations of the globe.

WE CULL a few paragraphs from the recent amended Emeric game law of California, and especially approve the first clause:

"Every person who, in the State of California, shall, within the two years next (except from September 1st to October 15th in each year) after the passage of this Act, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any male deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep or buck, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

"Every person who, in the State of California, shall, within the two years next after the passage of this Act, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy, or have in his possession, except for purposes of propagation, any pheasant, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

"Proof of possession of any quail, partridge or grouse, which shall not show evidence of having been taken by means other than a net or pound, shall be *prima-facie* evidence, in any prosecution for violation of the provisions of this section, that the person in whose possession such quail, partridge or grouse is found, took, killed or destroyed the same by means of a net or pound.

"Every person who shall use a shotgun of a larger caliber than that commonly known and designated as No. 10 gauge, for the purpose of killing or destroying any wild duck, rail, quail, partridge, pheasant or grouse, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

And THE TRAVELER would fain add to this the following clause: "Every person who, in the State of California, shall at any time hunt, pursue, kill or destroy any robin, lark or other singing bird, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

OZONE is probably the most powerful deodorizing scavenger in the universe, and has a more far-reaching, pungent and permeating influence than anything of its volume known to man. It is the great bacteria-killer and germ-destroyer, the enemy of disease, avoids indoor life, and abounds in large quantities in high altitudes.

The sulphurous odor accompanying lightning flashes, the existence of which has been laughed at, is due to some peculiar electric-ozone disturbance.

Its existence in perceptible quantities is found along the seashore and in well-wooded mountainous countries. It is more abundant when the barometer is low, more abundant in winter than in summer, in stormy weather than in fine, in the country than in the city, at night than in the daytime, in the mountains than on the plains.

It is the purifying essence of oxygen; and the bracing and inspiring effect of a clear, crisp and sparkling morning is due in part to the amount of ozone in the air.

Dr. G. M. Beard, in a paper read before the American Public Health Association in 1873, discussed atmospheric electricity and ozone, and suggested that daily observations be made at the government astronomical and meteorological stations, which would doubtless explain in some measure the contrasts in atmospheric conditions over the United States. He says these observations "might help to explain the extraordinarily stimulating character of the climate of California, also the fact that on the Pacific Coast sunstroke is not apt to occur even under very high temperature."

Upon inquiry at the Signal Service office at San Francisco we find that this suggestion was apparently ahead of the times; and the whole subject of atmospheric electricity and ozone is of so subtle a character that it will have to be left to the higher-science societies, and, even then, light upon its causes, conditions and characteristics is likely to develop slowly.

"A Long Tramp Among the Hills."

THE above cut is especially suggestive in California at the present time: the hills are ablaze with wildflowers, and the glens are rich in a fresh fern undergrowth; brawling brooks sing their way down to the sea; the birds cannot help but sing; and the air is so fresh, invigorating and healthful that the indoor worker longs to be (or take) a long tramp among the hills.

GOLDEN GATE PARK.

V. H. ADDIS.

CONTRARY to the present appearance of the park, it must be stated that, in the absorption of practical demands and material enterprises, San Francisco was very backward about instituting such resorts for her rapid growth of population. It was not until 1870 that the State Legislature passed an Act authorizing the issuance of bonds for the purchase of outside city lands and the construction and maintenance of a park. The site chosen was a tract west of San Francisco, about three and one-half miles from the Palace Hotel. The parallelogram contains 1,040 acres. A concrete idea of its dimensions may be formed from the statement that it has the length of fifty-six city blocks, and the width of nine. It extends through to the beach, thus being the only park in the world having a sea-front. It is accessible by several of the cable tramway lines in the city.

The grand avenue leading to the park—popularly known as the "Pan-handle"—is 3,834 feet long by 275 feet wide. Its smooth, perfectly kept roadways, its bordering lines of fine trees, its picturesque groups, all bespeak a conscientious application of the truest principles of landscape gardening. It is in this section that Superintendent McLaren proposes to place the plantation of characteristic Californian trees which will constitute a most appropriate and attractive feature.

The flora of the park has levied contributions from almost every known clime and country. Such variety of species is possessed by few old-established parks, even in the old and chief cities of the world.

In few places can be seen a more striking instance of the subjection of Nature's more lawless moods to the restraints of applied science. The original sand-dunes of this tract were of a light, drifting character, stubbornly resisting control or manipulation, and the sand blew over and choked the roads made near these hills. The process of reducing this waste to its present fertility was peculiar and interesting. It consisted in the propagating of vegetable growth with abundant fibrous roots to bind and hold the sand in place. The plants best adapted to this purpose are two indigenous lupins, blue and yellow; and the "sand-bent" (*Arundo arenaria*), a sea-beach grass imported from Europe. By the agency of these plants has been effected the reclamation of most of the territory to a foundation fit for supersoiling and tree-planting. This work mainly consumed the first few years after the park's dedication.

With an area greater than that of the famous Central Park of New York, our local *plaisance* cost, as per the estimates, $160 per acre for construction and maintenance, as against Central Park's $190 for maintenance only,—a showing which certainly implies judicious and economical administration. Naturally, the construction of roads figures as a large item of outlay. The park contains nearly twenty miles of beautiful drives, over fourteen miles of walks, two and one-half miles of bridle-paths, and seven and two-thirds acres of concourse grounds, all involving expense and care in construction and maintenance.

The speed track, one mile long, was built by contributions from driving men.

The "wheelbarrow road," two miles long and sixty feet wide, was built by an army of unemployed men, many of whom were unused to manual labor, and who were thus assisted, without the sense of elemosynary benefit, during the business depression of the winter of 1890.

The water supply has been a troublesome and costly factor. The water works built in 1885-86 were inadequate to oppose the encroachments of the sand foe, but the beginning of June, 1893, probably will see in operation the powerful new works, with a pumping capacity of 60,000 gallons per hour.

The park buildings, while not numerous, have considerable claim to architectural beauty. The conservatory, built in 1878 by the late Charles Crocker, is to many the most attractive feature. It has an area of about 18,000 square feet, and contains plants gathered from all parts of the world. The bananas, palms, papaw-trees, the great lily (*Victoria Regia*), and the orchids, are perhaps of most popular interest.

SCENES IN GOLDEN GATE PARK.

In the children's quarter is a fine two-story building erected in 1889 from a donation of $50,000 made for the purpose by the late William Sharon. The carousal near by is artistically built like a circular Greek temple.

On rising ground west of "Conservatory Valley" stands a two-story wooden Casino building. In its original one-story form it was presented to the park by Mr. Daeman in 1882, costing $13,000. In 1890 it was considerably enlarged and improved.

The frame beach-house on the ocean boulevard was built something over a year ago, at a cost of $8,000. It contains ample sitting-rooms commanding fine views of the park and the ocean, sheds for horses and vehicles, and rooms for cyclists. Past this house runs the ocean boulevard, two miles long and 200 feet wide, above high-water mark,—an interesting drive.

Topping the imposing butte called Strawberry Hill is an oval structure, an amphitheater, roofless, but protected by its long curve of glass set between narrow columns. It is needless to comment on the comfort and protection to health which this retreat affords to persons enjoying the magnificent view from this point. Presented by T. U. Sweeney, this "panorama" cost $10,000.

The donation of $25,000 from C. P. Huntington made practicable the series of cascades now in construction, whose waters will tumble from the big hill reservoir into the circular lake which soon will make of Strawberry Hill an island.

The band-stand and the music-plaza, with their large seating capacity, attract throngs of people to the park on every concert day.

Of monuments the park has as yet hardly more than a nucleus. The Francis Scott Key statue made by Story, the bronze statues of Garfield and Starr King, and the granite monument of General Halleck, are supplemented by the bronze "Ball Thrower" by the Californian deaf-mute sculptor, Douglas Tilden.

The aviaries, with their fairy hosts of birds, native and exotic; the deer glen; the small but energetic herd of "buffaloes" (which are bison); the bridges; the numerous mechanical devices for diversion; the almost total absence of prohibitory placards; the sense of a personal proprietorship in "our park:"—all these vastly endear this pleasure-ground to the heart of the average citizen.

Frederick Law Olmstead, the landscape gardener *par excellence* of America, has expressed the following opinion: "The children's quarter, the concert ground and the deer glen are, in my judgment, better things each of its kind, than can be found in any other public park, at home or abroad."

The two most noticeable features are most highly to be recommended: The avoidance of artificial effects, all efforts tending rather toward the development, revelation and emphasis of the natural beauties of the place, whether as to topography, views or what not. Again, public parks should be free breathing places and recreation grounds for the people. This idea is followed out in our park's administration, and, instead of prohibitory restrictions, invitation of every sort is offered to the enjoyment of its beauties; the solicitous provision for amusements for the children; the establishment of a ball-practice ground, which will attract from street lounging and more evil associations hundreds of unformed characters; the catering, through the various natural collections, to popular tastes of a scientific turn; the opportunities for physical exercise; the æsthetic agency of music:—in short, almost every feature of Golden Gate Park shows that the respectable appropriations are being applied with the direct purpose of making this a place of resort salutary and beneficent in its effects upon the throngs that visit it,—numbers reaching to 20,000 and upward on fine-weather holidays, while every day brings a steady circulation which usually includes some 500 who are strangers to San Francisco.

The Golden Gate Park will some of these days be classed among the greatest of the world.

BULLFIGHTING.

THE questions, "Is bullfighting brutal?" and "Is murder a crime?" are equally absurd. There is probably no more brutal sport patronized by civilized nations at the present day, and yet it is quite safe to say that nine-tenths of American travelers in Mexico pay at least one visit to the Plaza de Toros just to see, of course, whether it really *is* as bad as it is represented; and I was not an exception to the rule.

It must be admitted that a bullfight is an intensely exciting, thrilling and nerve-upsetting entertainment, but not more so than an electrocution in Sing Sing; and there is enough morbid curiousness in this world to find audiences in either case.

Mr. Reau Campell, the editor of *A Pointer*, to whom we are indebted for the small cuts in this article, describes this Mexican national game in a very graphic manner:

"The Plaza de Toros is in shape very much like the cyclorama buildings of America, only much larger. Inside is a monster amphitheater seating thousands of people. Encircling the area is a high fence or barrier with a footrail about eighteen inches from the ground, on the inside, on which the performers step and leap over the fence when too closely pursued by the bull, landing in an open space between the audience and the ring.

"The opening of the performance is brilliant and exciting. The audiences are nearly always large, sometimes numbering from fifteen to twenty thousand, all eager for the fray. Gay colors are everywhere, bands are playing the liveliest airs, and all is excitement. The feeling of an American under the circumstances is one of amazement and anxious expectation. There is a grand flourish of trumpets, a gaily caparisoned horseman dashes in and gallops to the President's box. A key is thrown to him. It is the key of the door leading to the pens where the animals are kept. The horseman catches the key—woe be to him if he don't—and gallops back to the entrance, and disappears. If he does not catch the key he is hissed out of the ring. Another flourish of trumpets, and loud huzzas from twenty thousand throats, announce the coming of the company.

THE COMING OF THE COMPANY.

"It is, indeed, a brilliant spectacle, the *matadores* and *banderilleros* on foot and *picadores* on horseback, all clad in the gayest, gaudiest costumes, in all colors and gold embroideries. They march to the President's box. The President is a municipal or State officer, and has full direction of the proceedings. He is saluted by the company, and the fight is ready to commence.

EXCITING THE BULL WITH THE MULETA.

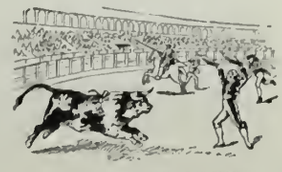
"Now the wildest excitement prevails, and the scene is a perfect picture of pandemonium. All eyes are turned toward the low strong doors under the band stand. They are thrown open, and from a darkened pen the bull bounds into the ring. As he passes under the rail a steel barb, with ribbons attached, showing the breeder's colors, is fastened in his shoulder. He gallops to the middle of the ring, stops and looks about with fear and astonishment. He is a grand-looking beast. Surprise and fear give way to rage. He paws the earth and snorts in his frenzy, and, discovering the red cloak of the *espada*, starts toward him on the run. The man goes over the fence, but not too quickly, for he has hardly disappeared before the bull's horns are thrust through the boards. The animal turns and spies a horse, and woe be unto the horse; his day has come. The *picador* with his lance is totally unable to keep the bull from goring the horse, and it is killed on the spot. The horses are not valuable, being retired from service, feasted and fattened to friskiness for this occasion, and blindfolded and ridden to certain death. Another man is chased out of the ring and another horse severely wounded. A signal from the President and a bugle call directs the horses to be removed.

THE THRUSTING OF BANDERILLAS.

THE FALL OF THE PICADOR

"Now comes the really interesting feature of the performance, the thrusting of the *banderillas*. The bull is alone with his tormentors. It is a contest between skill and brute strength. A *banderilla* is a wire about two feet and a half long. On the end is a very sharp, barbed point. The wire is covered its entire length with colored paper ribbons. The *banderillero* is the man who places them in the bull's shoulders. He must stand in front of the animal without flag or cloak,—must stand still and await the attack. The bull, maddened at his audacity, starts at him at full speed. The man steps out of his way gracefully, and skillfully thrusts the *banderillas* in the bull's shoulders as he passes by (they never speak as they pass by). As soon as the animal can check his headlong speed he turns, now furious with rage. He turns, only to find another *banderillero* with two more *banderillas*. These and two more are thrust into his shoulders, all hanging there. Bellowing now, he is wild.

"Another signal from the President instructs that the bull has had enough and must be killed. This is where the *matador*, the *primer espada*, distinguishes himself. His skillful killing of the bull by a single thrust of the sword is what determines the brilliancy of his star. The *matador* must face the bull, sword in hand, and await the attack. It is assassination to strike while he is at rest, and calls for hisses and missiles from the audience. The blood-red cloth or *muleta* is flaunted in front of the bull. The maddened animal closes his eyes and makes one more dash for life, and falls in death. The sword of the *matador* is thrust between the shoulders to the hilt, and has pierced the animal's heart.



BANDERILLERO CALLING THE BULL

"Wild bursts of applause fill the air; hats, canes, cigars by the bushel are thrown into the ring by the delighted spectators; men shout and sing; ladies wave their handkerchiefs and *mantillas;* the *matador* bows his acknowledgments, and throws the hats and canes back to their owners, who seem grateful that he should honor them thus.

"The band plays, the gates are opened, three gaudily decorated mules harnessed abreast are driven in, a rope is thrown over the dead bull's horns, and he is dragged out.

"The wait between the acts is not more than a minute. The bugle calls, the low doors open, and another bull gallops in, and thus till six are killed at each performance. The skill and agility of the performers are something wonderful, and consist in holding the red cloak in such a way that the bull rushes for the cloth instead of him who holds it. The bull shuts his eyes, and does not see the man as he quickly steps to one side and escapes; but often he must save his life by flight and a leap over the barrier around the ring, and I have seen an infuriated bull follow him right over into the circle between the ring and the seats.

THE THRUST OF THE SWORD

"When the last bull is dead the audience disperses in good humor, if the fights have been well done; if not, they hoot and hiss, throw chairs and other missiles into the ring, and it would seem they would mob the fighters; it is either that or to unhitch the horses and drag the carriages to the hotel."

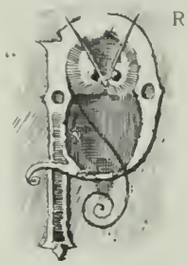
The day we visited the Plaza de Toros the audience, numbering perhaps ten thousand, became dissatisfied with the spirit and mettle of the animals turned out. They would not fight fiercely enough, and at the fourth entry, when they found that the *toreros* could not exasperate the bull up to that mad climax where the grand *matador* is ushered in with a flourish of trumpets, they expressed their disapprobation by almost entirely demolishing the interior of the building. President Diaz's son, who officiated, being in sympathy with the populace, did not interfere, so the two squads of soldiers present had nothing to do but dodge the falling timbers.

Photographs from which the accompanying half-tones were taken were procured by Mr. H. C. Tibbitts on that occasion.

Under date of April 24th we quote from the Old World cablegrams: "The bull-fighting season in Spain opens with more than the usual enthusiasm. Franscuelo has been supplanted by a new hero of the ring, Reverte. The latter's reign was brief, for he fell on Wednesday in a manner which gratified the popular thirst for blood. The bull drove his horns deep into his side and dragged his victim some moments about the ring before being rescued. The spectators watched the dreadful spectacle in breathless enthusiasm."

PRIMITIVE RAILROADING.

CHARLES B. GEORGE.



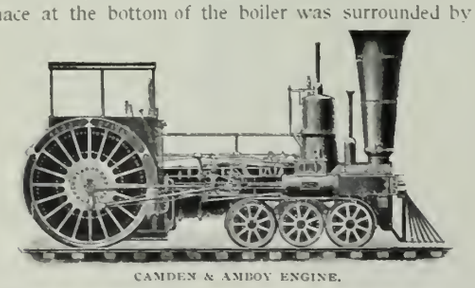
PRIMITIVE, indeed, was the first iron road constructed in the United States. It was the Granite Railroad at Quincy, Massachusetts, built to draw stone for the Bunker Hill Monument, and was run by horse power. Not until 1829 was the first locomotive brought over from England. About that time Peter Cooper constructed the 'Tom Thumb,' the first locomotive made in America, but it was very small, and only made to show what could be done.

"Several different railroads contend for the honor of having first used steam locomotives in this country for regular service; but the preponderance of evidence is in favor of the road running from Charleston to Hamburg, South Carolina. That was the first built

FIRST TRAIN IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY.

in America with a view to using steam instead of animal power. It was also the first to carry the United States mail. When this road was finished, on October 2, 1833, it was the longest railroad in the world.

"The first locomotive ever made in this country for actual service was the 'Best Friend,' built for the Charleston and Hamburg road, under the personal direction of E. L. Miller, at the West Point Foundry, and was tested about 1830. Mr. Miller was an enthusiastic advocate of steam power, but met with strong opposition from all sides. Undaunted by obstacles, he pushed on in his purpose and proposed to construct an engine on his own responsibility equal to the best then in use in England. He went to work on those terms and succeeded so well that he beat down all opposition by sheer force of his genius. The 'Best Friend' had a vertical boiler without fire-tubes, and looked more like a huge beer bottle than anything else. The furnace at the bottom of the boiler was surrounded by

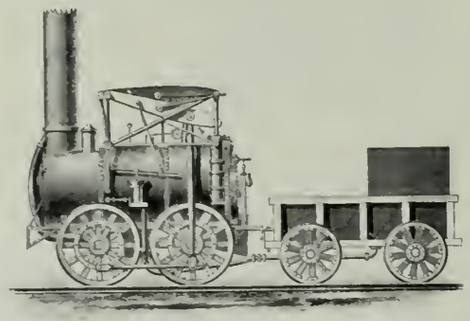


CAMDEN & AMBOY ENGINE.

water, and projecting parts ran out from its sides and top to make the heating surface greater.

"Just before my day, cars had been of the stage-coach style on trucks, the latter being coupled with chains or chain links, leaving two or three feet slack, so that when the locomotive started it took up the chains by jerks that sent passengers headlong or caused many bruises. The original coaches had room for from four to six passengers inside and room for two others outside on seats at each end. This plan was soon varied by building one car having the capacity equivalent to several coach bodies, and divided into compartments with two transverse seats in each, the conductor collecting fares by climbing along a foot-board outside. Into these boxes it was hard to crowd more than twenty passengers.

"Freight cars in the early days were called 'burthen cars,' and trains were known as 'brigades.' Freight cars were mere boxes, a little longer than wide, with a wheel at each corner. They had doors on each side, and we trainmen had to walk around the sides on a foot-board, holding on by an iron rod running the whole length of the car. Freight cars were so small that we reported two as one, reporting a train of forty cars, for instance, as twenty. I remember a freight collision at

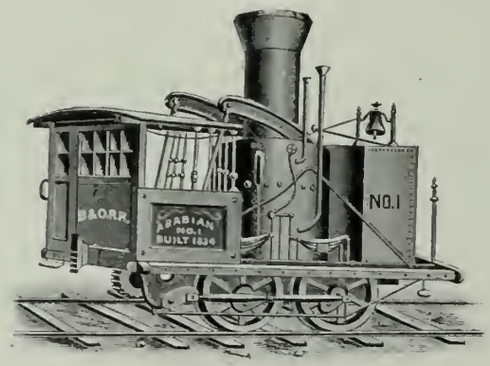


THE LION.

Sommersworth in 1849, when the cars were so small and light that many of them were thrown over a fence and scattered all over the neighboring farms.

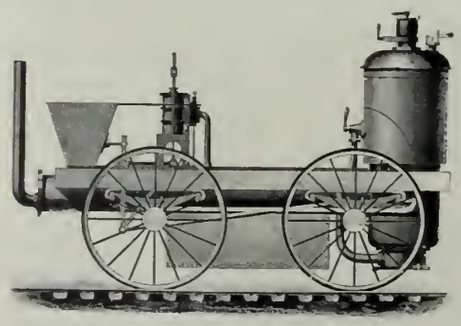
"The brakes of all cars were on top, and the brakeman sat in that elevated position in a little cab, using a foot-lever such as is now used on omnibuses and heavy wagons. At first the brakes only worked at one end of the car, and when a man named Stevens invented a double brake that worked on both trucks from the one wheel, it was thought one of the greatest inventions of the age.

"The first railroad tickets were simply thick white cards, bearing the name of the company and the two sta-



THE ARABIAN.

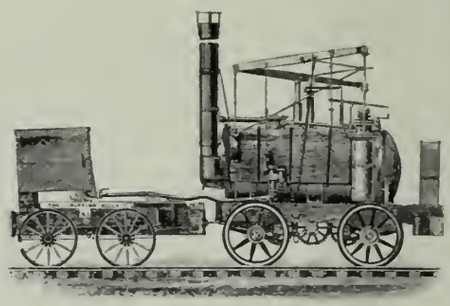
tions it could be used between, the agent at the selling point writing his name at the bottom for identification and to prevent counterfeiting. There were no complicated ticket cases, with tickets for hundreds upon hundreds of cities, towns and villages; no coupons, no station stamps. Local tickets came into use late in the forties, but they were good only on the road by which they were issued, and a passenger traveling beyond the limits of any road must step off the train at the first station of each road on his route and buy a new ticket. For instance, a passenger could not buy a ticket from New York to Chicago. He had to leave the car at Buffalo, which was the end of the first railway line on his route, and purchase another ticket



THE ROCKET.

over the connecting road, which ran as far as Cleveland, where the traveler again went to the ticket window to pay his fare to Toledo. At Toledo he bought his last ticket, which entitled him to passage to his destination. In those days there were no railroad pools or combinations. The cars of one line did not run over the tracks of another, and such a thing as monthly balances between railroad companies were unknown. Coupon tickets were introduced about the middle of the century. Thousand-mile tickets, half-rate tickets to clergymen, theatrical and other special tickets have all come into use since I began railroading. The first printed tickets were invented about the year 1836, by John Edmondson, who was employed at a small station near Carlisle, England. The first tickets consecutively numbered were printed at Buffalo by George Bailey, who was sent over by Edmondson with one of his machines in 1855. Previous to this tickets were good for only a single passage.

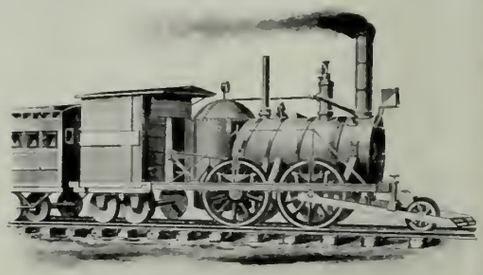
"Up to 1850 there was but one line between the seaboard and the lakes. For several years afterward there were only three railroads to the West running out of New York City. These were the Erie, the



THE PUFFING BILLY.

New York Central, and the Pennsylvania. The Erie and New York Central were early rivals. It was the plan of their projectors, as far as practicable, to avoid the mountain track, taking a northwesterly course out of New York City; hence their routes ran almost parallel, and in consequence, in the struggle to get possession of a short line,—which was, however, a very important link, but which happened to occupy a piece of debatable territory between the two trunk lines mentioned, arose the Erie railway war, one of the most fiercely contested of railroad strifes.

"Ground was broken for the Schenectady & Albany road—the second constructed in New York State—on the 25th of July, 1830. In 1853, in conjunction with several other disconnected local roads, it was consolidated into one corporation under the name of the 'New



JOHN BULL.

York Central Railroad Company.' Up to 1866 thirteen distinct local links had been merged into this one line."

One at least of these old engines is still in existence, as the following will show:

"NEW YORK, April 12, 1893.—'John Bull,' the original locomotive, was run over the tracks of the New Jersey Transportation Railroad this morning, drawing one of the original coaches and another made in *fac-simile*. The novel sight of antique locomotives and the low-roofed cars as they rolled through Elizabeth station in a cloud of smoke, which was emitted from the short smokestack, attracted a big crowd of people, who cheered the train and those on board. The train with the engine, which is of English make, will soon be run to Chicago to be exhibited at the World's Fair. The engine and car were brought from the Smithsonian Institution at Washington a short time ago. The machinery of the engine worked admirably this morning."

THE OLD "BEAVER."

B. C.

BEARING her banners proudly, the Hudson Bay Company's steamer *Beaver* floated down the river Thames into the English Channel and thence out into the open, trackless sea, carrying with her the honor of being the first steamer to sail across the Atlantic, and the pioneer on the Pacific Ocean. Nearly threescore years have elapsed since that event, and a generation has come and has departed. Titled men and women watched the progress of construction, and King William IV. is claimed to have witnessed the launch. A duchess broke the traditional bottle of champagne over the steamer's bow and bestowed the name she ever afterward proudly carried. The boiler and the two side-lever engines of thirty-five horse-power each were made by the first firm that ever manufactured steam-engines, namely, Boulton & Watt, of Birmingham, England, the latter being the inventor of the steam-engine. Their weight was about fifty-two tons and cost £4,500 sterling, or nearly ten times the weight and cost of engines of like power at the present day. The principal woods used in her construction were live-oak and green-heart. These were securely held in position by riveted copper bolts; and, notwithstanding the fact that these woods have been subjected to the inclemency of the weather for more than half a century, they are still in a state of perfect preservation, as indicated by the various useful ornaments into which they are now being manufactured.

Built and equipped at a period when the problem of steam marine navigation was about to be solved, is it any wonder that the little steamer, which was destined to traverse two oceans,—one of them scarcely known outside of books of travel,—should be an object of deep and engrossing interest from the day that her keel was first laid until the morning that she passed out of sight amidst the encouraging cheers of the thousands who gathered on either shore, and the answering salvos of her own guns, on a long voyage to the North Pacific Sea? A bark named the *Columbia* accompanied her as a convoy to assist in case of accident, but the *Beaver*, rigged as a brig, set all canvas and ran out of sight of her "protector," reaching the Columbia River twenty-two days ahead.

Captain Hume was in command, and one can well imagine the feeling of pride with which he bestrode the deck of his brave little steamer, which was only about ninety feet in length by twenty feet in breadth, and which had so successfully made the perilous voyage around Cape Horn. What a striking comparison between this steamer and the great ocean racers of to-day, many of which are six times the length of this pioneer of by-gone days.

There were one hundred and sixty-three days occupied in making the passage from London to Astoria, Oregon, where the natives were greatly astonished by the steamer's performances. She steamed up to Nisqually, then the Hudson Bay Company's chief station on the Pacific Coast. Here Captain McNeil took command, and Captain Hume retired to one of the company's posts on the Columbia, where, in 1837, he perished in Death's Rapids by the upsetting of a boat. From that period until the steamer passed into the hands of the "Imperial Hydrographers," the history of the *Beaver* was that of most of the company's trading vessels. She ran north and south, east and west, collecting furs and carrying goods to and from the stations for many years. It was on one of these trips, in 1836, that coal was first discovered on Vancouver Island, which proved to be of excellent quality by the test made in the *Beaver's* furnace.

During the California gold excitement of '49, and the Frazer River excitement of '58, many an old miner took passage on this little black steamer which for over fifty years plied the wilderness of water and penetrated the bays, channels and inlets between the Columbia River in Oregon and the Skeena in British Columbia.

In steaming out of Burrard Inlet in the fall of 1888 the little craft ran on the rocks at high tide. Several attempts were then made to float her, but without success. In June of last year the heavy swell from a passing steamer caused the boiler to work loose, when with a crash it fell through her side, and the steamship *Beaver* was doomed to never more plow the deep. Relic-seekers from far and near then flocked to the scene of the wreck, and only a few weeks elapsed before this great nautical relic had vanished.

WRECK OF STEAMER BEAVER.

COYOTE ISLAND.

After rounding Hunter's Point on a trip around the bay, and passing the new town of Baden, the headland of Coyote Island is the most noticeable point of interest. It is a mile and a half from the town of San Mateo, and is reached from that point by a pleasant and level driveway. There is no pleasanter spot on the bay for an outing than the "Coyote." There is good bathing, fishing, boating and clam-digging, and the clean sandy beach is a positive joy to children, and, indeed, has great attractions for grown folks.

COYOTE ISLAND BEACH.

A clambake on the "Coyote" is enticing enough of itself to draw visitors to this charming spot.

The grounds here belong to the Howard estate, but no objection is made to respectable parties occupying them for picnicking, bathing, clam-digging, or any other harmless pastime. This is a boon much appreciated by the villagers and by those who make a temporary sojourn in the neighborhood.

ANGLO—"You have no ruins or anything of that sort that is picturesque in America."

GOTHAM—"No, except when American girls bring home their European husbands on a visit."—*Vogue.*

RAILROAD PARLANCE ILLUSTRATED.

MANITOU & PIKE'S PEAK RAILWAY.

PEM BROKE.

LIEUTENANT ZEBULON M. PIKE, U.S.A., was the first American to enter Colorado. He led a military exploring party into the West in the year 1806, which was soon after the Government had purchased "Louisiana and an indefinite western region from France."

Pike's Peak, for many decades the beacon of Western civilization, will forever perpetuate his memory, and the terms "Pike County, Missouri," and "Pike's Peak or bust," two somewhat local and hackneyed expressions, may be charged against this brave early explorer.

The ox-team parties of the early days, after crossing the Missouri River, gazed day in and day out on their weary journey across the plains for a glimpse of this famous landmark, and, after hailing its first shadowy light against the western sky, and plodding on week in and week out in its direction, they began to realize the magnificent distances and wonderful climatic conditions of the great upper plateau of the American continent.

It looked cool, ghostly and cloudlike through its horizon rim of wildfire to these patient westward-bound pilgrims; but the "rainbow's fleeting form"

was not more deceptive nor alluring than this enchanted mountain away off against the sky, that seemed entirely unapproachable, and to their eyes wonderful in its ever and anon receding and increasing grandeur.

There were then two transcontinental trails to California, one about two hundred miles to the north and the other about the same distance south of Pike's Peak. But the idea of gridironing this mountainous country with railroads would have seemed to these pioneers entirely preposterous, and, if some prophet or crazy man would have ventured the possibility of scaling this mighty peak by rail in the not very distant future, he would certainly have been driven out of camp, and probably have left his bones to be picked by the crows or to be bleached on the dreary Kansas plains.

Major Pike, in the year above mentioned, attempted the ascent of the mountain, but gave it up with

the remark that "no human being would ever set foot on its summit;" and probably fifty years elapsed before the folly of this assertion was proven. And as to the person who first climbed to the summit of this remarkable Western landmark we have no authentic history. We read in the early history of Colorado that the ferocious Indian tribes in these mountain fastnesses rendered it unsafe at that time to engage in any extended explorations either for minerals or scenery, but that condition of things soon passed away.

The discovery of the enormously rich mines of Colorado, many of which were at a great altitude, conduced as much as anything else first to trail and then to rail building all over the State. And, though Leadville was hidden in the heart of the Rockies at an elevation of 10,500 feet, the rich discoveries at that point did not need to wait long for rail communication with the outside world. At first it was the search for hidden treasure, and, that being discovered, the next point was how to climb higher and spend the treasure. First came the prospector, and, following in their turn, the mining expert, the capitalist and the railroad builder. The latter becoming audacious, knew no limit to the progress of the iron horse; hence even an approach to the summit of Pike's Peak was to him a possibility.

The first attempt in this direction was made in 1884, the purpose being to construct a regular steam railway to the summit, at a grade not to exceed five per cent, but owing to certain financial and topographical difficulties this project was a failure.

In 1888 a carriage road was constructed from Cascade on the Colorado Midland Railway in Ute Pass to the Peak. The time required to make the round trip was about six hours, the distance eighteen miles.

In the autumn of 1889 the construction of the present Abt Cogwheel Railway was begun, and brought to a finish in October, 1890. Its length is about eight miles from Iron Springs, near Manitou. It is of standard gauge, with wide and substantially built roadbed and heavy steel rails, the traction devolving upon two heavy serrated rails in the center, upon which operate six cogwheels underneath the locomotive. The engines have steam and hand brakes fitted to the gear-wheels, and they push the train up the mountain in stead of hauling it, and precede it in the descent, additional safety being thus provided by avoiding the danger of the coach breaking away from the locomotive. One engine will push two cars weighing forty-two thousand pounds each. The average grade is about eight per cent, the maximum being twenty-five per cent. The trip up consumes about two and one-half hours, and down one and three-quarter hours. The cost for the round trip from Iron Springs on the Colorado Midland Railway is, we believe, five dollars.

As could be imagined, the trip is one of powerful interest. The scenery is wild, savage and impressive, especially from timber line (11,600 feet) to the top.

The Manitou & Pike's Peak Railway station, which occupies an abandoned signal station 14,147 feet above the sea, is the highest building of its kind in North America. It is stated that there are buildings of its kind in the Andes of South America at an altitude of nearly sixteen thousand feet. As the range to which Pike's Peak belongs rises abruptly from the great plains, the panorama from its summit is one of far-reaching and startling sublimity.

"The most gifted of writers would utterly fail," says a recent visitor, "should he attempt a detailed description of the sights to be seen from the pinnacle of Pike's Peak. As with many other wonderful things in wonderful Colorado it must be seen in order that its vastness, sublimity, uniqueness and beauty may be understood. No pen can describe it, no pencil portray it. A feeling of reverence and awe overcomes the most thoughtless as he gazes from this throne of a Deity upon the world spread out at his feet. A sense

of the great magnitude of the universe takes possession of him upon the top of Pike's Peak! The author of the 'Wandering Jew,' in the opening chapter of that widely read romance, essayed to portray a dreary and somber pen-picture of the hero wandering alone on the broad shores of Behring Straits, but this creation of the mind is eclipsed by a view from the top of Pike's Peak. It is the *par excellence* of dreary desolation and the solitude of Sahara is a carnival of noise to the awful silence that forever reigns at the elevation of 14,147 feet."

Ernest Ingersoll, who knows the Rockies like a book, says of the view from this eminence:

"The view from here is hardly equal to that from several other high points in this State, but to one who ascends this peak first of all the Rockies, and perhaps as the first experience of any mountaineering, it is the subject of speechless admiration. The west is filled with the long array of the Saguache Range (the continental watershed) 'lying like a tumbled mass of purple clouds dappled and flecked with snow-white.'

"The elegant Spanish Peaks are faintly marked against the southern horizon, while northward, Gray and Long's Peaks rise distinct from a confusion of summits. The smoke and spires of Denver are visible at the right, and eastwardly the eye sweeps over a vast gray-blue expanse, perhaps beautifully mottled with cloud-shadows, and spreading to a horizon so mightily wide and level that the eye fancies it can detect the nat-

ural curvature of the earth. Those who have seen the Atlantic from Green Mountains or Mount Desert Island can imagine what this view of the plains is like."

No traveler could possibly regret a trip over the Manitou & Pike's Peak Railway.

SIDE LINES

TALES TOLD BETWEEN STATIONS

"Five years ago I took the six o'clock train one morning from Bristol to go to a town about twenty miles distant. It was a local branch road. As you are no doubt aware, the English locomotives are not furnished with comfortable cabs for engineer and fireman —or, as we call them, the driver and the stoker—as yours are. Those two persons are practically out-of-doors.

"Our train had gone on without incident for some miles, when I, who was in one of the foremost carriages, heard loud voices, apparently of persons in a violent quarrel, somewhere in front of me. I put my head out of the carriage window, and saw that the engine driver and stoker were engaged in a fight on the engine.

"Their angry words became fewer and fewer as their blows rained thicker and thicker upon each other. Finally they clutched in a desperate struggle. The driver seemed to be engaged in an attempt to force the stoker off the engine.

"I shouted to the guard, but he was out of hearing in the after part of the train.

"We all knew that the next station was a terminus. When we reached that we should be hurled against a buffer, and the train would be wrecked. What was to be done?

"Nothing was done. We plunged on and on. The terminus came into view. It came nearer and nearer, seeming to bulge swiftly into greater size as we bore down upon it. In a moment more—"

The door of the smoking compartment opened, and the porter called out, "Albany!"

"Good-day, gentlemen!" said the Englishman, getting up quickly. "Sorry, but this is my station!"

He disappeared, and the others in the smoking compartment never heard how the story came out.

"They can talk all they please about their great scientists," said the brakeman as he stepped from between two freight cars, and made his arms go up in the air, "but I did something the other day that Darwin, Haeckel, Huxley, and all of them evolutionist fellers never could do, with all their larnin.' We were runnin' along with about thirty cars, when our train broke in two sections. We stopped 'em, an' were goin' to couple up again, when we found we couldn't do it. Something was gone. 'Wait a minute,' says I to the conductor, and then I skipped out and run back along the track. It was then that I did what the crack scientists have never been able to do."

"What was that?"

"I found the missing link."

A German and a Frenchman sat opposite each other in a railroad dining car. "You are a Frenchman, I suppose?" inquired the German at the commencement of the meal. "Yes," was the reply; "but how did you manage to find that out?" "Because you eat so much bread," said the German. There was a long pause. When the dinner was over, the Frenchman in his turn questioned his *vis à vis:* "You are a German, I presume?" "To be sure; but tell me, pray, how you made that discovery." "Because you ate so much *of everything*," was the dry retort.

"Speaking of slow trains," said the man in the corner of the Pullman smoker, "I was traveling in the Southern States one time when the engine tooted for cattle on the track. We asked the conductor what the trouble was, and received the reply that there was a band of cattle on the track.

"Late in the afternoon of the same day the whistle tooted in the same manner, and one of our party hailed the conductor with the remark, 'Aha, old man, gettin' a move on, ain't you,—catching up with that band of cattle again?"

THE TOMB OF EMERALD BAY.

S. N. T.

One of the most interesting spots on Emerald Bay is what is known as Captain Dick's tomb. Dick Barter, formerly known around Truckee as Captain Dick, had been employed by Ben Holladay for ten or twelve years, and up to the time of his tragic death, to take charge of the house and property at Emerald Bay of which he was then owner. Being of a very eccentric turn of mind, and having a great deal of spare time on his hands, he conceived the idea of building for himself a tomb. On a rocky island about a quarter of a mile from shore he excavated with his own hands an opening in the rock, in which he hoped to have his body repose until the resurrection morn should come and the archangel's trump should bid him come forth for judgment. Poor Dick: like others of greater fame, but less real merit and goodness of heart, fate did not lay his body in the romantic tomb he had chiseled out, and over which he had erected a little miniature Gothic cathedral, surmounted with that emblem of Christian faith—a cross.

CAPTAIN DICK'S TOMB, EMERALD BAY, LAKE TAHOE.

On the 15th day of October, 1873, Captain Dick left Glenbrook in a common oar boat for his solitary home on Emerald Bay. The wind blew a gale, and the lake was lashed with angry billows. The Captain was warned, before leaving, of the danger which awaited him; but he was accustomed to hear warnings,—not to heed them. For thirty years he had safely sailed over the bosom of the briny deep, and for ten more he had defied the heaviest waves and wildest storms of Tahoe. He laughed at the friendly admonitions given him, and boldly pulled out for his lone retreat. A number watched the daring man until both he and his frail craft disappeared in the distance. As he neared his little haven, and was passing Rubicon Point, he was seen again, and for the last time, by a man standing on the shore, a mile or more distant. The waves were rolling frightfully high, and the wind swept over the lake with tempest-like fury. The watcher with a spy glass eyed the distant boat and its occupant with intense interest, for the storm was one of the fiercest ever known on the lake, and there was evidently extreme danger. While thus eagerly watching the man and the boat struggling in the whirlpool of waters, both suddenly disappeared from view. Captain Dick was never seen afterward, but on the 23d of October, seven days later, the boat was found dashed into fragments on Rubicon Point, and one of the oars was also picked up at the same time. On the 25th day of February, 1874, the second oar floated to the shore and was found near the same spot. It is the opinion of old sailors who knew Captain Dick, and the circumstances, time and place of his disappearance, that when overwhelmed in the angry surging waters he clung to the oar last found, with the grasp that only a drowning man can, and sank with it to the bottom of the lake, from whence no human body has ever been known to rise. The oar he retained in his death-grasp until, in the process of decay, his hold was released, and it rose to the surface and floated to the shore. This theory looks reasonable, for the oar, when found among the rocks, was but slightly worn, showing that it had been there but a short time. The place where he disappeared is one of the deepest that has yet been found in Tahoe, soundings having been made to the depth of fifteen hundred feet.

Captain Dick was possessed with the strange hallucination that after his death, and no matter where he might die, by some mysterious spirit agency his body would surely find its way to the tomb he had prepared with such elaborate care and ingenuity. He contemplated the probability of drowning, but told his friends that if he sank in the deepest part of the lake he would have spirit power sufficient to drag his body to the rocky island tomb and perform the rites of sepulture. This belief of the Captain, however, wavered at times, for occasionally, in venturing out on the lake when it was stormy, he would lash himself to his boat, so that if he should perish his body would be found with the boat and receive the interment for which he yearned.

THE STEAMSHIP BELGIC.

IT IS supposed by many that the only strictly first-class steamer service exists on the Atlantic. The annexed illustration, however, is from a photograph of the steamship *Belgic*, one of the three steamers of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company plying between San Francisco and Japan and China. She is a steel ship 420 feet long, built expressly for the service, and accommodates 90 cabin passengers and 1,200 steerage.

The general service on the Pacific is fully equal to that on the Atlantic, and the steamers of the O. & O. S. S. Co. have the reputation of setting a finer table than those of any other line in the world.

The distance between Yokohama and San Francisco is 4,535 miles, and the steamers of the O. & O. S. S. Co. make the trip in 13 and 14 days, their average being far ahead of any other line on the Pacific.

Of late years the trip to Japan has advanced rapidly in popular favor, and it seems singular that, as profitable as this trade is to the steamship companies, none of them have ever printed any literature of interest concerning the Mikado's Empire. A few dollars in this direction for the benefit of their patrons would be paid back with interest.

OH! FOR A KODAK.

How the expression, "a Kodak fiend," came into existence is not upon record, as far as I know; but, as an opium fiend is a person who becomes madly "addicted" to the use of that drug, so it is to be inferred that the Kodak fiend is one who becomes "addicted" to the use of this simple, alluring, button-pushing, art-creating fad, where the other fellow does the work and you have all the fun.

The Kodak has done an immense amount of good, but has undoubtedly sent many a well-meaning traveler to the lunatic asylum, and driven many a would-be artist to drink, and finally the jim-jams.

Wherein the Kodak disturbance seems to have done good outside of any artistic standpoint is that it has led to the invention and construction of very much more compact machines than were formerly used, so that now we may believe that the minimum of weight and the maximum of efficiency have well nigh been reached.

And wherein the Kodak has been a peace-disturber and an enemy to well-meaning and respectable members of society frequently comes about something after this fashion. A hopeful son who has just caught the Kodak rash, wishing to surprise his father, snaps him off while he sleeps on the lawn. The position at the best was anything but graceful, and the machine, by some mysterious system of elongation, contraction and distortion, gives what little can be seen of his face beyond his foot (which member has been abnormally and frightfully enlarged) an altogether horrible and ghastly expression. It is when the father is shown the proof that trouble is liable to occur, and the boy wishes that the man who invented the Kodak had never been born. Then there is another common and confusing difficulty encountered when the plate developer finds that on the negative which was intended solely to depict a beautiful young lady, smiling and radiant, the image of a cow has become so inextricably mixed therewith that nothing definite or satisfactory can be made.

It might be remarked right here that there is really no economy in exposing two views on one plate, yet when all is said and done we commend the Kodak to the traveler. He gets a great deal of comfort in carrying it around. Of course it is something the same as the man who expends a dollar for a lottery ticket: there is a certain amount of joy in the possible hope of drawing a winning number, and with the Kodak there is a bare possibility that he may sometime procure a satisfactory view.

The Yuma Indian was wise beyond his fellows when, after becoming acquainted with the eccentricities of the Kodak, he remarked to a young squaw who was hiding her face from its inquisitive eye: "You no need hide 'em face; sometime he no pull cork out; sometime he no pull sting; sometime him no go off; sometime too many pictures one time." This wise aborigine thought he could afford to take his chances, as far as the Kodak was concerned, in having (as his tribe believes) some portion of his being absorbed by the picture taking process.

Taber photo.

PUBLIC OPINION.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 12, 1893.

EDITOR "THE TRAVELER,"
No. 602 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir: How would you like to exchange with *Public Opinion*, a specimen copy of which is inclosed under separate cover? There is a considerable difference in the subscription price, in favor of this journal, and we are continually refusing requests for exchanges ourselves. The writer (the manager of the paper) is an old Western man, and was for years identified with the advertising departments of the A. T. & S. F. and the D. & R. G. R. R., and is particularly interested in your bright and beautiful publication.

If the exchange would be agreeable, have the kindness, please, to so notify us and we will place you on our list. Yours very truly,

THE PUBLIC OPINION CO.,
F. S. Presbrey, Manager.

The *Railway Age* of Chicago has the following letter on the Hawaiian situation: Mr. Walsh is train dispatcher on the Union Pacific R. R. at La Grande, Or., and well known in railroad circles.

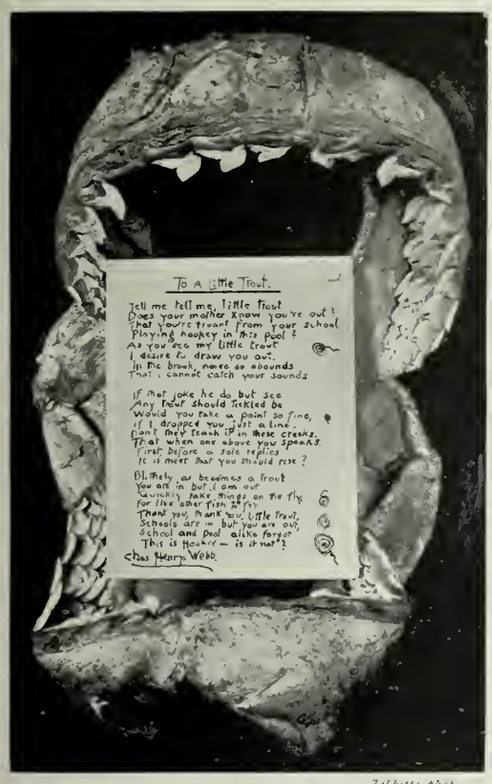
To Her Hawaiian Majesty:

MY DEAR LILIUOKOLANI—I ask your majesty's pardon for this unseemly delay in offering my condolence in the loss of your crown. My grief at the turn affairs have taken cannot be gauged. I assure you, Lily, I had nothing whatever to do with the *coup d'etat* which stopped your pay as queen of the Sandwich Islands. To be frank with you, Lil, I am not *en rapport* with the present *régime*. My advice to you would be to accept the situation and trust the future to Providence and Grover Cleveland. Uncle Sam has guaranteed you a slight compensation for your wounded pride in the shape of a $20,000 annuity; and I am earnestly praying that some nation may fracture my pride at the same figure. There are a whole lot of our feminine humanity who would be willing to struggle along through life under the weight of your name for the boodle that goes with it. I often think of those happy days I spent in Hawaii shortly after you began reigning. At first I feared you would not like me. I saw there would be no time for a social chat or an interchange of gossip with your majesty, for the reason that by the time I had struggled through your name the announcement that "supper was now ready" would grate harshly on our ears, and an adjournment would be in order. But when you arose in your majesty and, without consulting your parliament, gave me *carte blanche* to call you Lily,—just simply Lily,—I realized that I stood in with the sovereign. I shall never forget the afternoon we took that walk on the promenade. I pleaded with you to wear your store shoes; remonstrated against the wearing of sandals at that hour of the day, fearing the extreme heat of the sun would blister your tootsie wootsies. I also reminded you that those sandals were too short, and that your toes would dangle over the edges and disfigure the promenade. You rebuked me in your native tongue, asserted your sovereignty, and declared that it was "sandals or no walk." I acquiesced. We strolled, and—you stubbed your toe. As I stood there supporting your Hawaiian majesty I thanked my stars that the Pacific Ocean stood between me and a certain little woman in Oregon with whom I claim relationship. Write soon, and if you have anything to say of a secret nature tell it in Kanakan. Yours, ED. WALSH.

PROF. C. H. ALLEN.

OUTING NO. 3.

In August, 187–, the following orders reached me: "Come to Truckee, and there at the —— livery stable you will find a good saddle-horse. Take him and make your way to Beckwith, where I will meet you for further orders." So on an early August morning "a



Tilbitts photo

solitary horseman might have been seen" making his way over the somewhat desolate country, his horse adorned with saddle-bags, fishing-rods, and other outing appliances. Slowly he toiled over a country then dry and parched, but full of interest to a close observer.

I soon "fell into" the gait of the horse, no small matter when one has a long ride to take. He was gentle and shifty, and the only falling out we had was when I tried to bring down a large hawk from a pine tree near the roadside. His antics when my revolver cracked convinced me that he was not a hunter. But I "remained," which was better than the Frenchman did when his horse leaped the ditch. I did not, however, try the experiment again.

Drawing near Loyalton I struck an apparently good trout stream, and as it was near lunch time I dismounted, strung up and wet my line. The trout responded well, and I took to the hotel a dozen fine fellows,—more than enough for the table at lunch time. Arriving at Beckwith I found my friend, and we planned for the coming two days; for this time, like Reuben, I had taken time by the forelock,—getting in the sport before the work. One day we gave to the branch of the Feather River at and near Beckwith, but with poor success. In the afternoon we struck out for Clover Valley, some twelve miles distant. Here we were told trout were abundant.

Clover Valley lies from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above sea-level, and at this point I saw the first real *hay* I had seen since reaching California. All our so-called hay seemed to me to be merely straw. But here was good old Eastern timothy and herd-grass, bright and green, and I could but think that the cattle and horses looked happier than in other parts of the State.

The night's rest was not refreshing, that is, the first part of it. The second part, in the hay barn, did very well. This is one of the three places in California where I found the bed pre-empted by the *cimex reticularius*. Early in the morning we sallied forth, rod in hand, and we did have a capital day's angling. Although grasshoppers were abundant, the trout rose to the right flies, and took them voraciously. It took but a few hours to fill the creel, and then we started homeward.

Just at dusk a covey of grouse arose before us and lighted in a small pine near the way. Dismounting this time, after several trials, for it was too dark to see the sights on my revolver, I brought down a fat, young one, and this with our trout furnished a dinner and breakfast long to be remembered. The appetite begotten by a long horseback ride may have given it all a peculiar flavor, but I have seldom eaten with a better relish.

This ended the outing for this trip. I had fished three streams, caught, say, 120 trout, ridden about a hundred miles on horseback, found pleasure, health and an enormous appetite. We shall, if we continue our acquaintance, visit Plumas County again, and find about the best fishing ground in the State.

It needs not to tell of my journey home, of my stage ride, outside, with "Pap" Parker, the foulest-mouthed man I ever met, for this is only an addenda to the outing.

AGUADORES.

The water supply in the cities of Mexico is not distributed as with us, but is conveyed in great aqueducts to central points, generally in the plazas of the town.

To and from these plaza fountains there is a continual stream of humanity pouring, and if you would study the people here is the place.

Beside the regular *aguadores*, whose business it is to distribute water to those who can afford to pay the insignificant fee charged, there are hosts of the common people who have to perform this labor for themselves; and you may see hundreds of "Rebeccas at the well" at any hour of the day: sly mischievous, roguish-eyed Rebeccas; sorrowful, careworn, sad-eyed Rebeccas; haggard, savage, fierce-eyed Rebeccas; but they all have the same graceful, easy manner of walking away under their quaint *cantaros* or water jars.

The *aguador*, or water peddler, with his queer water vessels suspended from his cranium, is met with in every Mexican town. The business is not very lucrative, but he takes his pay out largely in the satisfaction he gleans from knowing everybody's business, and telling more than he knows. He is a portable sewing society, as it were,—a busy, genial, gossipy creature who is welcomed by everybody; and he can trot away under most incredible weights by this method of suspension.

It would seem to be a deplorable state of destitution when a man cannot afford to keep a burro in Mexico, especially as this little beast comes so near working for nothing, and boarding himself; but that such destitution exists is evidenced by the fact that the streets of Mexican cities are full of human burden-bearers; and, considering the fact that these people are neither very well fed nor very powerful, the loads they stagger along under are simply marvelous to the tenderfoot.

They will pack great loads of garden truck for forty or fifty miles, and are content with a profit of a cent a mile. Members of the new San Francisco Traffic Association should make a minute of this.

These burdens consist of: coops of chickens, cord-wood, hay, grain, water, pulque, sweetmeats, images, fruit trees, small children, more chickens, corn, vegetables, red peppers, etc.

After one sees the crude and clumsy implements of agriculture and husbandry in vogue in Mexico he does not wonder that the laboring classes prefer making beasts of burden of themselves. A crotched stick serves for a plow; a cross-section of a log with two handles for a wheelbarrow; and their carts have neither hub, spoke, rim nor tire. An enterprising American not a great while ago introduced a mowing machine into the country. The priests told the peons that the devil was in the machine, and they marched it back over the border, devil and all.

The Mexican laborer arrives at the result of his labors by the longest, most tedious, tiresome and awkward way; and the ruling forces do not seem to be particularly anxious to see this condition of things changed.

A humane railroad contractor introduced the wheelbarrow into this country; and these people, who had been so accustomed to burden bearing, carried them on their heads.

Mexican vehicles are, as a rule, rude and clumsy. The wood-work is pitiable in its primitiveness, and the iron-work pathetic in its simplicity. The burro and the cart-wheel seem to have an affinity: they are never tired; the wheels, at least, are not, consequently they are constructed on a broad and cumbersome plan. It looks as if every one had made his own cart with the old stone ax.

Jackson

CERRO DE ORIZABA.

All things being considered, Orizaba, in Mexico, is the most interesting mountain in North America. Its rugged and magnificent profile lines swing down from the region of eternal snows through all the zones, out into the tropic seas: from the hardy pine and the ice plant, down to the luxurious and tangled vegetation of the Tierra Caliente; from the home of the tempest and the thunderbolt far up in the glacier-swept, cloud-wrapped, snow-capped summit, three and one-fourth miles above the sea, to the perpetual summer-land of the Great Gulf,—swinging in majestic proportions and with a wealth of color and shade that can only be witnessed in the spectacle of a mighty mountain in the tropics.

The following information has been obtained direct from official sources, and is absolutely correct and reliable. The principal routes to Chicago are shown in the simplest form possible. They are in no sense an advertisement of the roads mentioned, but are given solely for the information of our readers.

Further and more detailed data concerning routes and rates will be cheerfully furnished on application to "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU OF INFORMATION, office in the State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Route 1.—Southern Pacific Company to New Orleans, Illinois Central to Chicago.

Time, 5 days, 5¾ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	9 00 a m	Miles
Arrive Yuma	Tuesday	5 35 p m	731
" El Paso	Wednesday	1 20 p m	1287
" San Antonio	Thursday	1 25 p m	1919
" New Orleans	Friday	10 55 a m	2496
" Cairo	Saturday	5 30 a m	2946
" Chicago	Saturday	4 45 p m	3411

Route 2.—Southern Pacific Company to El Paso, Texas & Pacific to Texarkana, Iron Mountain to St. Louis, Chicago & Alton to Chicago.

Time, 5 days, 5¾ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	9 00 a m	Miles
Arrive El Paso	Wednesday	12 15 p m	1287
" Fort Worth	Thursday	6 05 p m	1903
" Texarkana	Friday	6 30 a m	2147
" St. Louis	Saturday	6 20 a m	2637
" Chicago	Saturday	4 45 p m	2920

Route 3.—Santa Fé Route *via* Mojave and Albuquerque.

Time, 4 days, 3 hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 30 p m	Miles
Arrive Mojave	Tuesday	7 35 a m	382
" Albuquerque	Wednesday	7 00 a m	1197
" La Junta	Thursday	8 45 a m	1544
" Kansas City	Friday	6 30 a m	2115
" Chicago	Friday	10 30 p m	2573

Route 4.—Southern Pacific Company to Ogden, Union Pacific to Council Bluffs, Chicago & Northwestern to Chicago.

Time, 3 days, 14½ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Ogden	Wednesday	5 15 a m	833
" Cheyenne	Thursday	3 45 a m	1348
" Council Bluffs	Thursday	7 10 p m	1867
" Cedar Rapids	Friday	3 27 a m	2137
" Chicago	Friday	9 30 a m	2357

Route 5.—Southern Pacific to Ogden, Rio Grande Western to Grand Junction, Denver & Rio Grande to Denver, Burlington Route to Chicago.

Time, 3 days, 20¾ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Ogden	Wednesday	5 15 a m	833
" Salt Lake City	Wednesday	7 50 a m	870
" Grand Junction	Wednesday	5 50 p m	1198
" Denver	Thursday	8 00 a m	1654
" Pacific Junction	Thursday	1 30 a m	2197
" Chicago	Friday	3 47 p m	2680

Route 6.—Southern Pacific to Ogden, Rio Grande Western to Grand Junction, Colorado Midland to Denver, Burlington Route to Chicago.

Time, 3 days, 20¾ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Salt Lake City	Wednesday	7 50 a m	870
" Grand Junction	Wednesday	5 50 p m	1198
" Denver	Thursday	7 50 a m	1582
" Omaha	Thursday	12 40 a m	2102
" Chicago	Friday	3 47 p m	2610

Route 7.—Southern Pacific to Ogden, Union Pacific to Butte, Great Northern to St. Paul, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway to Chicago.

Time, 5 days, 2¾ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	5 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Ogden	Wednesday	5 15 a m	833
" Butte	Thursday	5 38 a m	1230
" Helena	Thursday	11 30 a m	1302
" Great Falls	Thursday	1 45 p m	1401
" Assiniboine	Thursday	7 00 p m	1513
" Grand Forks	Friday	6 20 p m	2157
" Crookston	Friday	7 20 p m	2183
" Minneapolis	Saturday	6 20 a m	2472
" St. Paul	Saturday	6 55 a m	2483
" Chicago	Saturday	9 35 p m	2885

Route 8.—Southern Pacific to Portland, Northern Pacific to St. Paul, Wisconsin Central to Chicago.

Time, 6 days, 10¼ hours.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	7 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Castle Crag	Tuesday	8 56 a m	320
" Shasta Springs	Tuesday	9 31 a m	327
" Sisson	Tuesday	10 22 a m	338
" Portland	Wednesday	7 35 a m	772
" Tacoma	Wednesday	10 45 p m	917
" Spokane	Thursday	5 50 p m	1316
" Helena	Friday	12 40 p m	1698
" Livingston	Friday	6 30 p m	1821
" St. Paul	Sunday	12 15 p m	2828
" Chicago	Monday	7 15 a m	3290

Route 9.—Southern Pacific to Portland, Northern Pacific to Tacoma, C. P. line to Seattle, Great Northern to New Whatcom, B. B. & B. C. to Huntingdon, Canadian Pacific to Gretna, Great Northern to St. Paul, C., M. & St. P. to Chicago.

Time, 8 days, 1 hour.

Leave San Francisco	Monday	7 00 p m	Miles
Arrive Portland	Wednesday	7 35 a m	772
" Tacoma	Wednesday	3 40 a m	917
" Seattle	Wednesday	6 20 p m	937
" Mission Junction	Thursday	4 17 p m	1129
" Banff Hot Springs	Friday	10 25 p m	1657
" Medicine Hat	Saturday	10 00 a m	1919
" Winnipeg	Sunday	4 30 p m	2579
" Gretna	Monday	2 05 p m	2646
" St. Paul	Tuesday	7 15 a m	3064
" Milwaukee	Tuesday	7 10 p m	3389
" Chicago	Tuesday	10 00 p m	3474

A PLEASANT EXCURSION.

There appears in our advertising columns of this number an announcement of an excursion around San Francisco Bay, given by the Bay and Ocean Excursion Company, of which Mr. A. S. Frost is the manager.

This company has chartered the new steel tug *Fearless*, which is one of the largest and best equipped tugboats in the world. The route of the excursion will embrace all the interesting points in the harbor, including the great docks of the Union Iron Works, Alcatraz, Angel Island, the Mare Island Navy Yard, Fort Point, etc.

This will be an opportunity that no one should miss, especially as the charge of one dollar is very low, and members of the party can be assured of thoroughly respectable company. Mr. Frost proposes and guarantees that no objectionable characters will be permitted aboard.

It is not often that select parties of this character are organized, and applications for tickets will undoubtedly overreach the supply, which has necessarily been limited.

Kinzler photo.

Says Y. H. Addis: About the "cutest" specimen of canine nature in existence is the "Chihuahua dog," peculiar to the Mexican State of Chihuahua. This little mite—a full-grown one of pure blood can be carried in a coat pocket—has structural and special characteristics which make it most interesting to naturalists, while its dainty, gentle and affectionate traits render it a most attractive pet, its only drawback being an extreme delicacy of constitution. Owing to this, and to neglect of the species, it has become very rare. Many spurious "Chihuahua dogs" are palmed off on credulous travelers, but a genuine specimen commands a high price—$50 or upward.

Detailed information and printed matter concerning the following trips will be cheerfully furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU OF INFORMATION, 602 Market Street, San Francisco.

YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Leave San Francisco	4 00 P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Raymond	7.25 A. M.	Sunday.
Leave " (Stage)	8.00 A. M.	Sunday.
Arrive Wawona	6.00 P. M.	Sunday.
Leave "	6.00 A. M.	Monday.
Arrive Yosemite	Noon	Monday.
Leave "	1.00 P. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive San Francisco	9.45 A. M.	Thursday.

Pullman sleeper between San Francisco and Raymond, $1.50 per berth. The above itinerary and rate includes side trip to the Calaveras Big Trees.

San Francisco to Yosemite and return $50 00

DEL MONTE, SANTA CRUZ AND SAN JOSE.

Leave San Francisco	2.30 P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Hotel del Monte	6.15 P. M.	Saturday.
Leave " "	1.38 P. M.	Sunday.
Arrive Santa Cruz (Sea Beach Hotel)	3.40 P. M.	Sunday.
Leave " "	2.15 P. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Jose (Hotel Vendome)	4.10 P. M.	Monday.
Leave " "	9.00 A. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive San Francisco	10 50 A. M.	Tuesday.

From San Francisco to Del Monte and Del Monte to Santa Cruz you take the broad gauge route; from Santa Cruz to San Francisco, the narrow-gauge route through the Santa Cruz Mountains. At Del Monte you will have ample time to see the beautiful grounds and take the famous eighteen-mile drive. At the Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz, you are constantly in view of the ocean and the bathing grounds. From here a beautiful ride may be taken to the Big Trees, only seven miles distant. From the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, you can take interesting drives to the New Almaden Mines (12 miles), Santa Clara (3½ miles), or Alum Rock Springs (7 miles). A stay of one day longer at San Jose will give you an opportunity to make the trip to the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, twenty-seven miles from San Jose, leaving the latter point at 7.30 o'clock A. M., and returning to San Jose about 6.00 P. M. Round-trip rate from San Jose, $4.00.

Round-trip railroad ticket from San Francisco, good for six months, and including the above itinerary, $7 30.

A TOUR OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Leave San Francisco (S. P. Co.)	5.30 P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Los Angeles	12.30 P. M.	Sunday.
Leave " " (So. Cal. Ry.)	7.00 A. M.	Monday.
Arrive Pasadena	7.25 A. M.	Monday.
Leave "	9.28 A. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Bernardino	11.30 A. M.	Monday.
Leave " "	4.05 P. M.	Monday.
Arrive Riverside	4.28 P. M.	Monday.
Leave "	7.55 A. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive San Diego	12.50 P. M.	Tuesday.
Arrive Coronado Beach	1.20 P. M.	Tuesday.
Leave " "	1.20 P. M.	Wednesday.
Leave San Diego	2.10 P. M.	Wednesday.
Arrive Los Angeles	6.50 P. M.	Wednesday.
Leave " (Redondo Ry.)	8 00 A. M.	Thursday.
Arrive Redondo Beach	8.50 A. M.	Thursday.
Leave " " (So. Cal. Ry.)	3.40 P. M.	Thursday.
Arrive Los Angeles	4.25 P. M.	Thursday.
Leave " " (S. P. Co.)	4.55 P. M.	Thursday.
Arrive Santa Barbara	9.35 P. M.	Thursday.
Leave " "	4.10 P. M.	Friday.
Arrive San Francisco	8.45 P. M.	Saturday.

The above suggested itinerary can of course be shortened or prolonged to suit the traveler, but it gives sufficient time at each place of interest to enable one pressed for time to obtain a very fair knowledge of the beauties of Southern California.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Leave San Francisco	9:00 A. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Byron Springs	12:15 P. M.	Saturday.
Leave " "	9:00 A. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Francisco	12:15 P. M.	Monday.

This trip is most pleasant, and includes a short carriage drive of two miles from Byron Station to the Springs without charge. Byron Springs is essentially a place of rest and recuperation, and is famous for the remarkable curative properties of its waters and baths.

Fare (one way) $1 50
Round trip (Friday to Monday) 3 00

PARAISO SPRINGS.

Leave San Francisco	8.15 A. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Soledad	1.43 P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Paraiso	2.45 P. M.	Saturday.
Leave "	11.45 A. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Francisco	6.16 P. M.	Monday.

Paraiso has an altitude of 1,400 feet, and is both a summer and winter resort. Here you can enjoy a delightful plunge bath and partake of the various springs. The beauty of its surroundings and the character of its springs have justly earned for Paraiso the title of "Carlsbad of America."

San Francisco to the Springs and return $9.00

CAZADERO.

Leave San Francisco	8.00 A. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Cazadero	12.55 P. M.	Saturday.
Leave "	1.20 P. M.	Monday.
Arrive San Francisco	6.20 P. M.	Monday.

At Cazadero you can enjoy a hunt, fish, swim or ride through the Redwoods. The ride by rail on the North Pacific Coast is one of the most picturesque in California.

Round trip from San Francisco $3 00

ITEMS.

Mr. J. E. Matheson, the popular manager of Paraiso Springs, favored us with a visit a few days ago. He reports the outlook for the season most propitious. Those debating "where to go" this summer should not fail to give Paraiso consideration. THE TRAVELER will be pleased to forward all inquirers, without charge, a handsomely illustrated pamphlet of Paraiso on application.

Byron Springs is one of the most pleasant and desirable health resorts on the Coast. Its patrons may be assured of first-class accommodations throughout, and it is one of the few health resorts that provides the services of a competent physician free of charge. Its convenience of access makes it one of the most popular sanitariums in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

Now that the World's Fair is upon us, visitors from the Coast should not fail to stop over at Salt Lake City for a day or two. The Hotel Templeton is by far the best place to stop. It is conducted in splendid style, and is convenient to all the points of interest.

A trip to Southern California would be incomplete without a visit to the Redondo Beach Hotel, only fifty minutes' ride from Los Angeles. Mr. Geo. W. Lynch, the popular manager, is untiring in his efforts to please and entertain his guests, and a week at Redondo can be most delightfully spent. The big hotel is faultless in its appointments, and the table is celebrated for its unusual excellence.

The railroads of the country are meeting the prospective demand of the traveling public for transportation to the World's Fair with arrangements which are stupendous in every way. There will be one long-drawn-out whistle of passenger trains, and one mighty rumble of moving wheels, all day long on the great trunk lines from the seashore to Chicago. Think of ten different passenger trains leaving New York every hour for the West—240 trains a day! Then there are the roads having terminals at Charleston, Baltimore, Boston, New Orleans, Mobile, Jacksonville and Savannah; and the traffic on them will be treble or more likely ten times that usually using these lines. The passenger question is the greatest known to history; and, with characteristic American push, the people, though jammed and crowded somewhat, will get to Chicago as no other railroad system in any other country could move them.—*Toledo Blade.*

Mr. F. G. Barry, publisher of *The Tourist*, Herkimer, N. Y., has just sent us a liberal supply of a neat little pamphlet entitled, "Some Winter Resorts, and How to Reach Them." It is most tasty and intelligible in its arrangement, and any of our readers who think of going East would do well to write for it, either to THE TRAVELER'S Bureau of Information or to Mr. Barry.

The Mount Hamilton Stage Co. at San Jose, Cal., have just issued an attractive little pamphlet, illustrated, giving all particulars concerning the trip to the Lick Observatory. Mr. Fred Ross, manager, will forward copy to any address on application.

One of the pleasantest ways of reaching the many beautiful resorts of Lake County is via Calistoga, and thence over the lines of the Lake County Stage Company, the new route to Clear Lake. Large, six-horse stages in charge of experienced and careful drivers leave Calistoga daily, running through to all the principal health and pleasure resorts. This is the nearest route from San Francisco to these places. The curative powers of the various springs, and the beautiful scenery of the entire county, are well known to invalids and tourists throughout the United States.

One of the finest equipped stage lines of Lake County is that conducted by Miller & Long, whose teams cover the territory between Ukiah, Blue Lakes, Saratoga Springs, Lakeport, Witter Springs and Upper Lake. Col. Miller pays special attention to comfort, and all his coaches are provided with wide and easy seats, well upholstered with canopy tops to the vehicles. None but experienced drivers are employed by Col. Miller, and travelers making the tour of Lake County will find every advantage in patronizing Miller & Conner's stages.

The following advertisement appears on the back of the business card of M. T. Whitton, proprietor of Whitton's Stable, Lakport, Cal.:

IN GOD WE TRUST. ALL OTHERS CASH.

I am 18 miles from Hopland,
30 miles from Ukiah,
400 feet from CLEAR LAKE,
But my Stable, Stock and
Turn-outs are
RIGHT IN IT.

Boys, I have come back to stay with you—
I will always give you
Fresh Horses,
Good Vehicles,
Clean Harness,
Plenty of Robes, etc.,
A Hearty Welcome.
If that isn't enough,
"TAKE THE BARN."
MAJE.

The Tavern of Castle Crag will open on or about May 15th, and the prospects are that the popularity accorded this famous mountain resort last year will be repeated the coming season. The building has been greatly enlarged, trails have been made to the most interesting scenic points, the grounds have been improved, and, taking it all in all, the prospects are good for a lively and prosperous season.

The illustrations in the article, "Primitive Railroading," in the present number of THE TRAVELER, are from the Union Pacific Railway book, "Evolution of the Locomotive."

THE necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion, and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

POETRY, ETC.

If your son is a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both;
If he can compass his spirit with meekness and strangle a natural oath;
If he can leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek;
If he can do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a six-pence a week;
If he can courteously talk to an equal, and browbeat an impudent dunce;
If he can keep things in apple-pie order, and do half a dozen at once;
If he can press all the springs of knowledge with quick and reliable touch,
And be sure that he knows how much to know, and knows how to not know too much;
If he knows how to spur up his virtue, and put a check-rein on his pride;
If he can carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros' hide;
If he can know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage and vim,—
We may perhaps be able to make a passenger agent out of him. —*Geo. H. Heafford.*

In a quaint corner where
Old houses front the square,
She stood in deep despair,
Holding her skirt,

Gazing with rueful eye
At one small Oxford tie,
Whose shoestring, gone awry,
Dragged in the dirt.

Could she stoop, laced so tight?
Her gloves were new and light.
I saw her helpless plight,
And tied her shoe.

She thanked me, flushed with shame,
Tripped back the way she came.
"Who was she, and her name?"
I never knew! —*Harry Romaine in Life.*

FUN AMONG THE POETS.

One night, as old St. Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blesssd beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dream,
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That when he leaves this world of pain
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,
And find the road to Heaven again
—*Baker.*

Full eighteen hundred years or more
I've kept my gate securely fast;
There has no "little angel" strayed,
Or recreant through the portals passed.

I did not sleep, as you supposed,
Nor left the door of Heaven ajar:
Nor has a "little angel" left,
And gone down with a falling star.

Go ask that blushing bride, and see
If she don't frankly own and say,
That when she found that angel babe
She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this—I ask no more—
That should your number still enlarge,
You will not do as done before,
And lay it to old Peter's charge.
—*Saxe.*

HE NEVER KNOWED.

Old Billy B. was a pious man,
And heaven was his goal;
For, being a very saving man,
Of course he'd saved his soul.
But, even in this, he used to say,
"One can't too careful be;"
And he sang with a fervor unassumed,
"I'm glad salvation's free."

But the means of grace, he had to own,
Required good, hard-earned gold;
And he took ten pews, as well became
The richest of the fold.
"He's a noble man!" the preacher cried,
"Our Christian Brother B."
And Billy smiled as he sublet nine,
And got his own pew free.

In class-meeting next, old Billy told
How heaven had gracious been.
Yes, even back in the dark days when
He was a man of sin.
"I was buildin' a barn on my river farm—
All I then had," he said;
"I'd run out o' boards, an' was feedin' hands
On nothin' but corn bread.

"I tell ye, brethren, that I felt blue,
Short o' timber and o' cash,
And thought I'd die when the banks then burst,
And flooded all my mash
But the Lord was merciful to me,
And sent right through the rift
The tide had made in the river banks
A lumber raft adrift.

"Plenty o' hoards was there for the barn,
And on top was a cheese,
And a bar'l o' pork as sound and sweet
As any one ever sees.
Then I had bread and meat for the men,
And they worked with a will,
While I thanked God, who'd been good to me,
And I'm doin' it still."

A shrill-voiced sister cried, "Bless the Lord!"
The whole class cried "Amen!"
But a keen-eyed man looked at Billy B.
In a thoughtful way, and then
Asked: "Brother B., did you ever hear
Who lost that raft and load?"
And Billy wiped his eye and said,
"Bretherin', I never knowed!"

THAT REMINDS ME!

An Eastern captain of a coasting vessel tells a remarkable story of a "green hand," an Irishman, whom he employed at a pinch: "When we was under way," said the captain, "I had a mind to try him on the lookout, after we struck clear water, as he couldn't tell a halliard from a sheet line. Long about dark I stayed on deck, the mate at the wheel. Pretty soon he comes aft and says: 'There's something foreninst the boat, sorr.' "What is it?' I says. 'I don't know, sorr,' says the man. 'Well, go back and find out and report,' I says then, and back he goes. A few minutes and back he comes aft. 'I don't know what it is yet,' he says, 'but it's coming this way, and we can find out for sure in a little while.' 'You go for'ard, and don't come back till you know what it is,' says I, getting mad. He goes up again, but is back again in a minute and all smiling. 'Well?' says I. 'If you please, sorr, I don't know for sure what it is,' says he, 'but whatever it is, it has a red light and a green light, and I think it must be a drugsthore.'"

A gallant old gentleman, whose name was Page, found a young lady's glove at a watering place, and presented it to her, wording his compliment in the rhyme:

"If from your glove you take the letter g,
Your *glove* is *love*, which I devote to thee."

Not to be less sentimental, the young lady instantly replied, with a shade of sarcasm:

"If from your Page you take the letter P,
Your *Page* is *age*, and that's too old for me."

"Here lies the body of Alexander McPherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person.
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and sweet.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plum through
The gullet; it went in at his throat
And came out at the back of his coat."

Waiter—Table d'hote?
Mr. Smith—(from Milpitas): What's that?
Waiter—Le regulaire-course dinner.
Mr. Smith—Well, I don't want nothin' coarse. I'm in London for a time, and I want the finest you've got."

Butcher—I need a boy about your size, and will give you twelve shillings a week.
Applicant—Will I have a chance to rise?
Butcher—Yes; I want you to be here at four o'clock every morning. —*Life.*

To be a great historian one must be endowed with what is known as the "historic imagination," but he must also be on his guard against abusing it.

"John," said the teacher, "in your essay upon George Washington you say that he was not fond of fishing. What is your authority for that assertion?"
"Why," answered Johnny, "we have always been told that he could not tell a lie." —*Exchange.*

Maiden (whispering)—Is that you, George?
Serenader (who has been blowing love music for the last half hour)—Ah! At last, my darling, 'tis you! Yes; 'tis your own George.
Maiden (still whispering)—Well, George, won't you go away? Charlie Bonds is in here and is about to propose, and I'm afraid your music disconcerts him. —*Life.*

Truth is not often stranger but funnier than fiction. The other day a group of "dagos," evidently just out, gazed in astonishment at the stenographer in the office of THE TRAVELER, while the keys of the typewriter were flying up and down at a lively rate. Finally their idea of its use came out when one ejaculated, "I no heara da moosic!"

Repartee—First Passenger (irritably)—Where are your eyes, anyhow?
Celtic Passengerr (pleasantly)—In me head.
First Passenger (warming up)—Well, can't you see my feet?
Celtic Passenger (more pleasantly,—No; yez have shoes on.

Handsomely situated on a commanding eminence at the Santa Cruz beach, this well-known watering place stands without a peer, not only on account of its superb location, splendid bathing beach and scenic surroundings, but for its model interior arrangements and accommodations.

Besides the sea-beach attractions, which are great and varied, there are drives to the giant redwoods, and fishing in scores of romantic streams in the near neighborhood.

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

CHINATOWN GUIDES RELIABLE AND COMPETENT. TOURISTS ARE INFORMED THAT WE HAVE THE most complete facilities for their inspection and tour of all points of interest, especially the celebrated **CHINESE QUARTER OF SAN FRANCISCO.** The sights and scenes of this marvelous habitation, in which the life of the CHINESE, with their virtues and vices, is faithfully reproduced, rank among the chief curiosities of California. No tourist can, in justice to himself, leave the State without having made the tour of Chinatown. Besides being confluent with the **Chinese Language**, we have long experience, and a thorough knowledge of **Chinatown**, as well as a personal acquaintance with the leading Chinese. We are prepared to conduct parties, and guarantee a complete inspection and entire satisfaction. See testimonials in our office from the large number of tourists who have been under our guidance. Beware of impostors who call themselves guides. For further particulars please address or call on the PIONEER TOURIST AGENCY, 620 Dupont St., San Francisco. Box 2025

Proprietors of

HOTELS AND RESORTS

may be interested to know that we make a specialty of designing and printing artistic souvenirs and pamphlets of all kinds, at reasonable rates.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO

equal or excel your neighbor in this line? If so write us for estimates and for samples of our work.

JOHNSTONE & BRYAN,

Publishers "The Traveler."

602 Market Street, S. F.

FIRE. MARINE.

V. W. GASKILL,

General Insurance Agent,

313 CALIFORNIA ST.,

San Francisco, Cal.

HOTEL CRELLIN

N. W. corner
Tenth and Washington Streets,
OAKLAND, CAL.

This Hotel is now under new management. Everything new and first-class. Rooms single or en suite. Every room sunny. Situated in the central part of the city. Cable cars pass the door.

Board and Room, $2.50 per Day

AND UPWARDS.

Special Rates for Families, Theatricals and Large Parties.

ELEVATOR RUNNING DAY AND NIGHT.

E. R. LEWMAN, Manager.

GEO. D. SHADBURNE Jr. & CO.,

REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE BROKERS,

313 Montgomery St., S. F.

Will furnish **Free** of charge valuations of California county lands. They also have several large tracts situate in California suitable for colonizing purposes, which are offered at very low prices. N. B.—313 Montgomery St.

"L'HOTEL" JOURNAL OFFICIEL DES HOTELS ET DES HOTELIERS.

WORLD WIDE CIRCULATION — The HOTEL

A JOURNAL OF HOTEL NEWS & INFORMATION DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HOTELS & HOTEL MEN

Editor A. DE BERNALES. *Publisher* HARRY HOFFMANN.

PUBLISHED BY

The Hotel Press.

LIMITED.

LONDON OFFICES

21, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, STRAND, W.C.

To Merchants and Manufacturers.

"THE ACME" of good advertising is to reach purchasers. General Readers are easily found, but what should be sought after are READERS WHO ARE BUYERS.

"THE HOTEL" is the best Advertising Medium in the land for the reason that it reaches the Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, which taken as a class constitute the largest body of purchasers in the country.

They are the LARGEST Purchasers.

They are CONTINUOUS Purchasers.

They are the BEST Purchasers.

The Hotels are purchasers of the Highest Class Goods.

ALWAYS OPEN FOR NOVELTIES.

ANXIOUS FOR IMPROVED APPLIANCES.

OPEN TO STUDY ECONOMICAL IMPROVEMENTS.

The readers of "THE HOTEL" are all Buyers, large Buyers, and continuous Buyers.

THEY BUY OF THE BEST, THE NEWEST AND THE SAFEST.

NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR THEM, WHILST YET EVERY POSSIBLE ECONOMY MUST BE STUDIED.

THEY PURCHASE THE SUPPLIES FOR AN EVER INCREASING PROPORTION OF OUR POPULATION.

THE NUMBER AND CAPACITY OF THE HOTELS, CLUBS AND RESTAURANTS ARE ALL THE TIME INCREASING.

THEY CONSTITUTE THE BEST AND MOST DESIRABLE CLASS OF CUSTOMERS OBTAINABLE.

"THE HOTEL" reaches the large majority of this wealthy and superior class of purchasers. It is their special Trade Organ; a High-class Illustrated Journal, handsomely printed on superfine paper, is bright, interesting and original, and is furnished to them at the reasonable subscription of Seven Shillings and Sixpence per Annum, in order that no Hotel or Caterer in the country may fail receiving it regularly.

London. 14th February 189 3

Manager,
The Union Engraving & Electrotyping Co.
581 Mission Street,
San Francisco.

Dear Sir,

We have noticed with a great deal of pleasure some magnificent Blocks made by your Company and published in the "Traveller" of your City, and should very much like to know whether it were possible for us to come to some arrangement with you for the purchase of Electros of certain views of scenery or Hotels which you may have in your possession If you would kindly send us printed proofs of those you have in stock with prices printed we would be pleased to advise you which those are we would desire to have. Whether this be possible for you to do or not as Block Makers ourselves we are pleased of an opportunity of recognizing the handsome work you are turning out.

We remain, Yours truly,
THE HOTEL.
PER Harry Hoffmann
PUBLISHER.

THE TRAVELER offers more inducements to the ADVERTISER than any other publication on the Coast.

Paraiso Springs,

MONTEREY CO., California.

The Carlsbad of America is a summer and winter resort, well and favorably known by the traveling public.

The situation is in a pocket of the charming Santa Lucia range of mountains, on the western side of the Salinas Valley, the outlook from which is grand and impressive.

The waters are soda and sulphur, hot and cold; and Dr. Winslow Anderson says of the hot sulphur spring that it is one of the best bathing mediums on the Coast.

The hotel and cottages are commodious and well appointed in every feature.

An hour's stage ride from the valley up the gentle slopes of the Santa Lucias is one of the attractions of the springs.

This resort ranks as among the best of its kind on the Coast. It is accessible, there is an interesting railroad ride of five and one-half hours from San Francisco, and about one hour by stage; and the management makes it pleasant and comfortable for everybody.

JOHN S. MATHESON,
Asst. Manager.

THE PAINTER HOTEL,

PASADENA, CAL.

is located one thousand feet above the sea-level and thirty miles from the ocean. The view of the San Gabriel Valley from the veranda is charming. The drives are a feature of the location, and the table is fully up to the standard.

Rates $2.50 to $3.50 per day.

For further information, address

M. D. PAINTER, Proprietor.

JUNE, 1893.

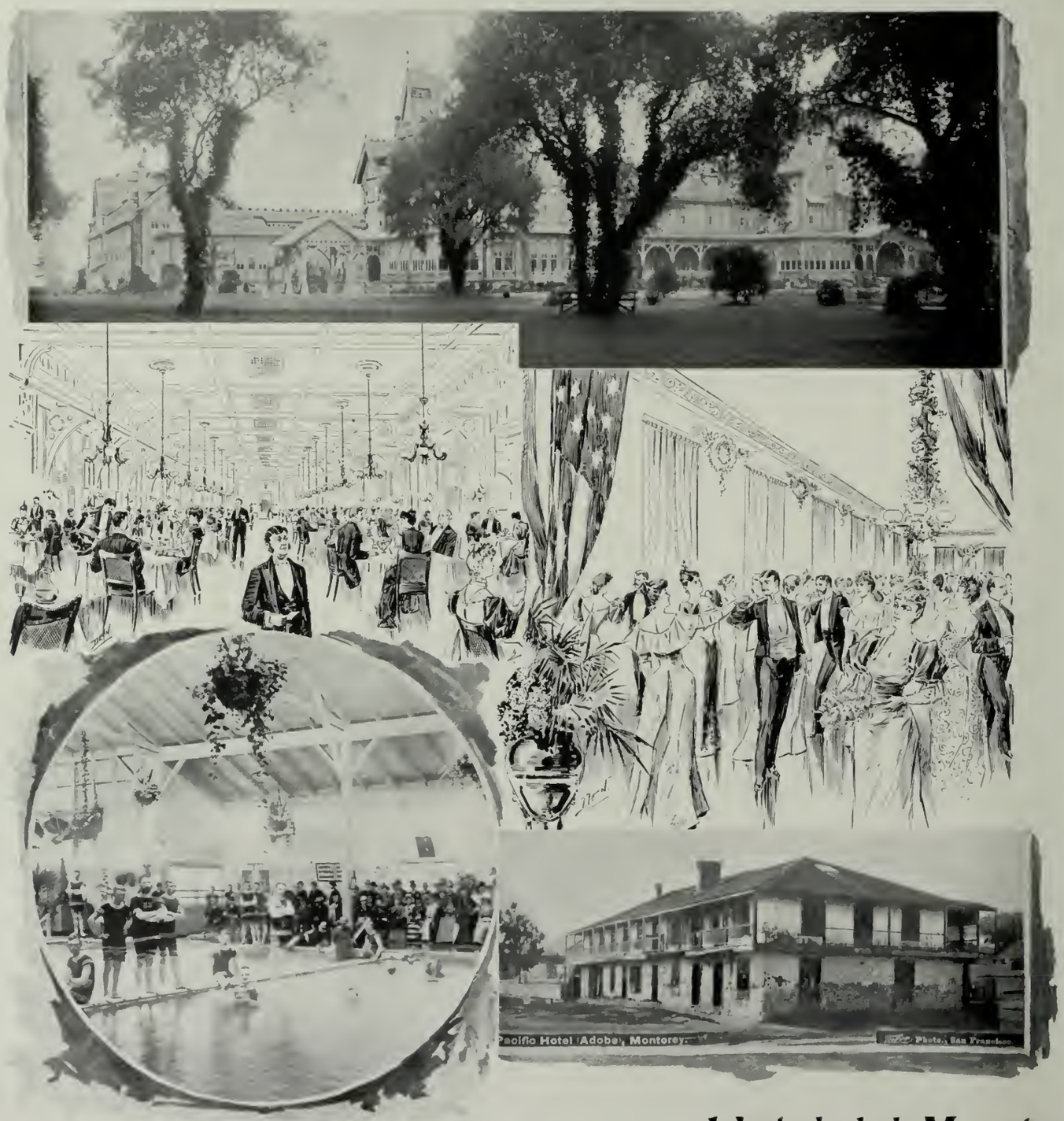
THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MOUNTAIN LAKES OF CALIFORNIA.

Tibbitts photo.



Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

VOLUME I. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE, 1893. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES $1.25.
SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with the TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

OWING to the unexpected demand for the back numbers of THE TRAVELER, our January number has been entirely exhausted, and the February and March nearly so.

In order to meet the wishes of many of our subscribers, the publishers will pay full price (10 cents) for every copy of the January number that is returned to them in good order.

ATTENTION is invited to the announcement appearing in our advertising columns of the combination rate offered by the THE TRAVELER and *The Californian Illustrated Magazine*. This is a splendid opportunity to subscribe for these two magazines at the rate charged for one of them. At regular rates it would cost $4.00 for the two. The club rate gives them to you for *only $3.00*. If you wish to take advantage of this exceptional offer send $3.00 at once, and you will receive both magazines for one year.

THE GREAT mistake that is almost universally made by proprietors of hotels, springs resorts, etc., is that of leaving the publishing of their advertising matter until the last possible moment. Such matter should be made ready at least six months previous to the outing season, which would allow time for a thorough circulation of such information.

There are two obvious difficulties with most all summer-resort proprietors (and we say this in the kindliest spirit): They do not understand just how to advertise the attractions of their localities, and then they do not, by any means, always circulate their advertising matter to the best advantage.

The proprietors of THE TRAVELER believe they understand both of these points, and will give (at a fair remuneration) the benefit of such knowledge to any one wishing it.

Please remember, the old style of advertising is very rapidly going out. Travelers are no longer allured by the circus-poster style. To say that "My inn is the greatest, the largest, the grandest, the loftiest, the cheapest and the best in the world" does not carry much weight just now. You will have to illustrate your souvenirs, and the half-tone process, such as is used by us, is the best now in vogue. The camera cannot be made to lie to any great extent, but the wood-carver has unlimited opportunities for prevarication.

Of course you will have to lie to some extent on the same principle as the artist does when he paints a mountain out of all proportion to the reality, because, he says, it is necessary to give the imagination a boost in order to reach the proper point of appreciation. The following anecdote will more aptly illustrate this point:

A well-known Boston clergyman had been conducting a prayer-meeting. Coming out of church, a parishioner said to him, "Doctor, don't you know that it would be impossible for any one to live up to your preaching in this world?" "Ah," said the genial Reverend, "don't you know I have to blow at ten knots an hour to keep you fellows going at five?"

But don't lie all the time; it is not good policy. Or, to be serious about it, don't lie at all. The waters of your springs do not cure everything. Once in a while you have fog, musquitoes, and, maybe, the measles.

Do not burden your pages with water-analyses that but one out of 5,000 will understand. If there are strongly marked characteristics in the waters they should be stated briefly and simply.

Some general information to the public would be beneficial regarding the judicious use of the waters in drinking or bathing.

To sum the matter up, an advertising souvenir, to be a profitable venture, should be attractive in its cuts, type and general appearance, and it should contain information that people are seeking and can easily understand.

IT WILL probably be four hundred years before the people of Chicago will be able to sell pork-ham sandwiches again at fifty cents apiece, and, if the reports we hear may be relied upon, they are mighty small sandwiches at that. The hog trade in Chicago has always been good, but, from present appearances, this should be a stunning fine year.

There is a story going about, that a stranger stopped over night at one of the robberies near Jackson Park, and, when he asked for his bill, the clerk replied, "$75.00." "Guess again, you Lake-shore Pirate! I have more money than that," was the reply.

This is not altogether a one-sided question, however. There are a great many hogs on the other side of the question; and the traveling hog is not a lovely creature, but he is numerous. Yes, the traveling hog is to be met with on every railroad train. He has a great variety of ways in which to exhibit his swinishness.

He sits in the outer end of the seat when there are passengers standing in the aisles. He is asleep when you enter the car, and is trying to break his neck over the back of the seat (and you inwardly pray he may do it), or to strangle himself by a sudden estoppage of the epiglottis. No one cares to sit down on his foot, which he has carefully doubled up under him to reserve his pew privileges, and no one, without a good deal of time on his hands, and a club, would care to attempt waking him up.

And then he has a taste for garlic and other ozone-destroying compounds, and insists upon having the car-window open upon all occasions.

Before the train leaves he places small parcels in three or four seats when there is no possibility of his occupying more than one or two, while he goes out on the platform and waits for a possible traveling companion.

He leaves his overcoat or a bunch of papers in his seat, and crosses the aisle to talk with a friend, while passengers coming in from the next station walk up and down the car looking for a resting-place. And, as to minor indecencies, he irritates the neck and nerves of the forward passenger with the quivering tip of his newspaper. He talks offensively loud; he quarrels with the conductor on matters of ventilation and the minor civilities; in short, he is generally rude to the verge of vulgarity; and, simply because he is for once paying his way, he will show his fellow-travelers that he knows a thing or two about bringing "these blasted monopolies of railroads to time."

He started a hog; he will travel a hog; he will come home and die a hog.

FROM California to the World's Fair and return, allowing a stay of two weeks, the expense has been carefully, and, we doubt not, accurately calculated by the San Francisco *Chronicle*. After giving full details, the following conclusion is reached:

"It is safe, therefore, to assume that a man and wife, traveling first-class and putting up with ordinary accommodations at Chicago, will have to expend at least $420 for their trip, while a couple patronizing the tourist cars will have to pay out at least $343. For a single person half these sums, or $210 and $171.50, will represent the necessary outlay for a visit of two weeks at Chicago, or a total of about twenty-two to twenty-five days' absence from home. It will be impossible to escape for any less, while the outlay may be made much larger.

"This article is intended, however, to show the minimum amount which will be required. There is, of course, no limit to the maximum. It will be found, however, that from $200 to $250 will be little enough for a single individual to provide himself with, and if these sums be increased by $50 to $100, the extra amount will assuredly not come in amiss. But, at all events, no Californian will be able to get along with a smaller amount than that noted for the time specified. Of course, if the visit be limited to a single week, a small reduction is possible; but so short a stay as that at Chicago would be profitless, giving one time to take only the most cursory view of the great Fair."

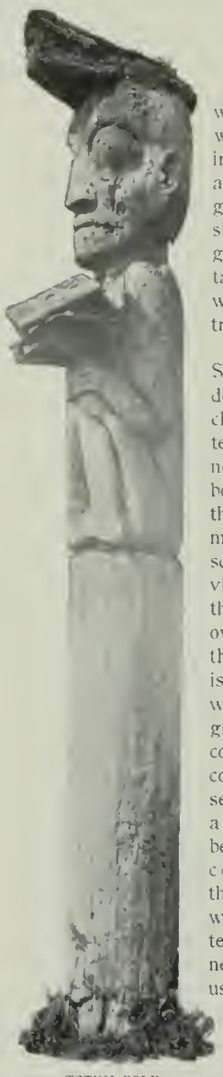
The *Ladies' Home Journal* for June has the following information in this line:

"A leading Chicago newspaper has taken the pains to figure out the cost of a ten days' visit to the Exposition as a little less than nineteen dollars, including admission to the grounds, entrance into all the side-shows and concessions, rides on all the sliding railways, etc. This allows for fares from the heart of the city and back, and fifty cents a day for luncheon, which last item may certainly be reduced one-half. The fifty cents admission to the grounds grants entrance to all the main buildings (fourteen of them and their annexes) with their exhibits, any one of which would repay hours' or even days' study; to all the foreign buildings, except those on the Midway Plaisance, and to the different State buildings."

In the estimate made by the San Francisco *Chronicle* for a two weeks' stay at the Fair, the cost is set down as $65, but this includes much more than is enumerated in the Chicago estimate. Our readers can look on both sides of the question.

ALASKA SCENERY.

JOHN MUIR.



TOTEM POLE.

The great wilderness of Alaska, with its lofty mountains laden with glaciers and snow, its deep inreaching fiords, flowery plains, and its boundless wealth of evergreen forests and islands, and shining, singing waters, offers a glorious field for lovers of fountain beauty, much of which is now within easy reach of the ordinary traveler.

The trip by steamer, from Puget Sound to the head of the Alexander Archipelago, is perfectly enchanting. Leaving scientific interests entirely out of the count, no excursion that I know of may be made into any other portion of the wilds of America where so much fine and grand and novel scenery is so freely unfolded to view. Gazing from the deck of the steamer one is borne smoothly over calm, blue waters, on and through the midst of a thousand islands densely clothed with well-watered evergreens. The common discomforts of a sea voyage are not felt, because the course lies through a network of sheltered channels that are usually about as free as rivers are from heaving waves; and, were it not for the briny odor in the air and the strip of brown algæ seen at low tide on either shore, it would be difficult to realize that we are sailing on salt ocean-water; we seem, rather, to be tracing a succession of inland glacier-lakes. Day after day we float in the heart of true fairyland, each succeeding view seeming more and more beautiful.

An Alaskan midsummer day is a day without night. In the extreme northern part of the territory the sun does not set for weeks; and, even as far south as Sitka at its lowest point, it is only a few degrees below the horizon, so that the colors of the sunset blend with those of the sunrise, leaving no gap of night-darkness between. What is called the midnight of divided days is here only a low noon,—the middle point in the gloaming, with light enough to read by. The thin clouds that are almost always present are then colored orange and red, marking, in a very striking way, the progress of the sun around the northern horizon. The day opens slowly; a low arch of light steals round to the northeastward, with gradual increase of height and span and intensity of tone; and, when at length the sun appears above the horizon, it is without much of that stirring pomp, that flashing, awakening, triumphant energy, so suggestive of the bible imagery,—a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoicing like a strong man to run a race. The red clouds, with yellow, dissolving edges, subside into a hazy dimness; the islands, with ruffs of mist about them, cast ill-defined shadows on the glistening waters; and the whole firmament becomes pale pearl-gray. For three or four hours after sunrise there is nothing particularly impressive to be felt in the landscape. The sun, though seemingly unclouded, may almost be looked in the face; and the islands and mountains, with all their wealth of wood and ice, and varied beauty of Nature's architecture, seem comparatively dull and silent.

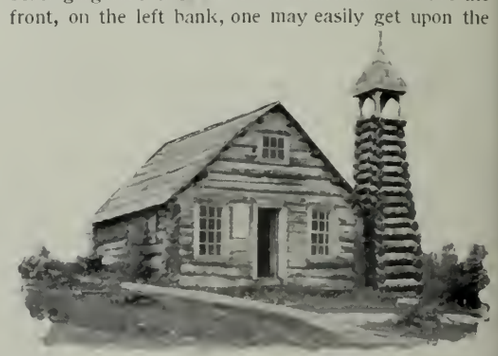
Queen Glacier.

View near the junction of Moraine and Ice Muir Glacier. I. W. Taber.

Glacier Bay is of intense interest to tourists. The Muir Glacier enters the bay on the northeast side, at the head of a fiord with lofty, massive granite walls. The steamer sails up the fiord with its load of wondering tourists, making a way through the drifting icebergs with which the waters are crowded, and drops anchor within half a mile of the blue, shining ice-wall in which the glacier terminates. When first observed, at a distance of eight or ten miles, the ice-wall appears as an abrupt, sharply defined barrier about fifty feet high, stretching across from side to side of the fiord, a distance of several miles. Its height above the water is probably three or four hundred feet, but far the greater portion is below the water and terminal moraine. If the water and the rock-detritus of the bottom were drained and cleared away, this magnificent wall of pale-blue ice would, probably, be found to be not less than a thousand feet in height. Though in general views it seems massive and regular in form, it is by no means smooth. Deep rifts and hollows alternate with broad, plain bastions, while it is roughened along the top with innumerable spires and pyramids, and sharp, jagged blades, leaning and toppling; and, when the slanting sunbeams are pouring through the midst of all this angular cut-glass of ice, the effect is a perfect glory of rainbow colors. Added to this, and mingling with it, is the irised spray ever and anon from the plunging bergs as they fall from the wall or rise from the bottom of it with loud-resounding roar, while the countless bergs floating in front are shining also, and shifting the sunbeams, making a very paradise of light in full rainbow bloom.

Muir Glacier, Alaska.

Impressive, too, are the nights along these crystal cliffs,—the shining of the moon and stars; projecting buttresses and battlements, seemingly far higher than by day, standing forward resplendent in the moonlight, vividly relieved amid the shadows of the hollows; the thunder of the falling masses at intervals of three or four minutes; and the lunar bows with faint iris colors in the up-dashing spray. But it is in the darkest nights, when storms are blowing, that the grandest views are to be had. Then the ghostly bergs, grating and crashing against one another, seem like living creatures dancing in mad delight with the phosphorescent water, which laves them all with silver light; while the great crystal wall is illumined by a glowing fringe of foam beating against its base. Two or three miles above the front, on the left bank, one may easily get upon the surface of the glacier, where it is so smooth and free from cracks and chasms that a hundred horsemen might ride abreast up stream for ten miles or more.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, JUNEAU.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.

VERILY, what induced me to establish the *Weekly Herald* at Calabash City is more than I can say. No one invited me to come, welcomed me when I arrived, or expressed a wish to have me stay.

The place had no newspaper, it is true, but it seemed to need none. Most of the population were silver-miners, who were so much underground as to be little interested in affairs on the surface. Again, a large part of the inhabitants could not read; another large part did not want to, and a majority of the remainder objected to paying for the privilege.

Subscribers being so few, you may imagine that advertisers were not very plenty. Those I secured insisted on paying wholly in goods that were never of use to me.

One advertiser was a saloon-keeper—I never drank. Another was a tobacconist—I did not smoke. A third was a harness-maker—I had no horse. A fourth dealt in gunpowder, rend-rock, dynamite and other explosives—while I never blew up anything or anybody in my life excepting figuratively.

Nevertheless I managed to live, or at all events I did not die. At the end of the first year I had four hundred and sixty-eight subscribers, two hundred and ten of whom remained such because I never attempted to collect their bills. A few paid-for Eastern advertisements and some job-printing enabled me to keep my head above water as a general thing. For the rest of the time I had to hold my breath.

At last I reached such prosperity that, after paying off my one journeyman on Saturday night, I occasionally found a dollar or two left for myself.

Just at this time an opposition paper was set up.

"The *Calabash City Spy*, George Rowe, editor and proprietor," appeared in all the glory of second-hand type—mine was third-hand,—and a grade of paper somewhat resembling real "news"—mine did not resemble it at all. The *Spy* had a brand-new vignette head, representing the town as seen from Gringo Mountain. This utterly eclipsed my worn-out woodcut of the Goddess of Liberty sitting on a large cog-wheel surrounded by plows, anchors and steam-engines. She held a book in one hand, and in the other a wheat-sheaf which looked so much like a birch rod that it gave her the air of an old-fashioned schoolma'am holding a session in a machine-shop.

Rowe was a good-looking, bright, active, well-educated young fellow, with whom I should certainly have been friendly under different circumstances; but this was now quite impossible. Aside from business rivalry, it is a part of the business of country editors to be irreconcilable foes in order to satisfy the public's demand for excitement.

How we did quarrel! We quarreled about politics,—though we belonged to the same party,—about law, religion and medicine, about the amount of silver to the ton in the last clean-up at the Muchacho Mine, about the distance of the earth from the sun, and the distance of Juan Moreno's ranch from the town plaza,—about all things terrestrial, subterranean and superterrene.

By practice we grew so expert that I really believe we could have carried on a lively discussion about the four rules of arithmetic.

When this war had gone on for several months, I detected a falling off in the vigor of the *Spy*. It was as truculent as ever, but written with a certain languor which seemed to show that Rowe was losing courage. This, of course, inspired me to renewed efforts, and I began to hope that I should drive the foe off the field.

One publication day I sat down early to do up the customary batch of "scattering exposures" and "unanswerable arraignments" of the *Spy*, when Bud Haskins, my editorial assistant, compositor, job-printer, mailing-clerk and man-of-all-work, came in, beaming with joy.

"Got some good news for you, Mr. Warren!" said he, grinning. "'Cordin' to the way it looks now, there won't be no *Spy* this week—p'r'aps not nex' week—p'r'aps never."

"How's that?" I inquired, much pleased.

"Rowe's sick abed—fever or sunthin'. He can't do a stroke of work, 'n' that feller McKay he has with him aint of no great use. No *Spy* this week, I tell you."

He triumphantly slammed the door, and retired to begin his day's work.

For a moment, mean as the emotion was, I felt glad. If Rowe missed an issue or two he would lose the ground he had gained, and probably have to give up altogether. Then I should be left with the whole field to myself. Yes, I actually felt glad.

"I'm going out for a few minutes, Bud!" I called to Haskins.

"Goin' far?" he asked, eyeing me with an exceedingly penetrating scrutiny.

"Oh, no, just up-street a bit," I answered, embarrassed.

My reception at the *Spy* office was chilling. As I entered the dingy, pine-boarded room, McKay, a big, stupid-looking man, stared, and then sidled toward a mallet on the composing-stone.

"I want to see Mr. Rowe," said I.

"He's in bed up-stairs!" growled McKay, lifting the mallet. "He's too sick to fight to-day."

"Nobody wants to fight," said I, laughing. "I came to see if I could do anything for him."

"You don't want to fight him?"

"No."

"Don't want to fight me?"

"Not a bit of it."

McKay's astonishment took away his power of speech. He motioned toward the stairs, and stood gazing after me without any expression, rubbing the side of his head with the mallet as if to stimulate his paralyzed brain.

On a camp-bed in the attic lay Rowe, flushed, breathing with difficulty, and rolling his head irritably about the coarse pillow. He seemed a combative person. It took some little time to convince him that my intentions were friendly, but when he became assured of this he met me with the manliest frankness.

"You're a good fellow, Warren!" he exclaimed, seizing my hand. "I've been a fool—"

"No more than I."

"Well, then, we've been a pair of fools. If ever I come out of this we'll be a pair of friends instead; but—" He broke off with a groan.

"Come, come!" said I, "You aren't going to die. You'll be well in a week or two."

"I know that, but the paper—the paper!" I can't do a solitary thing, and McKay alone won't get the matter up in a week. Then there should be two columns of editorial at least, after the *Herald*—" He again broke off in confusion. I finished his sentence.

"After the *Herald* comes out. Right enough. Now, let's see how we can arrange it. I can do your part of the composition to-day, and finish up my own to-night. If we're both a day late it won't make much difference. I'll begin setting at once."

Hurrying down stairs to escape Rowe's thanks, I came upon a spectacle which took my breath away. Standing at a case, sleeves rolled up and thoroughly at home, clicking the type into his stick at a great rate, was Bud Haskins!

"Hullo!" said he, looking around. "How's our ed'tor, publisher, 'n' propri'tor to-day? Fin' him pretty comf't'ble?"

"How on earth did you get here?" demanded I.

"Same way you did. Got to thinkin'—that's all."

He turned around to the case again, winking hard, as if something had got into his eyes. McKay, positively smiling, came over from his place to shake hands with Bud, and I rushed back to Rowe full of delight.

"Hurrah! The *Spy* 'll be on time to-morrow!" I exulted. "Bud can set type three times as fast as I can, and do it cleaner, too. Now, about the editorials."

"No use talking of them," said Rowe, despondingly.

"But there is. I've got a scheme."

In a few moments I was scribbling away on an improvised desk by the bedside almost as fast as Bud was setting the type below. Scratch, scratch—think an instant—scratch, scratch again—think once more—and so on until a pile of "copy" had accumulated. Then I was ready to read. This was the beginning:

A FATAL FALSEHOOD!

Our by no means courteous and not in the least esteemed contemporary, the *Spy*, which is at once a disgrace to American journalism, a libel upon the name of newspaper, and a blot upon the fair city in which it is as yet still scornfully suffered to drag out an existence noxious to others and of no value to itself, etc., etc.

Rowe listened without saying a word. At the end he quietly remarked:

"That's a powerful article, Warren."

"Well, now, see how this one strikes you." And I began reading again:

DESPICABLE DECEPTION!!!

We had hitherto supposed that the utmost imaginable depths of reckless, shameless, honorless, conscienceless mendacity had long ago been reached by that sheet unknown to fame, but intimately acquainted with infamy, under the name of the *Herald*—

Rowe bounced up in bed.

"What?" he exclaimed. "What's that?"

"'—intimately acquainted with infamy, under the name of the *Herald*,'" I re-read calmly. "It's the answer to my article, don't you see?"

"Do you mean to say you're going to abuse yourself like that?" said he.

"I mean to say that such a savage article as mine has got to be replied to a little more savagely, if possible."

"But to do it yourself—"

"Who will, if I don't. That's what I'm here for. By the way, do you usually call me a 'falsifier' or an 'ignoramus'?"

Rowe, by this time, had taken the humor of the situation into his fevered brain. He replied faintly:

"I think you'd better call yourself 'falsifier' first, and save up the 'ignoramus' for use later on. Toward the last you might work in some reference to your general resemblance to a donkey, if you don't mind."

"Mind? Why, it's the very point I want. I'll say that the only thing in which I *don't* resemble a donkey is my utter incapacity for any useful employment. That'll be sure to please your people, for a good many of them have told me so already."

"Suppose you attack me again," suggested Rowe, when the article was finished. "There should be at least two sharp leaders in each paper. You might mention the probability of my being ridden out of town on a rail, because the citizens can't stand my continual lying any longer, and, for a finishing touch, remark that it's all I can do to pay my bills. That last'll be true enough, anyway," he added, smiling ruefully.

"It's the same with me, my boy. Poor Bud hasn't had a cent of wages for three weeks. Well, never mind. Let's go on."

Aided by Rowe's suggestions I wrote until I had matter enough for four columns, two for each paper. There were a pair of outrageously abusive leaders for the *Herald*, a pair of outrageously abusive leaders for the *Spy*, about a dozen short paragraphs bristling with libels, several scathing communications from "Indignant Citizen," "Justice," "Taxpayer," and "Fair Play," besides two strings of satirical verses which I chanced to hammer out.

Bud Haskins and McKay, working first at one office, then at the other, got this precious stuff into type, and then, with my assistance, made up the *Herald* and ran off the edition that night. Next morning our united forces did the same for the *Spy*.

All this was ten years ago. Calabash City is beginning to taunt Chicago with the certainty of being second to her in population, wealth and resources by A. D. 1905 at latest. The *Daily Spy-Herald* is one of the leading journals of the West.

Rowe and I might call ourselves rich men—though we never do. We have always been the best of friends—

"And always will be," interrupts my partner, who has been reading what I have written. "We wouldn't dare be anything else after what we've said about each other—eh, old falsifier?"

"Never, old mendacity!" I reply.

—*Manley H. Pike, in Youths Companion.*

SALTON.

FREDERICK I. MONSEN.

There are few places in the world where the traveler can see such phenomenon as is presented at Salton.

Leaving Los Angeles, and traveling southward through the wonderful valleys of Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties, where on every hand can be seen the results of that active and progressive spirit which characterizes the American farmer, we gradually approach San Gorgonio Pass, the entrance to what is called the Colorado Desert.

From this pass the desert begins and gradually widens and slopes down to the Gulf of California for over 200 miles, covered in many places by dense growths of mesquite trees,—a sure indication of water. This region is not desert in the sense of being barren, and only the southern portion, which is sand and entirely devoid of vegetation, can be considered unredeemable.

Salton, situated in the center of this desert valley over 250 feet below sea-level, presents a most interesting appearance as we approach it from the north. Glittering and glistening in the evening sunlight, it looks like an immense lake; and the houses and sheds of the salt works appear to be suspended in the air or as if built on piles. While, as far as the eye can reach, the white and dazzling field of salt extends toward the horizon; and the sun, setting, mantles this petrified sea with its crimson light, which, reflected from the snow-like surface, causes the whole heavens to glow and vibrate with color. Soon this brilliant coloring gives place to the tender grays of twilight, and only on the low ridge of hills toward the south does the sunlight linger; then, slowly fading, darkness creeps over the valley, and it is night.

The next morning we were up at sunrise, and, mounting a little switch engine, we are soon steaming down the spur toward the salt works. Here thousands of tons of salt are piled ready for shipment, and in the works a force of men are busily engaged bagging and packing table salt. Out on the marsh the Indians are plowing up the salt, and it is an interesting sight to watch the steam plow at work. Cutting an eight-foot furrow, it plows up over 700 tons of salt a day. The loosened salt is then scraped together and brought to the works for treatment, which consists only of grinding and bagging, as it is perfectly clean when taken from the marsh, and its purity is established beyond question.

The bright sunlight on the glistening expanse of salt is dazzling and very distressing to the eyes, and we were obliged to wear goggles; but the Indians accustomed to this sort of life do not seem to mind it. The salt marsh covers an area of about fifteen square miles, and is constantly being supplied by numerous salt springs in the adjacent foothills, the waters from which, running into this basin and quickly evaporating, leave deposits of the almost pure chloride, which vary in thickness from ten to twenty inches, and form a solid crust over the deep and slimy marsh.

The Indians work every day in the year, and are the only men that can stand the excessive heat of the summer months, working ten hours a day in the intense light with the thermometer registering 150 degrees in the sun. These Indians belong to the Coahuilla tribe, and are well-developed men, peaceable, sober and industrious. They live in comfortable houses built of old railroad ties, and have tables, chairs, forks, spoons, and nearly all the necessary household articles of civilized life. They have a captain whom they respect and obey.

A SEA OF SALT.

So much has been said and written in reference to the "Salton Sea" of two years ago, and so many misstatements have been made, that a few lines on this subject might not come amiss in this article.

Mr. George Durbrow, the manager of the New Liverpool Salt Works at Salton, kindly gave us the following data, which is absolutely correct. On the 23d of June, 1891, water was discovered coming into the Salton Basin about thirty miles south of the salt works, through a channel which at that season of the year could not be investigated on account of the intense heat and the marshy condition of the course which would have had to be taken. At first this incoming water was supposed to be the result of cloudbursts, which are frequent in a region some sixty miles south of Salton; but the water continuing to come in, and steadily increasing in volume, that idea was abandoned. At this time a dispatch was received from Indio, twenty miles away, stating that one of the large artesian wells at that place had ceased flowing; and it was then supposed that the water had changed its channel and broken through the marsh in the form of an immense spring. But a few days later, the cause of the cessation of the flowing well having been discovered and removed, it began flowing again, which put at rest the theory of the marsh being covered with water from that source. The water still continuing to rise, Mr. Durbrow concluded to make a thorough investigation, which resulted in the following facts. In the

month of February of the same year there was a phenomenal rise in the Colorado River which flooded the town of Yuma and overflowed the banks of the river below Yuma for a distance of some twenty miles at a depth varying from one to three feet. At a point known as Niggar Bend, a crevasse was made in the west bank of the river some 300 feet in width, which carried about one-fourth of the water off to the south and west. The greater portion of this overflow found its way back by way of what is known as Hardie's Colorado, yet sufficient water found its way through the New River (which is a dry channel, except at high stages of the Colorado) to the numerous depressions that exist between Indian Wells and the Salton Basin, but not sufficient in volume to fill these basins to the extent of flowing into the Salton Basin. This February rise in the Colorado River was of short duration, and between that time and the usual June rise the flow toward the Salton Basin was very much diminished. When the June rise came the west banks of the river were overflowed in only a few places, but the break caused by the February rise opened a way for the high waters of the river to again flow into these depressions, or, as they were at this time, lakes. It took but a short time to fill these lakes and cause an overflow which created a channel through which the waters ran into the Salton Basin. This incoming water formed a lake ten miles wide by thirty long, and five feet deep in the deepest part. Had it not been for evaporation there certainly would have

been a lake of at least twenty feet in depth. From tests made with evaporating cans in different depths of water, it has been fully determined that a permanent lake cannot be established by only the overflow from the Colorado River during its high stages.

PUEBLOS.

W. H. JACKSON.

THE word Pueblos is a general name applied by the Spaniards to several tribes of semi-civilized Indians in what is now New Mexico. The term *pueblo*, in Spanish, literally means the people and their towns. They were first visited by Cabeza de Vaca in 1537, who conveyed the first authentic account of their villages to Mexico, which resulted, in 1540, in the expedition of Coronado. As nearly as can be ascertained at the present time, he visited and subdued the Pueblos in the neighborhood of Zuni, along the Rio Grande, and the Moqui of the province of Tusayan, but only occupied the country two years. They were finally subdued in 1586, and the Spanish retained uninterrupted control, with the exception of the period of the insurrection of 1680, until the cession of the territory to the United States in 1847. At the time of Coronado's visit they were as advanced as now,—raising grain, vegetables and cotton, and manufacturing fine blankets. Their houses are sometimes built of stone, but generally of adobe, and are several stories in height,—three to five, usually,—each one receding from the one below, leaving a terrace or walk. The general plan is a hollow square, although in some cases they are built in a solid mass, like a pyramid, six or eight stories in height. In each pueblo there are large rooms, sometimes under ground, for religious observances or councils, called, in Spanish, *estufas*. The towns are sometimes built upon the summits of high terraces or mesas, extremely difficult of approach.

The indigenous architecture of the village or Pueblo Indians of New Mexico has classed them in the middle period of barbarism. There is possibly nothing more interesting in their history. It was a communistic architecture. The first law of nature, self-preservation, demanded and created that condition of things. In fact, this pseudo-modern idea of holding "all things in common" extended beyond the architectural with the Pueblo barbarians. They made a common stock of their plunder and of the results of their hunting and fishing expeditions.

The Indian villages of New Mexico consist of three or four structures of adobe blocks grouped together. The lower story is closed up solid, with the exception of small loopholes.

INTERIOR OF PUEBLO VILLAGE.

The terraced second story is reached by means of ladders, and the facility with which these aborigines ascend and descend these portable stairways is marvelous. If occasion demanded it an additional story or two could be added, so that many of these great edifices would accommodate three or four thousand souls.

Coronado reported finding in New Mexico "very excellent good houses of three or four or five lofts high, wherein are good lodgings and fair chambers with ladders instead of stairs, and certain cellars under ground, very good and paved."

In war and in peace, in sunshine and in shadow, in seasons of grief and of joy, in stormy as well as in fair weather, in short, at all seasons, the aboriginal tribes "trip the light fantastic toe."

The onlooker has not the remotest idea from the behavior of the participants in which of the above-named conditions they may be supplicating or rejoicing.

They are under all circumstances dismal, lugubrious and awfully-in-earnest ceremonies,—entered into in the same businesslike way that a man will commence a day's plowing. They have what is, by courtesy, called music, the ostensible purpose being either to appease their gods or to frighten them away.

These dancing societies were divided into several classes,—those of a sacred character, as connected with the practice of medicine, those connected with bravery and war, and others for social pleasure. When the corn is withering for want of rain the members of the Buffalo society have a dance. They borrow a large vessel, which they fill with water and put in the center of their circle. They dance four times around it. One of their number drinks some water, and spurts it up into the air, making a fine spray in imitation of a fog or misting rain. Then he knocks over the vessel, spilling the water on the ground. The dancers then fall down and drink up the water, getting mud all over their faces, Then they spurt the water up into the air, making fine misting rain, which saves the corn.

The Coyote dance is engaged in by the warriors before they retire for the night, to keep their spirits up. They imitate the actions of the coyote,—trotting, glancing around, etc.

In the Grizzly Bear dance the participants paint the body yellow, wearing no clothing but the breech-cloth. They rub yellow clay on the backs and fronts of their fingers and hands, and sometimes over the whole of the legs. The members of this society have a medicine which they use in three ways: they rub it on their bodies before going to battle; they rub it on bullets to make them kill the foe; and they administer it to horses, making them smell it when they are about to surround a buffalo herd.

THE ART OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

SANFORD ROBINSON.

ONLY a very few years ago the advent of the dry plate revolutionized photography, and the "amateur photographer" became a possibility. The "shutter" appeared, and the "snap-shot fiend" became an unpleasant reality. From a too prolific brain an Eastern man evolved two things at once,—a new implement and an ugly name, and the "Kodaker" immediately pervaded the universe. Happily the snap-shot fad has had its day, but the Kodaker will continue unintelligently to point his black box with the senseless name at everything under the sun, to press the button as we should ring an electric bell, and trust to some one else to produce—what nine times out of ten does not exist—a picture. But neither of these two are amateur photographers. Webster says that an amateur is "one who cultivates any study or art from taste or attachment, without pursuing it professionally." This definition most aptly fits the amateur in the beautiful art of photography.

"SIGHED THE SEDGES." *E. L. Woods.*

Long time has continued the controversy over the claim of photography to be an art, but the artistic progress made by amateurs in the last few years has justified its claim. True, it does not idealize like the painter's art, nor does it use the colors of his palette. *That is yet to come.* But the amateur has attained to a high standard of art, and needs not to idealize, for he has learned the great lesson,—*when not to take a picture.* And, while he does not use the painter's colors separately, he uses them all combined. White, which includes all the colors of the solar spectrum, and black, denoting the absence of light, are his means of producing effects. An engraving is a work of art, yet the engraver uses only black and white.

Art, they would tell us, implies imagination and creation. Imagine and create as they may, the painter must use a brush and the engraver a graver. For the amateur, *Nature creates*, and the lens and the rays of great Father Sol are his tools. In the proper use of these lies the art, and in the hands of the artistic amateur the lens may be as much an artist's tool as the pencil or graver.

The true amateur is unobtrusive. He is a student.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE. *C. A. Sumner.*

He has a quick eye for the beauties of Nature, and preserves those beauties for the enjoyment of others. He is an art critic, and he is an *educator.* It is true that the earth is cumbered with bad photographs, but these be not the work of the true amateur. So also are there bad paintings and horrid chromos, but no artist produced them. The influence of the amateur is having its effect on the professional portrait taker, heretofore that most conservative of human beings, who has arrogated to himself the title of "photographic artist." That influence is seen in the tendency to abolish the cold, steely-blued "silver print" of old and substitute therefor sepia tints and the beautiful platinotype. Why? Because the amateur is educating the public to demand something more artistic, and the photographic "artist" must supply the demand.

The amateur is not a specialist. He is a landscape, a marine and a portrait artist. No pent-up *Rochester* contracts his powers. The whole, the boundless earth is his, and the sun is his slave. Promptly at his call responds that great limner, and in lines of imperishable silver graves the crystal plate of his master

Like unto the angler's, the amateur's art is a gentle one,—even more so, for he taketh no innocent life. Though the amateur "shoots" he kills not; though he "takes" he steals not. Rightly understood and practiced, the art is the most innocent and fascinating of all amusements, and withal one of the greatest of popular educators, for the amateur reaches those whom the painter cannot. The art work of the painter is for the rich only, that of the amateur for rich and poor alike.

SHIMMERING LEAVES. *Geo. W. Reed.*

And the public now discriminates. It has discovered that there are amateurs and amateur-amateurs. It no longer looks upon the possessor of a camera as necessarily an unmitigated nuisance.

I have said that the amateur cannot, like the painter, idealize. True, but he lets nature idealize for him. What ordinary observer would see anything attractive in a swamp of dead tule? But the amateur saw something in it, as

> "—In ledges sighed the sedges
> To the soft, salubrious breeze;"

and he who would not look twice at the original will look more than twice at the counterfeit presentment. The amateur did not idealize this picture, but he selected the right moment and allowed it to idealize itself. Dead tule is not a thing of beauty, but the picture is. Now look

> "Where upon the moveless water
> Lies the motionless frigata,
> Flings her spars and spidery outlines
> Lightly on the lucid plain."

That stately ship silhouetted against the sky needs no idealizing. Here is an old gate,—not much in itself,—only an obstruction in your path. But the amateur seized the happy moment when tremulous flecks of

"LIES THE MOTIONLESS FRIGATA." *Geo. W. Reed.*

golden sunlight were sifted through the shimmering leaves, and Nature had idealized that old and commonplace barrier. And now this typical California scene: The artist amateur saw the distant hills sharply outlined against the blue welkin, the dark intervening mass of verdure, and the ruminating kine in the foreground, and he saw a picture. In the twinkling of an eye he secured it and preserved its beauties for all time.

Nowhere has the artist amateur such opportunities for the practice of his art as in California. No matter what the season Nature sheds her kindly smile upon him. For him

> "All place a temple
> And all seasons summer."

The sunny Los Angeles home scene needs no other comment than its title The initial picture is the portrait of an amateur's little daughter taken by himself. No "retoucher's" vandal pencil has obliterated one characteristic line from the face or erased one cunning little freckle from the diminutive nose.

The illustrations here given are from photographs by well-known California amateurs, the pictures being selected for their variety of subject from some that I

"ALL SEASONS SUMMER." *Geo. W. Reed.*

happened to have on hand. If the editor would allow me the space, I could fill THE TRAVELER with others as good or better.

GREAT GUNS!

J. M. SCANLAND.

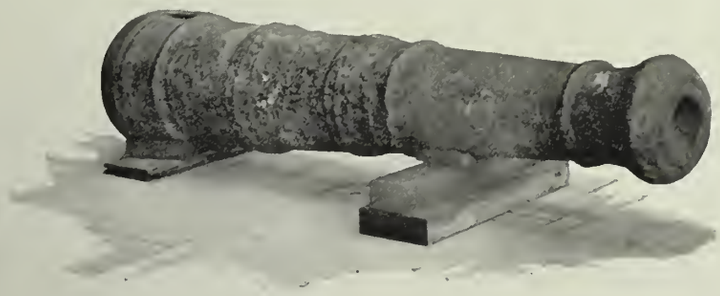
IN THE corner of Commercial and Main streets, Los Angeles, tourists will notice two cannon planted in the earth, muzzle downward. These guns have a history that only a few of the oldest residents know. The passing tourist is informed that they are "old Mexican cannon;" and then he passes on, evidently satisfied with this information. These historic cannon were placed on duty at this corner about a quarter of a century ago to prevent teamsters from driving their vehicles upon the sidewalk. The city of Los Angeles is virtually in possession of these guns, and the Southern California Historical Society is maneuvering to capture them by treaty. The Society wishes them for relics, but the city wishes to keep them for use rather than to be viewed by visitors. The owners of the corner lot have made a treaty of alliance with the city, and a merry war will doubtless be the result.

Technically, the cannon belong to the Government, but neither combatant wishes to call in Uncle Sam as arbiter, as he may remove them to his Washington museum.

In 1818 a piratical vessel under the command of Bouchard threw a few shot into the Spanish capital city, Monterey. The natives took to the foothills, when the pirates landed, sacked the city, not omitting to rob the church, burned the custom-house, and "sailed away, never to be heard of again."

In due time the viceroy at the City of Mexico awoke to the necessity of protecting the California coast. He sent out four cannon, and these guns were used in every revolution and counter-revolution under the Spanish and Mexican governments, and played an important part during the American "peaceful conquest."

In those days, as now, the northern part of the territory was arrayed against the southern portion; and, when a citizen of the north was appointed governor, the south generally "pronounced" against him: and the reverse.



These cannon were first on the one side, then on the other, according to the fortunes of war. But in 1843, when the southern portion of California was arrayed against the northern portion to recover a lost governorship, the battery was equally divided,—the result of some previous "revolt." Each side had also about 200 men, and they met upon the plains of Cahuenga, a few miles north of Los Angeles pueblo. Don Antonio F. Coronel, of this city, who participated in the bloodless battle as one of the *pronunciados*, related to me several amusing details of the "battle of the Alamo," as the Mexicans were pleased to call it. Ex-Governor Pio Pico, who is still living in this city at the age of ninety-two years, commanded the southern forces; and Don José Castro, who caused the filibusterer Fremont so much trouble a few years later, commanded the northern "army." The cannon were mounted on ox-wagons, and thus drawn upon the field, remaining hitched to the wagons during the progress of the harmless bombarding. The gunners, being raw recruits, were not drilled in the manual, and knew very little about loading a cannon; consequently they frequently stopped during the engagement to consult the artillery manual, and to go through the drill of loading. Finally, when they were ready, the oxen would be drawn forward at a double-quick pace, backed round in position, and the gun would belch forth, the oxen running across the field in fright. In the mean time the enemy, seeing the approach of this bovine battery, would "retire" at a safe distance. Then the other side would goad up its oxen and fire a broadside, the enemy in turn retreating. This cannonading was continued for two days; and, when hostilities ceased and the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was found that one mule had been killed. The mule belonged to Castro's "army," was a non-combatant, and had sought safety at the General's headquarters.

The slaughter of this mule ended the war, overturned the government, and Pico became governor.

When the American army took possession of Los Angeles, two of these cannon were placed in a fort on a hill overlooking the city, which place is still known as Fort Hill. The other two were placed on duty in front of the *adobe* hut in which Commodore Stockton had his headquarters. Believing that the conquest of California was complete, Commodore Stockton visited San Diego, leaving Lieut. Gillespie in command, with about fifty men.

Instead of pursuing a conciliatory course, as instructed, Gillespie became so tyrannical that the Mexicans, under Flores, "pronounced" against him. He surrendered, being permitted to retreat with the honors of war,—flags flying, drums beating, etc., and was also permitted to carry with him the two cannon which were posted at his headquarters. He feared an attack at San Pedro, and also did not care to trust the Mexicans with the cannon until he was safely on board ship. It was stipulated, however, that he should deliver the cannon to the Mexican commandant at San Pedro. Instead of doing so he spiked the guns and rolled them into the bay. He had also spiked the two cannon in the fort on the hill, and rammed them half way to the muzzle with pieces of misfit iron, rock and ball. They are still loaded.

Being thus on the retired list, they were not used against the Americans during the Flores rebellion.

After the rebellion had been crushed, the two cannon were rolled down from Fort Hill and mounted on guard at the entrance of the court-house.

About twenty years afterward some enterprising and public-spirited citizens fished the two remaining cannon out of the bay, brought them to Los Angeles, and planted them endwise at a prominent street corner, more for the protection of the pavement than from a regard for historic interest.

Here they have done duty ever since, and have been quite as useful in protecting the corner where they were planted as they formerly were in preserving the peace in the troublous times when California was a dependency of Mexico.

And these are the great guns that the Historical Society of Southern California is waging a war about.

A CANINE TRAVELER.

S. F. CHRONICLE, JULY 19, 1892.

If "Railroad Jack's" fame rested on his beauty he would never have been heard of, for he is not a handsome dog. Dickens' poor Jo might have hugged him, but he would have been bound to confess that he was "wery plain." Railroad Jack is a shining example of the triumph of mind, for it is his canine intellect that first drew attention to him, though unkind friends might say his ugliness advertised him.

The particularly interesting news about Railroad Jack lies, however, in the fact that he is now in San Francisco at Wells, Fargo & Co's office, and is the most traveled dog of his race. He has always been looked upon as the chief aid to the superintendent of the Union Depot at Albany, N. Y.; but after many years of faithful service it was thought proper that he should take a vacation and make a summer tour. He was fitted out with a brand new collar by the Buffalo Express, and left Albany on July 5th for a tour of the United States.

Jack's ancestors were all Scotch, and he is a strawberry-blonde-colored Scotch terrier of uncertain age. He was once young and sprightly, but is now somewhat prone to obesity, and has rather too much embonpoint for speedy locomotion. His gait is rather unsteady at present, for two reasons. He got into an argument, doubtless a political one, at Salt Lake with a Mormon mongrel, and Jack, not being as lively on his pins as he used to be, got rather the worst of it and has a sore shoulder blade. Then his toe nails, in

the hurry and bustle of travel, have not been manicured as they should be, and one has grown in so that he is still lamer. Now, however, he is resting in this city, and a veterinary surgeon will patch him up before he proceeds any further.

Travel has tired him a good deal. At Albany he knows when every train is due, and fidgets if it is not on time. On his collar are about thirty labels, showing the time he arrived at each large town on his journey via Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis, Kansas City, Pueblo, Denver, Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Or., Ashland and Sacramento to San Francisco.

As soon as he has sufficiently rested Railroad Jack will proceed to travel East and home, via New Orleans. A delegation of railroad men will welcome him back to the Union Depot at Albany, N.Y., and the great canine traveler's return will be announced by special dispatch beforehand.

* * *

Since the above was written "Railroad Jack," or "Owney," has made another transcontinental tour including Mexico, and his numerous tags and trophies have not only made him still more famous but have insured him against any possible encroachments of the dog catcher.

After a few days' rest and recuperation at the late dog show at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, "Owney" starts for home again via New Orleans.

W. S. Conway, the Castle Crag guide, writes us from Castella, under date of May 15, 1893, as follows:

"I made the trip to Squaw Creek over the Crag View summit trail, from the Tavern of Castle Crags, on Saturday last. There is no snow on the trail, and the fishing is better than I would have thought for the time of the year. I had only a short time to fish, as I had to return on Sunday, and the weather was not favorable,—being cloudy and threatening storm. I caught fifteen fine trout, and they were beauties,—only three small ones, and the largest measuring sixteen inches in length. I saw twenty deer and just lots of fresh bear signs."

TWO ILLUSTRIOUS TRAMPS.

THERE were two eastward-bound tramps departed from California for the "other side" this month, after whom THE TRAVELER threw the best old shoe in its possession. Two men with plain names, dressed in plain raiment, and not by any means dudish in their general appearance: they were John Muir and William Keith. These are plain names, but the only ones they have ever used, as far as we know. We beg to say, to those whom it may concern, that these men are respectable and trustworthy, that is,—well, we don't exactly wish to be held responsible for what they may do in the way of contracting debts, or in any way incurring obligations of a financial character, but outside of that we say they may be trusted.

In the true tramp style they have not hampered themselves with any special itinerary. They will go where they please and come back when they get ready.

Mr. Muir will make an investigation of the Switzerland glaciers to compare them with those of Alaska; and Mr. Keith will visit the principal art centers of Europe. Then, in company, they will visit Norway and Sweden, ending up with a tour through Scotland (their native heath) on foot.

John Muir probably knows more of the physical features of the Sierra Nevada Range than any other living man,—more of the geology, botany and the unspeakable grandeur of this splendid range, from Shasta on the north to Whitney on the south; and his descriptions of its wonders, great and small, stand as the best specimens of strong, pure, sterling English to be found in the land. He is a man of remarkable endurance, and has passed through many thrilling adventures, notably his snowbound experience of seventeen hours on the summit of Shasta during a terrific storm, where, but for the existence of the hot springs or solfataras, he must have certainly perished.

He has trailed it from the High Sierra, as the range adjacent to Mount Whitney is designated, to the Yosemite; and no points of interest to the geologist or student of nature escape his keen observation.

JOHN MUIR.

Muir's Glacier of Alaska, a brief description of which will be found in another column, was first thoroughly explored by and named for him.

Imagine a man of medium height, compactly put together, his limbs hardened by long tramps over the hills and valleys of the State he loves; upon this sturdy frame a well-set, well-shaped head, surmounted by a shaggy, uncontrollable mass of iron-gray hair; his face covered by a beard, Van Dyke in shape, because it pleases to grow that way; imagine all these not uncommon characteristics,—and you have John Muir, the man.

Picture to yourself a gentleman with blue eyes, that indicate a strange mixture of mental keenness and

WILLIAM KEITH.

natural sensitiveness; a straight, well-shaped nose, indicative of refinement; a face that shows a love for the beautiful: a general demeanor of gentleness, nicely blended with firmness; picture these characteristics,—and you have William Keith, the artist.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

To the Editor of THE TRAVELER:

DEAR SIR: I was interested in the article on tipping in the April issue of your paper, and in the communications on the subject from prominent hotel managers. While they seem to deplore the prevalence of tipping, and regard it as an evil, they all, with singular unanimity, agree that they are helpless to prevent or check it. Then they say, or, rather, write this. I think that they, at the same time, wink with one eye. Let any hotel manager who really desires to do away with tipping put the following notice at the head of his hotel-register, in all the rooms, and at the top of the menu cards:

TIPPING.

We pay our employees liberally, and expect from them in return first-class attention to all the wants of our guests without additional remuneration. Any employee known to accept fees of any kind will be promptly dismissed.

I believe the practical workings of such a notice would be as follows:

1. It would stop tipping.

2. It would free guests from the many petty annoyances that arise from the tipping evil, and secure better average attention to their wants.

3. It would advertise the hotel widely, and be the means of bringing increased patronage to it.

Twenty-five years ago shops and stores marked the prices of their goods in cabalistic signs, that they might size up each customer and get all they could. About that time A. T. Stewart introduced one price and the system of marking all goods in plain figures, and made a fortune by it,—as thousands of others have done since. The one-price system means less profits than the old way, but, on the other hand, better service and largely increased business. Now I think the same fortune awaits the first manager of a first-class hotel who will take a determined stand on this question of tipping. He may have to pay his help higher wages than at present, but in the end he will get back his money ten dollars for one.

OBSERVER.

YOSEMITE CAMPING PRIVILEGES.

Camping parties will soon commence to arrive in Yosemite, and a jolly crowd they are, usually. Here they have every privilege that the most reasonable person could desire. They pitch their tents all over the valley, and picket their horses in the open meadows. The meat market will be opened in a few days, where they can buy good beef at a reasonable figure. The tolls for a two-horse rig will average about $3.00 each way on any of the roads. The National Yosemite Park extends toward the plains about thirty miles out on the different roads. You can camp where you please within its limits. You are to be careful with your fires, and not to hunt—unless attacked. This is the time of year when the annual falsehood is started by some disgruntled sheep herder, or owner, that campers are deprived of all privileges in the valley. If it is started, brand it as a falsehood. We hope the press of the State will give this little notice general publicity, because there is but one Yosemite on earth, and all Californians are proud of the fact that it is within their own State.

Friends of Carlyle are familiar with the wood-cuts, etchings and various sorts of engravings that have appeared of him for the last ten years in the illustrated magazines of the day. Being curious to make a comparison between "the real and actual" and "the otherwise," we have procured a photograph of the Chelsea Sage, and have had it reproduced by the half-tone process, a print of which we present below.

There is, and possibly there has always been, a disposition on the part of the public to know something absolutely certain as to the private lives of great men,—not what is said of them, but the facts in the case; and the desire to look upon their faces or a correct reproduction thereof is of an equal degree of interest.

This cut of Carlyle looks very little like any picture we have seen of him before. What would THE TRAVELER not give to be able to reproduce by this same process the portraits of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Pope, De Quincey, *et al.*, and compare them with the various cuts of these illustrious personages with which we are familiar.

The human face has not changed much in its general characteristics in the few hundred years last past; but if you will take up any remote illustrated gallery of celebrities, and compare it with a modern one, you will be amazed to see the vast difference between the two,—of course supposing that the illustrations in the latter case have been made by the half-tone process.

We confess our inability to discuss the question of idealism or realism in art; but when it comes to the reproduction of the said human face we claim that the nearer we can approach realism the better.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

It may be that the artist can improve upon God's mountains. The idealists claim this, we believe; but, when it comes to living beings, we object.

We claim, and most certainly believe, however, that in ten years the half-tone, or, perhaps, some better process from photographs, will sweep every other form of reproduction from the field.

A FEW POPULAR RESORTS AND HOW TO REACH THEM.

For the benefit of our many readers we give below a list of some of the principal summer resorts, their rates and how to reach them. Additional ones will be published in the next number.

If you will write to any one of these places, mentioning THE TRAVELER, you can obtain illustrated pamphlets without charge.

CORONADO BEACH, CAL.,

Is situated opposite San Diego on a peninsula. It is reached by ferry and motor from San Diego. About twenty minutes' ride. Fare 10 cents. Fare from San Francisco to San Diego: rail $20, steamer $15. Time by rail, 28½ hours; by steamer, 2 days. The Hotel del Coronado is but a stone's throw from the ocean, and is the largest resort hotel in the world, the grounds covering twenty acres. All latest improvements. Hot and cold sea baths. Capacity 750 guests. Rates $3.00 per day, $17.50 per week and upward. E. S. Babcock, Manager.

REDONDO BEACH, CAL.,

On the sea-coast, 23 miles east of Los Angeles, 505 miles from San Francisco by rail. Reached by Southern Pacific to Los Angeles, and thence *via* Southern California or Redondo Railway to Redondo Beach. Time from San Francisco, 24 hours. Fare $15.50.

The Redondo Hotel, conducted on the American plan, has 225 rooms, all of them sunny, splendidly equipped, excellent table. Surf-bathing, fishing, riding and walking are the chief diversions. Rates $3.00 per day, $17.50 per week. Geo. W. Lynch, Manager.

LA JOLLA PARK,

On the ocean, 12 miles north of San Diego, Cal. Reached by the San Diego, Old Town & Pacific Beach Railway from San Diego to Pacific Beach, thence by stage four miles. Fare, round trip, 90 cents. Time 1½ hours. Celebrated for its wonderful mammoth caves, 400 feet broad and 200 feet high, comprising ten in all. Goldfish Point, around which thousands of goldfish are always playing, is a sight only to be witnessed at this place. Fine hunting and fishing. Beautiful sea moss and shells. Open all the year round. Rates $2.00 per day, $10.00 per week. Special family rates. Johnson & Ritchie, Proprietors.

MONTEREY, CAL.,

One hundred and twenty-five miles south of San Francisco on the Pacific Ocean. Reached by the broad-gauge route of the Southern Pacific Company. Fare $3.00. Time 3¾ hours.

The Hotel del Monte is located a few hundred yards from the beach in a grove of ancient oaks. It is five stories high, and incloses three sides of a square. The grounds surrounding the building comprise 126 acres, all laid out in beautiful gardens. Swings, croquet grounds, tennis courts, etc., afford every means of amusement. There is also a pretty lake on the grounds provided with rowboats. A club house, bowling alley, billiard room, well-appointed stable and warm-water bathing tanks afford additional recreation. Rates $3.00 per day, $17.50 per week. Geo. Shonewald, Manager.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.,

Eighty miles south of San Francisco. Reached by the Southern Pacific Company (narrow-gauge route) in about four hours. Also by the Southern Pacific Company (broad-gauge route), *via* Menlo Park, in 4½ hours (121 miles). Fare, either route, $2.80.

Hotels: The Sea Beach Hotel, one of the largest and finest in California. Capacity 200. All modern improvements. Open all the year. Surf-bathing and warm-water tanks, picnic parties, fine drives, dancing and many other attractions. Rates $2.50 to $6.00 per day, $12.50 to $40.00 per week, in summer; $2.50 to $3.00 per day, and $12.50 to $17.50 per week, in winter. John T. Sullivan, Proprietor.

LARKSPUR INN

Is located about a quarter of a mile from Larkspur, Marin County, a station on the North Pacific Coast Railroad, 12¾ miles from San Francisco. Time 45 minutes. Fare 35 cents. Elevation 300 feet. Excellent table. Accommodates 150 guests. Amusements: Bowling alley, billiard rooms, tennis court, fine drives and walks in the adjacent canyons. Bathing in the bay a half mile from the hotel. Fine livery connected with the hotel. Rates $3.00 per day, $15.00 per week. Special rates to families. Hepburn & Terry, Managers.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.,

In the southwest corner of the State, 609 miles from San Francisco by rail, 127 miles from Los Angeles. Reached by the Southern California Railway, or the Pacific Coast Steamship Company from San Francisco. Time by rail 28 hours. Fare $20. Interesting trips may be made to Sweetwater Dam, across the Mexican border to Tia Juana, to Coronado Beach, famous caves at La Jolla, etc.

Hotels: The Hotel Brewster, one of the best-equipped hotels in Southern California. All conveniences. Capacity 145. Open all the year. The Brewster is centrally located. All cable and electric railways pass the door. Postoffice in the hotel building. Rates $2.50 per day and upward. J. E. O'Brien, Proprietor.

BYRON SPRINGS, CAL.,

In Contra Costa County, two miles by carriage from Byron Station, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and 70 miles from San Francisco. A place of rest and recuperation. Celebrated for its wonderful mineral and mud baths. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney, blood and other kindred ailments yield readily to the baths. The hotel is commodious and comfortable, with all modern improvements. Fine livery connected with the hotel. Picnic parties, pleasant walks and a delightful time doing nothing are among the occupations of guests. A resident physician gives his services without extra charge. Fare from San Francisco to the Springs $2.40. Time three hours. Rates $2.50 to $4.00 per day, $15.00 to $21.00 per week. Baths free. C. R. Mason, Manager.

PARAISO SPRINGS,

The "Carlsbad of America," Monterey County, Cal., is seven miles by stage from Soledad Station, and 150 miles south of San Francisco. Elevation 1,000 feet. Mountainous district. Atmospheric conditions dry and healthful. The wonderful cures effected by the hot soda and sulphur baths are well known throughout the world. The analysis of these waters shows almost an identity with those of the famous Carlsbad of Germany. Rheumatism, kidney and stomach troubles and blood diseases are the special ailments relieved by these waters. Fare to Springs $5.00. Time seven hours, 1½ hours being staging. Rates $2.00 and $2.50 per day, $10.00 and $12.00 per week. Baths free.

PACIFIC CONGRESS SPRINGS,

So called because of the similarity of their waters to those of the celebrated Congress Springs at Saratoga, N. Y., is situated five miles from Los Gatos, in Santa Clara County. Elevation 730 feet. The waters are celebrated for the cure of rheumatism and blood diseases. Mineral baths, hot or cold, 25 cents. Livery connected with the hotel. Reached *via* Southern Pacific Company (narrow gauge) to Los Gatos, thence by stage to the Springs. Through fare $2.25. Time 3½ hours. Rates $2.50 per day, $12.00 and $14.00 per week. Children under ten half price. Servants $10.00 per week. T. W. Stackpole, Proprietor.

LLAGAS, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CAL.,

In the Santa Cruz Mountains, ten miles from New Almaden, a station on the Southern Pacific Company (narrow-gauge route). Fare from San Francisco $2.80. Time about five hours. Stages connect with morning trains Wednesday and Saturday. Elevation 1,300 feet.

Hotel: Mountain home. Good hunting and fishing. Swimming tank. Rates $2.00 per day, $10.00 per week. Special family rates. Victor Poncelet, Proprietor.

CLAM SAM.

Every village has a "character" of one kind or another that is the butt for the good-natured chaffing of everybody.

In San Mateo the village character is a Chinaman yclept Clam Sam.

It has been hinted that Sam has a history; that in his prime he was a pirate in the China seas. There are vague rumors also to the effect that he is a grandfather; but, if he is, he does not exercise all the privileges pertaining to that dignified position, the principal one being the right to cultivate whiskers. As a general rule the Mongolian is sober, sedate and stoical. They are certainly not demonstrative as a class. Life seems to be a very serious matter with them. But Sam is an exception to all this. His life is a perennial sunshine. It is his smile that makes him stand out as an entirely unapproachable specimen of his race. He can smile wider, broader and more effusively to the square inch than any other human being that has come under the writer's observation. He keeps it with him on all occasions, and they say that, if he has no one to chin and grin

W. D. Read phot.

with for several hours, he has to go into the back yard and have a little laugh all to himself, just as a matter of relief; in fact he has used his smile-wrinkles so much that even when his face is in repose it has the appearance of a petrified grin.

Sam acquired his *nom de plume* from the fact that formerly he earned a livelihood by stirring the Coyote Island mud flats for the festive, luscious clam. He used to observe with a grin that he didn't know whether digging clams was fishing or farming. It was this uncertainty, together with the fact of competition, that drove him out of the business, and he now engages in a little of all kinds of work in doors and out.

He takes a rather philosophical view of things in general. He admits that the highbinder is a "welly bad man; sometime Melican man bad too."

As to our relations with China, Sam has rather broad views, especially as regards the Geary bill. He says, "Chinaman no likee? let 'em lumpee." It is safe to say that this smiling-faced son of Mongolia will never come to want if he remains in our village; for there is not a citizen but would contribute something to his support if such an improbable event should occur.

F. Hopkinson Smith is the author of the following: "I often think what a shock it must be to the good taste of Nature when one whitewashes an old fence. For years the sun bleached it, and the winds polished it, until each fiber shone like soft threads of gray satin. Then the little lichens went to work and filled up all the cracks and crannies, and wove gray and black films of lace over the rails; and the dew came every night and helped the green moss to bind the edges with velvet; and the worms gnawed the splinters into holes; and the weeds clustered about it and threw their tall blossoms against it; and when there was found a particularly ugly, old, hewn post, a little creeper of a vine peeped over the stone wall and saw its chance, and called out, 'Hold on, I can hide that,' and so shot out a long, delicate spray of green, which clung faithfully all summer and left a crown of gold behind it when it died in the autumn. And yet here comes this brute with a scythe and a hatchet, sweeps away all this beauty in an hour, and leaves behind only its grimy skeleton."

ITEMS.

The Sterlingworth Sanitarium, on Lake Chautauqua, Lakewood, N. Y., is attracting much attention all over the world. The demonstration of a *new principle* in the treatment of consumption and diseases of the throat and lungs was first carried out here, under the scrutiny of a commission of scientific men. The success of the institution has been deservedly phenomenal, not only owing to the remarkable cures that have been effected, but for the congeniality of the process of getting well, and the delightful cheerfulness and comfort of the accommodations and surroundings.

One of the most valuable testimonials ever paid to Sterlingworth appears in an article in *The Christian at Work*, by Joseph Newton Halleck. Dr. Daniels, of New York, says: "I also believe that those gentlemen who are conducting this work at Lakewood are entitled to every encouragement from the medical profession for their earnest and conscientious work, especially when the door is open to any physician who will come and see for himself."

Illustrated pamphlets and other information can be obtained by addressing E. L. Frisbie, Box 152, Lakewood-on-Chautauqua, New York.

Visitors to Santa Cruz are advised that at the San Lorenzo Stables, but two doors from the Pacific Ocean House, they can obtain first-class turnouts and saddle-horses at reasonable rates. Messrs. Lincoln & Chace are the proprietors, and take special pains to please their patrons.

A notable feature of *Outing* for May is the first of a series of articles upon the giants of the American equine world, under the title of "Queens of the Trotting Track," which will be followed by complete histories of the "Kings of the Track" and "Famous Pacers," by the same author, in succeeding issues of *Outing*, and combined will form a most interesting history of the development of that purely American production, the ideal light-harness horse.

There is the customary variety and an abundance of good fiction in the June number of *Short Stories*. The celebrated Hungarian Maurus Jokai is represented by a powerful though gloomy tale called "The House of Death." There is a thrilling ghost story by A. G. Canfield, and a clever sketch by R. D. Saunders, under the title of "Hamp Yarbrough's White Feather." There are other stories of interest by Alphonse Daudet, John Strange Winter, Gustav Droz, Mathilde Serao, etc.; and Donald G. Mitchell's Swiss legend, "The Bride of the Ice King," is reproduced with illustrations in the famous story series.

It is said that a big hotel will soon be built at Vichy Springs, Mendocino County.

Messrs. Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, of Remington typewriter fame, have paid $10,000 for the first Columbian half dollar. It will be exhibited at the World's Fair as a curiosity, and together with the gratuitous press comments the investment will undoubtedly prove to be a most valuable advertisement.

Camping, fishing, hunting, and sport of all kinds, are indulged in to a greater or less extent by those preparing for an outing. It is not every one, however, who knows what kind of an outfit to take for a summer outing, or where to obtain it. Messrs. Clabrough, Golcher & Co., of 605 Market Street, San Francisco, are foremost among the sporting establishments on the Coast. They have just issued one of the handsomest and most comprehensive pamphlets about camping and outing goods that has ever been published on the Coast. The illustrations are numerous, some of them in colors, and if any one will drop them a postal card, mentioning THE TRAVELER, they will send them a copy without charge.

Mrs. Stewart, of the Bellevue Terrace, Los Angeles, will conduct a cottage at Santa Monica this summer. It will be called "The Bellevue," and will undoubtedly be well patronized.

We have just received a copy of a new edition for 1893 of *Abroad and at Home*, by Morris Phillips, editor of the *Home Journal*, New York. It has been revised, enlarged and greatly improved, and contains many pages of new and valuable matter, helpful and interesting to European tourists and travelers in the United States.

There is a specially prepared chapter on Chicago and its hotels, giving some hints about the city, and suggestions for sojourners. The chapters on London and Paris have received minute attention. Among the new matter are articles descriptive of Atlantic City, Niagara Falls, the St. Lawrence, Adirondacks, Saratoga Springs, and a summer-resort guide giving all the facts and figures regarding the leading hotels. This book last year passed through three large editions in as many months, and should be in the hands of every traveler.

E. J. Foster, formerly proprietor of Paraiso Springs, is conducting a new hotel at Palermo.

The Western Authors' Publishing Association, with headquarters at San Francisco and New York, has been formed for the purpose of publishing the works of Western authors on a co-operative plan. This is a scheme entirely new on this Coast, and there is expected for it a success equal to that which accrued so generously to the Authors' Association of London and New York.

G. A. DANZIGER, Business Manager. W. C. MORROW, Literary Manager.
Murphy Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion, and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

The Tavern of Castle Crag opened for the season on June 1st, and the prospects are that the popularity accorded this famous mountain resort last year will be repeated. The building has been doubled in size, and the grounds beautified and improved. This charming spot is rapidly taking its place as one of the leading mountain resorts of the world. Additional trails have been made to the most interesting scenic points, which abound in the vicinity. Mount Shasta and many other splendid attractions of the North are in this locality. Taking it all in all, the prospects are good for a lively and prosperous season.

LOST OR STOLEN.

(Especially the latter.)

BESIDE THE STREAM.

Beside the stream the tiger lilies glow,
The ferns in fronded masses dip and gleam,
And the azaleas flaunt their blooms of snow;
Beneath the redwood boughs
Wild roses nod and drowse
In rhythmic motion with the water's flow,
Beside the stream.

Beside the stream the ice-grass, damp and cool,
Stands all day long, as in a waking dream,
Watching the trout leap from the silent pool;
The far call of the thrush
Startles the forest's hush;
Kingfishers sweep on pinions beautiful,
Beside the stream.

Beside the stream with noiseless step I steal;
The flies I cast glint in the sun's warm beam;
And to the music of the clicking reel,
With many a dart and splash
And iridescent flash,
Half-pounders, dripping, drop into my creel,
Beside the stream.

—*Fred Lewis Foster.*

Mountain View, Cal., May 25, 1893.

He was an artist at sleight-of-hand,
A song-dance-lady she;
They met at one, they loved at two,
They married at half-past three!
A brief, brief dream of wedded bliss;
Then she criticised his tricks.
They wrangled at four, they quarreled at five,
And parted forever at six!

—*Philadelphia North American.*

O Canada, sweet Canada,
Thou maiden of the frost,
From Flattery Cape to Sable Cape
With love for thee we're crossed;
We could not love thee less nor more;
We love thee clear to Labrador;
Why should we longer thus be vexed?
Consent, coy one, to be annexed.

O Canada, sweet Canada,
Our heart was always true;
You know we never really cared
For any one but you.
Your veins are of the purest gold
(We've mined them some, the truth be told).
True wheat are you spite chaff and scorn,
And O, your dainty ears (of corn).

O Canada, sweet Canada,
John Bull is much too old
For such a winsome lass as you.
Leave him to fuss and scold;
Tell him a sister you will be;
He loves you not so much as we.
Fair maiden, stand not thus perplexed;
Come, sweetheart, come and be annexed.

—*Charles Henry Phelps.*

It is good to have a purpose;
I approve of it, of course;
All the people who have purposes
I cordially indorse;
But there's one especial purpose
Which has struck me with much force.

It is not my own, this purpose;
It is very far indeed
From a personal possession,
Or I surely should not need
To make mention of it sadly,
Or to give it any heed.

'Tis a sort of general purpose,
Owned by several witnesses;
'T is no doubt a lofty purpose,
But the mystery is this:
That, full often as I've heard of it,
I don't know what it is!

I have only seen its shadow
On the wrong side of the screen
Which veils it from the public;
Now, what may this shadow mean?
'T is—"Not suited to the purpose
Of the ——— Magazine."

—*Margaret Vandegrift.*

Kind o' purty, don't yuh think?
Green an' red an' yeller.
Bloomin' in th' winder there
Sort o' makes a feller
Think 't summer's back agin,
Even though he knows his
Eyes 'v' on'y caught th' shine
There uv mother's posies.

In th' ol' tomater cans
An' th' pots an' boxes,
There they bloom as big as life—
Pinks an' hollyhockses,
Creepin' things and vi'lets too,
Purty colors showin',
Peekin' through th' winder-pane
Out whur it's a-snowin'.

Yes, sirree, it's purty an'
Soothin like an' cheerin'
To set here on days like this
An' see mother clearin'
Out th' dead leaves an' sich things
Frum th' vines an phloxes
In th' ol' tomater cans
An' th' pots an' boxes.

—*Carl Smith, in Harper's Weekly.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

OBSERVATION.

"Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "When I was a student," he continued, "I used my sense of taste," and with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot and then put his finger in his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the professor, "and exercise your perceptive faculties."

The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class one by one. The students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction, and with many a wry face sucked the abomination from their fingers.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation; for, had you looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot." —*Youths' Companion.*

A BALLET DANCER'S EPITAPH.

"Here lies the body of Sarah Bent;
She kicked up her heels and away she went."

An Irishman once worked all day on the promise of getting a glass of grog. At night the employer brought out the grog to him, and the Irishman tasted it and said: "Which did you put in first,—the whisky or the water?"

"Oh," said the employer, "the whisky."

"Um-hum," mused the Irishman; "well, maybe I'll come to it by-and-by."

"What was your objection to my predecessor?" asked the missionary of the æsthetic cannibal.

"He was utterly devoid of taste," returned the cannibal, with a wry face —*Harper's Bazar.*

Gustav (head waiter)—"Did he tip you?"
Francois—"Only some coppers."
Gustav—"Oh! Then you—"
Francois—"Spilled the soup on the lady's dress, but refrained from dropping the salad on his broadcloth."
Gustav—"You will do."

Museum Manager—"Go down-stairs and tell the freaks they can't smoke cigarettes here."
Janitor—"That ain't a cigarette you smell!"
Museum Manager—"What is it?"
Janitor—"The India-rubber man got pushed agin' the stove." —*Puck.*

Dr. F. C. Wines, founder of the National Prison Association, had been formerly the principal of a boys' school. One day he had occasion to "trounce" a boy, and, it is to be supposed, did the work thoroughly. The lad took his revenge in a way that the Doctor himself could not help laughing at. Dr. Wines' front door bore a plate on which was the one word, "Wines." The boy wrote an addition in big letters, so that the inscription ran, WINES AND OTHER LICKERS.

"Beg pardon, sir," observed the tough-looking waiter, suggestively. "Gents at this table usually—er—remember me, sir."

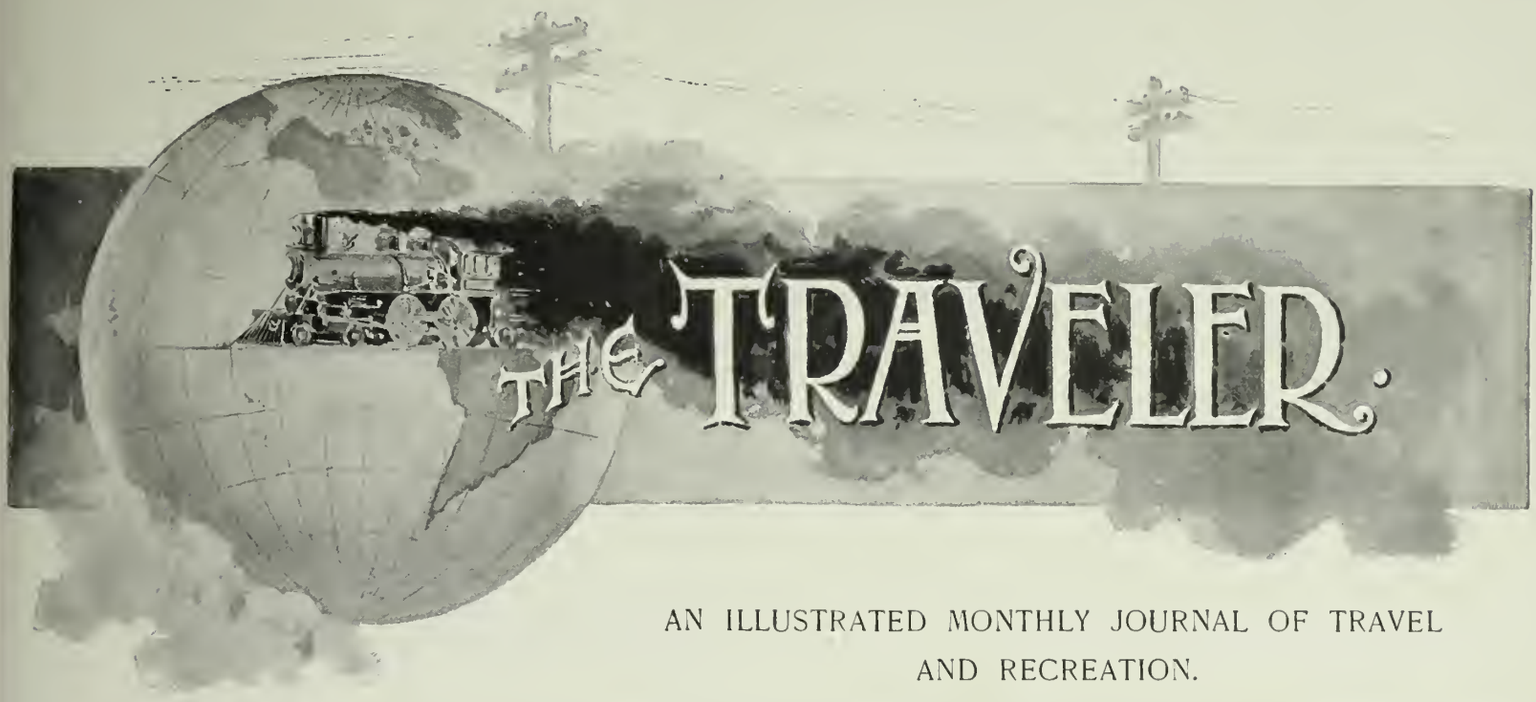
"I don't wonder," said the customer, cordially. "That mug of yours would be hard to forget." And he picked up his check and strolled leisurely in the direction of the cashier. —*Budget.*

Wool—"How do you suppose Queen Liliuokalani got her strange name?"
Van Pelt—"Her mother may have hit on it by accident while learning the typewriter. —*Life.*

Coroner—You seem to be certain that the deceased accidentally fell into the water. How do you know that this is not a case of suicide?
Witness—He was a brither Scot, an' had a wee bottle of whisky on him wi' ne'er a nip ta'en oot. —*Pick-Me-Up.*

"And so you think heaven is like Boston?"
"Well, I did think so, but you know Boston has improved a great deal in the last twenty years." —*Life.*

JULY, 1893.

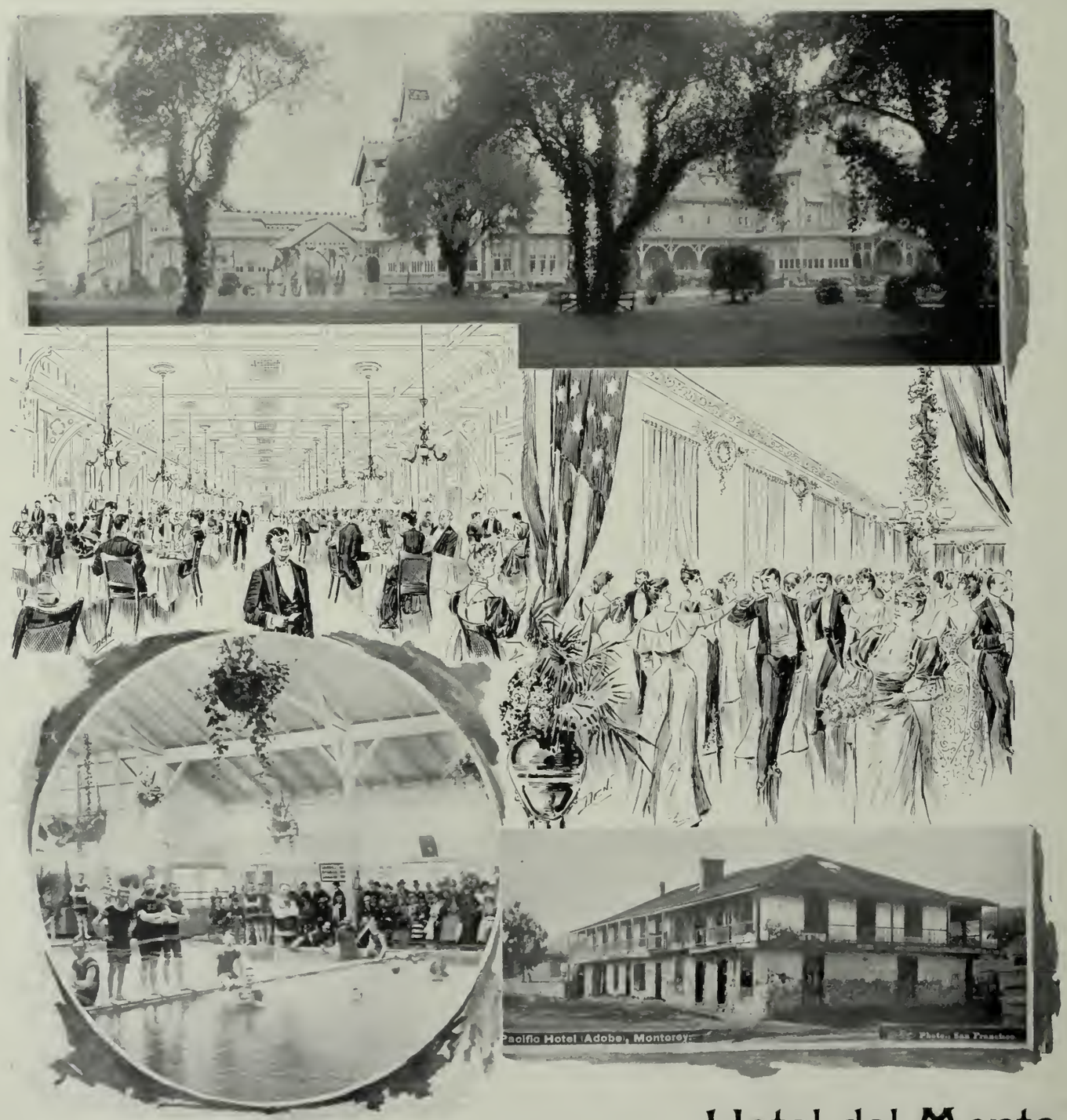


AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECRATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Watkins photo.

KERN RIVER, CALIFORNIA.



Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME 2. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY, 1893. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES $1.25.
SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

THE TRAVELER'S
BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with the TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

OF OUR frontispiece, the Kern River, California, we wish to say that it is a fine illustration of our mountain, valley and river scenery; and looking upon this from a practical standpoint we beg to observe that the waters of this grand river have been made subservient to the uses of agriculture in the neighborhood of the southern San Joaquin Valley.

Of the terrible grandeur of the source of this river Mr. Gardner of the United States Geological Survey writes:

"Canyons from two to five thousand feet deep between thin ridges topped with pinnacles sharp as needles; successions of great crater-like amphitheaters, with crowning precipices oversweeping snow fields and frozen lakes; everywhere naked and shattered granite, without a sign of vegetation except where a few gnarled and storm-beaten pines cling to the rocks in the deeper canyons;—such were the elements of the scene we looked down upon, while cold, gray clouds were drifting overhead."

THE New York *Home Journal* of June 7th says: "When the last day of November has expired we do not step forward and extend a welcome hand to winter's freezing palm. Still less when we stand upon the threshold of March do we lift up our voices and sing blithely, 'Spring has come.' For we know that spring has *not* come except in name; that the feathered songsters will *not* tune their notes in joy for many weary weeks; and that we shall have to wade through two months of slush and gloom before anything remotely resembling vernal weather will begin."

This is a wail from our far-off eastern neighbor that we fully appreciate. When your dull November skies are occasionally flecked with white-winged harbingers of winter from the northern abodes of Boreas, we are looking anxiously to the south for the soft warm rains that shall soon come to gladden the land and clothe it by the beginning of the new year in a carpet of green. When your January thaws and your February blizzards are making you wish you were in California, the buds are swelling here, and the farmer is through with his seeding, the birds are singing in the meadows, and the voice of the luscious hind-legged frog is heard in the land.

And when with you the boisterous lamb-and-lion March is drifting the snow against the fences and between times blinding your eyes with the light of a midday sun that goes out quickly and leaves icicles hanging from the eaves, and frozen snow-crust everywhere, and slippery places where ashes or "creepers" are needed; when the crow and the blue-jay are the only birds to be seen,—then, it is then, that the full flush of the spring descends upon us like a benediction, the pasture lands are ablaze with the golden cup of the Eschscholtzia, the sky is mirrored in great waves of delicate lupines, and the cows are knee deep in the tender pasture clovers.

Now while it may be that we have followed this comparison to a more than odious limit, we must beg to say that when your spring and summer *do* come you are liable to be blasted by the thunderbolt or struck down by the blinding heat of the midsummer sun. With us this is not so. Neither our summers nor our winters are without unpleasant features, but we will be pardoned for saying that they are far and away ahead of your stern and rock-bound coast of the Atlantic.

WE DO not wish to criticise our friends save when we can be of some service to them. We have before us a bit of advertising matter, and this is how it reads (between the lines).

We will of course distribute this matter to the traveling public until such time as we can convince the parties who issued it that their money can be invested to a much better advantage in attractions.

"The most comfortable resort in the State."

"Scenery wilder than the Yosemite."

"We have a matchless climate."

"No better hunting grounds or trout streams in the State."

"Our hotel is provided with every modern convenience and luxury."

"There are warm and cold mineral springs on the premises, and the waters are the best in the world."

"The most accessible and convenient of all the watering places on the Coast."

"We cater to the wishes of our guests in every respect. Do you want to fish? It's a go. Do you want to hunt? We can show you more places where deer lurk in our neighborhood than you can shake a stick at in a week."

"Are you fond of society, that is, the cream of it? We have it right with us."

"In fact if there is anything in this round globe that you want and we haven't got it we will telephone and get it here within an hour."

In other words if you are going to spend any money in advertising we beg you to do it to the best advantage. We have already informed you that the circus-poster style of advertising was "out," and it *is* out, never to come in again. It served its day, in its way, and that's an end of it.

SIXTY years ago, when the steam engine began its competition with the stage coach as a means of passenger transit, its velocity was naturally a matter of wonder and comment. We read in the books of that period of the great speed of fifteen or even twenty miles an hour being attained by the locomotive. Under the conditions of the day such a speed was no trifle. The loosely coupled cars, with inefficient springs, rattled along over the imperfect rails and roadbed. The engine filled the air with sparks and cinders, which drifted into the cars and made life miserable for the passengers. The rails on which the cars moved were made of wooden beams, along which strips of iron were spiked. Sometimes the end of one of these strips became loosened, and, bending upward over the wheel into "snake heads," would be driven through the floor of the car into the body of some unfortunate passenger, with fatal result.

The contrast between the old and the new was vividly brought out in the exhibit prepared by the New York Central Railroad for the World's Columbian Exposition. The De Witt Clinton of 1831 stands alongside of the New York Central engine No. 999 of 1893,—the pigmy beside the giant. The great dimensions of engine 999 were not all that entitled it to respect. This engine, drawing a regular train of cars on the track of the New York Central road, has surpassed the speed of any object propelled by man short of a projectile. The speed of the wind in the most powerful gales has been equaled, and the flight of the swiftest bird through the air has been surpassed. The mile record for a locomotive engine on Tuesday, May 9th, was reduced by it to thirty-five seconds. With grim humor the engineer said of the machine that she was not feeling her best, although she gave a new world's record. On May 10th, between Batavia and Buffalo, a new speed test was made. Batavia was passed at a speed of sixty miles an hour. This was increased until a mile was run in thirty-five seconds, and soon after a mile was made in thirty-two seconds. For some distance a rate almost as great was maintained. *The Station Agent.*

LITTLE GIRL. Jimmy, show me what yer got for yer birt'day!
LITTLE BOY. I dassent!
(*The poor boy got only a spanking.*)

MOUNT CONNESS.

HENRY CHAS. EVERILL.

CONNESS and its vicinity is a portion of the Sierra Nevada that, as yet, has been very little visited by the ordinary traveler.

It lays quite out of the track of pleasure-seekers, and its summit is not exactly the place one would select for a holiday picnic, for the ladies would be apt to find the ascent over the trail extremely difficult.

But should any one desire to make the journey, they must first take the rail to Oakdale, leave the cars there, and travel some seventy miles by stage or wagon to Crocker's, from where an old mining track or road leads to the soda springs on the Tuolumne River, some fifty miles from Crocker's, and then winds round Mount Conness to the Eagle Mines.

The tourist will probably find this road a very rough one, and not at all suitable for cyclists. Should he venture in the month of May he stands a chance of striking the snow near Crocker's six or eight feet deep: and, as fifty miles of snow travel is far from pleasant, the best time to make the ascent of Mount Conness would be in August.

The soda springs are situated on the edge of the timber in the Tuolumne meadows. They are 8,300 feet above sea-level, and lay about eight miles south by west of Mount Conness. There are some twenty or thirty of these springs, which are constantly running at a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and spout up to the height of twenty feet above the ground. The water is very wholesome and palatable, and contains large quantities of iron and soda. From the soda spring the trail leading to the summit of the mountain is about eleven miles long, and a very difficult one, the ascent being nearly 3,400 feet. For a part of the distance the slope of the hill is 45 degrees, and the soil consists of loose, decomposed granite.

During the reconnaissance of Mount Conness the survey party formed a camp 300 feet below the summit and about 600 yards to the eastward. From this camp the ascent was very dangerous. A stiff climb along a narrow ridge of rock not more than twelve inches wide in places, overlooking a precipice of 1,000 feet on either side, is quite sufficient to try the nerves of the hardiest mountaineer.

Professor Davidson tells a story of one old heliotroper who turned giddy while on the trail; but the man held on, and keeping his eyes fixed upward on the trail, pulled out his pipe, took a smoke, and then proceeded; but it is not every tourist who could preserve such equanimity under the circumstances. But when the tourist has safely accomplished this feat he is quite rewarded by the magnificent panoramic view of the topography of the surrounding country that awaits him.

Gilbert photo.

Mount Conness may be termed a large buttress, standing at the northwest angle of a sharp crest of granite, which shows nearly vertical faces to the north, east and west.

Standing upon it, one looks down to profound depths, where three deep, narrow, dark and almost impassable canyons lead to the great depression around Lake Mono, which lays a few miles to the eastward.

This great buttress connects with the adjacent crest line by a narrow, crooked ridge or spur, not more than a foot wide in places. The sheer descent on the south is about 1,300 feet to the talus, and 2,100 feet to the small Lake Conness to the west.

In the early morning the dark shadows of the western crest line fall on the vertical to the southeast, and add to the sense of sheerness and profundity.

The summit is granite, as are also the surrounding rocks, pinnacles and peaks. Great granite slabs 100 feet long jut out over the depths, held only at their bases.

MOUNT CONNESS. Prof. Davidson photo.

The peak commands a view of the whole of the Coast Range from Mount St. Helena, 4,376 feet elevation, to Santa Lucia, 6,000 feet. Looking to the north, the thirty-eight pinnacles of the Stanislaus, 12,000 feet, are in sight. To the south Mounts Dana, Lyell and Ritter can be seen; while, to the east and southeastward, all the great mountains of Nevada and the White Mountains are commanded.

The great mountain lake of Mono, which is 6,380 feet above sea-level, is shut in by Mount Warren.

The small hut standing on the summit of Mount Conness is 12,660 feet above sea-level, and is the highest observatory on the Pacific Coast. It was erected by Captain Gilbert during the geodetic survey. On the peak itself there was not space enough to give a floor of eight square feet, so a rock wall had to be built and a floor laid to before the building could be commenced, an illustration of which appears in this article.

The work of a survey party is not all "beer and skittles," as Sam Weller would say. All the lumber for the building and all stores had to be carried up these difficult trails. It is cold at that elevation, and every pound of firewood had to be carried some 2,000 feet from the timber line to supply the stoves for cooking and warming the tents: and, as the trees were very small, they did not last long, and the fuel had constantly to be renewed, especially as the snow had to be melted to procure water for cooking and drinking purposes.

Gilbert photo.

The hut was built on the eastern edge of the cliff, where the descent is vertical for 1,200 feet; and, as a matter of fact, the platform the hut was erected on hung over the precipice so much that a plumb line hanging from the side would only touch the wall of the cliff seventy feet below.

When the observatory was finished it was secured down to fixed rocks by sixteen guys made of six-stranded wire rope.

In this little hut a twenty-inch theodolite was mounted to measure the most important angles. The transportation of this instrument over the narrow, dangerous ledge connecting with the summit was a task of great difficulty, for it required four men to carry it under ordinary circumstances.

The view which shows the observers operating with their instruments is from a photograph taken by Mr. Dyer, University of California, who paid a visit to the camp. More than 2,500 observations of different kinds were made during the reconnaissance.

The signals used in making these great triangulations are reflected beams of sunlight, which reach the observer at a distant station in the form of bright star-like points shown from the mirrors. Professor Davidson says that a mirror of three inches in diameter will reflect a bright, minute image, readily seen by the naked eye at a distance of sixty miles; while a light

Dyer photo.

thrown from a mirror eight inches square has been seen like a bright star 160 miles away without any telescope.

During this survey two mirrors of twelve inches square were used in making these heliotropic signals.

The principal observations made from Mount Conness were the measurement of horizontal distances of the five connecting stations of the main triangulation, viz., Mocho, near Mount Hamilton (Lick Observatory), 4,085 feet elevation, and 127 miles distant; Mount Diablo, 3,849 feet and 143 miles; Round Top, 10,640 feet and sixty-seven miles to the northward; Mount Grant, 11,270 feet, and fifty-one miles to the northeast; and Lone Mountain, 9,140 feet, and distant 102 miles.

The reference station was Mount Hoffman, a granite peak 10,800 feet high, fourteen miles to the southwest, to reach which necessitated a descent of nearly 5,000 feet to Lake Tenaya, which lays between and is overlooked by both Mount Conness and Mount Hoffman.

Early in the day magnificent masses of cumuli form along the line of the Sierra, moving along the line of coast and inland toward Nevada.

Sometimes great volumes of black clouds gather over Mount Lyell, and traveling onward envelop Mount Warren, the Damdahy and the distant Mount Grant, filling the gorges and canyons with darkness. At times it descends on Mount Conness with terrific thunder peals, and so darkens the peak that objects become invisible at fifty yards. Everything then becomes surcharged with electricity, and on these occasions it becomes quite necessary to leave the summit, and seek the shelter of the camp.

Even in the summer time the cold south wind sometimes blows at the rate of 100 miles an hour, with the temperature nearly down to zero. Then snow and sleet become very plentiful.

To guard against these summer storms the tents of the survey camp, which lay to the right of the peak, had to be half buried with small rocks, and protected on the south or down-slope side by heavy stone walls to prevent their being blown away.

Toward sunset most gorgeous effects of light, shadow and color are to be seen, and sometimes, when the sky is clear and of that deep blue color so well

Gilbert photo.

known to mountaineers, the atmosphere is so clear that mountain ranges 150 miles distant do not appear to be more than fifty miles away.

BY RAIL TO JERUSALEM.

It is positively startling to think that one can now go up from Joppa to Jerusalem by rail at a cost of one dollar, but such is the fact. This first railroad in Palestine was recently opened with much Moslem ceremony, which included the sacrifice of three sheep on the platform of the station as a kind of propitiatory offering. This shows the difference between Mohammedan and American railroad methods, for in this country, though we occasionally sacrifice sheep and cows and horses and even human beings, we do not do it on the platform of a station, but on a "grade crossing," and then, when it is done, we—that is to say, the railroad company—declare that we did not mean to do it; and we ask the farmer how much he will take to settle for the loss of his sheep or his cow, or what compensation the poor widow will accept for the loss of the husband, father, bread-winner, whom we have sacrificed on the grade crossing.

The Jerusalem & Jaffa Railroad is only fifty-three miles long, and the time made on it between the two cities is three hours and a quarter, which is less than seventeen miles an hour. The fares are $2.50 for the first-class and $1.00 for the second-class. Between Jaffa (the modern spelling of Joppa) and Jerusalem there are five stations. The terminus at the latter place is really one mile outside the city, and the cost of the land on which the station stands is a striking evidence of the influence of a railroad in raising values. Thirty years ago this land was sold at $1.00 an acre; the railroad company had to pay about $3,000 an acre for it.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

"If Jackson's big camera could only talk," has often been remarked, "what a story it could tell." I have myself seen it several times on the very edge of destruction: once in the Shasta country, when "old Sorrel" came near kicking it into kindling wood; and once on the Hudson River, opposite Albany, as we were hoisting it up to the top of the ice-house for a more extended view; and once on the trails of Yosemite. But the old box seems to wear a charmed life, and is good yet for many a day of mountain service.

It was with this instrument that the superb panoramas of Hotel del Monte were taken, and it has done good service all over the United States and Mexico.

The above view is the summit of Fannette Island in Emerald Bay, Lake Tahoe.

THE privilege of riding from New York to Chicago in twenty hours costs an extra charge of $6 in addition to the regular railway and sleeping-car fare, or a total of $31. But to be able to leave one city after business hours and reach the other at about the opening of business next day is often worth much money to the traveler; and the sensation of being whirled over the whole distance at an average speed of fifty-one miles an hour, with only nine stops between the Atlantic Ocean and Lake Michigan, is also worth something to anybody, while the exclusiveness, the special luxuriousness of the new equipment, and the name of traveling on the "Exposition flyer," will be thought by some to be worth a few dollars more. *Railway Age.*

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

Strangers visiting California at this season of the year will be attracted by the great splashes of gold that appear in the pasture lands and by the waysides.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA. *Tabbitt's photo.*

The eschscholtzia (esh-shōlts-ī-a) is now the flower emblem of California. The appropriateness of this selection is seen in many ways.

It is the wild wine-goblet of the State, suggestive, in color, of the orange and the precious metal. The Spaniards indeed called it *el oro de copo*,—the cup of gold.

In the month of October, 1816, the ship *Rurick*, under command of Kotzebue, harbored in the Bay of San Francisco. The naturalist, Adalbert von Chamisso, was on the *Rurick*, and named the poppy for his companion of the voyage, Johann Friedrich Eschscholtz. The latter may have been a good citizen, and his name may sound euphonious to his nation, and all that; but to the Anglo-Saxon the word is a great bugbear. Let us be thankful, however, that our beautiful flower was not christened with the full name of Johannfriedrich-eschscholtzia.

It will never be known how many California school children have barely escaped strangulation in attempting to pronounce the botanical name of the poppy.

This flower has a wide distribution: it extends from Oregon to the central highlands of Mexico; from Nevada and Arizona to the islands off the coast.

It has been in common cultivation in Europe for more than fifty years. It runs into many varieties of form and color, and is sometimes double like the rose.

The blooming season of the eschscholtzia is in April and May; but isolated specimens may be found from January to June. They are not confined to any particular location, or hedged about by circumstances, being rather Bohemian in their instincts, although they close up business at nightfall, whereas the Bohemian is frequently just starting in at that hour.

At noonday this is a bold, saucy, gaudy thing; in the twilight it is a timid, clinging, modest flower. The open upland fields are where this flower shows to the best advantage,—great swaying swaths of saffron bells, where the boys chase the girls to-day just as they used to do long ago, and hold this golden chalice under their dimpled chins to discover what sort of a taste they have for butter.

"FACTS WORTH KNOWING."

One of the neatest, handsomest and most interesting souvenirs that has been issued by a hotel on this Coast is one that has just been published by THE TRAVELER for the California Hotel, San Francisco. It is entitled, "Facts Worth Knowing." It contains thirty-two pages of reading matter and beautiful illustrations. It is an encyclopedia of useful and interesting facts, such as population of principal cities of the globe, places of interest in and around San Francisco, the chief hotels of the world, statistics concerning the World's Fair, rates to the principal California resorts, and a host of other equally instructive matter. A copy will be mailed free to any one who will take the trouble to write for it, mentioning THE TRAVELER. Address Mr. A. F. Kinzler, Manager the California Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

L. F. COCKROFT.

The Hawaiian Islands were accidentally discovered by Capt. Cook in 1778, just three months after the surrender of Burgoyne, which will help Americans to remember the date. He was in command of the *Resolution* and the *Discovery* of the British Exploring Expedition, on his way from the Society Islands to Alaska. On the 18th of January he sighted the islands of Oahu and Kauai, landed at Waimea on the twentieth, and sailed from Niihau for the north on February 2d.

The astonishing news of the arrival of the strangers with their immense ships quickly ran throughout the group of islands. The strangers were to them supernatural beings who breathed flame and smoke. Their ships were islands which belched thunder and lightning. Their commander was none other than a reincarnation of the great god, Lono, one of the divine Triad of Supreme Gods, Kane, Ku and Lono.

On November 30th, after ten months' absence, they touched at Wailua, on Maui, where the famous chief, Kamehameha, boarded the *Resolution*. Beating up along Hawaii, Cook was over a month in making the circuit of the island. It was not until January 17, 1779, that he at last dropped his anchor in the fated bay of Kealakekua, escorted by a thousand canoes filled with worshiping people, laden with hogs, fowls, sweet potatoes, yams, bread-fruit, taro and sugar-cane for their lean and hungry visitors. Eighteen days of festivities followed, in which all the resources of the country were taxed to feed and satiate the wonderful god and his crews. Cook was loaded with divine honors, conducted to Lono's great *heiau* or temple with imposing ceremonies, the chiefs and people all prostrating themselves before him. All were at his service, from the royal Kalaniopuu to his lowest subject.

In the southeast part of the Island of Hawaii is the volcano of Kilauea, in many respects the most remarkable volcano in the world, not only because it is the largest active crater, but because, even in those rare intervals when the molten lava is invisible, the wonderful mechanism of the volcano may be closely inspected. We may stand in the midst of this terrible mountain builder and look upon the forces which have fashioned the crust of this earth. And when the lavas are welling up from their cisterns in the bowels of the earth, surging in the pits of Halemaumau, spreading in black, ropy streams over the main bed of the crater, or dancing in frenzied delight at their escape from the dungeons of Pluto, not alone the child of Hawaii can see the divinities of more than mortal power in the home of Pele, but the man who is not inspired with awe as well as filled with wonder when in the presence of these "rock-consuming fires," lighted by no mortal hand, is less than half a man.

All the possible dangers attending the descent into Kilauea are forgotten in the intoxicating excitement that possesses us. The crevasses we leap. The tunnels and blow-holes, through which we look into fiery furnaces seven times heated; the vapors that at times envelop us; the hot brink of the lake of living lava, where waves of liquid fire dash upon the shore, and the thin edges of the waves are spun into threads finer than finest silk, and are then wafted away in the breeze; the rumblings and subterraneous commotions that at times seem to threaten total annihilation;—all these have no terrors for us while we are in the midst of them. But at night, when the canopy of vapor that always hangs above that *inferno* is like a cloud on fire, and perpetual lightnings play upon the surface of the burning lake, we shudder with thinking of the dangers we have passed.

1. Fishing canoes, Waiakea River, Hilo. A Hawaiian fishing village. The fishermen gather together on arrival from and before departure for their fishing grounds to enjoy a feast with their wives and children. This feast is of an exceedingly simple character, the menu consisting of poi and fish; when the banquet ends they sing a song or two, and then put out for their fishing grounds some twenty miles off shore.

Accidents are rare with these catamaran anglers, as they are wonderfully expert in handling their frail canoes, being accustomed to it from childhood.

2. This is an every-day street scene in Honolulu. These girls rise in the early morning, and in various places on the mountain sides obtain the flowers. They then repair to their resorts on the streets and occupy themselves in stringing them by means of a needle and thread. The natives are passionately fond of flowers, and the girls find a ready sale at low prices for their goods.

3. Wailua Falls, Kauai.

4. This is a specimen of a living native astrologer or Kahuna. They ape a most helpless manner, and pretend to be models of all that is good and holy. They pretend to have intercourse with spirits, and their orders are obeyed without murmur by those who call in their aid.

They are becoming rarer year by year, and the time is not far distant when they will live only in legendary lore.

5. Diamond Head, a noted landmark off Honolulu. In the foreground there are native fishermen returning from the fishing grounds, and beaching their canoes.

6. A thatched village in Hilo.

7. Hilo is a cluster of summer houses hidden among palms and bread-fruit trees, where the rain is said to fall perpetually. Perhaps it is for this reason that Hilo is the most tropical in appearance, as it is certainly the most beautiful of Hawaiian hamlets.

We find other occupation, for there are delightful drives in the vicinity: to Cocoanut Island, to the Rainbow Waterfalls, and to the neighboring heights, where the best view of the coast is obtained.

BICYCLING.

FRANK H. KERRIGAN.

OF ALL athletic sports and exercises probably none is attracting more attention in the United States at the present time than cycling. The public feels a special and kindly interest in cycling because it has generally been conducted as a sport for gentlemen. It has been kept from that bane of almost all branches of athletic sport, professionalism. The "League of American Wheelmen" is a strong organization which has always exercised an influence for good upon cyclists, and has directed itself especially to the work of making cycling popular among the general public.

The popularity of any sport is of course largely due to the public exhibitions of skill in that sport, and this is no less true of cycling than of rowing, baseball and other pastimes. Racing on the bicycle is especially interesting and exciting, the frequent close finishes stirring up a genuine enthusiasm among the spectators. The absence, for the most part, of trickery and low devices from the sport is a strong argument in its favor.

The bicycle has enabled man to vie in speed with, and even to surpass, the trotting horse. Recently a well-known rider, Mr. J. S. Johnson, vaulted into the saddle of his steel horse and covered one mile in the astonishing time of 1:56⅔.

With regard to cycling on the Pacific Coast it has hitherto been a matter of keen regret among local wheelmen that their records of speed compare so unfavorably with the records of riders in the Eastern States. But beyond doubt these slow times have been due to the want of a proper racing track. It was not until last year that the first regular bicycle track was built on the Pacific Coast. In April, 1892, the "Alameda Bicycle and Athletic Club" constructed a bicycle race track, upon which the Pacific Coast records have been materially lowered, and the twenty-four hour record of the world has been reduced.

One of the most enterprising of the cycling clubs, the "Bay City Wheelmen," has just completed a track which is constructed on decidedly novel principles. It is a most successful example of the application of scientific knowledge and skill to the construction of a track for bicycle racing. It is made of concrete, which at the turns is built upon a framework of timber, the width of the track in the turns being twenty-six feet, with a rise of thirteen feet. This great rise tilts the track at an angle of thirty-two degrees, and to a person not understanding the influence of centrifugal force it would seem an utter impossibility to ride a bicycle upon so steep a bank. The approaches to the turns are gradual and parabolical, *i. e.*, the turns form arcs of a large circle, instead of being angular, as they are on other tracks. The object of making the turns so steep is to keep wheels from sliding and making too wide a sweep while going around the corners at a high rate of speed. The pitch is so adjusted that when a rider is going around the turns at a 2:30 clip, and is leaning over his saddle at an angle of forty-five degrees, his body will be at right angles to the track, and, so far as he is concerned, he will feel as though he is riding all the time on level ground. It is confidently hoped that this track will materially aid in reducing the records of the Pacific Coast riders, and will bring them down to a point which will compare favorably with the times made by the Eastern wheelmen.

Bicycling is chiefly, of course, regarded by the public and by the wheelmen themselves as a healthful and invigorating pastime, which strengthens the lungs and muscles, and encourages men to take plenty of exercise in the fresh air. But it has also had some economic results of considerable importance. It has built up a new industry, opened new avenues of employment for thousands of men; it has created new markets for raw and manufactured materials, and has led to the invention of many ingenious mechanical devices, so that a good wheel is nowadays, in its union of delicacy, lightness and strength, a real work of art, as different from the "bone shaker" of earlier times as the latest engine of the present day is from George Stephenson's first locomotive.

Another excellent thing that has been brought about by the spread of bicycling and the growing number of its enthusiastic followers is the spread of the gospel of scientific road construction. For the comfortable enjoyment of cycling good roads are of course essential, and the agitation in favor of them by wheelmen has caused legislation leading to the construction of fine roads and their proper maintenance to be framed in many of the States, and has rendered an improvement in the means of communication open to pedestrians and wheelmen one of the living questions of the day. And good roads are beneficial not only to these two classes, but to almost every one; they mean an enormous saving in the wear and tear of vehicles and animals, as well as the transportation of a greatly increased amount of material for a given amount of energy and in much quicker time.

F. H. McConnell photo.

RACING AT ALAMEDA TRACK.

TRACK OF THE BAY CITY WHEELMEN. W. F. Street photo.

Nor must the moral influence of cycling be overlooked. Young people joining cycling clubs, and also while riding, are brought into frequent contact with each other; and from this should follow an increased consideration for the feelings of others, a better understanding of their motives, and all the other good results which social intercourse under favorable circumstances is generally credited with bringing about. A taste for cycling has the effect of removing young men from the debasing influence of the saloon and beer-hall into the fresh, open air. Temperance is promoted by the exercise, for a rider with a grain of ambition to keep up to the standard of skill and endurance set by his fellows will not drink alcoholic stimulants in any injurious quantity. To persons accustomed to the confinement of indoor drudgery of life in cities cycling furnishes a healthful exercise and an invigorating recreation. It not only strengthens the muscles of the legs, but also of the loins, and, indeed, of almost the whole body, and it tends strongly to the development of increased lung power.

The streets of San Francisco are as a rule very poor bicycling highways, but the Golden Gate Park boulevards are the wheelmen's joy. After the Haight Street hill is climbed the balance of the way to the ocean is clean sailing, and a run through the park is at once the most available and interesting in the neighborhood of San Francisco.

The run down the peninsula over the old San Bruno road or via Ocean View to Millbrae, thence westward to San Andreas and Pilarcitos lakes and back by San Mateo, is a fine all-day outing from San Francisco. The bay, ocean, mountain and lake scenery along this ride, together with the hard, smooth roads, render it one of great interest and variety.

A few of the daring muscular riders take a holiday run around the bay via San Jose, that is, down one side and up the other, making a trip of over a hundred miles; but as a usual thing the immediate vicinity of the bay is more popular for short runs, as for instance to Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda and the outlying villages of San Lorenzo, Haywards and Niles, and, to the north, Sausalito, Tiburon, Ross Valley and San Rafael.

The Mount Hamilton (Lick Observatory) road from San Jose is of such an easy grade that wheeling is comparatively easy as far as Smith Creek, seven miles from the summit. From there on the grade is rather stiff, but pushing a wheel up hill is a light occupation when one thinks of the fun coming down.

The road from Cloverdale to the Geysers is not altogether inaccessible to the wheelman, though it is rather a hard pull, but the return trip is a picnic.

There is hardly any resort in California, mountainous or otherwise, except possibly the Yosemite, at which the silent steed is not an occasional visitor. It is sometimes necessary to lead or push him up hill, but the driver knows that the down-hill trip will have much of rest, recreation and enjoyment in it.

THE OLD STYLE. F. H. McConnell photo.

THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

E. McD. J.

"Have you been to the Geysers?" we asked of a California globe-trotter the other day. The reply was, "No; I am ashamed to say that I have not." The word "ashamed" saved him in a measure from our

GEYSERS EAGLE'S NEST.

wrath. Of course, it is a thread-bare subject, that of Americans visiting foreign countries when they know little or nothing of their own country. To Californians it must be extremely embarrassing when asked by foreigners whether they have visited the Geysers, the Yosemite, Mount Shasta or Lake Tahoe, to be compelled to reply in the negative. An English traveler would consider it a strange question from a Californian as to whether he had ever been in London. It would seem quite as strange a question of the Englishman to the Californian, especially if the latter were traveling for the purpose of sightseeing, whether he had visited the great natural wonders of his own State.

This one hundred mile trip to the Geysers, leaving the wonders of its Inferno out of the question, is one of the most varied and interesting in the State.

The hour's ride on the bay, passing the throat of the Golden Gate, Alcatraz and Angel islands to Tiburon, is always enjoyable; the rail ride from Tiburon to Cloverdale has not a monotonous mile in it; the stage ride of sixteen picturesque miles to the Springs is a veritable joy, as is also the stage ride of twenty-six miles thence to Calistoga; then the rail ride down the Napa Valley back again to the bay affords the traveler an opportunity of viewing two hundred miles of characteristic California scenery such as is not seen in any other short trip from San Francisco.

This neighborhood seems to have been the hottest place left over when the Coast cooled off. The scien-

THE DEVIL'S CANYON.

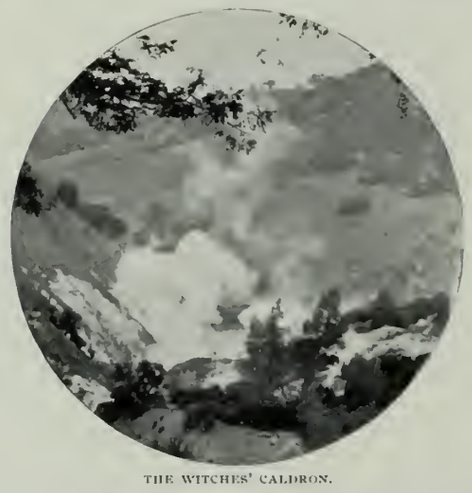
tific men insist that these are fumaroles instead of geysers. It matters not how they are designated, there is is an uncanny phizz and sizz and bizz, and a double toil and trouble in the escaping of these earth-born gases that suggest the fiery throes of the post-tertiary or post-pliocene days myriads of ages ago. There are to be found here almost every conceivable variety of mineral bathing waters, —cold, warm, hot and boiling, mud, soda, vapor, steam and black sulphur, impregnated with acids, carbonic, hydrochloric and sulphuric. One enthusiastic writer, after bathing here, expressed himself as feeling like a boiled angel.

The devil has carried off the honors in nomenclature here. He seems to have reigned supreme before the advent of the Anglo-Saxon; he has an office, a kitchen, an inkstand and a pulpit. What purpose the latter appurtenance served is not known.

The wild gorge in which the main Geysers exist lies on the north side of the Pluton River, although steam ebullitions occur at intervals for a mile or more along the canyon sides. The main canyon (named after the devil) is a really weird locality and wonderfully impressive, especially if visited by early dawn or late twilight.

Keeping close to your guide, you wend your way down across the Pluton and up into a narrow wooded glen that soon loses its foliage and widens out into utter desolation and sterility. The land seems to have been melted, and a wonder indeed it is that in descriptions of this place more stress has not been laid upon the rock-coloring. It is simply marvelous: it looks like a huge studio, where a great number of artists had been mixing their paints.

Soon you are enveloped in vapor which, being occasionally swept up over the canyon wall by the varying



THE WITCHES' CALDRON.

breezes from the mountains above or the canyon below, reveals a sight that is unparalleled in this country. The whole canyon is bubbling over, and the uncanny suggestion comes to you that possibly some of these mighty steam vents might become clogged up and the whole country be blown to the skies.

Here is a huge caldron of boiling water that sends out blinding puffs of steam, where the prosaic guide informs you that eggs will boil in an incredibly short space of time. The idea! who would ever think in such a place as this of boiling eggs! Then there are grist-mills, the noise of whose eternal grindings comes up from the plutonian darknesses: there are gurgling, choking sounds everywhere in the mountain side, as though the demons were strangling their victims far below, and the echoes of their sobs were continually coming to the surface; there are "Steamboat Geysers," "Devils' Spoutings," "Witches' Breathings," and scores of other suggestive and ultra fanciful titles.

But whatever be their nomenclature there exists here a gorge of infernal indications that no stranger should fail to visit. He will be amply repaid for his trip.

THE PLUTON RIVER.

As intimated in the outset of this article, a trip to this wonderland, leaving the Geysers out of the question, is a most charming one. The scenery is romantic and sometimes grand. The forests are the truest and richest types of the Coast Range of mountains, that is, leaving out the redwood, its place being filled by the fir. The laurel, madrone and manzanita flourish here grandly, and the black and live oaks are particularly splendid specimens of their kinds.

On account of the heavy rainfall in this neighborhood the ferns and wild-flowers, especially on the south bank of the Pluton, are of a lavish and variegated character.

The altitude of the Geysers is about two thousand feet, and being quite a distance from the sea the air in summer is dry and warm, and the nights are cool. From Cobb Mountain, a few miles from the hotel, a far-reaching panoramic view of the surrounding country is to be had, which embraces the lake wonders of Lake County, the valley and mountain wonders of Sonoma and Napa counties, and the far blue forests of Mendocino County.

THE GEYSERS HOTEL. *Tibbitts photos.*

There are but few localities in the Coast Range where the song birds are as plentiful as here; and this is the only summer home of the robin outside of the Sierra.

PROF. C. H. ALLEN.

OUTING NO. 4.

Twice I have ridden across the range of mountains lying between Eureka, in Humboldt County, and Yreka, in Siskiyou County, on horseback. The first time, being somewhat foolhardy, I rode most of the way alone. This trip shall be the outing for this number.

I made diligent inquiry at Eureka, and was assured that the distance was only a hundred and fifteen miles, a distance easily to be accomplished, particularly as I was also told that "there was a good cattle-trail all the way." That the trail often ended in a squirrel-track that went up a tree was a fact not made known to me. To Hydesville I had a good companion, and, as we were both fishermen, a good time. Here I bought a horse, saddle and bridle, sending the other one back. From here to Bridgeport, or Bridgeville, I have forgotten which, on the Van Dusen, I made good time, arriving at the town about three o'clock. The stream, the Van Dusen, looked very inviting; and, having put up my horse, I strung up my light rod, always my companion, and inquired for the "Old Fisherman," who is always to be found in such localities. I found him on my way to the stream, hoing cabbages in his garden.

"Going a-fishing?" said he, coming to the fence. My rod had given me away. On being assured that that was my intention, he assured me that it was no use. "They are not biting," said he, with the confidence of an oracle. Then, catching sight of my slender rod, he broke out with, "Where you from?"

Modestly I informed him that I lived in San Jose.

"Well," said he, "that whip-stalk may do to fish with there, but it's no good here. You want one like that," pointing to a sixteen-foot bamboo pole standing against the corner of the house. "I'll lend it to you."

I declined the loan, and, despite his discouraging remarks, started on, he asking me to stop and report on my return. He undoubtedly wished to chaff me on my supposed ignorance of the inhabitants of the waters of that region. I determined, if possible, not to give him the opportunity.

The stream was pretty full, but from several side-eddies I beguiled a dozen salmon trout. Miserable little fellows, these; they chase up after your flies and pull out the feathers, never taking them squarely and honestly, like a respectable trout. Soon tiring at this sport, I sat down on a rock to muse on the uncertainty of human affairs, especially of angling. Casting my eye toward a small shut-in pool, I saw a noble salmon slowly rising to the surface, seemingly wishing to catch the rays of the setting sun. Quick as a "road agent" could do it I whipped out my revolver, and, as he came within a couple of inches of the surface, I put a bullet into the back of his neck. He was stunned, and turned on his back, when I sprang down, seized him, and soon had as much of him inside my twenty-pound basket as would go in there. But the larger portion of the fish was "not in it."

I was now ready to report. On my way back, like the prodigal son, I was seen "afar off." And the salmon was seen also. The expletives the old fellow used when he fully comprehended the situation would not adorn print. He took it out of the basket, weighed it,—not less than eighteen pounds,—looked at the rod (never discovering the bullet-hole), and finally, taking a full inventory of my flies, leaders, etc., and the address of the dealer in San Francisco where I bought them, he turned into the yard a wondering but wiser (?) man. I am told that, to this day, he tells of the —— San Jose schoolmaster that caught a salmon weighing twenty pounds with a rod no larger than a whip-stalk, and with a little fly not more than a quarter of an inch across. Mr. Editor, my conscience has really troubled me. Ought I to have pointed out that bullet-hole? If so, send him this paper, and I shall rest easy.

I breakfasted off the salmon, and started on. I was, to my consolation, now told that the distance across was one hundred and twenty-five miles. As I had ridden one day, this suggested the thought that I was traveling in the wrong direction. My next point was Low Gap, on Mad River. I hardly dared to unstring here, for distances were becoming sadly mixed. It was now one hundred and fifty miles through. It was, however, but fifteen miles to Indian Valley, where I was told I could find accommodations at a dairy ranch.

So on I fared, crossing the west fork of the Trinity at about four o'clock. Up the steep mountain side I rode, hot and thirsty, not daring to stop lest I should get belated. At dusk I was on the summit. The trail gave out, it was growing dark, my beast was blowing and the outlook was not promising. When darkness at last "came down upon me," I, perforce, tied up; that is, I unsaddled, fastened the buckskin to a hazel bush, and, with my saddle for a pillow, lay down. My throat was parched, my stomach crying for food, and my courage a little below zero. How I wished I had eaten more of that salmon! But I slept the sleep of the weary if not of the just.

At 4 A. M. it was light, and, cinching up my horse, I started on, finding a splendid cool spring within a hundred feet of where I slept. The most interesting question now was the location of Indian Valley. At about seven o'clock I struck a long, narrow valley, covered with fine forage, and spotted over with immense boulders. There was no dairy in sight, and no sign of human habitation. "Which, the right or the left?" Galloping across the valley I struck a band of sheep, and, from the half-human being who crept from under the bushes at the sound of my revolver, I learned the location of the dairy, which, in good time, I reached. Such a breakfast as I made from cold short-cake and the top of a pan of milk was a thing to be remembered. A thirty hours' fast, twenty-five of it on horseback, is a good appetizer.

To tell of my adventures through the rest of the trip, of my three hours' ride into Hay Fork, with the thermometer at 112°, would make too long a story. I reached Yreka on time, did my work, and then rode to Sisson, where I had ten days of excellent angling. But of that another time.

Do you ask, Where is the angling in this outing? I answer, I wanted to tell the salmon story to relieve my conscience. Moreover, an angler does not want to be ever telling of the trout he has caught, for these can never be caught again. He should tell where trout *may be* caught. So I name the Van Dusen, Mad River, and both forks of the Trinity that I crossed. These all, late in the season, afford excellent sport. Game is also abundant. I saw multitudes of grouse, and, one day, as many as twenty deer, almost as tame as sheep.

In the cemetery at Montreal, Canada, appears the following curious epitaph written over the grave of his boy Freddy by Chas. McKiernan, more familiarly known as "Joe Beef." The pathos and elegance of the composition are touching:

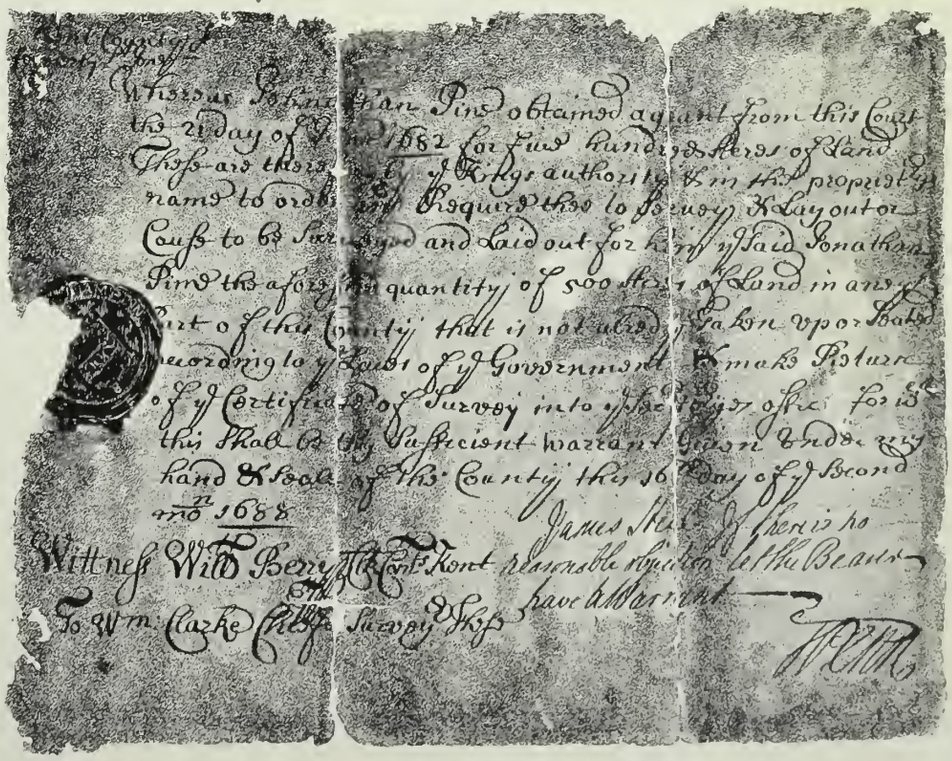
> "Freddy dear, you are here alone;
> Johnny wants to know from little Joe
> Where do you now stay,
> Or with what little boys do you play,
> Or where do you roam?
> For the little iron cot
> Poor mother bought
> Still waits for you at home."

AN OLD WARRANT FOR LAND.

AUSTIN N. HUNGERFORD.

To obtain land from the Government in olden time, it was the custom (the same as at present) to first make an application to the properly constituted authorities, after which a warrant was issued. It was not uncommon for years to lapse before the warrant was granted; neither was it unusual for the application to pass through several hands properly assigned before the title was perfected.

The warrant here shown was granted on an application made by Jonathan Pine, June 21, 1682, which was assigned to Simon Irons the "23d of ye first month, 1684" (March). The application was made before Wm. Penn came into possession of Pennsylvania and the three lower counties (Delaware). Penn landed at New Castle, Delaware, October 28, 1682, and soon after re-established courts which he attended (while he remained in this country) for the purpose of transacting such business as came before him as proprietor. One of his principal duties was signing warrants for land. The one here shown was signed at court held in Dover, Kent County, Delaware, in 1688, and was for land lying on the east side of the State of Delaware near the Delaware River.



SONORATOWN.

J. M. SCANLAND.

Tourists to Los Angeles usually visit what is called "Sonoratown," the original *pueblo*, with its quaint tumble-down adobe houses, and its original if not first inhabitants, who still adhere to the customs of their ancestors who founded the *pueblo de la Reina* Los Angeles. There is very little life in the old town by day, and at night it is asleep, the old custom of closing business places at twilight being still preserved. The evenings are devoted to indoor pleasures. Some of the *señores* meet at a corner *cantina* (saloon) and discuss old times over a villainous glass of *aguardiente;* and some of the urchins make night uproarious with what they call a serenade to their little sweethearts after the manner of the elder *señores*.

It is amusing to witness the Eastern visitor have an experience with a Spanish dinner. He enters one of the restaurants and astonishes his stomach in the interest of curiosity, and learns nothing excepting, perhaps, how *tortillas* are made, which he cannot digest. The *tortilla* is made of corn, which is ground into a meal after having been soaked in lime-water and washed. It is pounded on a *metate* with a pestle, something on the order of that used by a druggist. A *metate* is a flat stone about two feet square. The stuff is patted into a thin cake, and cooked on a hot rock or upon the fine coals. This is the Mexican's staff of life, but it is death to the American appetite.

The waiter brings in an *enchiladas*, a mixture of onions, cheese, eggs, olives, and of course Chile peppers. It is hot enough for the visitor, and he passes it by. Then comes *chiles rellenos*, a composite dish of green *chiles* stuffed with chopped meats, olives and raisins. A very little of this goes a long way, and the diner out attempts to solve the mystery surrounding a dish of *sopa de aroz*, rice fried in lard, with fragrant herbs. Then comes *carne con chiles*, stewed meat with red peppers; *carne asada*, dried beef cooked on the coals; *frijoles guizados*, boiled beans afterward fried with cheese, a dish fit for a Bostonese. One of the most toothsome Mexican dishes is *picachio*, dried beef broiled, picked apart, mixed with onions, tomatoes and *chiles*, and fried in lard. This is a very popular dish with all classes, and accounts for the average Mexican's breath.

The American visitor eats sparingly of each dish, for which he pays only fifty cents. Many eat at these restaurants hoping thereby to learn the Spanish language by absorption.

The *pueblo* of Los Angeles was founded upon the site of an Indian village. Superficial readers and writers refer to Los Angeles as a "Mission." Los Angeles never was a Mission. It was laid out as a Spanish *pueblo*, or town, on the 4th day of September, 1781, O. S. Don Felipe de Neve, governor of the two Californias, had issued the proclamation for the founding of the town on the twenty-sixth of the previous month. On September 4th a procession left the Mission San Gabriel, nine miles distant, and with the usual "pomp and circumstance" came westward to the Rio Porciuncula, and then to the spot now known as the "Plaza." The river with the long winding name is now known as the Los Angeles River.

The present plaza is not the original, as the tourist is generally misinformed. The original plaza was at the intersection of Buena Vista Street and Bellevue Avenue. The chapel was also near the old plaza. The present church is often pointed to as the original chapel, which is also misleading. Fronting the old plaza were the *juzgado*, or where the alcalde dealt out justice: and adjoining was the *calabozo*, or the pueblo jail, which had no doors. The prisoner was let down through the roof by a ladder. The jailer kept this "key" in his house.

The plaza was a square. In the front was the chapel. On each of the other three sides were four house lots, each lot having a frontage of 100 varas, and a depth of 200 varas, except at the corners, where the shape of some were necessarily different; but the area and frontage was the same.

A vara is thirty-three and one third inches, or, as the Americans call it, "a short foot."

The foregoing is a brief description of what was the original of the present "Angelic City."

The question was once raised as to which was the more content of the two, the owner of half a million of money or the man with seven daughters. "The latter, of course," was the reply; "for the man with half a million is always wanting more, while the one with seven daughters has plenty."

THE MEXICAN CAN SWEAR.

New Mexico is the native heath of profanity. I have heard with interest the oratory of those who, elsewhere, enjoy an undeserved repute for their ability to swing the dictionary around by the tail and shake all the swear-words loose. But, bless you, they don't know their "a, b, abs." The most unambitious *paisano* can swear around them and past them and over them with the easy grace of a greyhound circumnavigating a tortoise. It was a New Mexican who was the only man I ever heard divorce a polysyllable with an oath. I obligingly brought him word that a certain desperado was "hunting" him.

"Wall?" he growled.

"Wall?" I retorted, "I've ridden twenty miles to tell you."

"Wall, I'm under no obli-by-God-gation to you, sir, if you did, blankety blank!"

But he was only an Eastern man New Mexicanized. The natives are not guilty of such vague and meaningless blasphemy. They swear methodically, gracefully, fluently, comprehensively, homogeneously, eloquently, thoughtfully—I had almost said prayerfully. They curse everything an inch high. They ransack the archives of history, and send forward a search-warrant into the dim halls of futurity to make sure that nothing curseworthy escapes. But there is nothing brutal about it. It is courteous, tactful, musical, rapt—at times majestic. It carries with it a sense of artistic satisfaction.

It was providential that I had by now scraped some approximate acquaintance with that melodious tongue, for my Jehu knew not a word of English. All went well until we came to cross the tiny *arroyo* in the Portecito. Here we slumped suddenly in a quicksand. The hind wheels went down almost from sight; the front wheels and the oxen hung on the bluff farther bank,—and then Tircio let go. A perfect gentleman, Tircio. A quiet, hard-working, honest boy, whose dimpled babes at home tweak his thin beard by hours unchidden, and whose heart and home are open as the soul of New Mexican hospitality. But as an exhorter of cattle—well, I believe the Recording Angel must have just given it up, after a bit, and dropped the ledger and gone away to rest. And the substance of his oration was in words and figures as follows, to wit:

"*Malditos bueyes!* Of ill-said sires and dams! (Nothing intentional here.) *Malaya* your faces! Also your souls, bodies and tails! (Crack!) That your fathers be accursed, and your mothers three times! (Crack!) Jump, then! May condemnation overtake your ears, and your brand-marks *tambien!* (Crack!) The Evil One take away your sisters and brothers, and the cousin of your grandmother! (Crack! Crack!) That the coyotes may eat your uncles and aunts! *Diablos!* (Crack!) Get out of this! Go, sons of sleeping mothers that were too tired to eat! *Como?* (Crack! Crack!) The fool that broke you, would that he had to drive you in inferno, with all your cousins and relations by marriage! (Crack!) Ill-said family, that wear out the yoke with no ding in it! Curse your tallow hoofs! Would that I had a *chicote* of all your hides at once, to give you blows! (Crack!) *Malaya* your ribs and your knee-joints, and any other bones I may forget! Anathema upon your great-great-grandfathers, and everything else that ever wore horns! *Mal*——"

Here I interposed, for I was slowly freezing, and Tircio was just beginning to get interested. There was no telling when he would recover from his outburst. He seemed to be easing his own mind, but it hardly satisfied mine. Business before pleasure, always; and the first business was to send him for assistance.

The last words I caught, as he trudged off to San Mateo through the storm, were: "—and your dewlaps and livers! And curse every thing from here to Albuquerque and back four times! And——"

Then he faded into the night, while I tried to remember his adjectives to keep warm, for there was nothing wherewith to build a fire.

C. F. Freeman, in Scribner.

THE RUINS OF ANTIQUA.

GRANT A. MORRILL.

OF ALL the Spanish names applied to the settlements of Central America, from the smallest pueblo to that of its largest city, none is more indicative of its real meaning than that of the charming spot in Guatemala called Antiqua. No need to ask the meaning of the word—Antiqua, ancient! No need to ask why it should be called Antiqua! No need to ask what one would expect to find in Antiqua! The Antiqua of to-day is not that of the past, for all we have to mark what was previous to July 29, 1773, the gay capital and largest city of the kingdom of Guatemala, with its 80,000 inhabitants and eighty churches, when it was last destroyed by earthquake, is now a few ruined churches; and of these we now write.

"San Francisco," with its schools, dormitories, and many other rooms, was perhaps the largest religious edifice in Antiqua, and, with its many ramifications, covered what would be in the United States a good part of two blocks of land. But little of it stands to-day, and that part, strange to say, is what was formerly the most lofty—the church proper. The exterior view is not particularly striking, for in this case the architect's art seems to have been spared for the interior, and when once within its doors its grandeur is most striking. On entering, however, a sight, not exactly in keeping with the rest of the surroundings, meets the visitor's gaze, and he pauses to look at the dirty pots and jars, the smoked walls and the unsightly family of natives who have taken up their dwelling just within the doors of the sacred pile.

The roof proper was spanned by six arches, only two of which are standing to-day, and all of which were supported by square pillars in relief. Between each arch, and rising to a height of perhaps thirty feet, were recesses, in some cases used for doors, in this for windows, which were no doubt filled with stained glass of many hues, for these people were fond of color, and in still others for pictures of the Virgin and saints. Above these doors, and just above an ornamental cornice or frieze encircling the entire church, and at the same height as the capitals of the pillars, opened other smaller windows. These—with the exception of three small windows in the end wall, which were evidently just behind the altar and undoubtedly intended to produce fine lighting effects—admitted all the natural light which shone into the church; and this was sufficient, too, for by the upper windows alone abundance of light would have been admitted for a building much larger than this.

By a door to the left, and inside of the main entrance, one is admitted into a spacious, well-lighted room, where no doubt were altars, and in which room ceremonies over the dead were probably held. I hold this view, for by a trap-door in the floor one descends by stone steps into a vault or crypt not high enough to admit of standing upright, and so dark and cold that the pleasantest feelings are not aroused by a visit to its mysterious nooks and corners. Nor are these feelings engendered or enlivened when, stumbling over something, you stoop and pick up a skull or perhaps some other dismembered part of one of our long-since departed brethren.

Back of the room I have just described are others, and still farther back and forming an ell with the main building is one more large, high-windowed room, of which only the walls are standing. But a very small part of the roofs of the entire structure survived the shocks which laid to the ground so many edifices, and carried ruin to the entire city.

In the *campanaries* or belfry—fairly well preserved, and which, in this case, was not the highest part of the building, but to the left of the main entrance and on a level with the second *piso* or story—are the bells, which for centuries have tolled their chimes alike for the cheerful and the sorrowful; and the guide, should you chance to have one, is sure to tell you how two mortals lost their lives in hanging the same three hundred years ago.

The ruins of "Recoleccion" are perhaps more impressive than those of "San Francisco," for the seismic destruction was even greater here than in the case of the latter. And yet I cannot vouch for this either, for while viewing them I was related a story which, perhaps, to many, would detract from the interest one would otherwise bestow on them. To many, doubtless, and to Californians in particular, the land boom is a thing of recent origin; but away off here in Antiqua I am told it is no new thing, and that it was known here over a century ago. In proof of the assertion my informant told me that shortly after the great destruction in 1773 the question arose as to whether or no the city should be rebuilt where it had once stood, and that steps were taken to devise means to restore those churches not too badly wrecked. But there were other interests at work which had for their aim the removal of the city to Guatemala, and the establishment of the government at that place. So the promotors of this scheme took things into their own hands, and the better to boom Guatemala, and to prevent the restoration of the churches, proceeded to blow up with powder those edifices that were not already too far beyond the hope of restoration, "Recoleccion" amongst them. I give the story for what it is worth, and need only add that the boomers were successful in so far as the removal of the capital was concerned; but there were faithful *Antiqueños* who remained true to their native city, and were not to be discouraged by a fatality so common as its destruction, for it had been completely destroyed twice before, and ruined or badly shattered no less than nine times in all up to that date.

A stone wall or fence with a high arched entrance surrounds the grounds in which the church stood, and, as all the entrances and breaks in it have been built up solid with brick or stone, one must with some difficulty scale the wall to gain admittance to the grounds.

In the design of the exterior there is none of that gaudiness and profusion of gingerbread work which detracts from many of the churches of Central America. The designs in stone for the small doors on either side of the main entrance are not at all elaborate, yet so artistic as to immediately catch the eye of the observer.

With no little caution and a deal of hard climbing (for all ways of ingress have become obstructed by the great piles of masonry thrown about in beautiful confusion) one gains admittance to the interior: and, although trees and vines of all kinds are now found where the penitent knelt, we see many signs of the former beauty of "Recoleccion." The destruction has been too great to discern what the interior plan was, but one hazards nothing in saying that it was in full accord with the simple grandeur of this beautiful church. In "Recoleccion," as in "San Francisco," light seems to have been provided in abundance, a thing which is lacking in so many of the churches of a later date. Arches and windows assume graceful curves, the former tall and sweeping, the latter small and numerous; and this seems to have been the principal "effect" aimed at by the designer. One large arch in the rear wall is still preserved, and with the vegetation growing between its chinks and crevices lends a peculiar charm to the cumbrous destruction lying at its feet.

There are many other ruins, some with *façade*, walls and general form still preserved, while others perchance are known but by a small mound of earth, and all perhaps equally as interesting as those I have just described, but of which I cannot write separately, as space forbids.

THE RUINS OF "RECOLECCION."

SOME POPULAR RESORTS AND HOW TO REACH THEM.

For the benefit of our many readers we give below a list of some of the principal resorts, their rates, and how to reach them. Additional ones will be published in the next number.

If you will write to any one of these places, mentioning THE TRAVELER, you can obtain illustrated pamphlets without charge.

PACIFIC GROVE,

On Monterey Bay, is 128 miles south of San Francisco, and four miles from Hotel del Monte. Open all the year. This is an ideal summer and winter resort, surrounded by pine trees. Handsome and expensive residences have been built, and beautiful flower gardens abound on every side. The fishing, boating and swimming is excellent, and the drives in the neighborhood delightful. Chief among the charms is the El Carmelo Hotel, accommodating 175 guests. All modern improvements. It is managed with the same neatness and attention that have so contributed to the fame of the Del Monte itself. The rates are $2.00 per day, $12.00 per week. Children and nurses $1.25 per day, $7.00 per week. Aug. Blohm, Proprietor.

Cottages may be had for from $20.00 to $60.00 per month.

Pacific Grove is reached by the Southern Pacific Company (broad gauge) in four hours. Fare $3.15.

HOTEL VENDOME, SAN JOSE, CAL.,

Is located fifty miles south of San Francisco. It is reached by two routes of the Southern Pacific Company, the broad-gauge route via Menlo Park, or the narrow-gauge route through Alameda. Fare $1.25 either way. Time about 1½ hours.

The Hotel Vendome is one of the largest and best appointed in California, and is situated in a beautiful park of twelve acres, located in the most aristocratic quarter of San Jose, only two blocks from the broad-gauge depot. The stables of the Mount Hamilton Stage Company are located on the premises, which is a great convenience to those desiring to take the trip to the famous Lick Observatory. From the Hotel Vendome many interesting rides may be taken,—the New Almaden Quicksilver Mines 12 miles, Alum Rock Springs 7 miles, Santa Clara 3½ miles, and other points.

The hotel rates are $3.00 per day, $17.50 per week. Geo. P. Snell, Manager.

NAPA SODA SPRINGS,

Napa County, Cal., is situated 53 miles from San Francisco, and has an elevation of 1,000 feet. Open all the year. The climate is equable throughout the year. The numerous fine buildings connected with the Springs form a veritable village on the mountain-side. It is surrounded by groves of oak, pine and eucalyptus, and well-kept flower beds. Bowling alley, tennis, riding, driving, billiard and pool rooms, dancing-hall, etc.

At these Springs the famous Napa Soda Water finds its origin, and guests may partake of it *ad libitum* from the Lemon Spring. The waters are good for indigestion, and for diseases of the blood and kidneys. No extra charge is made for the mineral baths. Average temperature, summer 70 degrees, winter 65 degrees. Accommodates 200 guests.

How reached: Via the Southern Pacific Company, from San Francisco to Napa 46 miles, thence by stage 7 miles. Through time 3½ hours. Fare $2.00.

Rates $2.50 per day, $15.00 per week. Children half price; nurses full price. Special family rates. Andrew Jackson, Proprietor.

EL PASO DE ROBLES SPRINGS

Are in San Luis Obispo County, 216 miles south of San Francisco, on the line of the Southern Pacific Company. The elevation is 600 feet, average temperature 85 degrees in summer, 70 degrees in winter. This resort is celebrated for the efficacy of its sulphur and mud baths in the treatment of rheumatism, gout, stomach and kidney disorders. The El Paso de Robles Hotel is open all the year, and accommodates 300 guests. The surrounding country is generally level. Diversions are: Shuffle board, croquet, tennis, billiards for both ladies and gentlemen. Doves, quail and rabbits are plentiful. The baths are free to guests. Rates $2.50 to $5.00 per day, $15.00 to $24.50 per week. Nurses $10.00 to $12.50 per week, second class. Children half price. E. F. Burns, Manager. Reached by the Southern Pacific Company from Third and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. Time 8 hours. Fare $6.20.

THE BLUE LAKES

Are located in Lake County, 129 miles north of San Francisco and 16 miles from Ukiah. This is one of the favorite resorts of the State. The Lakes are three in number, 3 miles long and ½ mile wide. Elevation 1,500 feet. The mountains on the border rise from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the Lakes.

Good hunting, deer and quail, and splendid fishing, bathing and boating.

Reached via San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad to Ukiah, thence by stage to destination.

Hotels: Blue Lakes Hotel, 18 miles from Ukiah. Dancing-hall; boats for guests; eight cottages; good cuisine. Livery at reasonable rates.

Rates $2.00 and $2.50 per day, $10.00, $12.00 and $14.00 per week. Children under ten years one-half rate. Fare from San Francisco to hotel $5.00. Time 8 hours. Walterstein & Heineman, Proprietors.

TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS

Is a mountain resort open from May to November, and is about five minutes' walk from Castle Crag Station, Shasta County, on the line of the Southern Pacific Company, 320 miles north of San Francisco. Elevation 2,085 feet. Good hunting and fishing within a few miles. Amusements, lawn tennis, bowling alley, billiards and club-house. The walks are varied and delightful. Excellent mineral spring one-half mile from hotel. This is one of the most delightful mountain resorts in the State. The temperature is comfortable, the air fresh and bracing, accommodations first-class, table above criticism, and the society of the best.

Reached from San Francisco in 14 hours, by night. Fare $9.90 single trip, $14.00 round trip. Pullman double berth $2.00.

Rates $2.50 and $3.00 per day, $14.00 and $17.50 per week. Children and nurses $1.50 per day, $10.50 per week. Rooms with baths 50 cents per day additional. Geo. Schonewald, Manager.

HOTEL MATEO,

At San Mateo, 20 miles south of San Francisco, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. Open all the year. The hotel is new, clean and inviting, and but five minutes' walk from the depot. The grounds cover five acres, beautifully set out in trees and flowers. A number of pretty cottages are connected with the hotel. Fine drives and walks; excellent sea-bathing 1½ miles from hotel; sea-fishing and clam-digging. Bowling alley, billiards and pool, club-house, croquet and tennis. Reached from Third and Townsend Streets in 50 minutes. Fare 60 cents.

Rates $2.50 per day, $15.00 per week and upward. M. Clark, Manager.

SUMMIT SODA SPRINGS,

Placer County, are 208 miles east of San Francisco in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Open from May 1st to October 31st. Elevation 6,017 feet. The country is mountainous. The Springs are located on the American River. Good hunting and excellent trout fishing, swimming, croquet, shuffle board, etc. The soda springs are good for stomach troubles. This delightful mountain resort accommodates 90 guests. Rates $2.00 per day, $10.00 and $12.00 per week. Children half price. Special family rates. Goulden & Jacobs, Proprietors. Reached by the Southern Pacific Company from San Francisco to Summit Station, thence by stage 13 miles. Fare to Springs, round trip $17.20. Time 14½ hours.

SOCIAL PASTIMES.

A list of amusing forfeits, which will make the company laugh and not offend the person called upon to pay them, are herewith given:

1. Put a newspaper upon the floor in such a way that two persons can stand on it and not be able to touch each other with their hands. By putting the paper on the doorway, one-half inside and the other half outside of the room, and closing the door over it, the two persons can easily stand upon it and still be beyond each other's reach.

2. To go out of the room with two legs, and come in with six. Not difficult, if one thinks to bring a chair along on the return.

3. To act the dumb servant. The person who has the forfeit to pay must act out the answers to the questions put by the master of the ceremonies, as: "How do you make bread?" "How do you eat soup?" etc. This forfeit will cause much merriment if proper questions are put.

4. Put one hand where the other cannot touch it. One can get out of this difficulty by putting one hand on the elbow of the other arm.

5. Place a pencil on the floor so that one cannot jump over it. May be done by putting it close to the wall of the room.

6. Put a question that no one can answer with a "no." This is not hard, if one thinks to ask, "What does y-e-s spell?"

7. Push a chair through a finger ring. This forfeit is made by putting the ring on the finger and pushing the chair (any other object will do as well) with the finger.

8. Put yourself through a key-hole. This was a great puzzle to us for a while; but when a piece of paper was taken, with the word "yourself" written upon it, and pushed through the hole, it was all clear.

RAILROAD PARLANCE.

ITEMS.

This is the season when one enjoys an outing at the seaside to excite the higher temperature of the interior. Redondo Beach is unquestionably the most delightful of the large watering places in Southern California. The Redondo Hotel enjoys the distinction of being the finest hotel on the Coast south of San Francisco. It is splendidly conducted under the management of Mr. George W. Lynch, who is certainly a master of his art. The sea bathing is just now perfect, and, better still, one does not have to be a millionaire to enjoy the luxury of a stay at Redondo.

A visit to Seattle also is desirable, if for no other purpose than to stop at the Hotel Northern, a model of comfort and luxury.

The June issue of THE TRAVELER, San Francisco, offers much that is of interest to naturalist as well as tourist. It is not too much to say that this magazine is one of the handsomest publications in America. If it does not make its publishers rich, it will be because Californians are inappreciative of what is being done for them, and because the publishers are too artistic and too generous. *The Tourist* admires THE TRAVELER and hopes both may attain an honorable and useful old age together.—*The Tourist, Utica, N. Y.*

Travelers *en route* north should not forget that the Tacoma Hotel, at Tacoma, is the only first-class hotel in the city, and the only one at which to stop.

The Pacific Excursion Company, at 465 Ninth Street, Oakland, is doing a splendid business in sending excursions to the World's Fair. It pays to join one of their parties.

Mr. E. F. Burns, Manager El Paso de Robles Springs Hotel, paid us a visit a few days ago. He says the Springs have had a particularly good season thus far.

Paso Robles is famous as a resort and sanitarium, and the efficacy of the baths is constantly adding to its popularity.

Many visitors from the Pacific Coast to Chicago take the Northern route as embracing a great variety of beautiful scenery. It might be considered that the road, taken between Minneapolis and Chicago, is not of much matter, but it is an all-important consideration. Unquestionably the best service is over the North-Western line. All their trains are luxuriously equipped, and the route affords a splendid view of the lakes, rivers and mountains of Wisconsin. The "North-Western Limited" is a model of comfort and elegance. It leaves Minneapolis nightly at 7.30, and reaches Chicago at 9.30 the next morning.

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion, and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Park Views, Chicago," is the title of a new illustrated folder just issued by the North-Western line. It contains a fund of information of interest concerning the Exposition, with map of Chicago, etc. Copies mailed free by addressing T. W. Teasdale, G. P. A., C. St. P. M & O. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Highland Springs, Lake County, have just published an illustrated pamphlet, with map of the route. Address J. Craig, Manager Highland Springs, Lake County, Cal.

M. Lawrence, Proprietor of the Tallac House, Lake Tahoe, has published a pictorial pamphlet of sixteen pages, giving a number of views of the lake region. Mr. Lawrence will mail copies on request.

"Beautiful Hawaii" is the title of a pamphlet of exquisite photogravures published by the Oceanic Steamship Company. It contains a complete description of the picturesque Hawaiian Islands, and will be sent to any address for ten cents in stamps. Address J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., 327 Market Street, San Francisco.

The handsome souvenir of the Hotel Brewster, San Diego, is now in the hands of Mr. J. E. O'Brien, proprietor, and he will be glad to mail a copy to any address free. It is tasty, well illustrated, and contains much of interest of San Diego and vicinity. It is worth writing for.

Mr. A. C. Bilicke, Proprietor of the Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, tells us that he will shortly publish an elaborate souvenir of the hotel, which will also contain much of interest of Southern California. It will be well illustrated. It might be well for those desiring a copy to write in advance, and Mr. Bilicke will forward it as soon as it comes from the press.

OLD GOLD.

When Earth's last picture is painted; when the tubes are twisted and dry:
When the oldest colors have vanished, and the youngest critic has died.—
We shall rest (and faith, we shall need it),—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that are good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair,
And splash at the ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall have real saints to draw from,—Silas and Peter and Paul;
They shall work for a year at a sitting, and never get tired at all.

And only Rembrandt shall teach us, and only Van Dyke shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But all for the sake of working, and each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they Are!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

UNDER THE BIG TREES OF MARIPOSA.

A splendid sweep of harmony is here
In tone and color, shade and quality
Beneath these giant trees. No stern decree
Invades this solemn place to interfere
With Nature's mood, and make her seem austere.
Leonine the tawny giants stand; and see
How grandly do the browns and greens agree!
With added grace and touch of hand sincere
She crowns the giant shrubs with blossoms white
And pure as snow. Not yet content, she smiles
And pours her sifted gold with lavish hand,
And shapes it into bars of mystic light,
And bidding us look up she thus beguiles
And spreads a canopy of blue above the land.

—*Ella Sterling Cummins.*

NIGHT.

As down the glowing Western aisles
Day's gorgeous garments trail,
Fair Night upon the threshold stands
And grasps her flowing veil.

She flings o'er mountain, sea and sky
The glittering folds afar;—
The ends upon her rosy breast
She gathers with a star.

Bright o'er her radiant head she hangs
The new moon's silver horn,—
Spreads through the vault her azure robes
With star gems newly born.

—*G. E. H. for Current Literature.*

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow and rivers row,
And mouie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw or green,—
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,—
But minds me o' my Jean.

—*Burns.*

They 'r' werry curious, that they be,
These literary folk;
They hung aroung to get from me
The werry words I spoke:
'n' wen I spoke from my own head
They laff'd and called me "boor."
But when they'd written wot I said
They called it "litertoor."

—*Frederick A. Bisbee in Kate Field's Washington.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

Manager—What's the row?
Assistant—The two-headed boy is quarreling over a piece of pie. —*Harper's Bazar.*

A would-be facetious correspondent inquires:
"What relation is vinegar to its mother?"
"Just the same, Horatio, that a champagne cork is to its pop."
—*Life.*

Ambitious Youth—Do you know of any way by which young writers like myself can make money in literature?
Magazine Editor—Um—there is one.
Ambitious Youth—I am delighted to hear that. What would you advise?
Magazine Editor—Keep a news-stand. —*Boston Globe.*

"I see the reports say that when Miss Highnote finished singing her pathetic ballad at the Hotong's musicale 'there was not a dry eye in the room.'"
"Quite right! All the people had gone into other rooms."
—*Chicago News.*

REASSURING.—*Host* (a trifle nervous about the effect of his guest's wooden leg upon the polished floor—Hadn't you better come on the rug, Major? You might slip out there, you know?
The Major—Oh, don't be afraid, my boy. There is no danger. I have a nail in the end of it. —*Exchange.*

Benevolent Gentleman—My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful Sabbath afternoon than by standing in front of the gate idling away your time?
Boy—I ain't idling away my time. There's a chump inside with my sister who is paying me a quarter an hour to watch for pop. —*Life.*

"Please, ma'am, there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs."
"Why, Babette, what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."

A pretty little Frenchwoman went into one of the newspaper offices last Tuesday, and with a positive air passed an advertisement through the window. The clerk looked at it for a moment, smiled, and then said:
"The English is a little bit awkward, miss. Would you like to make any changes?"
The pretty little woman tossed her head.
"No m'sieur. I zink I knows how to write ze good Inglis."
The clerk smiled again.
"All right," and he watched the little woman as she sailed out of the door.
The next morning the ad appeared:
PUPILS WANTED.—Mlle. Marcotte respectfully announces that she wishes to show her tongue to the young American ladies.
—*Boston Budget.*

"Your picture of Columbus is anachronistic. You represent him as smoking when tobacco was not used."
"That's all right. He's smoking a cigarette."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Roosters are a good deal like men. A rooster never gives notice of finding a worm until after he has swallowed it.
—*Atchinson Daily Globe.*

The Parrot—"Now, stop George! George, if you kiss me again I'll call mamma! Oh, George!" (This may not appear funny to the reader, neither does it sound funny to John. John is engaged to Mary. He also knows that a "George" calls on Mary occasionally, "in a purely Platonic sort of way, you know." —*Puck.*

"Now, supposing I borrowed five dollars from you; that would represent capital, would n't it?"
"Yes."
"But, supposing, after a while, you wanted to get it back—"
"That would represent labor." —*Life.*

Hojack—Have you anything in the shape of a dollar you could lend me?
Tomdick—Yes; here.
Hojack—But that's only a cent.
Tomdick—Yes; but the shape is all right. —*Truth.*

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THE GEYSERS,
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DUNCAN SPRINGS,
VICHY SPRINGS,
SARATOGA SPRINGS,
BARTLETT SPRINGS,
THE BLUE LAKES.

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The Mutual Life Building.

R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

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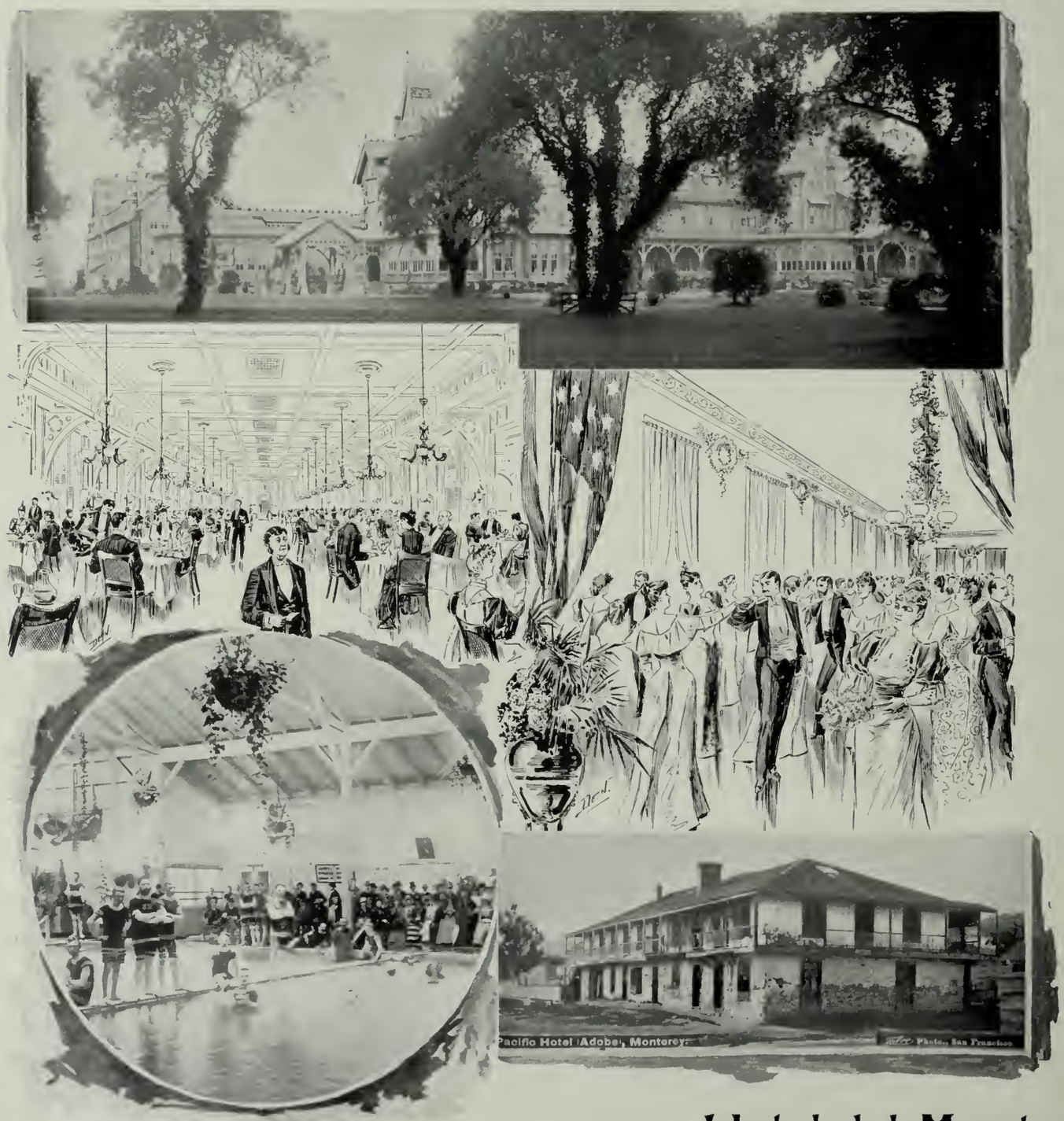
AUGUST, 1893.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WATERFALLS OF YOSEMITE



Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

VOLUME 2. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1893. NUMBER 2.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES $1.25.
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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with the TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

POHONO (the Bridal Veil Falls) forms one of the most attractive features of the general view of the Valley, and, being associated with this general view, they are perhaps more familiar and better remembered than any other fall in the Valley. They are on the south wall, and are precipitated over a thousand-foot cliff on the west side of Cathedral Rock.

The dank and almost sunless cavern into which these waters fall, the misty breeze that plays eternally about the foot of the falls and twists this great Veil into a thousand fantastic forms, the hollow roar and dash of the waters, have rendered this region an uncanny place with the Indians, and they have peopled its weird fern crannies and swirling spray chambers with creatures that play mad havoc in the tumbling moonlight mist, or chase the rainbow's fleeting form about the cauldron's edge.

The natives give this region a wide berth, lest they should be brought under the blighting spell of Pohono.

Further up the Valley, upon the north side, are the Yosemite Falls. The irregularity of the wall at this point has been formed by water erosion; the time was, no doubt, when these waters made a clean, grand leap of 2,600 feet sheer into the Valley, but at present the main fall of 1,600 feet is one-third of a mile back from the Valley.

From the foot of this wondrous precipice the stream tumbles in broken, fitful cascades for several hundred feet, making a final plunge of five hundred feet, a total fall from the brink of nearly half a mile.

It is not so difficult a matter to give a fair description of the physical features of this, the highest waterfall in the world, but it is utterly impossible to convey to another the sensations produced upon the mind when standing for the first time within the sound of its awful roar. The Yosemite trail must be climbed if you expect to arrive at anywhere near an adequate conception of the impressiveness of sixteen hundred feet of falling water, or if you wish to see how the wind, when it comes sweeping up from the Valley, sometimes catches this down-pouring torrent, unbraiding its tresses, hurling it into vapory fragments against the cliffs, and almost blowing it back into the sky from whence it seems to come.

Vernal Falls, about four hundred feet high, located in the main Merced Canyon, is more approachable and quite as impressive as any of its neighbors. The rock behind this fall is a perfectly square-cut mass of granite extending across the canyon, and it is wonderful to see at low water how little the eroding effect of the river has had to do with the formation of the canyon and fall.

At the summit of the fall the view down the canyon as well as in the opposite direction is extremely fine. A remarkable parapet of granite runs along the edge of the Vernal Falls for some distance just breast-high, affording the visitor a secure position from which to enjoy the scene.

About a mile above the Vernal, and crowning the head of this remarkable gorge, there appears the incomparable Nevada Falls (height six hundred feet), of which it has been affirmed that, on account of its vertical height, the purity and volume of its water and its picturesque environments, it has no parallel on earth.

There are several other falls in the Yosemite, which, but for their more formidable rivals, would attract attention and admiration the world over.

This feature of the Valley would alone be sufficient to call the attention of globe-trotters from all parts of the world.

WE ARE continually in receipt of letters of inquiry as to summer outings. The following is published as a sample of how city excursionists could make it pleasant for people in the country and at the same time possibly reduce expenses to a minimum.

JUNE 26, 1893.

EDITOR OF THE TRAVELER,

Dear Sir: I was at a friend's yesterday and saw a copy of your paper and was much pleased with its appearance. I also saw in it that you gave advice free gratis about places of resort.

Now, my family consists of five. My wife, Mrs. Eusebia Poage, two daughters, Miss Emma and Eunice Poage, and son, Ezra Poage. We are desirous of going out of town for a few days a few miles from the city, where we can get good accommodations at a reasonable rate, and where the surroundings would be moral and refined. On account of our daughters, Mrs. Poage would prefer to be near a theological school, and also that there be a parlor organ in the house, as my eldest, Miss Emma, can play several tunes on that instrument, and myself and Mrs. Poage know and sing a number of sacred songs, which would be very pleasant for the people in the house, and I think should cause a little reduction in the rate. My youngest daughter, Miss Eunice, paints flowers beautifully, and, if we were treated pretty well, it may be she would leave a sketch as a souvenir of our visit. My son Ezra is going to take a small Kodak that we may obtain a picture of the place we stop at, which on our return we will show and recommend, *if the prices are reasonable*. I think we should get suitable accommodations for our family of five for fifteen dollars per week.

Trusting you will give this immediate attention and reply through general postoffice, I am yours respectfully,

Nathaniel Poage.

P. S.—If you recommend us to a good place and mention in your paper of our visit, I will subscribe for one year. If you would like for publication in your journal a group of my family, I will have Ezra take one and send you. N. P.

IT IS not an extraordinary thing to see people run for a train, but it is unusual to see them running away from one; but such a sight may be witnessed every day in the week except Sunday at the railway depot corner Third and Townsend Streets, this city, on the arrival of the 8.48 morning train from San Jose. The race-track is about one hundred and fifty yards long, and stretches from the terminus of the railroad to the cars of the A. W. (army worm) street-car line.

The object of the race appears to be to catch the first car up town.

It is funny, yes, it is quite a good deal more than funny, this race; no matter how dignified a man may be upon other occasions, he unlimbers himself when he enters the lists here, and neither age, sex, previous condition nor social position has anything to do with it.

There is an aged millionaire, who, if he gets anything like a fair start, rounds up at the finish in first-rate shape without appearing at all winded.

There is one short, fat man—I think he is in the shoe business—who spanks his coat tails with his heels at such a rate that at first sight you would swear he would outrun everybody; but his legs are so short that he can only make about eighteen inches at a jump, and when he arrives at the car he falls into the conductor's arms, and has to be hung over the dashboard until he catches his breath.

There is a handsome, well-proportioned young banker that gets such a headway on that sometimes he can't stop till he strikes Brannan Street.

There is a fashionably dressed, middle-aged gentleman, slightly bald on the back of his head, that is, his hat does not conceal his forehead behind (from Menlo), who is a remarkably clever pacer, and comes in well to the front; and, strange though it may seem (and doubtless it is the only case on record), there is a short, stoutish, florid gentleman from San Mateo that actually *gallops*.

Redwood City has a single-footer that, with a little practice, would do good work; and there is a well-groomed, deep-voiced gentleman from Fair Oaks who occasionally trots the distance in fairly good time—but generally he waits for the second car.

The pugnacious driver of this alleged fast car can clear the track of trucks quicker than any man living. The only unremovable obstacle we ever knew him to encounter was a funeral procession, and on that occasion he pulled the tongue of the bell out and a piece of the car roof, and swore a blue and white streak that electrified the track clear to Market Street.

After all, business men are beginning to find a more expeditious method of reaching their offices, that is, by walking.

We would respectfully suggest to the S. P. Company to stretch a rope across this track so as to give everybody a fair chance, and then charge a small admission fee to parties wishing to witness the race, the proceeds of which could be devoted to the healing of the wounded feelings of the parties that get left.

CLASSIC NEVADA.

CHAS. HOWARD SHINN.

THERE is a district, once very famous, then for a time neglected, but again rising into deserved attention,—the classic lands of the silver mines of 1859, when the whole Pacific Coast rang with shouts of "On to Washoe," and the wonderful cities of the Comstock—Silver, Gold Hill and Virginia—were builded in an hour on the slopes of gray Mount Davidson. This classic region is easily accessible, and as well worth the attention of every American tourist as Cornwall or the Hartz Mountains.

Any one, then, who desires to see one of the most interesting portions of the United States has only to leave the Central Pacific at Reno, and go to Virginia City by the notable V. & T. R. R., which used to be called "Bill Sharon's crooked railroad." It carries one for fifty-two miles, in a great semicircle, full of lesser twists and angles, through a succession of beautiful mountain valleys to Virginia City, where the tourist can descend into some of the world-famous mines, such as Consolidated Virginia, California, Ophir, Crown Point and Potosi (which all Comstockers call Potosee). He can find there, as in fact throughout all Nevada, a careless, lovable, heroic race, different in many ways from the men of the High Sierra, the Rockies or the Coast Range, but nevertheless true mountain dwellers and builders of commonwealths.

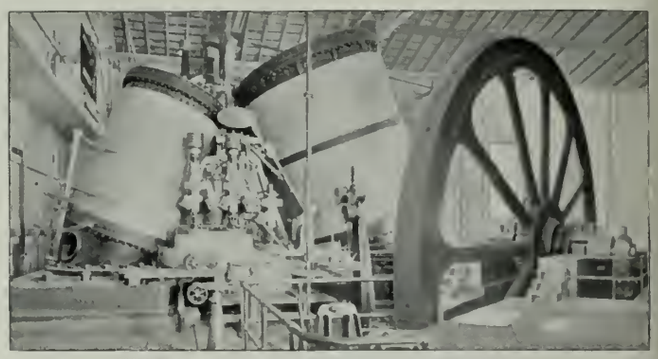
Many of the great mills stand silent over vast, white waste-dumps. The stamps are "hung up," rusting in long rows. No clang and clatter, no strong, deep roar of the massive machinery that filled the canyons and the busy streets, in bonanza times, with a constant undercurrent of sound and motion, day and night alike, while millions of dollars of bullion came from the smelters. For years the grand old lode has been in borrasca, and the fact is evident even at the mills that are still busy with low-grade ores and the remnants of ancient ore-bodies in the myriad-tunneled spaces of the mile-wide vein. No matter,—the Comstock, like Mount Shasta, is as magnificent in the full winter of its discontent as in the summer of its riotous prosperity. The Comstock is as well worth a tourist's study now as in the days when the names of the bonanza kings were first heard on every one's lips. Enough is being done there in mill and mine, in rift, crosscut, upraise and tunnel, to give promise of better days ahead for the miners when conflicting interests are united, and the lower levels are worked again.

CALIFORNIA PAN MILL.

Virginia City, the first of all the long line of West-American mining metropolises, is still pre-eminent in a certain dignity of manner and beauty of situation on the ridges, in the hollows, between the great canyons, terracing a granite mountain side, and looking past Sugar Loaf Peak to the open desert and wide gray distance, no less wild to-day than it was when Carson, Walker and the trappers of sixty years ago killed beaver along the scant streams of Nevada. Every approach to Virginia City is noteworthy, whether one follows the trail of the pioneer miners up Gold and Six Mile canyons; whether he passes through Devil's Gate, as Ross Browne did, or whether he stages in by way of the Geiger Grade that Bret Harte has made immortal. But the railroad entrance into the mighty amphitheater is enough to satisfy the most critical spirit. Out of wide Eagle Valley, with the State House and the sea-green oasis of the trees and gardens of Carson City in its midst, the railroad carries one, past busy quartz mills beside the snow-fed river which is overflowing its banks in late June, past cabins and canyons and peaks, past ruins of towns, and thousands upon thousands of prospect holes, to that old-time Slippery Gulch at whose head Gold Hill was built. All the world-famous South-End mines honeycomb the rock beneath it. We cross the ravine on trestle work, above the housetops, and pierce the "divide" to the North-End mines and Virginia City. The whole panorama of Western Nevada, or at least its most typical portion, is unfolded before one's gaze. The railroad, like the stage-road to Mount Hamilton, has been flung out into the wilderness for a single purpose, and forever ends there.

COMSTOCK MINERS.

But "classic Nevada," as I have chosen to call the western district—Washoe, Storey, Ormsby, Douglas and Lyon counties—holds a great deal more besides the Comstock that is worth the tourist's careful attention. First, let us consider the capital, Carson City. Here is a quaint old town, full of frontier atmosphere, and the warp and woof of many a story. Near it is the sandstone quarry of the State Prison, where, in the rocky floor, are the footprints of modern and prehistoric animals, and what is thought to be a man of the period,—either a very large man or a very much besandled man, or one that, as Mark Twain has insinuated, was going home very early in the morning from a prehistoric saloon, and made exceedingly crooked footprints. One need not have any theory at all to feel interested in the "Carson tracks." They certainly rank among the notable curiosities of the Pacific Coast States, and I, for one, must regret that so many travelers pass within an hour's ride of these marvels without even knowing of their existence. The whole chain of valleys that lie along the eastern slope of the Sierra are being irrigated from streams and lakes, and many more reservoirs will ultimately be constructed in the mountains. Classic Nevada, the heart of the picturesque Silver State, is beginning to have green meadows, broad and fruitful fields, valley orchards, and gardens full of roses, and all that is included in the phrase, "intensive horticulture." Already famous for mines, cattle and horses, Nevada, swift following in the footsteps of California, is destined to become one of the great irrigation States of the arid belt. There is enough water in the huge snow-reservoirs of the Sierra to supply both States for many miles east and west of Tahoe, Donner and the high Whitney Alps. It will be used, every drop; and forestry will go hand in hand with horticulture to push back the domain of the desert, and to multiply a hundred-fold the population of our neighbor State. As it happens, the whole irrigation problem in these mountain valleys is, or ought to be, very interesting the world over. The winters are cold, the summers short and hot: it is certainly not a semi-tropic California. But what alfalfa fields in the sage-brush and rocks! What berries and hardy fruits!



IMPROVED HOISTING MACHINERY.—120-TON WHEEL.

Reno and the Truckee region are perhaps a little better known to tourists, who get glimpses of the country if they happen to pass on the day trains. But even then one can know very little of the real capacities of the district. It is best to spend a day or two here in connection with the general circuit of the

CARSON RIVER CANYON.

three counties. The Nevada Agricultural Experiment Station is here, and the State University, both comparatively new institutions, but well worth a visit from those who can measure the possibilities of the future. The University already has nearly two hundred students. The irrigation system to be studied around Reno is already extensive and capable of much greater development. Here, as elsewhere in Nevada, there is room for immense growth, as the country becomes better settled. In fact the day of the agriculturist is just dawning.

Californians, I am afraid, are prone to neglect their sister State. We are a busy people west of the Sierra, and we have much to do within our own borders. But

OLD-TIME STAMP MILL.

I am persuaded that it would be a good thing for both California and Nevada if we saw more of each other; if our summer vacations less seldom stopped at Cisco or Truckee, and more often switched off at Reno to include the land of the Comstocker and the sage-brush irrigator. A new empire is growing up under our eyes: let us not miss the opportunity to bind it closer and closer in bonds of social and business activities.

LELAND STANFORD.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT.

When a man of note goes to that Eternal Rest which comes to high and low and rich and poor alike, it is the custom to turn upon his past the searchlight of inquiry. To what degree did Nature favor him, and did he use his abilities so as to benefit his fellow-man? Did Fortune smile upon him, and did he so use her gifts that his life had within it a lesson for men to come? These are the questions asked by posterity, and history records the answers.

To fairly and fittingly picture the virtues of either the living or the dead is not an easy task. Perhaps it is easier to ascertain the actual worth of those who are gone, for the syncophantic knee does service only to the living, and for the dead there are left to speak those who truly mourn,—those in whose hearts live some kindly word, the memory of some generous act, some evidence of the gentleness of the inner man.

Whoever met Leland Stanford for the first time instinctively knew that he was a gentleman,—not the exotic of the ballroom, but the gentleman who is such because it is innate with him; who adds to this quality cultivation; who is the same to all men, whatever their degree, recoiling from anything that would hurt the feelings of another. It was his doctrine that no man, however mean, was without some virtue; so he shut his eyes to the dark side of life and looked only at the light. Were his trust abused he silently awaited that reckoning which Time alone can give.

In the opinion of some who have passed judgment upon his life, Leland Stanford was not a brilliant man. That he was not posterity will have ample reason to give thanks. Brilliant men, like their prototype, the meteor, leave a train of sparks behind them, but nothing more; while those calm, dispassionate natures, who pursue their ambitions calmly and determinedly, may, in time, reach true greatness. That calmness which is possessed by the thoughtful and the fire which is peculiar to those mentally brilliant cannot exist in the same man. Leland Stanford could not, fortunately, be called brilliant, but his claims to true greatness are many, and rest upon the broad foundations of actual achievements.

Elected Governor at the early age of thirty-seven, at a time when strong men were needed, by his unfaltering loyalty he held the esteem of the slavery-hating, uncompromising Republicans; and yet, by his firm yet fair control, he won the respect of those inalienably wedded to the traditions of the South. The lesson in diplomacy, thus burned into him by experience in trying times, served him well in after years, and probably shaped his future attitude toward men.

In disposition Leland Stanford was most amiable. Seeing this politicians thought him easy prey for their manipulation. But beneath his amiability lay shrewdness and keenness not suspected until events disclosed them. Seeing him mild of manner, and slow to take offense, some praised him, some flattered him, and then sought to use his growing influence and wealth. He accepted their praises, listened to their advice; but he thought while they slept, and the ultimate success of his plans made them confess to his native shrewdness, and the fullness of time revealed to them his intellectual force.

In conversation with a friend he once said, "After all, the greatest pleasures in life are those which cluster around the fireside." This was both his experience and his belief. He loved his home, and was a charming host. Whoever entered his house became his guest, whatever their station in life. To him all men were interesting, and, in return, he was interesting to all men, for he had the happy faculty of being able to talk with people upon the subjects concerning which they were most at home. Possessed of a fine memory, his mind stored with the information resulting from observant travel, he freely drew from this fund in his constant endeavor to entertain his friends. Of all his pleasing traits of character perhaps the most unusual, considering his wealth and social position, was his thorough democracy. To him all men possessing moral attributes were truly equal, and he so treated them whenever and wherever he met them. It was this trait that made him so beloved by his employees.

His mind dwelt continually upon schemes to benefit mankind. For this he was called a dreamer. He declared:

"The faculty for advantageously using the resources of nature, which is only bounded by the almost illimitable range of human conception, is all that is needed to place this State in the position it is possible for her to occupy."

Had his thoughts and his actions stopped there he would have been but one of many oracles pointing out the possibilities of California. But to him the problem of how to train the mind of man was a profound study. He seized upon education as the key, saying:

"I want to teach the benefits and resources of labor. * * * I want the students to understand that labor is respectable, and that idleness is disreputable. * * * All education tends to physical as well as to intellectual advancement, and what man does for education he does for civilization. Any educator does this, but I hope to have more for our institution. I want to improve the methods of education. * * * I wish our school more specially directed to the investigation and teaching of how to control the forces of nature,—how to make the elements the servants of man, from the kindergarten pupil to the post-graduate who may have a desire for deeper investigation. * * *"

Many schools have been founded by men who wished that posterity should receive the benefits of the wealth they had accumulated. In the Leland Stanford Junior University the world for the first time sees an institution not only endowed by its founder with unequaled millions, but, before his death, fully started and fully imbued with his individuality, and with his ideas of how best to educate, that man may take advantage of the beneficence of the creator.

One of the most admirable characteristics of the home life of Leland Stanford was the affection and the perfect understanding existing between himself and Mrs. Stanford. He spoke of all his plans for the future as "our plans." He invariably said "we intend." It was this confidence, so freely bestowed and reciprocated, that makes it possible for the surviving partner of his home and heart to carry to completion the plans to which he had given so many hours of profound thought.

In 1891 Leland Stanford dedicated the University which is to stand forever as a monument to the memory of his only son and to the name of Stanford. The services were as simple as the scene was beautiful. Two years later he was buried from the same spot, and again the services were in keeping with his life, earnest and without display. No Greek or Roman, Prince or King ever had surroundings half so grand and full of meaning; and though thousands came to pay last tribute to the dead, to many a heart, far distant, came the grief of true sincerity, for his benefactions were widely spread and given without regard to race or creed.

In religion he was broad-minded. He paid little attention to the creeds and contentions of the churches. He loved the country with its woods and fields. In the sighing of the trees, the babbling of the brooks, and the songs of the birds, he saw the hand of the Creator, and the evidence for his own implicit belief in the immortality of the soul.

As a citizen he loved the State of his adoption, and was proud of her unclouded name. Much as he loved

Leland Stanford

his State he loved his country more. He believed in her institutions, her grandeur and her future. In his love of home, his belief in the equality of man, his sturdiness and self-reliance, he was a typical American.

Looked at in the impartial light of the years to come, it will be seen that his life was like a broad and mighty stream, not bounding and dashing tempestuously, but moving steadily and mightily along, always progressing; that when his life had reached its close, when the waters from mountain and valley and plain had fulfilled their mission, the end was as peaceful as the commingling of the waters of an onsweeping river with the waves of a limitless sea.

CATALINA.

ANNA C. MURPHY.

Off the coast of Los Angeles County, about as far as England lies from France at the nearest approach, the craggy, cloven island of St. Catherine saddles the horizon, appearing at certain angles of vision as if two separate bodies, for the rocky causeway that joins its greater to its lesser portion is only thirty-three feet above the water.

The island is one of the seven lying off the Pacific shore below the great bend where California switches both coast and mountain ranges to the southeast.

Scientific guessers say that probably those isles are the mountain peaks of a sunken peninsula, once attached to the mainland and extending from Point Concepcion to Coronado.

The identity and contemporaneousness of the Channel Islands and the adjoining continent edge is largely established by the sameness of the geological belts of each; and the correspondence of the flora, although several botanical species widely distributed on Catalina, are those having drifted into happy environment from more southern latitudes.

Cabrillo's record of discovery in 1542 is as far back as history vouches for the island.

The Spanish navigator named it then in honor of one of his fleets, and writes that the natives were comparatively white, of ruddy complexion and bronzed hair.

Vizcaino also spoke of their houses thatched with shells, their temples where graven images were worshiped and birds sacrificed, thus indicating a stage of religion far beyond that of the mainland tribes opposite, who danced about a stuffed coyote skin, in worship.

Cabrillo found the islanders intelligent and peaceable and with business instinct. Further north he relates that a female chief came to the ship alone in her asphaltum-lined canoe, and stayed two days trading and visiting, a friendly lady of fetching manners and probably the first commercial traveler on the coast.

The islanders were far superior to the Indians of the mainland in all degrees of craftsmanship, being the only waterfarers, and workers in stone, and certainly not lacking in industry as evinced by the numberless remains of their wares on the islands.

The Smithsonian Institute alone has removed more than thirty tons of relics from the excavations there, some of these being Indian skeletons, however; and the beaches are still strewn with refuse chipped from the working or fragments from their scattered stores.

Scientists have made systematic exploration of the olden graves, always easily found by marks of arching whale ribs or redwood stakes from logs cast up by the waters. The bodies seem to have been put away in layers with four or more in each grave. The heads generally point to the north, and the body lies on the right side, or face downward, a mortar, or olla, covering each skull.

Household and ornamental belongings are always in each grave, thus hinting at the materialism of their belief.

Bangles and trinkets made from the rose-pearl laminæ of the abalone, or cut from the shell, preserving the natural curve, claws and teeth, and daintily marked and tinted conchs, once worn in chains, jars and discs of red pigment lying beside the bones, speak mutely of the æsthetic expression of those lost tribes. Sinkers, spears and cooking stones, steatite ollas, some as large as Fatima's jars, sandstone mortars with three-foot pestles, soap root, or *amole*, brushes with asphaltum-stuck handles (this clumsy article for a bathing accessory), suggest the utilitarian methods; while the woven-grass cloth, whose shreds still tenderly wrap every baby skeleton, and the robes of seagull breasts and rabbit and squirrel skin, hint at their modes of dressing.

In some of the graves are ollas full of the black, sand-like seeds of the *chiya* still in use among the Indians for demulcent drinks and eye-washes.

Nearly every grave holds musical instruments,—notched bones from the legs of birds or deer. One find disclosed nearly twenty of these primitive flutes about a skeleton, and a detective might here establish a very plausible theory of the murder of an amateur musician.

Agate war clubs, obsidian and stone arrowheads, and swords of whale ribs, would imply that defensive and offensive tactics were not unknown; and one poor skull with two arrow points still piercing it tells a tale of swift revenge or attack.

A curious cigar-shaped tube with a mouthpiece of bone is often found, and supposed to be an attempt at a smoking pipe; but Indian Agent Rust has discovered that this is a sort of mouth-worked pump for phlebotomic or emetic use, the same being still employed amongst the medicine men.

This idyllic race of islanders was mainly destroyed by an incursion of fierce Aleutian seal-hunters, who with Tartar wantonness killed every male inhabitant to be found, and sailed away with a cargo of booty. The Franciscan fathers early in 1800 had the remains of the island tribes removed to their protection at the Missions of Purissima, Inez and Santa Barbara,—all excepting one forgotten woman who years afterward was found a gibbering idiot.

By the way, it is a notable fact that the Indians of these very Missions were the only ones who ever rose in united revolt against the Franciscan authority; and it may be that this superior blood of the Catalina neophytes suggested this scheme, as the California tribes were too full of stupid docility or foolish hatred of each other to ever act together for good or evil.

But to leave Catalina of the past, there is now no more peaceful or even joyous spot along all the afternoon lands. Every day, summer and winter, sees pilgrimages winding to its shores for a stay at the hotels or cottages or tents marshaled about the Diana's-bow curve of Avalon Cove.

The waters on the eastern side are always calm, though on the west the waves dash fiercely against the precipitous sides, and chafe against the "thus far" of these guards of the California coast.

The smoothly pebbled Catalina beaches make ideal swimming and bathing resorts, there being a stillness and absence of breakers very reassuring to the novice, and not wasteful of the strength of the expert.

CATALINA ISLAND VIEWS.

The cove and channel generally constitute a very paradise for boating. All about the island, speeding their slant wings, or drifting at anchor, lie a fleet of pleasure craft, including the sisterhood of yachts of the Southern California Club, which here find their beloved cruising place.

The jewfish, a hulky sea-bass with fight in him, will take a challenge if you insist, and lead you a merry dance if you land his three hundred pounds avoirdupois.

By climbing a gradual ascent of about four miles, and a swifter rise of fifteen hundred feet, the mountain ridge which lies along the crest of the entire twenty-mile length of Catalina is reached.

The canyon ways are the best paths. There are seven of these between the herringboning of the lateral ridges, and five are watered, musical with cataracts, and graced by boughs and vines, "o'erleaning with flickering meaning and sign."

Oaks, elders, cottonwoods and ironwoods, these latter a joking juxtaposition of Nature's, are the most noticeable trees. Flowers and ferns are many, though the island is barren now compared to what it was when the early navigators landed, its luxuriant woods reaching to the water's edge.

Echo Lake, to be stocked with mountain trout, lies on these calm heights asleep in the crater of a dead volcano, and the ancient ash on the sides toward the southwest sometimes rises in clouds.

The summer girl loves Catalina, and she is on the sea and shore clad and shod like the robin's breast or the jay's tail or the gull's breast; and tell it not in desolate Gath, publish it not in the Adamless streets of Askalon, but the summer young man in russet shoon and buzz-saw hat is not extinct at Catalina, but is there even to outnumbering the maiden contingent at boating, swimming and dancing, and sometimes absolutely lonesome for a girl to talk to.

CALIFORNIA MEXICAN SKETCHES.

J. M. SCANLAND.

The administration of justice at Los Angeles in the early days was very crude, said a pioneer Angelino. The *alcaldes* were also crude. Under Mexican rule, the *alcaldes* decided cases without law or precedent, and their authority was only limited by their power to execute their often very strange decisions,—from which there was no appeal except in extraordinary cases. The American justices followed the same "precedent." In the early days of Los Angeles a Mexican replevined a mule which was in the possession of an Irishman. The case was tried, or rather was "before" a Mexican justice, who had become an American citizen by the conquest of Mexico. The Irishman was put upon the stand in his own defense, when the plaintiff objected on the ground that an Irishman could not lawfully testify against an "American." The wise justice shrugged his shoulders and learnedly decided: "I have 'personally' read the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and know that by said treaty Mexicans in California at the time of the conquest became American citizens; but there is nothing in said great treaty about Irishmen becoming American citizens. The testimony of the Irishman, therefore, will not be admitted."

Shortly after the American occupation, a U. S. deputy marshal was arrested for striking a German who had presented him a bill. The marshal was surprised when an American justice fined him $20, especially as it was during the days of Knownothing partisanship. He said: "In St. Louis there is no law 'agin' knocking down a foreigner, and there should be no law 'agin' it in Los Angeles." "I fine you $10 for that remark, and advise you to go back to St. Louis," replied the justice.

During the trial of a noted mule case the little animal was so plastered with brands that it became necessary to shave him. A barber was called into the corral, to which place the jury adjourned, and the animal was given a close shave from head to narrative. After deliberating two days the jury agreed to disagree, and finally the justice and the constable settled the question by the "two best in three" at seven-up. The plaintiff won his replevined "lank, lean mule," but the costs amounted to four times its value.

The justices of to-day, in many instances, are not any better learned in the law than were their predecessors of thirty and forty years ago. It was only a few years ago, in this county, that a justice sentenced a man to three years in the State Prison, instead of merely holding him for trial.

Recently a man was elected justice of one of the townships. He was as green as the inside of a gourd. He said to a Superior Judge, "Judge, I've been elected a squire, and I want you to qualify me."

"I'll swear you in," replied the disgusted judge, "but no power under heaven can qualify you."

But the most "pronounced" case of unlimited authority was that of "Judge" Dennison, a "duly elected and qualified justice of the peace" of "The Mission" precinct, near Los Angeles, in 1853. An Indian, who had just killed another Indian, was brought into the saloon where the "judge" was playing a "quiet game of seven-up." He slowly laid down his hand and asked, "What's the trouble?" The case was stated by the constable, and the judge promptly remarked, "Better take him out and hang him." The judge indifferently picked up his hand and resumed playing, and his sentence was carried immediately into effect. A few days afterward, on being informed by the county judge that he had "exceeded his authority," he "apologized" to the court.

A California Mexican school of half a century ago was a novel and picturesque institution. A pioneer, who came to California from Spain when a youth, gives a reminiscent picture of the primitive Mexican "district school."

In an adobe building the pueblo or district school is taught. The walls of the building are usually whitewashed, after the Moorish style, and its white walls glistening in the sun give to it quite a different and more classic appearance from the dark or black adobe structures of the district inhabitants. On rough wooden benches ranged round the two sides and the west end of the room the pupils sat. At the east end, on a dais, sat the schoolmaster in "imperial state." Over his head was the emblem of the cross. The master usually wore the aspect of a pedagogue and a military official, dignified, stiff in deportment and severe in look. On the table in front of him lay his ferule, which often came into action on the refractory pupil's palm. Suspended to his right, within easy reach, and in plain view as a threatening admonition, was suspended a hempen scourge, with *iron-pointed lashes*. When the strict disciplinarian thought it necessary to use the lash, not only the pupil's jacket but his shirt was removed. He was stretched over a bench, when the punishment was inflicted to fit the crime, according to the judgment of the "Professor," who seemed to think that severe discipline was the surest road to learning. If unusually severe punishment was inflicted, a handkerchief was stuffed in the mouth of the pupil to stifle his cries. The punishment was inflicted in the presence of the entire school; and it is no wonder that the terrorized pupils "forgot" their lessons when called upon to recite or read them, and, in turn, were whipped for their seeming dullness or laziness. The ferule was almost in constant play during the day. The pupils naturally held him in dignified awe, and it was as much their desire to satisfy him as to learn the lessons he taught.

On entering the schoolroom each morning every pupil bent his knee in adoration of the cross, and then kissed the extended hand of the pedagogue, who ruled them with a virtual rod of iron.

During the first six months the pupil was instructed in the first primer, the A, B, C, and by the end of the year he had "gone through" the second primer. Then he was instructed in the reading of manuscripts of civic officers, the written stories and legends of old women, sketches by local historians and essayists, including alleged poetry, the dissertations of the padres on theology and good conduct. And, as if this were not enough, the schoolmaster would try his hand on an essay, which the more "advanced" classes read on examination days.

Printed books were extremely rare in this country in those days, hence manuscripts were used. The church catechism was the principal text-book, and each pupil was required to completely memorize its contents, which the class repeated in a sing-song style, highly amusing to listeners. School lasted all week, Saturday being examination day.

The "Lives of the Saints," "Lives of the Martyrs" and of "The Virgins," were also used in the reading exercises. Those pupils who were the most proficient read extracts from the official *Gazeta*, which the "Professor" received from Mexico. The decrees of the *Cortes* were read by the master to the pupils on examination days as part of their instruction in political philosophy or current history.

The other two Rs, "writing and arithmetic," were also taught, or taught at, in the primitive Mexican school, and as prizes *Don Quixote* and a copy of the Constitution of Mexico were usually bestowed.

Pupils were further stimulated to good behavior by a promise of a visit to the seashore on the arrival of a vessel from Mexico, which was about once in six or eight months, and which was an event looked forward to by even the older people with the greatest interest.

With the almost total absence of text-books, the severity of the master, the consequent blunting of the intellect, and the reading of so many ponderous local sketches and histories, it is a wonder that the pupils learned anything at all, more especially as the average Mexican mind is very sluggish.

TEA PLANTING IN JAVA.

HENRY CHAS. EVERILL.

ALTHOUGH the coffee, spices, indigo and other tropical products of Java have for many years formed a very important item of European commerce, Java tea has as yet attracted very little attention and is comparatively unknown in the American market.

The tea plant was first introduced into Java in 1826, but it is only of recent years that much attention has been paid to its cultivation.

The island of Java is one of the most fertile places in the world, and may well be termed the garden of the far East. The principal tea plantations are situated in the Preanger Regency (West Java) on the slopes of the mountain ranges, from four to six thousand feet above sea-level.

The tea planter has first to clear the virgin forest by cutting and burning the timber, and then preparing the ground for the young plants. The tea seed has first to be soaked in water before it is sown in the nursery beds, all of which have to be thatched or roofed in to protect the young shoots from the sun. When the seedlings are about four inches high they are planted out in rows from four to five feet apart in some places. A space of 4 x 4 feet is allowed for each tree, which gives about 2,722 plants to the acre. As the young trees increase in size and shoot up, the upper shoots are from time to time cut or trimmed down to make them spread, so that when the trees are about three years old, when the plucking for market commences, they are on an average only about four feet high.

In China the tea is only gathered four times in each year, but in the hot, moist climate of Java, where all vegetation flourishes in full tropical luxuriance, the picking of the tea leaf goes on all the year round, and every tree requires plucking at least once in every fortnight, though of course the growth is much quicker during the rainy season (which extends from the middle of September to the end of March) than during the dry months of the year. Great care is taken in plucking the leaves. Only the young shoots are taken, the largest leaves available for picking never exceeding two and a half inches in length. The leaves are nipped off with the thumb-nail, and must never be bruised or torn off. A good coolie will pick about twenty-five pounds of green leaves per day. The quality of the tea depends upon the size of the leaves. The very youngest shoots picked make the best flavored pekoe.

As soon as the tea is gathered the drying process commences. The leaves are first spread out in large trays or challances of basket work, and placed in the sun or drying shed to be first withered before going through the drying machines. Formerly the rolling and drying was done by hand, but now the curing of tea has become quite a factory industry. The process of sun-withering the leaves is shown in the illustration, which is from a photograph taken on the Parakan Salah estate. The large building in the rear is the curing shed where the machines complete the process of drying and curling or rolling the leaves. The drying machines are constantly kept at a temperature of from 220 to 250 degrees Fahrenheit. Placed inside these dryers there is an endless chain with flappers attached constantly revolving, somewhat on the principle that a dredge or grain elevator works, only the motion is horizontal instead of vertical. The flappers lift the leaves up and keep them circulating through the hot air until they are quite dry.

TEA GATHERING.

The sieve or winnower is a large barrel-shaped machine made of fine wire gauze or meshing, and kept constantly revolving. The tea is placed inside this machine to separate the leaves and keep them from sticking together or clogging during the process of curling.

All the labor employed in the tea gardens of Java is obtained from the villages in the districts. It is not regulated by what is termed culture system, but still it is in a measure controlled by the native prince or noble of the district and by the head men of the villages. The Parakan Salah estate employs about 900 men and 1,500 women. The wages of the women are twenty-five "guilder" cents (equivalent to about fifteen cents American gold); while some of the men receive as much as twenty-four cents of our money for their day's work. This remuneration may appear very small from an American point of view, but in a country like Java, where Nature is so bountiful that actual want is absolutely unknown, the natives as a rule are happy and prosperous and well satisfied with their condition in life. The Javanese as a rule takes a true philosophical view of life. His wants are few and easily supplied, and he works only to supply those wants; for he argues, and with good reason too, that the idea of killing himself with hard work just for the sake of hoarding dollars he cannot use, or take with him, is very absurd. So, as long as he has enough for his simple wants and little pleasure, he is quite content to give his poorer neighbors a chance.

Tea appears to flourish in volcanic soil, for most of the tea gardens are situated on the slopes of volcanic mountains. The Sinagar tea gardens occupy the slope of Gunong Gede, one of the largest active volcanoes in the island, and the Parakan Salah estates are on the side of the Gunong Salah mountain.

At a very early period in the European history of tea the probable effects of its use on the health and morals of the population attracted jealous attention, and a great deal was written, mostly in a hostile sense, on the subject. In 1678 we find Mr. Henry Savile writing to his uncle, Mr. Secretary Coventry, in sharp reproof of certain friends of his "who call for tea, instead of pipes and bottles, after dinner,—a base, unworthy Indian practice, which I must ever admire your most Christian family for not admitting." And he adds, with an audible sigh, "The truth is, all nations are growing so wicked as to have some of these filthy customs!"

Some of the writers, however, although resolute for its banishment from the caddy, were willing to give it a place in the medicine chest. "Among many other novelties," says a medical writer in 1722, "there is one which seems to be particularly the cause of the hypochondriac disorders, and is generally known by the name of thea, or tea. It is a drug which of late years has very much insinuated itself as well into our diet as regales and entertainments, though its occupation is not less destructive to the animal economy than opium, or some other drugs which we have at present learned to avoid." Dr. Lettsom was the first medical writer who gave the public a reasonable and scientific account of the plant; but even he let the fear of its abuse run away with his better judgment, asserting that "the first rise of this pernicious custom (drinking spirits to excess) is often owing to the weakness and debility of the system brought on by the daily habit of drinking tea. The trembling hand seeks a temporary relief in some cordial, in order to refresh and excite again the enfeebled system, whereby such persons almost necessarily fall into a habit of intemperance." Jonas Hanway (Essay on Tea, 1756) was among its most vigorous assailants. "Men," he says, "seem to have lost there stature and comeliness, and women their beauty. * * * * What Shakespeare ascribes to the concealment of love is in this age more frequently occasioned by the use of tea." Dr. Jonson draws his own portrait as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle had scarcely time to cool; who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

TEA DRYING.

OJAI AND MATILIJA.

Y. H. ADDIS.

Saint Good Luck and Saintess Barbara have a protracted quarrel, whose issue is not vastly unlike that of the big Iowa meteorite, whose ownership the courts awarded to the man on whose land it fell, although it actually remains in possession of the *dilettante* science sharps who found it.

The bone of contention between the sainted channel counties is the Ojai region, which really warrants the striving. Santa Barbara, in genuine feminine fashion, seeks to hold, with finger and thumb thrust through a crack in the wall,—that is, through the Casitas Pass through the wall of mountains,—the territory that went from her with the setting off of Ventura County in 1872. But San Buena Ventura, not ungallantly but determinedly, binds fast its own by the strong and splendid five-mile line of "The Avenue." This drive, sprinkled throughout its length, and bordered by pretty and prosperous homes, is justly the pride of Venturans.

HANGING ROCK, MATILIJA CANYON.

About at its inland end lies the shattered bole of the renowned "Arbol del Viento," the "Whispering Tree" or "Prayer Tree" of the Mexican narratives, which was a great and precious medicine fetish among the Indians of this southern country.

The back country can be reached by either "the Creek Road," or "the Grade Road," along the side of the hill-range. Both routes are interesting, and command views of places locally historic. On the Creek Road is the site of one of the encounters between Americans and Californians during the war with Mexico, near the old Arnaz mansion, whose hidalgo owner was once so near an ignoble death at the hands of Fremont's men. Beautiful groves, trailing vines and bits of stream effect characterize most California canyons, but few can muster such continuously charming scenic elements as are found here.

MATILIJA CANYON.

The Grade Road is essentially different. Here the views are of neighboring mountains, strong in line and rich in color effect; of upland grain fields, foaming over with fruitful yield; of outposts and clumps and groves of liveoaks, cool, deep-bosomed; of a mirthful stream, tripping and chasing over the snowy pebbles and boulders of its channel. Near the road, on the left ascending, is the picturesque Mirror Lake, which in reality is but a pool or pond, yet fair to see, giving back the smile of the sky, the brooding force of the mountains, its fringing reeds and sedges, the old ruined adobe cabin that might have been built there "on purpose because" so pictorially effective is it.

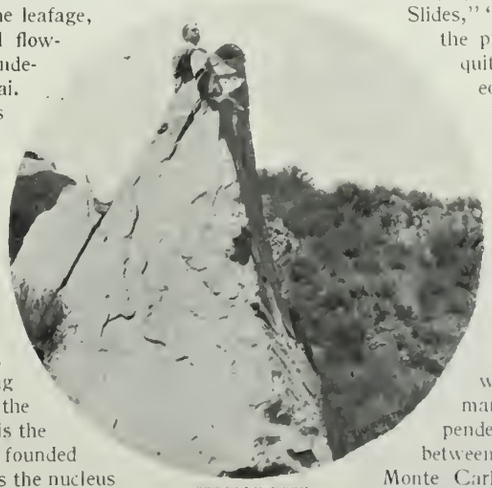
Near, too, is the "Natural Corral," shut in by its water-worn canyon wall, where, in the no-fence days of the great cattle ranges, the rancheros from far and near were wont to gather, utilizing in turn this masonry work of Nature for the purposes of a stockyard in the yearly *rodeos*.

The stretch of the Ojai Valley is strangely and sweetly park-like. Shut in by high mountains, its amphitheater-like shape explains its Indian name,—Ojai, a nest.

The Ojai Rancho, a wedge-shaped tract of 17,792 acres, was granted to Fernando Tico. Its development has been most rapid, after Charles Nordhoff's enthusiastic description of it in 1872. The lower Ojai Valley, five miles long, is 800 feet above sea-level. The upper valley, which is smaller, is some 1,200 feet above the sea, being reached by a steep grade along an oak-covered ridge from the lower valley. This basin is well timbered in various species of oak. The soil is very productive, giving the largest yield of wheat in the county. At the last harvest some of the fields, breast-high to a man, were too dense to be cut by machinery, and so had to be harvested with a scythe. The finest varieties of citrus fruit grow here, and Elwood Cooper pronounces the Ojai the best olive-growing district in California.

The scenery here is wonderful. The grandeur of the encircling mountains, exquisite cloud effects, the park-like groves of oaks, their tufted mistletoe, the vines and mosses, the music of the rich variety of bird life within the leafage, the unusual wealth of wild flowers, combine to give an indescribable charm to the Ojai.

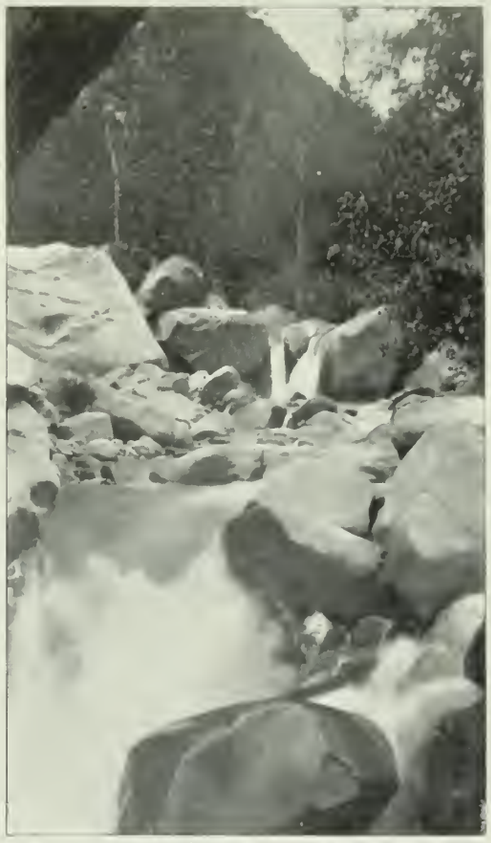
While most of the features of the Ojai enchant merely by the grace of a serene and gentle beauty, it has points more pronounced and striking. Witness the imposing crag called "The Shepherd's Peak," and the huge "Whale Rock," which is indeed "very like a whale," with its tail turned aside, the head, eye and mouth being sharply detailed. Almost in the center of this lovely valley is the pretty village of Nordhoff, founded in 1874. A mile farther up is the nucleus of life centering at the Oak Glen cottages.



STEEPLE ROCK, MATILIJA CANYON.

Five miles from Nordhoff, at an altitude of about 1,000 feet, are the Ojai Hot Sulphur Springs, in the Matilija Canyon. The flow of these wonderful curative waters is about 50,000 gallons per hour. The various springs range in temperature between 60 degrees and 104 degrees Fahrenheit. Some of the springs are carbonated, others sulphureted. These springs are the resort of throngs of people afflicted with dermal diseases, gout, stiff joints, and above all, rheumatism. The sensation of bathing here is absolutely delightful.

The Matilija proper and the North Fork are excellent trout streams, affording good sport, and game, too, is abundant. Under the protective laws, deer have multiplied greatly in this region, and rabbits and quail are plentiful. Bear, wild cats and panther are found, if sought: they do not take out search-warrants for the visitor. This canyon is a favorite haunt of an animal quite rare in America, the civet cat (Bassaris astuta), of which graceful little beauties several are to be seen in a cage at Blumberg's. Another zoological hit here is a denizen of the streams, Chelopus marmorata, a turtle peculiar, it is claimed, to this region.



POETS' FALLS, OJAI RIVER.

The peculiarities of geological arrangement here are striking. The strata are upheaved at all sorts of angles, the predominance being dikes as vertical as a wall of masonry, 300 or 400 feet high. "Devil's Slides," "Devil's Stairways," etc., and the prevailing sulphurous odor, are quite enough to keep the unrighteous out of this canyon. But then the enticements of "Cupid's Rest" and the sanctity of "Steeple Rock" are antidotal. Another picturesque bit is the "Hanging Rock," a ledge jutting over a deep pool of the stream; while the North Fork is the haunt of the Jumbo family, which are tremendous boulders. A notable point is Boulder Cave, where an enormous rock of many tons' weight hangs suspended twenty feet above the earth, between the walls of a rock-fissure.

Monte Carlo, Monte Alto. Associated with a most dramatic legend connected with Matilija, the chieftain from whom the canyon is named, the origin of the "Mother Eve" spring, and many another feature gloried by history or tradition, lend enchantment to the vigor-bringing virtues of the Matilija. If other attractions were wanting, still one charm would be found here for more than one class of people. This gorge is the native habitat of the exquisite, snowy, "Matilija Poppy" (Romneya Coulteri), whose beauty has been its passport into many a stately garden and fastidious conservatory.

The stage ride of fifteen miles up the Ventura River to this locality is one of unparalleled beauty.

TIME!

F. H. McCONNELL.

THE time indicated by those of our clocks that are correct is called standard time, or Pacific standard time, and is an arbitrary arrangement which came into force about ten years ago for the purpose of abolishing local time at so many different points, and establishing a uniform standard which would be accepted over a certain region.

The 120th meridian of longitude is the Pacific standard, and is local time only at places situated on that line, other places being either fast or slow of it. For instance, local time at San Francisco is 9 minutes 39 seconds slow of standard time; while at Fresno local and standard time will agree, as it is situated on the meridian.

By local time is meant that which would be obtained by an observation of the passage of the sun across the meridian of any place at noon, which will give apparent time at that place; and by the addition or subtraction, according to the time of the year, of an amount called the equation of time, we get what is known as mean time, and which will be that indicated by a correctly running clock. This equation of time is rendered necessary by the fact of the poles of the earth being inclined to the plane of its path round the sun, and has been calculated exactly for every day in the year.

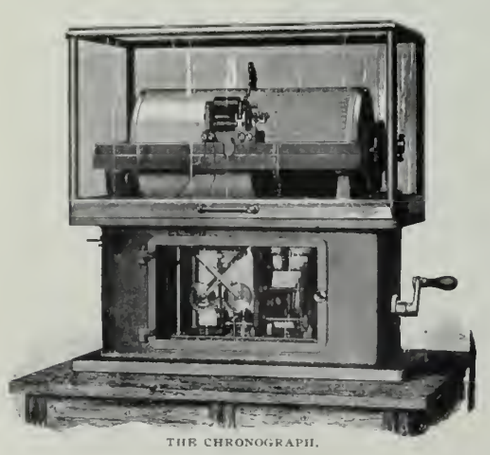
Mean time will be local at the place where the observation is taken, and can be easily reduced to standard time by adding or subtracting the proper amount.

This arrangement of standard time extends all over the United States and Canada. The 120th meridian of longitude, as has been stated, is accepted as the Pacific time; the 105th as Mountain time; the 90th as Central time; the 75th as Eastern time; and the 60th as Intercolonial time.

It will be observed that there is exactly 15 degrees between these meridians, or one hour of time, so that a traveler going east will find his timepiece correct until the 105th meridian is crossed, when it will be just one hour slow with Mountain time, and so on.

Pacific standard time is therefore exactly eight hours slow of Greenwich, which is the initial meridian for all English-speaking countries, and three hours slow of Washington.

When this arrangement was carried into effect, an effort was made to introduce the twenty-four hour system, and abolish the A. M. and P. M., which would have simplified matters still further, but the public did not take kindly to it, and it was gradually abandoned, except in some parts of Canada, where it is still in use. There are some objections to it, as there always is to everything that is new, but it is the sensible way, and I am sure will be adopted some time or other. An effort is being made to commence the twentieth century with it, which I hope will be successful.

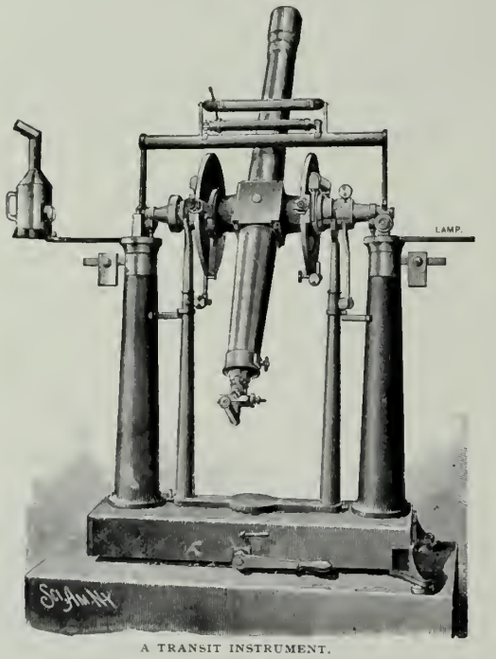


THE CHRONOGRAPH.

One can easily imagine what a railroad time-table must have become, with the A. M. and P. M., and each road running on its own local time; it certainly would have puzzled the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer to make it out.

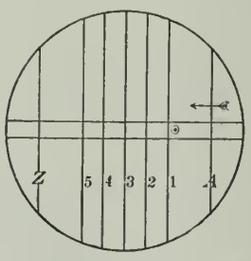
The sun, however, is not much used on land for time observations, the fixed stars being more simple and accurate; and this introduces another kind of time, namely, sidereal or star time, and requires specially adjusted timepieces to indicate it, which gain three minutes fifty-six seconds daily, or one whole day in the year. This is in consequence of the earth traveling round the sun in one year, and thereby losing one day as compared with the fixed stars, which are at such immense distances that the movements of our solar system can be entirely ignored when observing them.

An observation for time is taken with an instrument called a transit, which consists of a telescope mounted on two pivots, which enables it to swing in a vertical plane and follow an imaginary line from north to south passing through the zenith. This is the meridian of that place. In the focus is placed a piece of ground glass, having say five perpendicular lines ruled on it, or spiders' threads stretched across it, as in diagram. This field is slightly illuminated by artificial means, so as to show the lines, but at the same time not so bright as to obscure the star to be observed. The instrument is provided with graduated circles, and can be set so that any desired star can be made to pass across the lines in the field of view when passing the meridian. An observation consists in noting exactly the instant of contact of the image of the star with the lines on the reticle, and the mean of the five contacts will give the time of its passage across the center line, which represents the meridian.



A TRANSIT INSTRUMENT.

Observations of this kind are usually recorded on a chronograph, an instrument which consists mainly of a cylinder six or seven inches in diameter and sixteen or eighteen inches long, and mechanism to cause the cylinder to revolve or make one turn in exactly one minute of time. This cylinder is entirely covered by a sheet of paper, and in contact with the sheet is a fountain pen, which would make a continuous spiral line on it when it is revolving. The pen is mounted in such a manner that an electromagnet can cause it to make a break in the line when desired, and when a current of electricity is sent through the magnet, and at the same time through the break circuit of a sidereal clock, the breaks in the line on the cylinder of the chronograph will correspond to sidereal seconds. The observer at the eyepiece of the transit has in his hand an electric key, by means of which he can make additional breaks in this line corresponding to the transit of the star across the lines in his field of view, the result being that he can see and measure exactly what second and part of a second the transit occurred. When this observation is freed from instrumental errors it represents true sidereal time, even as close as one-hundredth of one second of time, and will give the error of a clock running on this time without making any further calculations.



RETICLE OF TRANSIT INSTRUMENT.

Sidereal time and the clocks running by it have always had the twenty-four-hour dials. It is the time used in all observatories in their work and computations.

The distributing of correct time through the country is now done by the observatories. At the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, where they have as fine and complete a system and apparatus as is to be found, it is sent out in the following manner:

Having found in the way described the exact error of the standard sidereal clock, and thus obtained true sidereal time, this is reduced to 120th meridian time, and a fine clock running on this time is compared with it. This is the clock which automatically sends the time, and its error is found at say 10 o'clock every forenoon, and a corrective applied to it which will make it just right at noon when the time is sent by it. For instance, if it would be found to be three-tenths of one second slow, this corrective would be such as to make it gain exactly three-tenths of a second in two hours, and thus bring it up to absolutely exact time at noon.

This clock is fitted with an electric break circuit, which works in the following manner: At every even second the circuit is broken, that is to say, the second fourth, sixth and so on of each minute up to the fifty-sixth, when one break is omitted, and at every fifth minute five breaks are omitted, the first break after each stop representing the commencement of the new minute. The result of this arrangement is that a telegraphic relay or sounder, or a single-stroke electric bell, when placed in the circuit with this clock, will sound every two seconds, omitting the last four of every four minutes, and the last ten seconds of every fifth minute, the first stroke in both cases representing the start of the next minute. This will be kept up as long as the circuit is complete; but in sending the time the clock is connected with the railroad telegraphic system at two minutes before noon, and consequently gives the beats for the fifty-ninth, stopping for four seconds, and for the sixtieth minute, stopping ten seconds, and the beat after the *ten-second* stop is exact noon. This is sent every day in the year, Sundays and holidays excepted, and is received on every instrument on the railroad system, and also on a sounder in my office in San Francisco.

If any of the readers of this article has been tempted, when purchasing a ticket at a railroad station, and seeing a clock in front of him, to ask, *Is that clock right?* I ask you to pause and consider that the busy and long-suffering individual within has been in receipt of this exact time every day for years, and that part of his duty is to keep that clock with it. So you can safely take it as right for all practical purposes; but if you should ask him, and it happens to be the seventy-fifth time that he has been asked the same question on the same day, he will no doubt stop and give you a full history of the performance of that clock and its present condition, as all railroad employees are always polite, and he has no doubt an eye on the Presidency of the road, and this is always obtained by being polite and obliging.

VOYAGE OF THE OLD SHIP HUMBOLDT.

JAMES E. GORDON.

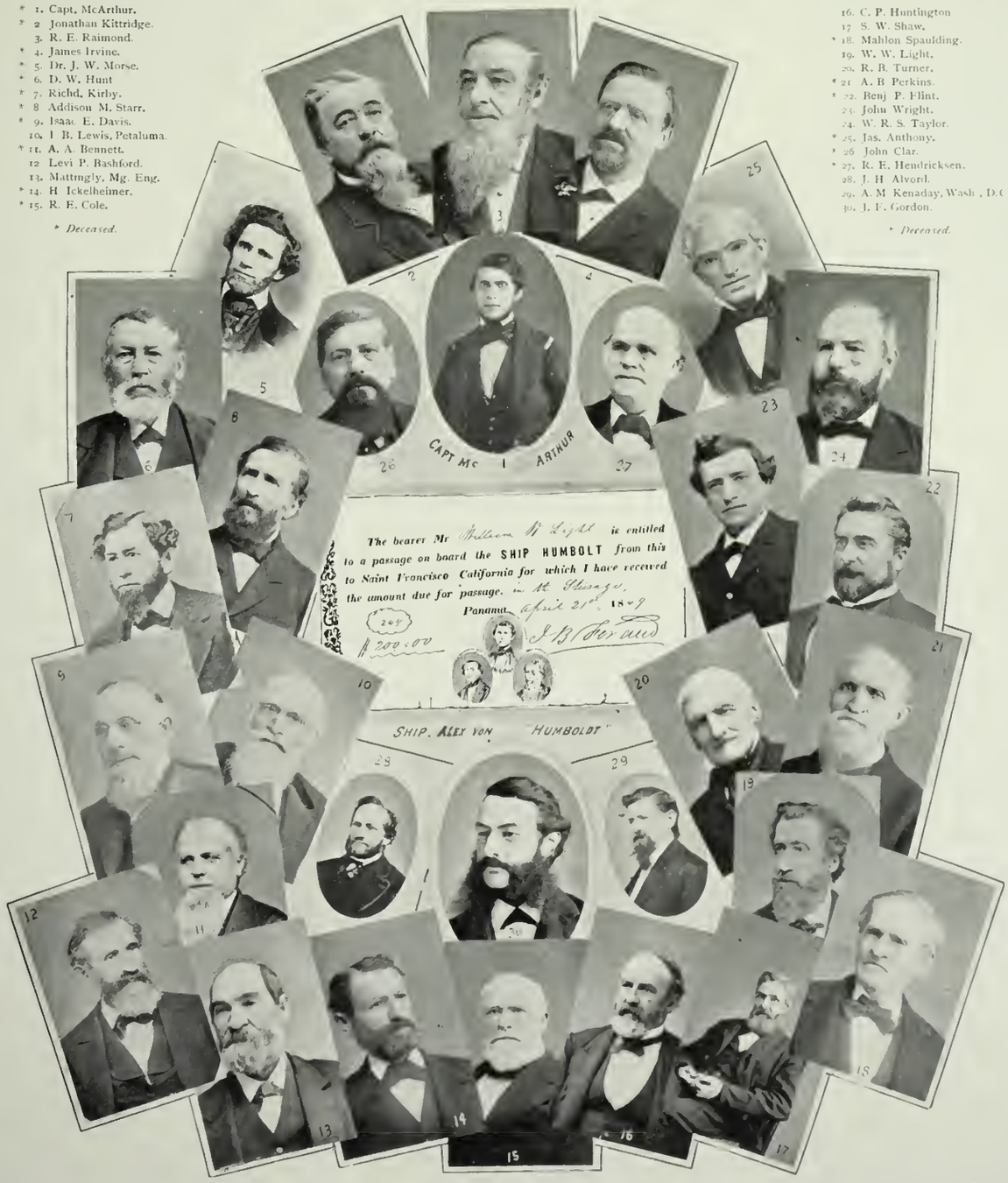
The history of the Argonauts, those brave men who made the days of '49 memorable, has been so oft recounted in song and story that they are no longer "Twice Told Tales," but rather "Household Words," and for that reason I bespeak the kind forbearance of your readers if I fail to present any new facts of interest on the subject assigned to me.

Expectations oft exceed the realized hopes, and those of us who came to California in 1849, as we look back over the intervening years, can find no memories dearer to the heart than those that cluster around the passage, when as shipmates we were speeding to the new El Dorado, destined to be the future home of the majority.

The Society of California Pioneers, an organization which was the natural outgrowth of these events, and subsidiary thereto, is the association of "Humboldters, of whose records I have long had the honor of being the custodian. It is composed of the surviving passengers of the old ship *Alexander von Humboldt*, which anchored in the harbor at San Francisco on the 30th day of August, 1849, just 102 days from Panama, or nearly twice as long as it now takes to circumnavigate the globe.

At the annual meeting held August 30, 1878, Collis P. Huntington of New York City offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved: That we whose names are hereto subscribed mutually pledge each to the other that we will once a year, on the 30th day of August, lay aside all other business or pleasure and meet together as "Humboldters" to celebrate by a suitable banquet the old memories attached to our voyage to this State; and, that our own memories may be kept fresh and green, we mutually promise to set apart a chair and plate, at each such occasion, for every member subscribing hereto, as well after death as during their lifetime, so long as any of the subscribers hereto are alive, and those only who shall subscribe to this agreement shall be considered active members.



* 1. Capt. McArthur.
* 2 Jonathan Kittridge.
3. R. E. Raimond.
* 4. James Irvine.
* 5. Dr. J. W. Morse.
* 6. D. W. Hunt
* 7. Richd. Kirby.
* 8 Addison M. Starr.
* 9. Isaac E. Davis.
10. I B. Lewis, Petaluma.
* 11. A. A. Bennett.
12 Levi P. Bashford.
13. Mattingly, Mg. Eng.
* 14. H Ickelheimer.
* 15. R. E. Cole.

* *Deceased.*

16. C. P. Huntington
17 S. W. Shaw.
* 18. Mahlon Spaulding.
19. W. W. Light.
20. R. B. Turner.
* 21 A. B Perkins.
* 22. Benj P. Flint.
23. John Wright.
24. W. R. S. Taylor.
* 25. Jas. Anthony.
* 26 John Clar.
* 27. R. E. Hendricksen.
28. J. H Alvord.
29. A. M Kenaday, Wash , D.C
30. J. F. Gordon.

* *Deceased.*

The *Alexander von Humboldt* was a Dutch bark of about 540 tons capacity which happened into Panama in 1849, at a time when the town was full of people who had crossed the Isthmus and the Chagres River, and were anxiously seeking transportation to San Francisco.

Arrangements were finally consummated with her owners, Feraud & Leach, whereby she was secured for the San Francisco trip. The vessel cost them about $60,000, and the demand for tickets was so great that they cleared nearly one-half of her cost in a few days by the receipts for passage. As it was, their greed was so great that they sold nearly 100 tickets in excess of her carrying capacity, which, at the rate of $200 per ticket for steerage passage, and $300 for cabin passage, would have netted them almost the entire cost of the vessel.

For two weeks we lay becalmed off the Bay of Panama, headed southward, waiting for the trade winds, which did not come. About this time we all began to feel homesick. Most of the passengers were packed away three in a small bunk, and were very restless and uneasy, because we were having many rainy days, which compelled them to stay in their bunks by day as well as by night. On the 7th of June we had a change of climate, magnificent sunsets, pleasant moonlight evenings, when the passengers would gather on deck and listen to the music of flutes and violins, of which there were several on board.

From the 16th to the 26th of July we lay becalmed, during which we spoke the bark *Bristol*, from Bristol, R. I., 140 days out and all well. On the 28th discovered sail with signal of distress, which proved to be a vessel bound from Cadiz, Spain, to Mazatlan. She had, during the storm of the 15th, lost all her sails and had her bulwarks caved in. She reported seeing several American vessels bound for San Francisco. On the 28th some of California's future statesmen, tiring of their long rest, called a convention to appoint a delegate to represent us at the convention to be held in Monterey in September, 1849, but the whole proceeding was frustrated and turned into a joke.

The next thirty days were exceedingly monotonous, progress slow and an occasional mutiny on account of the hard beans and harder tack in the shape of weavelly biscuits, mahogany beef and bilge water daily set before us, resulting in a petition made public August 27th, amidst considerable excitement, to confiscate the ship.

On the 28th, off the Golden Gate in a heavy fog, spoke the ship *Magnolia*, 199 days from New Bedford, with 120 passengers, and the *Fannie* from New Zealand, 82 days out with 82 passengers. On the 29th spoke the brig *Colnel Fremont*, outward bound, with delegates on their way to the State convention at Monterey, got our true bearings, and at 10 o'clock on the morning of August 30th passed through the historic Golden Gate, and at 12 o'clock noon anchored in front of the town, 102 days out, the entire trip from the East having consumed from six to eight months, instead of weeks, as most of us expected. We lay near the old man-of-war *Warren*, and when the consignee came aboard and requested that we be moored nearer shore, Captain McArthur said, "No, this vessel will remain under the guns of that man-of-war until the money is paid to those who advanced it to reprovision and water this vessel."

Three cheers were given for the Captain, and Dr. John F. Morse offered a series of resolutions thanking the officers, and exonerating them from all blame in the matter. The consignee not responding, the passengers baggage was detained, and the Captain ordered the ship sold to pay her debt.

On Saturday morning, September 1, 1849, we all went ashore, our boat landing on the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, on the very spot where, seven years later, the writer witnessed the murder of James King of William by the notorious Casey, which caused the formation of the Vigilance Committee. We all pitched our tents in the immediate vicinity of a frame building known as the Fremont Family Hotel, and a few days later the majority were on their way to the mines.

The only disturbance that I can now recall (it occurred in the steerage) was between two of our passengers now well known in California, C. P. Huntington and A. M. Starr, but no serious result came of it

SOME POPULAR RESORTS AND HOW TO REACH THEM.

For the benefit of our many readers we give below a list of some of the principal resorts, their rates, and how to reach them. Additional ones will be published in the next number.

If you will write to any one of these places, mentioning THE TRAVELER, you can obtain illustrated pamphlets without charge.

CAZADERO,

Sonoma County, Cal., is one of the prettiest in California, and, while it does not claim to be a health resort, it can offer pure air, mountain water, wholesome food and rest for those so inclined. It is picturesquely situated among the great pines and redwoods. Fine hunting and trout fishing, stable and club-house. Splendid drives, tennis, billiards, croquet, dancing-hall, swings, and good swimming pool 300 feet long.

How reached: By the North Pacific Coast Railroad. Distance 86 miles. Fare $2.50. Time 5 hours.

Rates $10.00 to $14.00 per week. Hart, Hart & Hart, Proprietors.

BOULDER CREEK

Is in the Santa Cruz Mountains, eighty-one miles south of San Francisco, at an elevation of 700 feet. The surroundings are mountainous. Good bathing and fishing, fine walks and drives. The climate is dry and free from fogs. The hotel is open all the year, and accommodates over 100 people, the rates being $2.00 per day and $10.00 per week. Nurses and children half price. Special family rates.

How reached: By the S. P. Co. (narrow gauge). Change cars at Felton. Time four hours. Fare $2.90.

BEN LOMOND

Is seventy-seven miles south of San Francisco, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Hotel open from May 1st to November 1st. Elevation 450 feet. Excellent swimming and fishing. Tennis, croquet, billiards, etc. The location is delightful, and pretty walks and drives abound. Average temperature 75 degrees in summer. The hotel accommodates 100 guests. Rates $2.00 per day, $12.00 per week. Children and nurses half rates.

How reached: By the S. P. Co. (narrow gauge). Change cars at Felton. Time 3½ hours. Fare $2.75.

BARTLETT SPRINGS,

Lake County, is celebrated for the efficacy of its waters. It is 2,300 feet above the sea-level, in a mountainous district, and is open all the year. Excellent trout fishing near the hotel; game, deer and rabbits. Amusements, bowling, croquet, tennis, etc. Accommodates from 400 to 500 guests. The best season is from May to November. Average temperature, summer, 75 degrees; winter, 60 degrees. The mineral springs are good for stomach, kidney and blood disorders. Baths twenty-five cents.

Rates $2.00 per day and upward, $10.00 to $18.00 per week. Children and nurses full rates.

How reached: By the S. F. & N. P. Ry., S. F. to Pieta (94 miles), stage and steamer (41 miles). Time twelve hours. Fare $14.00 round trip.

Or S. P. Co., S. F. to Sites (143 miles); stage to Springs (35 miles). Time thirteen hours. Fare $15.00.

BEAR VALLEY SPRINGS,

Pinelake P. O., San Bernardino County, is forty miles from San Bernardino, at an elevation of 6,700 feet. Average summer temperature 73 degrees. The hotel (Knight's Hotel) is open from May to December. The location is delightful; splendid climate. The trout fishing is unexcelled. Hunting first-class. Rowing, swimming and riding are among the chief amusements.

Hot and cold mineral baths, containing iron and magnesia. The hotel accommodates seventy-five guests. Rates $2.00 per day, $10.00 to $12.00 per week. Children one-half and nurses two-thirds rates. Gus Knight, Jr., Proprietor.

How reached: By the Southern California Railway from Los Angeles to Highland Station (80 miles); stage to Springs (33 miles). Stage runs twice a week. Time by rail three hours; by stage thirty-two hours. Fare Los Angeles to San Bernardino $1.75. Stage fare $7.00 round trip.

ÆTNA SPRINGS,

Napa County, 80 miles north of San Francisco, at an elevation of 1,000 feet. Open all the year. Picturesque mountain scenery. Trout fishing, deer, quail and wild pigeons. Mineral swimming bath. Amusements: tennis, croquet, shuffle board, billiards and pool, and fine walks. Accommodates 150 guests. The mineral springs are good for blood and skin diseases and stomach and kidney troubles. No extra charge for baths.

Rates $2.00 per day, $10.00 to $14.00 per week. Nurses $10.00, children half rates.

How reached: By the S. P. Co., San Francisco to St. Helena, 64 miles; thence by stage 16 miles. Time six hours. Fare to Springs $7.00 round trip.

AGUA CALIENTE SPRINGS,

Sonoma County, is 45 miles from San Francisco. Open all the year. Surroundings mountainous. Good hunting, fishing and swimming, tennis, billiards, etc. Warm sulphur baths for rheumatism and kindred ailments. Accommodates 150 guests.

Rates $2.00 per day, $10.00 to $12.00 per week. Children and nurses half rates.

How reached: By the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway, *via* Tiburon and Ignacio. Fare $1.10. Time three hours.

DUNCAN MINERAL SPRINGS,

Mendocino County, are two miles from Hopland and 101 miles north of San Francisco. Elevation 1,000 feet. Open from May 1st to October 1st. The Springs overlook a valley, and the background is wooded and mountainous. Trout and deer are plentiful. Croquet, billiards, fine walks, etc. The Springs are similar to those of Bartlett, and are highly effective for skin, blood, kidney and liver troubles and affections of the stomach. Baths are five for $1.00. The hotel holds 100 guests. The rates are $2.00 per day, $10.00 per week. Children under 12 half rates. Furnished cottages $15.00 to $20.00 per month. O. Howell, Proprietor.

How reached: By the S. F. & N. P. Railway, S. F. to Hopland Station; thence by stage two miles. Fare $3.80. Time five hours.

CAMPBELL HOT SPRINGS

Are located at Sierraville, Sierra County, 236 miles east of San Francisco, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and at an elevation of 5,000 feet. The Springs are open all the year. Average summer temperature 84 degrees. Trout fishing is exceptionally fine. The mineral plunge baths at the Springs are first-class for rheumatism, gout, liver and kidney troubles and skin diseases. No extra charge for baths. The hotel can accept seventy-five guests. The rates are $2.00 per day, $10.00 per week. Children under 12 half rates.

How reached: By the S. P. Co., S. F. to Truckee (209 miles); thence by stage (27 miles). Stages leave Truckee daily except Sunday. Time by rail twelve hours; by stage four and one-half hours. Through fare $20.00 round trip.

NEW CARLSBAD SPRINGS,

Lake County, at an elevation of 2,200 feet. Open from April 15th to October 15th. Average summer temperature 80 to 99 degrees. The Springs overlook Clear Lake. Good hunting and trout fishing. Hot and cold soda-water baths for rheumatism and kidney troubles. No extra charge for baths. Accommodates forty guests.

Rates $2.00 per day, $10.00 per week. Nurses $6.00, children half rates. Wm. Lageman, Proprietor.

How reached: By the S. F. & N. P. Railway, S. F. to Pieta (94 miles); stage from Pieta to Kelseyville (18 miles). Fare $6.35.

THE SPIRITS MOVED HIM.

Mrs. Mullany had gone to sleep in her chair. Her ball of yarn had fallen to the floor, where the cat was knitting cobwebs with it between the chairs. Pat Mullany was smoking his old clay pipe, and trying to get last week's news into his head by means of reading aloud very slowly, and spelling the hard words. Oblivious to his wife's nap, he said: "Biddy, do ye mind that? Moi, but he was the foine man! Listen, will yez? 'The persession moved along wid th' gallent *Siventh* actin' as guards on each side of the c-a-i-s-s-o-n.' Phat th' divil's that? C-a-i-ki, s, kiesson—kisson?—kisson?—shure it must be th' carcass. 'The sthreets were lined wid a mul-ti-tude of people.'"

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the door, to which he paid no attention, save to glance at the door. The knock was repeated.

"Who's thare?"

"Shure it's us."

"Who the divil's us?"

"Shure it's me, Tim Ryly, Billy Muldune, Mister Maguire, and the rist."

"Phat de yez be wantin' here? It's most nine o'clock, and Biddy's ashlape be the fire."

"Pat Mullany, will ye open th' dour, and let us be after comin'? We've come to pass the time wid yez. Barney Rooney's got his fiddle, and we could have a shtip or two."

"Go 'way wid yez."

"Here's Mrs. O'Hay, wid a foine shtewed rabbit, and Mrs. Flynn, wid some foine pays."

The door opens an inch.

"Come, now, it's Larry Quinn has his pocket full of pipes and tobacco, and it's meself that has sugar and limons; that, wid the aid of a little hot wather and a drop of the crathur, will put a heart in yez."

"Ye spalpeen! where do yez think I'd be after gettin' the crathur at this time of night?"

"Shure it's just Tim Ryly as can tell ye. Haven't I got the bottle under me arm, kapin' warm and lively wid me heart's throbbin'?"

"Tim Ryly, shure it's a fool ye are! Why didn't ye tell me an hour ago? Come in an' see Biddy; shure she's wearyin' for a sight of yez. Biddy, me dear, here's Mr. Ryly and the rest come for a bit of supper they've brought along wid 'em. Shure here they've been standin' widout, and we waitin' widin, hours."

—*Harper's Monthly.*

GOD'S COUNTRY.

A few years ago, when the annual encampment of the G. A. R. was held at Portland, a few delegates from the "wild and woolly," of that class who are eternally cramming the advantages of what they term "God's country" down everybody's throats, took a jaunt up that way to see the country and sneer at "primitive methods," etc. In a particularly rocky and uninviting section of the State they alighted at a station for exercise, and ran across an aged farmer sitting on a baggage truck and chewing tobacco.

"Well, ye don't look as though ye'd had a boom here lately," said the Kansas man, addressing the aged agriculturist. "You fellows are foolish to stay in this country, where ye have to do your spring plowing with a pickax and yer planting with a shotgun. I she'd think ye'd starve to death. Why don't ye come out to Kansas? Not a stump or stone in sight; soil ten feet deep; crops o' one year make ye rich."

The Maine man listened with a face full of interest, and finally took a fresh chew of tobacco. He rose from the baggage truck and faced the crowd of Kansans.

"So ye're all doin' well, are ye? I'm mighty glad to hear it. I'm holdin' six mortgages on Kansas farms to-day, and if you fellers will just keep it up and pay your interest I'll try and pull along here."

—*New York Sun.*

ITEMS.

THE TRAVELER of San Francisco is justly the pride of the State. No publication can anywhere be found that excels it in artistic make-up and beauty of illustrations. It occupies the same place in the world of pleasure, travel and healthy outdoor recreation that the *Commercial Traveler* does in the world of business. As an advertising medium it is an inspiration, for not only does it bear evidence of being widely read, but its half-tone photographs are of such value that every number will be carefully preserved. —*Commercial Traveler.*

El Campo, near Tiburon, on the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway, has now been successfully reopened as a first-class Sunday family resort. With its bay ride on the *Ukiah*, its beautiful grounds, with abundance of shade, and tables for private lunches, the fine rendering of popular concert music, the boating, fishing, etc., it is rendered one of the most convenient and respectable resorts on the bay.

The Hotel Florence of San Diego has just had published—by THE TRAVELER—a souvenir that is decidedly a work of art.

Mr. Stuart Kennedy, the manager, appreciates the value of printer's ink, that is, good ink, and moreover good cuts, good paper and good printing; and the best evidence that the traveling public seems interested in this souvenir is the fact that their space on our Bureau of Information table becomes vacant oftener than many of its neighbors. Mr. Kennedy will mail a copy without charge to any one writing for it.

Mr. N. Gilmore writes us as follows:

The region called Glen Alpine, near Lake Tahoe, in which the Gilmore Glen Alpine Springs are situated, four miles distant, lying above the head of Fallen Leaf Lake, is pronounced by every traveled visitor to be one of the most beautiful lake countries in the State.

Persons desiring to visit the head of Fallen Leaf Lake, Gilmore Glen Alpine Springs, or Mount Tallac, are cautioned not to hire conveyances from any one but me, as the road can be used only by my conveyances. P. O. address, Tallac, California.

The Hotel, a handsomely illustrated journal of London, is not only the leading hotel journal in Europe, but almost the only purely hotel journal published on that side. In Switzerland there are two small sheets, one published by the Society of Hotel Keepers, and the other by the Hotel Employees Society. In Vienna there is an Inn-keepers Pamphlet, and in Paris and Brussels some good "cuisine" journals, but no hotel journals in the sense that we understand them in America. In England and Scotland there are only bar victuallers or catering journals, which, although partially covering something of the hotel field, can only be considered as the organs of the special trades they represent.

The Hotel of London is the only purely hotel journal in Europe, and a very creditable production indeed it appears to be, for which we prognosticate a great success if continued to be run on its present conscientious and elevating standard.

Considering it is the "off" season the Hotel Crellin, Oakland, is doing a good business. The Crellin is one the best appointed and most centrally located hotels in Oakland. It is under the able management of Mr. E. R. Lewman, and deserves all the patronage it receives.

The opening of Sterlingworth Sanitarium is a mark of an epoch in the history of medicine. The demonstration of a *new principle* in the treatment of consumption and diseases of throat and lungs was here first carried out under the scrutiny of a commission of scientific men. That the results achieved were far beyond comparison with any heretofore known methods or climatic influences has been established.

The staff is composed of only strictly regular physicians. The corps of trained nurses and the general service are of the highest order. The treatment is entirely scientific, exclusively institutional and necessarily somewhat expensive. A limited number of patients can now be received in order of application and acceptance. A history of case must accompany application mailed, or, what is much better, be brought by attending physician, coming as our guest and investigator. For clinical reports, illustrated pamphlets, or other information concerning treatment of chronic diseases in general, address STERLINGWORTH SANITARIUM, Lakewood-on-Chautauqua, Box 152, New York, U. S. A.

A grand ball was given at the Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica, on July 1st, and was a great success. The new proprietor, Mr. Simon Reinhart, is well and popularly known, and the Arcadia will undoubtedly be in good favor with the traveling public.

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion, and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

A dispatch from Albany, N. Y., brings the news that "Railroad Jack," the famous traveling dog, is no more. He died in the baggage room of the depot in that city, June 14th, and his body was turned over to a taxidermist. Jack was thirteen years old, and was famous for his travels. His last public appearance was in the Columbus celebration in Albany, when in the night parade he had a special float all to himself. Jack attended the inauguration of President Cleveland in March, and many of his friends think that the strain was too much for his system, already weakened by age. As the dog who traveled from Maine to California, and from Montreal to the Gulf, he will long be remembered. —*The Station Agent.*

The travel to the Yosemite Valley, which has thus far been light, is just now taking a new impetus. As a consequence, the Wawona Hotel, the Stoneman House in the Valley, and Mr. Kenney, who owns the trail burros and horses, are feeling in better spirits. In our next number we will publish an interesting article on "How to See Yosemite," in which full details of the trip will be given.

Strangers visiting the city will miss a rare treat if they do not call upon I. W. Taber, the celebrated photographer, at his elegant apartments, No. 121 Post Street. Mr. Taber has a splendid collection of Pacific Coast views for sale at reasonable rates.

The engraving used with the article, "Voyage of the Old Ship Humboldt," appearing on page 25 of this issue, is taken from a photograph kindly loaned by Mr. Jas. L. King of 308 California Street, San Francisco. The article is culled from a paper read before the California State Geographical Society at the Palace Hotel, September, 1892. Mr. James E. Gordon, a member of the party, provided us with the extracts. The sketch, accompanied by the photographs, ought to make a most interesting reminder both to the pioneers and their youthful contemporaries.

OLD GOLD.

IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS.

Let other men wrangle and strive,
And struggle and scheme and contrive,
For me 'tis discreeter and meeter and sweeter to sit on the fence by myself;
I know that the scorn of the world
At my meaningless mean will be hurled,
But I have no measure or leisure or pleasure to struggle for power or pelf.

There are fellows whose greatest delight
Is to hunt for the midst of a fight,
And jostle and shoulder the older and bolder and knock out the timid and slim;
So if I, of a peace-loving mind,
To roost on the fence am inclined,
Small odds if they hiss me or kiss me or miss me for keeping up out of the swim.

If ever I go to the war,
I'll go in the medical corps,
And then while they're fighting and hiting and smiting and shedding bad language and gore,
I'll turn from the strife I abhor;
Both sides of the field I'll explore,
Where the wounded are creeping and sleeping and weeping;
Sweet balm in their hurts I will pour.

And I will be mighty liable to get my head kicked off by both sides for it, too; so I reckon I might as well take a two-handed club and wade in with the crowd first as last.

—*R. J. Burdette.*

SCANDAL.

"*Eadem nocte accidit, ut luna plena esset.*"—CÆSAR.

The wind just breathed it to the pine,
Who shook her head and sighed.
And then *she* told it to the oak,
Who said the wind had lied.
But, all the same, he told the ash,
Who told the willow tree;
And so it passed along the line,
Until it came to me.
I heard it from the speckled trout,
Who heard it from the pool,
And this is how the story ran,—
Last night the moon was full!!

—*A. M. L. in Quips of Buffalo.*

Godfrey of Boulogne and thou
Richard, lion-hearted king,
Candidly inform us now,
Did you ever!
No you never
Could have fancied such a thing.
Never such vociferations
Entered your imaginations
As the ensuing:
"Ease her, stop her!"

"Any gentleman for Joppa?"
"'Mascus, 'Mascus?" "Ticket, please, sir!"
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"
"Jerusalem, 'lem, 'lem"—"Shur, Shur!"
"Do you go on to Egypt, sir?"
"Captain, is this the land of Pharaoh?"
"Now look alive there! Who's for Cairo?"
"Back her!" "Stand clear, old file!"
"What gent or lady's for the Nile?
Or Pyramids?" "Thebes! Thebes! sir." "Steady?"
"Now, where's that party for Engedi?"

Pilgrims holy, red-cross knights,
Had you e'er the least idea,
Even in your wildest flights,
Of a steam trip to Judea?
What next marvel time will show
It is difficult to say.
Bus, perchance, to Jericho—
Only sixpence all the way!
Cabs in Solyma may ply—
'Tis a not unlikely tale—
And from Dan the tourist hie
Unto Beersheba by "rail."

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lips, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gaily now,
Or where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth;
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come.
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands shall till,
And others, then, our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

—*William Goldsmith Brown.*

A BABY'S FEET AND HANDS.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest hands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world,—
A baby's hands.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

"I tell you, Jessop," said the Fourth-street lawyer to the Elm-street real estate man, as they passed the banana stand on the corner, "there's a fruit that is not properly appreciated."

"What fruit?"

"The banana," said he, positively.

"Why not?" asked the other dubiously.

"Why? Why? Man alive, don't you know that the banana is one of the greatest blessings a Divine Creator ever showered down on humanity?"

"Cannot say that I did."

"Why, man, there is as much nutriment in one banana as there is in three five-cent loaves of bread. It has been proved by analysis. The fruit can be eaten as it is, raw, or sliced with cream, or made into delicious ices, or fried or baked. There is a fine flour for breadstuffs made from it when dried; sausage and beer can be made from the pulp properly prepared; the juice of the peel contains a substance that makes a really indelible ink, and another acid that makes better vinegar than the best apple cider. And that isn't all. Out of the tenacious fibers of the peel a textile fabric is now being made which possesses remarkable strength and flexibility, and is of unusual beauty! And that isn't all, either. When I was in New York I found 6,000 men employed in making"—

Just then his foot struck something long, slim, slick and slippery lying upon the sidewalk. His umbrella flew out of his hand, and he kicked an ash barrel over into the gutter as he fell. And when he leaped furiously to his feet the only thing the bystanders heard him say was, "Damn a banana, anyway!"

—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Drowning men catch at straws, but so do thirsty men.

—*Truth.*

Tramp—"Please, lady, kin I have a fit on your lawn? I feel it comin'."

Lady—"Go around back and have it on my daughters' new tennis-court; it needs rolling." —*Indianapolis News.*

Editor of the Weekly Windgall (to a visitor)—"Smith, you must lunch with me to-day."

Smith—"All right. Are you going out now?"

Editor—"No; I can't go just yet. Do you mind waiting until the next mail comes in? There will probably be a subscription in it." —*Truth.*

Mr. Hobbs (at the theater)—"Humph! Wish to goodness they would elevate the stage."

Mrs. Hobbs—"Why, dear?"

Mr. Hobbs (dodging about to see through the theater hat in front)—"Then a fellow could see it."

—*Chicago News-Record.*

A correspondent writes to know what he ought to get for "kicking cows." We should say about a year if he does it habitually. —*Westfield Leader.*

"Even Lady Macbeth kept her dog."

"How do you know?"

"Don't you remember where she says, 'Out, damned Spot'"

"Do you think you could ever love a poet enough to marry him?"

"Well, I might, if he were very rich, and promised faithfully to swear off." —*Life.*

Inquiring person—"What time did the hotel catch fire?"

Fireman—"Midnight."

Inquiring person—"Everybody get out safely?"

Officer—"All except the night watchman. They couldn't wake him up in time." —*Puck.*

Kindly visitor—"Are you mamma's little boy?"

Willie—"Dunno. The court hasn't decided yet."

Lily—"Mrs. Candour intimated the other night that your hair was not your own."

Daisy—"'Tis false!"

Lily—"That's what she said." —*Judge.*

Why is the 'Frisco youth like Chicago? Because he embraces the "world's fair."

THE ST. BERNARD DOG.

The engraving accompanying this illustration has been made from a photograph of a group of St. Bernard dogs and puppies, the property of Captain Wm. Poole of the steamer *Piedmont*, San Francisco. The father, on the right, and the mother, on the left, won the second prize at the recent bench show in San Francisco, and the four puppies show unmistakable signs of good blood.

The St. Bernard dog is surrounded with a somewhat romantic atmosphere, although the breed of to-day has but slight resemblance to that cherished in the Alps, and trained to search for benighted travelers and those lost in a storm, such as we used to read about in our school books. The present generation is larger than their ancestors, and while they unquestionably possess the same sagacity and wonderful instinct of preservation, much less is heard of their courageous deeds simply because they are not now trained as of yore in the occupation of rescuing humanity. They are generally retained as ornamental house dogs, their large size, shaggy hair, good temper and majestic carriage eminently qualifying them for domesticity.

The origin of the name is attributed to St. Bernard Pass in the Pennine Alps, attaining an elevation of over 8,000 feet. A monastery of St. Augustine monks

caps the summit, and these dogs have here rescued hundreds of travelers from death by exposure or burial in the great snow-drifts. The St. Bernard is famous for his fidelity, sagacity and gentleness, and his fondness for little children makes him a most trustworthy guardian.

An interesting anecdote is related by Captain Poole concerning his pets, and evincing their kind consideration of the feline species. A short time since two little stranded kittens were found by the father, hungry and homeless, and were forthwith picked up and carried to Victoria, the mother, but as they were unable to support themselves through the opportunity offered, they were saved from an untimely end by the attentions of Captain Poole's children.

It would be difficult to purchase a thoroughbred St. Bernard under what might be termed a fabulous price. The highest value placed upon one of these dogs, Sir Belvidere, was $25,000, and many others of the "blue blood aristocracy" range from $5,000 upward. Of course many good dogs can be bought as low as $25 in babyhood, but the fancy prices refer only to blooded stock, used largely for exhibition purposes and breeding.

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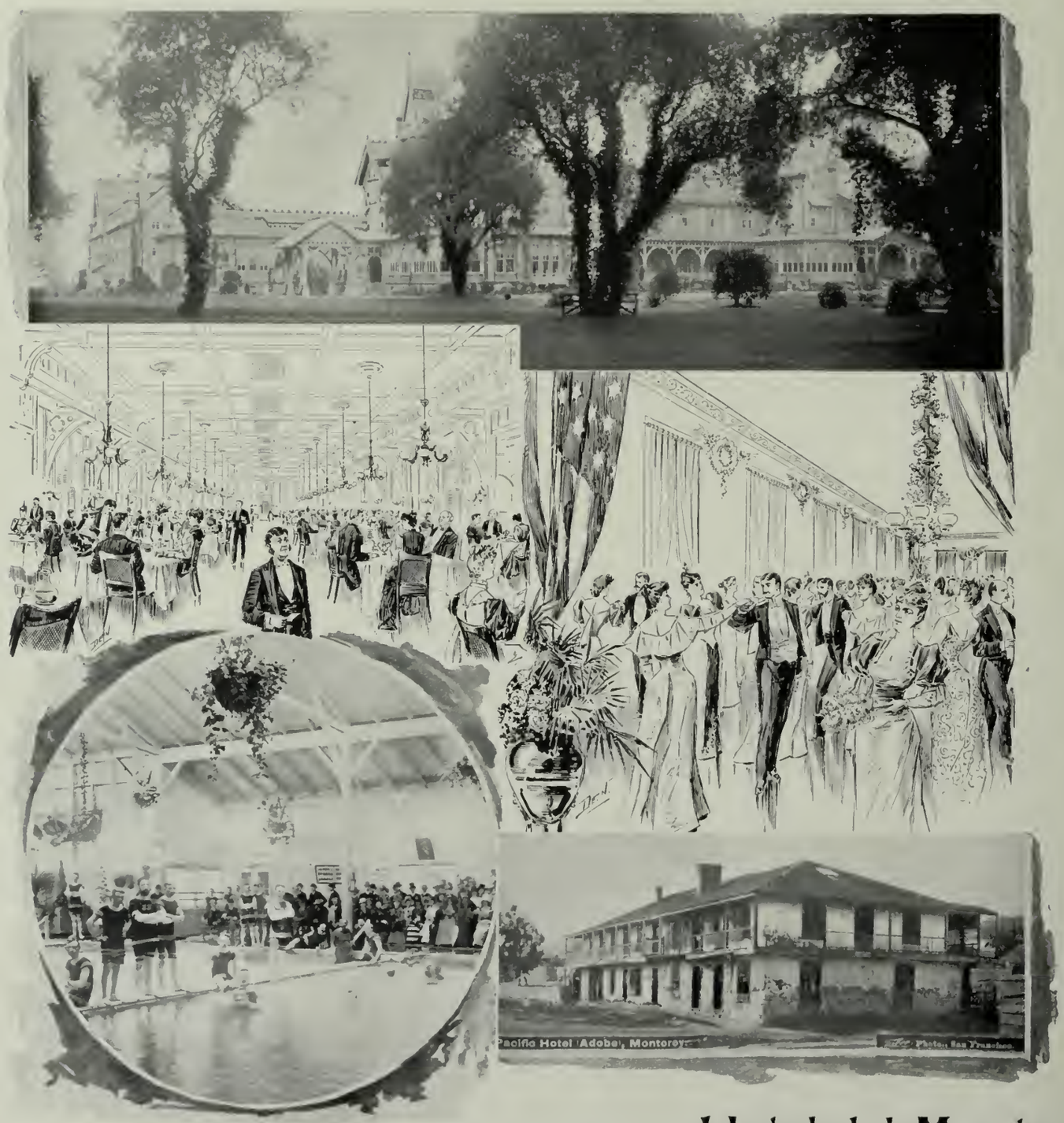

Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME II. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1893. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

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BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with the TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

THERE are two sides to the question of camping-out. It can be and is often made a most wretchedly dreary existence, and it can be made a most pleasurable and profitable outing. We have tried it both ways, and prefer the latter. "Roughing it" is all very well when one is out on a hurried tramp for game, and the ordinary conveniences of life are unavailable; but when it comes to camping-out with one's family or a circle of friends for a few weeks the proposition is quite a different one.

Of course there are remote regions of the country where it is too expensive to transport many of the modern comforts of a home; but ordinarily, with a little care and forethought, a little ingenuity, a hammer and some nails, etc., life can be made not only bearable but pleasurable.

"What to take" is a difficult question to settle: but we will enumerate what will include the necessities and a moderate measure of the luxuries of life.

A 10 x 12 tent will accommodate four persons. Poles may be cut from the forests. And suppose we say right now that the making-ready of a camping-ground is not the least enjoyable part of the outing. There should be made out of it, and there generally is, as much fun as anything connected with the outing. Then blankets and sheets, a plentiful supply. A canvas flooring is a matter of great comfort, but a good substitute can be made of boughs or ferns. If mattresses can be taken along, well and good; if not, it is a rare thing that a straw bed, sweet-smelling and clean, cannot be procured near any of the camping resorts either of the Coast Range or the Sierra Nevada. And if the men folks are worth a cent they can easily construct a temporary bedstead that will greatly add to the general comfort; and, if they can do this, they can manufacture tables, rustic chairs, etc., and make themselves otherwise generally useful about camp.

If you cannot take along a collapsible sheet-iron stove you can improvise a Dutch oven or an old-fashioned fireplace. The draught out-of-doors is always good.

Take along a small saw, an ax or hatchet, hammer and nails, twine, a pocket tool-chest, tin or crockery-lined dishes, and whatsoever in that line that will not break, and as many small conveniences as you can comfortably pack.

Where to camp is an important consideration, in the Coast Range or the Sierra. The recreation-seeker residing near the ocean should seek inland or mountain locations, and vice versa.

Choose a location where the scenery and climate are quite different from what you are regularly accustomed to; and the change of water, whether mineral or otherwise, is of quite as much importance as any other element in the change.

Do not choose a spot altogether sunny nor altogether shady. Locate near a running stream. It is convenient, and the music of a tumbling brook is restful at night, and if there should be trout in it so much the better. Do not make your camping party too large, or keep it well scattered; otherwise you will surely quarrel, just as surely as you would on shipboard. Go away determined to leave your cares behind. Exercise moderately; have games and some music for the evenings; go to bed early; get up early; make life as wholesomely enjoyable as you possibly can; forget your petty annoyances; forget, if you cannot forgive, your enemies.

If you are in the Sierra anywhere you can drink all the water you want; and unless you are an invalid, and even then sometimes, plain water from the mountains, cool, clear and clean, in copious draughts, will do you an immense amount of good.

With a few weeks of this open-air, untrammeled life, with the drudgery of every-day life forgotten, with the frettings of to-day and the fears for to-morrow laid to one side, you will go home feeling better contented with yourself and every one about you. You will love your neighbor more generously and hate the devil more heartily.

THE wave of temporary financial depression that has swept over the land will in the end be productive of great good to this Western country. We have been known as a people notoriously extravagant and wasteful, and this dull season will go a great way toward convincing us of the fact. We have laughed at what we were pleased to call the stingy Easterners, who deal in pennies; and we have made ourselves supremely ridiculous by exhibiting to them our ultra lavishness. We send our committees to meet them on their Western journey, serve wine to them by the pitcherful, oranges by the box, and bouquets by the bushel; and sometimes our good Eastern friends call this California hospitality, and sometimes they call it by other names not so flattering. We have been in the habit of looking with a considerable degree of disdain upon the five-cent nickel piece, and have jeered at the idea of a smaller currency.

We are extravagant in dress; we are extravagant in our living generally. A great many of our young people start out in life with erroneous notions of economy. The fact of it is we have too large a gentry in our society. We think we must keep up a certain style when we are not always sure where the money is coming from to sustain it. The young married man whose salary amounts to one hundred dollars a month cannot get along under one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, about three-quarters of which goes to the fashionable boarding-house keeper; and really it is not necessary to ask what part of the burden of life the young wife is bearing: no part whatever. On the contrary, she is laying the foundation for an unhappy life.

So that if when this flurry is over we shall have learned a wholesome lesson of economy, the "depression" will not certainly have been devoid of good results.

"DO NOT send East for your printed matter" is the advice that more than one of our large hotel proprietors has been giving lately. And why? Well, taking it all in all, it can be done in a better, more prompt and satisfactory manner here than elsewhere.

One proprietor of a first-class hotel lately sent East to what we know to be one of the most complete printing houses in the country, asking them for figures for duplicating a small souvenir that had been printed here. The paper, ink and general work were to be in every way equal to the samples forwarded to them. We were asked to pass upon the result, which we cheerfully did.

The work was nowhere near in any respect what had been done right here on the Coast, and the order was rescinded.

THURSDAY last ground was broken for the California Midwinter Fair, and we believe it marks a significant epoch in the history of San Francisco and the State at large. Within the past two weeks only a slight, but nevertheless perceptible, wave of better feeling has passed over the community, and the advent of the Exposition will unquestionably urge on the reverse current until good feeling is dominant, and general business seeks its accustomed level. No question should be raised as to the motives of the men who inaugurated the idea and set the ball rolling. Why should we chafe and withhold our co-operation in this enterprise even though the promoters may derive the greater emolument? The stubborn fact remains that the Fair will benefit San Francisco and every one doing business within its limits to a greater or less extent. Contributions should be considered nothing more than a private investment, from which each speculator will make his turn. Let us not only have the Fair, but make it a monument of California enterprise. If we can't have it first-class, better abandon it altogether, for we have already advertised a high standing, and the world awaits with interest the consummation of our assurances. There is but one way to achieve this object. Let each and every man put his shoulder to the wheel and assist the vehicle of progress with all the strength he can command.

THE BATTLE OF CASTLE CRAGS.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

PART I.

AT WHAT date Mountain Joe located Lower Soda Spring Ranch, now known as Castle Crag Tavern, I am not certain. Col. Hastings was the first proprietor 1844. Hastings was the first man to open a permanent trail up the Sacramento River, and pass with a pack-train and a band of Spanish cattle from California to Oregon by this route; though McCloud, a Hudson's Bay trapper, after whom the McCloud River was named, was here before him—1841.

Hastings was so charmed with Soda Springs, and so delighted with the waters, that he built a small fort or barracks on the north side of the little valley opposite the springs, and, Mountain Joe said, applied for a grant, which was to include Mount Shasta, then known as Chaste Butte. I have heard this old barracks spoken of as Fremont's Fort. Fremont was not here at all in the early days. He lost nearly half his force in a night battle with the Klamath and Modoc Indians east of here, on the other side of Mount Shasta, in 1846, and but for Kit Carson would have been annihilated.

In his reports to the Government, published in the first volume of his memoirs, which he sent me shortly before his death, there is no mention of this place, and all know that he was very elaborate and exact. The scene of his operations lay entirely to the east and southeast side of the great snow pyramid, and was full of battles. He concludes his report to Congress of the fatal night attack in these words: "I have since fought these Indian nations from one end of their possessions to the other."

He complains bitterly of the British traders for furnishing the Klamath Indians with steel points for arrows, saying, "Kit Carson pronounces them the most beautifully warlike arrows ever made."

True, Fremont and Kit Carson did their hard fighting not far away from what is now Castle Crag Tavern, and you could reach their battle-grounds easily

MOUNT SHASTA. *A. H. Green photo.*

any day now: but you must bear in mind that in those days there were no roads, and men had to keep compactly together and out of dangerous passes or perish.

Besides, I have heard Mountain Joe, who served under Fremont through the Mexican War, and was also much with him on the plains, say that it was Hastings, not Fremont, who built the old pine log barracks in the little valley across from Soda Springs, at the base of the hill.

Whether it was the winter snows, the solitude or the savages that drove out the first proprietor of Soda Springs, no one can say; but it was doubtless the latter. Down on the south side of Castle Creek stands, or stood a few years ago, a white-oak tree with this bit of history cut in shapely letters on its widening bark, "Killed with Hastings, 1844." A mile or so further down the old pack-trail is, or was, another oak, telling, with its lone cross, where a whole party with its laden pack-train perished at the hand of the red men.

It is equitable to set Mountain Joe down as the first earnest and permanent proprietor of all this region round about here, for he tilled the soil, built some houses, and kept a sort of hotel, and guided people to the top of Mount Shasta, to say nothing of his ugly battles with the Indians for his home.

I first saw this strange man at his own campfire when a school-lad at home in Oregon, where he had camped near our place with his pack-train. He told us he was in the habit of going to Mexico for half-wild horses, driving them up to Oregon, and then

CASTLE CRAGS. *A. H. Green photo.*

packing them back to California, by which time they were tamed and ready for sale. He told my brother and me most wondrous tales about his Soda Spring, Mount Shasta, the Lost Cabin, and a secret mine of gold. He talked to us of Fremont till the night was far spent, and father, with the schoolteacher, had to come out after us. But what won my heart entirely was the ease with which he reached his left hand, and taking "Di Bella Galica" from my father, divided "Gaul in three parts" in the ashes of the campfire as he read and translated the mighty Roman by the roaring Oregon. He was a learned foreigner, of noble birth it was said, certainly of noble nature. I could not forget Mountain Joe and his red men, and his Mexicans and mules and horses; and so, in the fall of 1854, I ran away from school and joined him at Soda Springs, now Castle Crag Tavern.

He was my ideal, my hero. You will find him in one character or another, for he had many characters, in nearly all my work. I cannot say certainly as to his hidden treasures, though he always seemed to have pots of gold to draw on in those days; but I can frankly confess that I have drawn on him and his marvelous stories, making them my own, of course, for all these years,—a veritable mine, indeed, to me.

I found him fortressed in the old Hastings barracks, before mentioned, though the place had been nearly destroyed by fire in his absence. We guided a few parties here and there, taking the first party to the top of the mountain that ever reached that point with

ladies, I believe, and then returned to Yreka for the winter, going back to Lower Soda over the spring snowbanks with a tremendous rush of miners that Mountain Joe had worked up by his stories of the Lost Cabin and mysterious gold mines.

Thousands on thousands of men! The little valley of Soda Creek back of Castle Crag Tavern was a white sea of tents. Every bar on the Sacramento was the scene of excitement. The world was literally turned upside down. The rivers ran dark and sullen with sand and slime. The fishes turned on their sides and died. But the enraged miners found almost nothing. Mountain Joe disappeared. Men talked of hanging "Mountain Joe's boy." The game disappeared before the avalanche of angry and hungry men. The Indians had vanished at their first approach, and were starving in the mountains.

The tide went out as it came in—suddenly, savagely. Deeds of cruelty to Mexicans and half-tamed Indians who tried to be friendly and take fish in the muddied waters were not rare, as the disgusted miners retired from the country either up or down the river, leaving trails of dead animals, camp *débris* and cast-iron oaths behind. As they went Joe came, and the Indians came, furious! We treated them well, tried to make friends of them once more, but they would have none of it.

By the end of June, 1855, the last miner had left our section; and soon the last Indian left us to go on the warpath. Mountain Joe and I were now utterly alone, with not even a Mexican to take care of the pack-train and do the cooking. But we kept on. We had quite a garden, but it was needing water; so Joe and I took our guns each day, leaving the store or trading-post to care for itself, and went up the creek to work on a ditch.

Meantime, ugly stories were afloat; and ugly, sullen Indians came by now and then—Modocs on their way across to the Trinity Indians, by the pass up little Castle Creek. They would not sit down, nor eat, nor talk. They shook their heads when we talked, and assumed to not know either the Shasta or Chinook dialect. The Trinity Indians were in open revolt beyond Castle Crags, and Captain Crook from Fort Jones, near Yreka, the famous General Crook, was in the field there. He drove them up Trinity River to Castle Crags, but had no decisive battle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAWN TENNIS.

JAS. F. J ARCHIBALD.

CHAMPIONSHIP honors in the tennis are struggled for year after year, and with each succeeding tournament the enthusiasm increases, and many recruits are added to the ranks of the already large army of adherents to the game. It held supreme sway among the sport-loving royalty of medieval ages, and continues, with increased popularity, a truly royal sport of the people.

The two annual tournaments which decide the highest honors of the Pacific States' Lawn Tennis Association are held each year at Hotel Rafael. Nature has certainly been very bountiful in providing so lovely a setting for the game, and she is ably aided by Dame Fashion, who supplies the dainty dress of the many fair spectators, thus adding the bright coloring and pretty effects which, in the eyes of many a devotee, are not the least of its numerous charms. Sheltered as it is among the beautiful hills of Marin County from the cold winds of the bay, it has uniformly and delightfully warm days, thus giving a better opportunity for good play.

It is to be regretted that so many of the older and experienced players have withdrawn from the lists, and that we can no longer see them battle for the laurels to be bestowed upon the victors. For five years Wm. H. Taylor, Jr., has held the championship of the Pacific Coast, which this year he allowed to go by default. Last year Chas. P. Hubbard won a most enviable reputation by his creditable play with the best men of the Eastern States, and gained for himself a ranking among the ten foremost players of this country. While Hubbard has not entirely withdrawn from the courts, he does not enter the larger tournaments.

Jas. S. Tobin has been one of the foremost exponents of this game for many years, and for the first time during that period he did not enter the championship tournament of the past July. Tobin is a remarkably strong player, and makes an extremely good partner in doubles, which is his principal game. His physical condition is a great factor in his success, as he can stand fatigue much better on account of the numerous other athletic pastimes in which he indulges.

For years the championship emblem has been held by the California Club of San Francisco. Try as they might, the strongest and best players from across the bay could not capture the coveted prize. This year, however, it has gone to Oakland. Thomas A. Driscoll, having defeated all comers, was given the championship by default of Taylor. Driscoll has a very decided style which is peculiar to himself. He plays at the net whenever opportunity affords, and returns the ball very swiftly and with great accuracy. He smashes with terrific force, and at a very sharp angle toward the side lines. C. D. Bates, Jr., who has been Driscoll's partner in doubles for some time, may claim honors among the best racket wielders of the Pacific Coast. He plays a volley game, and in this particular is somewhat similar to Driscoll, by whom he was defeated in the singles championship only after a severe struggle. Bates uses the lob more effectively than any other player on the courts of the Western States.

George De Long is the present holder of the championship cup of the California Club. He plays principally a back-court game, and drives the ball in a very effective manner, the ball rarely going very far above the top of the net. Whenever necessary, however, De Long volleys at the net with remarkable force and precision of play.

The holders of the championship of the Coast in doubles, Samuel and Sumner Hardy, deserve great credit for their remarkably good play. They are mere boys of sixteen and seventeen years respectively, small in stature, but quick and strong. There is but one thing lacking to make them sure of their play, and that is experience before the crowds which are assembled to witness the games. Apparently they are not affected by the applause and by the presence of the lookers-on; but, after seeing the game they play while in practice, one cannot but notice the uncertainty of their strokes when before an audience. This fact was fully demonstrated when A. F. Allen defeated Sumner Hardy in the singles championship at San Rafael in July. They will be called upon to defend the championship in doubles on September 9th, at the courts at Hotel Rafael.

Thomas Magee, Jr., is playing in form at present that will make him a dangerous opponent as well as a valuable partner in the championship doubles. He plays a game not unlike Hovey, the Eastern crack, and plays at the net at all possible times.

H. N. Stetson, who will play in doubles with De Long, may well be ranked among the first players of the Coast. His work in the past year has been very good. He plays an easy stroke from the back line, and lobs, when forced to do so, with telling effect. Many of his lobs, however, fall short.

Among the veterans in the tennis circles upon this Coast is A. B. Wilberforce, who has taken active interest in tennis for about thirteen years. Mr. Wilberforce has played in many prominent tournaments, both in this country and in England. His brother, H. H. Wilberforce, is one of the highest English authorities upon tennis. Mr. Wilberforce plays a back-court driving game, and rarely comes to the net to volley. Besides being an enthusiastic player he is one of the best referees and workers of the Coast.

The one great drawback that the game suffers in California is due to the fact of our best men not having the opportunity to play with the best men of the East, which would develop their play and make them much more proficient than they now are, being compelled to practice with the same players day after day. A good example of this is given in the Neel brothers, who played in Chicago during the World's Fair Tournament. When they left this Coast about a year ago they were among the best players upon the courts here; but their association with other players has developed new strokes and greater skill, which has enabled them to win from some of the most dexterous players of this country.

Carr Neel, who made such a magnificent play against F. H. Hovey at Chicago, was a member of the Oakland Lawn Tennis Club, and California may be justly proud of Neel for playing the best and closest contest against Hovey which has ever been played. If Neel continues his remarkable work he will certainly be entitled to be ranked among the first ten players of the United States.

The time is long since passed when tennis was regarded as anything but a true athletic sport. The rules of training and health must be strictly adhered to in order to enable a contestant to stand the fatigue and strain of a match, which is, undoubtedly, far greater than that of most other athletic contests.

It is the invariable rule for persons seeing their first tennis to be surprised at the remarkable skill and endurance shown by the contestants. It is not only the physical fatigue which is endured, but also the mental strain, which is so telling upon the player's constitution. Unlike the great majority of games, age, weight or strength is not absolutely necessary to success. A mere boy may easily overcome a man who would be a giant of strength in other athletic games. Tennis requires great skill and a clear head. Thus the weak and the strong, the child and the man, are entered against each other with equal chance, all struggling for supremacy,—now winning, now losing,—ascending to the top only to be dethroned by some other successful aspirant to the laurel crown.

LAWN TENNIS AT SAN RAFAEL. THOS. A. DRISCOLL, CHAMPION.

MY FIRST BIG FEE.

H. C.

FOR THE purpose of seeking some profitable opening other than the drudgery of the mines, I went to Sacramento in the fall of 1849. I had learned that disputes were of quite frequent occurrence among the miners, and, as lawyers were scarce in those parts, I believed that the bar would be a more profitable branch. Accordingly I hung out my shingle on K Street, and, though I had taken no regular course to properly prepare me for the duties, I relied solely on my own inclination to study, and by the early spring of '50 I considered myself a fairly good barrister. My ability quickly spread to the surrounding country, and it was not infrequent that I was called upon to attend a case in a distant town, for which, however, I was always well paid.

One evening when I was at my office later than usual I received a call from a rather rustic individual, who handed me a note somewhat the worse for wear. I hastily opened it, and read: "Mr. J. W. Curtis, Dear Sir: Our case will come up in the local courts at Wilson's Dam day after to-morrow, the twenty-first. It involves twelve thousand dollars to the defendants. Please come at once, and we will allow you a fee of one-sixth if the result is successful. Morris & Franks."

The trip from Sacramento to Wilson's Dam I knew would require at least thirty hours, and it would have to be made by team. As I had previously known of the nature of the case in question, I was fully confident of being successful. Besides it would be a big feather in my cap, and would probably result in my securing a large amount of valuable practice. The messenger who brought the communication scraped his way out of the office as soon as I had assured him I would be on hand without fail. It was a most disagreeable night, but I was young and ambitious then, and nothing short of insurmountable impediments would have stopped me. I hastened to the nearest hostler, and, having secured two mules of the highest string and endurance I could find, I started alone. I traveled all night in the mud and slush, but as I was personally well protected I rather enjoyed the novelty of the situation.

My first stopping place was Ford's Camp, which I expected to make about half past eleven at night, and from that point continue my journey the next day. I had of course taken the precaution to supply myself with a Colt's revolver, a short knife, and my old rifle, although in those days I hardly anticipated any trouble. I had not traveled more than twelve miles when, as I was going down grade, my off mule suddenly slipped and fell, at the same time uttering a low whinny. For the moment I thought it nothing of a serious nature, and pulled and tugged on the lines, vigorously applying the whip to the prostrate beast with a view to getting him upon his feet again. But he would not budge, and had it not been for the brake the team would have landed on top of him in short order. I jumped from the seat, and ran for his head, using every exertion to make him rise, but without success. It then dawned upon me that he had good reason for lying there. I proceeded to examine his legs, and was not long in discovering that one of his hind feet had caught in a squirrel hole, and the leg had been fractured at the ankle, a portion of the bone protruding. I was not long in making up my mind what to do, and, though it would ordinarily have gone against my nature to have killed a fly, I had no alternative but to pull out my revolver and put a ball into the poor beast's head. A few convulsive kicks, and my mule was no more. I must reach Ford's Camp that night. I arranged the harness the best I could, and leaving its mate on the roadside I pushed on with the other mule, arriving about 12:30 A. M.

I put up at "The Last Chance," one of those old-fashioned inns where most of the miners congregate in passing between Sacramento and the mining districts. After delivering my mule to the hostler, I returned to the inn, and, partaking of a light repast, turned in. It seemed to me I had not been asleep more than half an hour when I awoke with a shrill shriek ringing on the still air, followed by a series of groans and a chorus of men's voices. I hastily donned my trousers, and rushing into the barroom saw a number of men crowding in front of a doorway leading off of the saloon. I lost no time in inquiring into the reason for the excitement, and, in response to my question, one of the bystanders remarked: "Why, don't you know that 'Black Jim' has been 'round these parts again? He's managed to get his work in on Tom Hutchins, an' I guess the poor fello's no more for this world!" "What do you mean," said I? "Who's Black Jim?" "Jerusalem! an' don't you know who Black Jim is? He's been skulking 'round here for the past six months, murderin' and robbin' folks right and left. Everybody knows him. He's a tall, skinny feller, allers dresses in the height of fashion, wears an old slouch hat, and you can allers tell him by a long, ragged scar that's on his left cheek. He believes in killin' every time when anybody stands between him and his plunder." Whew! thought I. I guess I've got into a pretty tough country. Well, I waited around for a few minutes, and when the landlord told me that he thought Tom might pull through if he was kept quiet, I went back to my room and tried to sleep. But sleep was out of the question. I tossed about in my cot for two or three hours, and as soon as the first streak of daylight appeared I arose and dressed, having made up my mind I would get out of there as soon as possible and complete my journey. I had been turning over in my mind what I was going to do for a conveyance for the rest of the journey to Wilson's Dam, for I knew that I could not possibly make it with my remaining mule and the heavy team I had engaged. What was worse, after inquiry at the stable, I learned that they had no animals except those that belonged to private parties who had stopped at the inn over night. I had still twenty-two miles to go before reaching Wilson's Dam, and I must be there by the morning of the following day, and while I would have been willing to foot it, the rugged and hilly nature of the country would not have made it possible for me to do it. "I tell yer what yer might do," said Mike, the hostler; "yer might go an' see Bob that lives down the creek a piece: he's got an old boat, and if yer can git it from him it'll take yer within two miles of Wilson's Dam by six o'clock in the morning. This creek runs pretty close to the town, and yer can float down 'bout a mile er two an hour." I thanked Mike heartily, and lost no time in looking up Bob. I found him chopping wood in the rear of his shanty, and, with an offer of ten dollars for the use of his dugout, I had no difficulty in securing it.

Putting a few provisions in the boat, I made the start. I found this method of transportation rather pleasant, and a very agreeable diversion. I allowed myself to drift along languidly with the current, occasionally dropping my paddle into the water on this side or that to keep the craft from running into the bank. It was a beautiful day, and my mind was mostly occupied in outlining my method of battle for the morrow. Two thousand dollars! that was no small sum for a young man to earn in four or five days. I was sure of winning my case, and already had built my little air castles with the small fortune in view.

Along about sundown I thought I would steer my boat to the shore, enjoy a little rest and partake of some light refreshments before continuing my journey. As near as I could calculate I had come about eight or ten miles, but even that was probably better progress than I would have made had I gone by team. The stream at this point ran through a thickly wooded district, and just as I was about to shove off and resume my journey I saw the outlines of a figure coming through the brush, and heard a thin, piping voice call out: "Hello, governor; whar yer heddin' fur?" I looked up and there before me stood a tall individual of cheery countenance, and of rather prepossessing appearance. On closer scrutiny I noticed that his general makeup was different, not only from that of the miners and regular inhabitants of that section, but from the hunters and trappers, a few of whom were scattered through the mountain districts. His dress was odd, to say the least, as, if it had not been for the location in which I found him and for the usage to which his garments had evidently been subjected, he could have paraded the streets of San Francisco as a well-to-do dandy without fear of criticism from the fashionable quarter. In reply to his salutation I answered: "O, I'm on my way to Wilson's Dam, where I must be before to-morrow morning to attend a very important lawsuit." "Well," replied my friend, "if you have no objections to sociable company, I would like mighty well to join ye." "Certainly," said I, "jump in." Forthwith my stranger waited for no second invitation, and hopped nimbly into the boat. I now had a better opportunity to notice the man more closely. Good gracious! There, as plain as daylight, was a long, ragged scar on his left cheek, and like a flash it came over me that my passenger was none other than Black Jim. However, I was in for it; and, if I had to succumb to his deviltry, I made up my mind that he would find me a hard customer to deal with.

My friend proved to be rather taciturn, and said little for the next hour or so. I guided the boat, and watched carefully every movement he made. At last it grew dark, and then I determined to redouble my vigilance, for I knew that if he meant any mischief he would endeavor to carry it out then.

Shortly after dark, as we were gliding slowly down the stream, my friend broke the silence by saying: "Well, governor, you've been steerin' this shebang for a good bit; suppose you lie down in the bottom of the boat and take a snooze, while I do the steerin'. It's a good piece to Wilson's Dam yet, an' we won't get thar for some hours." "O, no," I answered, "you take a rest: I'm not tired, and will steer the boat while you sleep." "Well, I hope you can trust me, stranger," he replied. "I just had a good layout to-day, and don't feel a bit weary; just as soon sit up as not." Fearing I might create some suspicion in his mind that I had sized up my man, I thought parley unwise, and so agreed to the proposition he made, but I nevertheless decided that he would not catch me napping. So surrendering the paddle to my friend, I went forward, laid down in the bottom of the boat, and drew the blankets over me. After doing so, however, I unloosened the belt around my waist and drew my Colt's revolver, holding it in my right hand under the blanket, prepared for any emergency.

I closed my eyes, but was well aware of every movement made by my passenger. An hour passed, and I began to believe I had after all been mistaken, as he guided the boat carefully, and never stirred from his seat. Suddenly, however, I observed him carefully draw the paddle in, and lay it down beside him. He then reached around to his left side, and drew forth a long, shining bowie-knife. I watched him breathlessly, as he quietly ran the sharp blade along the thumb of his left hand, muttering beneath his breath: "Now, governor, yer might as well say yer prayers. You didn't realize you had Black Jim for a passenger, did yer? If yer did I reckon you wouldn't have been so ready to share yer dugout with him. But I'll just put a stopper on yer jaw so yer can't tell any state secrets, take what stuff yer got, and let yer float on to the happy huntin' grounds." So saying, he raised softly to his feet, and was about to advance to where I lay when I quickly raised myself on my elbow, and aimed my pistol. With a sharp cry he sprang forward, but he was too late. My weapon woke the echoes of the woods. Mr. Jim threw up his hands, and fell forward almost on top of me—dead.

I covered the body with my blanket, took the paddle, and in six hours more was at my destination. Leaving the dugout and the remains at the creek, I walked two miles in half an hour. I promptly notified the authorities, who at once took possession of the outlaw, and it was with some difficulty that I was enabled to withstand the many manifestations of joy offered by the little town at my ridding the country of the noted desperado.

I conducted my case successfully, and in due time returned safely to Sacramento, two thousand richer than when I started.

OFF THE MAIN LINE.

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

OFFING NO. 1.

IN THE summit of the high range of mountains just over the Oregon State line is a beautiful level spot, fair as Beulah-land, watered by cool springs, and furnishing one of Nature's grandest observatories. Here, for centuries, the powerful Shasta, Rogue River and Klamath tribes used to congregate for council as well as for the interchange of friendship and fun incidental to their simple lives.

This gathering of the clans—like the Witanagemot of the early English freeman—became their Sis-ki-you, or council ground, and is the origin of the name of one of California's largest and most important mining counties. Topographically, Siskiyou County consists of two large valleys, Scott and Shasta, which are hemmed in on all sides by ranges of towering mountains, many of whose peaks are from eight to ten thousand feet in height, and whose melting snows form the waters of the ever-living Klamath, Shasta, Scott, Salmon and Trinity rivers.

The great historic event of Siskiyou County was the Modoc War of 1873, during which a handful of Indians were able to defy the United States troops under General Canby.

Twenty years ago, the names of Keint Poos (or Captain Jack), the Modoc chief; faithful old Sconchin and Patch Eye; treacherous scar-faced Charley and Hooka Jim; the heroic squaws, Princess Mary and pretty Artinie; and courageous Donald McKay, the half-breed scout, were household words: and the scene of the bloody drama which gave them their temporary prominence was the lava-beds of Siskiyou County. These beds occupy about one hundred square miles, and are directly east of Mount Shasta and the Lassen Buttes, from whose volcanic eruptions they derived their origin.

Nothing more weird, desolate, yet awfully grand, than these masses of eruptive rock can be imagined. Their seamed, irregular, rough surface baffles description. They abound in high and abrupt cliffs, labyrinthine passages and mammoth caves untraveled by any save Klamath and Modoc

KLAMATH RIVER.

Indians. My destination was a section of these beds, due east twenty-five miles from Pokogama, on the north-bound railroad. I was in a private conveyance. Our route lay so close to the margin of the whirling, surging, swift-rushing Klamath River, which we were ascending as it descended to the ratio of eighty feet to the mile, that its roar was deafening.

Six hours after leaving the "main line" we had reached a haven of rest, health and beauty, Klamath Hot Springs. Early the following morning, while the dew was yet on the clover and the meadow larks at their matins, I passed into a ten-acre forest of cottonwood trees interspersed with huge liveoaks and threaded by the exquisite curvings of the sparkling, dancing waters of Shovel Creek. I was four hundred miles from San Francisco and all the concomitants which make up its "madding crowd." Blissful isolation! Eve's first walk through Eden could scarcely have been more full of surprises. I was nearing the western terminus of the lava-beds. From out the dark-green wire grass there arose walls of granite a thousand feet in height, built by no human hand, held together by no mortar, and yet composed, seemingly, of hewn stone of every conceivable geometrical figure, and each fitting to each like a piece of mosaic. There is enough granite in these mighty, perpendicular walls to build a hundred Coliseums. No quarrying is needed to obtain them, and a city built of the stone could not exhaust the supply.

Midway up the steep was a broad terrace, where the Indians of a century ago had a burial-ground. Coyotes or some other wild foragers had loosened the earth-mounds, and ophidian arrowheads, tiny red and white beads and charred human bones were lying upon the

THE NORWEGIAN CABIN.

surface. I stood an instant to "take in" the picture. Above me rose the towering granite walls absolutely inaccessible, before me the fields, meadows and rare bits of woodland in the lovely Klamath Valley, which is, nevertheless, twenty-seven hundred feet above sea-level. Through it the Klamath River, with its bosom upturned to the sun, was dashing and tearing like a fury. Not a human being was visible, nor house nor any cultivated thing.

This was solitude! This was primeval Nature! A turtle dove was cooing, and, when it ceased, up to my lofty perch arose the voice of a woman singing. The articulation was perfect. I could distinguish these words:

High up on a mountain there standeth a pine,
So staunchly grown, and so tall and fine.
The dove hath but an only stone,
My life hath its love and its love alone.

"Boyeson's song!" I exclaimed. "Who in this wilderness knows Boyeson?" I thought, as I clambered down the cliffs to find the singer.

Directly beneath me, so close that I could have thrown pebbles down its narrow stone chimney, was a tiny log cabin, wedged among the huge boulders, and shaded by grand old oaks. A natural cairn, twelve feet high, against which a salmon spear leaned, stood between the cottage and a group of fir trees as tall and stately as Pompey's pillar. In the doorway stood the singer, her hands clasped and her blue eyes fixed upon the top of the tallest pine. Her face was fair, and her luxuriant yellow hair was piled in coronal form upon her head. She was a revelation.

"Good morning," I said. "I was startled to hear a voice of such music where all is so quiet and lonely."

"I sing to the pine tree," she replied, with a smile, "and it talks to me of home."

She was a young Norwegian, Ola Henjam, the wife of a Swedish fisherman, with a soul full of poetry and a heart full of love.

CAPTAIN JACK'S CAVE.—LAVA-BEDS.

Here was an episode! California and Norway, leagues and leagues apart, yet a love link uniting them.

I walked on an hour longer, skirting the base of the weird cliffs, nor met a creature. Emerald-streaked lizards scooted around the loose stones; coveys of quail bivouacked under the wild plum and cherry trees. Instead of the golden poppy, dwarfed sunflowers and wild roses flecked the sides of the trail I was following blindly. The walls of the rocks were honeycombed with thousands of swallows' nests in some places, and in others streaked with agate-hued wave lines of brilliant tints of red, brown and white. Beneath their eaves were natural corridors. On the inner walls of two were painted in red letters:

"Captain Jack's bedroom, 1858." On another, "Bogus Charley's parlor."

I had stumbled upon historic quarters. Where was I? What revelation might not await me where all was so unknown, weird and mysterious? so enchantingly beautiful? so delightfully alone? I sped along in a kind of ecstasy of expectation. And now down the bank, among the tall, green calamus reeds on the side of the river—like the rush cradle of little Moses—was a cabin about the size of Ola's. The door was open, and I could see, as I neared it, hanging across a rope which seemed stretched the entire length of the one room, the dried and cured skins of silver foxes, beavers, wildcats, otters and seals.

"A trapper's cabin!" I mentally exclaimed. It had been the dream of my life to see one, and, as though the owner had caught the electric transmission of my conjecture, he instantly appeared in the doorway, lifting his old felt broad brim with no awkward touch.

He was a cross between Buffalo Bill and a Mexican vaquero in attire, had just rounded his half century, and was, evidently, "used to seein' folks."

I accepted his invitation to come in and rest a bit. The "bit" lengthened into an hour. He was an encyclopedia of Indian lore; an enthusiastic admirer of the Modocs, whom he called "the most generous folks on earth," and was educated, as he said, "in Nature's college." His cabin revealed himself. It was "as clean as a pin." The skulls of Modoc warriors who had died a century ago adorned a narrow shelf. From the huge antlers of an elk hung strings of native copper beads, Indian baskets, wampum and bows and arrows. Upon a pine table stood a cedar bucket and a freshly caught trout; and upon a Chinese cabinet was a photograph album, a volume of Longfellow's "Evangeline," and a well-worn copy of "The Last of the Mohicans."

His name was Henda Groom, and for thirty-eight years, since he had left his boyhood's home in Michigan, he had lived upon the Klamath River.

All this and more was "Off the Main Line."

BOUND FOR THE ORIENT.

H. C. EVERILL.

The Pacific Mail Dock had more the appearance of a Hong Kong jetty than a wharf in California the day we sailed from San Francisco in the good ship *Gaelic*

for Japan and China, for there were certainly far more Chinese than Anglo-Americans gathered on the pier to witness her departure. Having seen our baggage safely on board, we are at liberty to view the surroundings. Steam is up, and officers and crew are all on the alert, for it is near sailing time, and we are waiting for the mails. In different parts of the ship passengers may be seen bidding their friends good-by, and kisses and flowers are freely exchanged at the forward gangway; while at the other end of the ship crowds of Chinese passengers lean over the rail, and chat with their friends on the wharf.

Our sailing time is 3:00 P. M. As six bells is struck, the visitors are ordered ashore, but no signs of the mails yet. Ah! here they are at last. "Stations!" shouts the chief officer, as Uncle Sam's mail-van comes lumbering down the wharf, driven by a rather disreputable looking driver in very dirty, dilapidated looking overalls. As soon as the last mail-bag is handed on board the warps are let go, and the propeller revolves slowly as the big steamer is gently backed out into the bay.

Two very corpulent, juicy looking Mongolians attract my attention as they stand on the wharf and yell, "Kong li fatch choy" (Happy New Year to you), in response to the "Ho hang la" (Good-by) of their departing friends.

These children of the Flowery Land are apparently well-to-do merchants, who have evidently thriven in the land, for they are smoking the best brand of Ha-

vana cigars, and their general sleek, substantial appearance testifies to the fact that they have bespoiled the Egyptians, or, as they term us, the foreign devils, to some purpose; and I afterward learn that their monthly profits, in the shape of sundry boxes of dollars, are regularly forwarded to their friends or partners in China.

We are now fairly on our way. Fort Point is passed, and we steam out through the Golden Gate. Later on our pilot leaves us at the whistling-buoy, and as the evening closes in we take our last look at the golden shore, which soon disappears, and we are alone on the broad Pacific, steaming full fourteen knots an hour toward Yokohama.

Soon the welcome sound of the dinner gong is heard, and as the weather is fine, and the sea air appetizing, the passengers assemble in the dining-saloon, and are soon busily engaged in dissecting the excellent fare provided by the company. After dinner, as it is chilly on deck, a cigar and a chat in the smoking-room close the day, and we are glad to retire to our cabins for the night.

Every-day life in an ocean steamer has often been described. If the voyage is a long one, and the passenger list large, one generally falls into a sort of routine. Young people flirt; old people chat; children play; and sports, balls and other pastimes are introduced to relieve the monotony of ship life; but in a short winter's voyage across the Pacific the amusements are somewhat limited.

With the exception of the officers, petty officers and engineers, our crew is all Chinese,—fat, sturdy looking fellows, who appear to be incessantly employed in

scrubbing decks and cleaning ship, both night and day. I was very much amused at one old sailor who was pointed out to me by the chief officer. He has been eight years on the ship, and recently had sold his daughter in Canton. Puck Yaw, on being questioned by the mate about the sale of his flesh and blood, replied:

"O, girlee no good pidgin. I keepee twelvee, fourteenee year; giv he plenty good chow chow; makee he fat; you savee? then makee sell 'em; catchee one hunder dollar; no more. Girlee no good pidgin; plenty losee money. How can do that fashion?"

A few days after leaving San Francisco we have a little bad weather, and the sea breaks very freely over the decks. The officers' messroom and quarters are situated on the main deck, just before the bridge, and the work of getting their meals along the unsheltered part of the ship becomes one of great difficulty. Their Chinese steward, bucket in hand, and dishes under arm, waits under the friendly lee of the saloon-house, watching his chance to make a run for the messroom door. The vessel steadies for a moment, and Ah Ling makes a start; but, alas! just as he gets half way across, a sea comes over the hatchway, swamps the poor steward, who has to go back to the galley for a fresh supply of soup, flesh or fowl, as the case may be. Ah Ling does not appear to regret the spoilt provisions, but looks at his wet clothes, and mutters a few audible Too lee, ah ma's.

Our captain is a veritable old man of the sea, who has plowed the ocean for many a long year, but how long nobody appears to know. The junior officers have a tradition that he served under Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, but the worthy commander himself preserves a mysterious silence regarding the commencement of his nautical career, sometimes casually alluding to the Crimean War or Sepoy Mutiny as

comparatively recent events. He is a very careful navigator, and very properly pays more attention to his ship than to his passengers. One very seldom sees the captain without his favorite pipe, and in bad weather he is generally to be seen at the door of his room, looking to windward or beckoning the officer of the watch.

Three days before our arrival at Yokohama the monotony of the voyage was broken by one of the Chinese crew committing suicide. I happened to be standing near the saloon door when a Chinaman bounded past me, climbed over the rail, and threw himself overboard. The alarm was given; engines were stopped, and a boat lowered, which, after a vain search of three-quarters of an hour, was recalled, and the ship put on her course again. The suicide proved to be the fireman's cook, or mess-boy, who having had a few cross words with his half-brother, one of the stewards, jumped overboard by way of spite. The poor fellow had a wife and family in Hong Kong, and was only about twenty-three years old.

"O, he too muchee foolee. I tink so he mad," said the head Chinese steward, when interrogated on the subject.

After a fifteen days' voyage we sight the land of the rising sun, and at daylight on a frosty morning all hands are called to stations for entering Yokohama harbor. The chief officer goes in the forecastle, the second looks out for the after end of the ship, the third is on the bridge, and the fourth climbs into the crow's-nest. It is very cold, all the peaks being snowclad.

Most of our passengers leave us here, and as we sail next morning for Hong Kong everybody gets on shore as soon as possible to make the most of their day's stay in Yokohama.

SAN FRANCISCO FERRY SERVICE.

W. N. HART.

AMONG the modes of travel enjoyed by residents about the Bay of San Francisco are two that the inhabitants are justly proud of: one is the cable-car system, and the other is the pleasant conveyance afforded by the ferry boats. The Western people, accustomed to the salt of the earth, occasionally indulge in complaints against both; but an Eastern trip is sufficient to dissipate all fault-finding, and put them on very good terms with home transportation of both descriptions. In the matter of ferry boats is the comparison especially strong. A Jersey City, Hoboken or East River ferry boat running out of New York compares with a San Francisco Bay passenger craft about as a coal barge would with a well-kept steam-yacht, or an ancient whaler with an Atlantic liner. Anything that will paddle and get there seems good enough to satisfy the average Eastern suburban commuter. The boats are small, dingy and dirty, usually lacking in the

PIEDMONT.

"railroad brown" paint that is used to preserve the wood, and the accommodations for passengers would hardly stand comparison with those of a first-class cattle train. The single decks afford but room for two narrow, cheerless cabins, bare-floored, and a cushioned seat is unknown. Desirous of a breath of fresh air, the passenger must take to the driveways on either side, risk life and limb, fractious horses, and become necessarily exposed to their filth and effluvia.

Crossing the bay here, the voyager has choice of half a dozen or more swift, scrupulously clean and luxuriously furnished floating palaces, any one of which could take the average East or Hudson River boat on deck without incommoding passengers, if it were not for the superstructure. On the roomy main decks are refreshment rooms for the hungry and thirsty, light and airy, and yet sheltered from the force of the summer winds; and short flights of steps lead to the broad promenade deck surrounding splendidly furnished cabins.

These cabins are framed in glass, insuring as much light and view to those unable to risk contact with the fresh breezes as can be obtained by the hardy ones who patronize the outside seats. Over the paddle-boxes on the Oakland boats special observation seats have lately been constructed, and their glass sides afford perfect

TIBURON.

view while excluding the wind, which is the one unpleasant feature of bay travel.

The smallest of the bay boats is 240 feet long, and from this they range up to 290, concluding with the *Solano*, the giant craft that ferries the Southern Pacific cars between Port Costa and Benicia. This latter, the largest ferry boat in the world, is 427 feet long by 120 feet beam: and the four tracks on her main deck easily hold two trains of twelve passenger or sleeping coaches, and an engine to each train, or a total of fifty-two freight cars. The lower bay boats are licensed for from 2,500 to 3,500 passengers, and on occasions some of them have nearly doubled the former figure without seriously overcrowding.

Among the principal craft employed in ferrying are the *Piedmont*, *Oakland*, *El Capitan* and *Newark* of the Oakland main line; the *Encinal*, *Bay City* and *Garden City* of the South Pacific Coast road, running to both Alameda and Oakland; the *Ukiah* and *Tiburon* of the San Francisco & North Pacific road, running from Tiburon on the Marin shore; the *San Rafael* of the North Pacific Coast road, running out of Sausalito; and the *Alameda*, which plies on the Creek route for the benefit of such passengers as have no desire to change between the foot of Market Street on this side and the foot of Broadway, Oakland. Of this fleet the *Piedmont*, *Oakland*, *Bay City*, *Ukiah*, *Tiburon* and *Encinal* are lighted by electricity, and all the others will be whenever their turn comes to lay up for overhauling.

The *Newark* is the fastest of the ferry boats, as well as of all other Western steamers about this port. She

SOLANO.

has been worked up to twenty-one knots an hour in safety, but her time schedule does not call for much over thirteen or fourteen. This leaves the fastest running time to the *San Rafael*, which has a record of nineteen knots, and averages better than fourteen on the long trip to Sausalito. But any of the regular liners could steam around an Eastern ferry boat, and then beat her into the slip.

In keeping with the speed, size and furnishings of the San Francisco boats are the safety devices. The Oakland boats are a perfect network of hose and pipes, in which there is a constant water pressure for fire extinguishing; and the life preservers within easy reach number as many as the federal license permits. The latest device in this direction consists of a new anchor rigging by which the anchor is swung under the guards at either end, ready to be dropped by the mere pulling of a belaying pin. It has not been necessary to bring a local ferry boat to anchor but once in the past eighteen years; but still the anchors are there, and no ferry traveler need fear drifting ashore through helplessness following a mishap. Fatalities on the bay boats are frequently reported, but they are invariably suicides. Every steamer is provided with from eight to a dozen lifeboats, but they are seldom of much service in rescuing a determined suicide. A huge paddle steamer moving at the rate of thirteen knots an hour

OAKLAND. *Taber photo.*

can hardly be brought to a standstill under a fifth of a mile, and lowering a boat while they are in motion would simply result in filling and swamping them, and endangering the lives of the crew. When a suicide repents under the shock of the cold water or is too corpulent to sink readily, rescue is nearly always certain, but a plunge in front of the paddle-wheel means death, sure and swift. In practice drills the life-saving crews frequently lower and man a boat in from fifty to seventy seconds, but all their speed avails nothing when the steamer is under full headway.

Steam steering-gear is in use on all the bay steamers in ferry service, so that the might of one man's finger is sufficient to throw the huge barn-door-like rudders hard over in event of necessity, instead of requiring the united strength of three or four men on the wheel, as in the old days. That the machinery is pretty near perfection is evidenced by the amount of almost continuous running the boats do without accident. There are two boats continually on each of the Southern Pacific routes, and a portion of the captain's duty is to jot down the distance traveled and the time occupied on each trip. The first trip from each side commences at 6:00 A. M., and the last passenger boat leaves San Francisco at 12:15 A. M. After this there is freight work

SAN RAFAEL.

that lasts until daylight. It is four and three-quarters miles and a rod from slip to slip of the broad-gauge road boat's route, and back and forth over this short distance the ferry steamers average better than 3,700

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44.)

BITS FROM SAN LUIS REY.

ANNA C. MURPHY.

CHARMINGLY situated on a slight elevation in the center of a lovely valley which opens to the west is the mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, founded June 13, 1798. This is one of the missions established by the Franciscan friars, beginning with San Diego, near the city of that name, founded June 16, 1769, and extending northward to San Francisco de Solano, at Sonoma, which was founded August 25, 1823.

If there had been an artist commissioned to each of the early missions of California, with orders to paint or sketch the actual life of the court and campo instead of realistic idealizations of the popular heaven and hell, or if Father Serra had ordained, in the minute instructions and programmes, written by his own hand in every mission of his founding, that notes of the artistic and picturesque should be taken, in addition to the bare details of birth, marriage and death and expenses and receipts, what a revelation of the busy, happy days of California's vanished pastoral life might be the heritage of this generation looking back with such curiosity and reverence upon that Arcadian era.

So I mused under the barbed tuni hedge a century old, as I gazed in May, '93, at the ruins of San Luis Rey, the noblest historical and religious monument in our land, notwithstanding the squalor that time has imposed upon its olden splendor—the princess royal, majestic and patrician, kin to its mother mountains in disdain of years and change.

The cathedral, the *façade* and belfry of which are still in a fair state of preservation, reaches back one hundred and fifty feet in stately approach to the three altars at the rear.

The transept spreads to half this length, the whole outlining the Latin cross.

The sacristy, arched as perfectly as the inverted bell or flower, is crumbling slowly, and is walled from entrance.

The buildings once set about the eighty square yards of the fountain and tree decked court have sunken back to their clay floors.

The superb arcade that once made ornament and shelter along the living rooms of the front, with its thirty massive pillars and magnificent arches and latticed railings, has disappeared like the straw huts that made the Indian homes about it. Here and there the base of a column marks its former stand.

The outer stairway, reaching the four-square tower, is worn as if on the Jerusalem streets; and one bell, green with age, cross-marked, remains alone of the eight that once pealed to north and south and east and west.

Lingering under the *nopal* shade that early morning, sweet with blooms and fair as though the hyacinthine mountains rimmed Paradise, listening to the owl and dove in mournful oligato from the tower, and watching the swallows darting amongst the obtrusive cacti growing on those upper ledges, where the birds were building galleries from the clay after the fashion that the padres wrought their walls and courts almost a hundred years ago, I tried from weft of tradition and imagination to fashion some of the scenes acted here in the century gone.

There was the blue June day of the founding, the booth of sycamore branches that was the mission's beginning, and Father Peyri, happy that he had been given a handful of seeds, a few cattle, and permission to begin his work here in the Santa Margarita Valley.

With him were the motley, leathern-cuirassed guards, and visiting brethren, come from the north and south of the sister missions of San Diego and San Juan Capistrano, with their neophytes as examples to the "multitude of pagans" couched about the grass in wonder at the Spanish incantations.

Fifty-four of those gaping gentiles that day were written in the book of baptism, and they and the priests and guards began at once the work of building the structure of San Luis. Then came the digging of the clay, with the women and children fetching it in baskets.

There was its kneading with the wild-oat straw, and its slow baking in the sun. There was the cutting and carrying of the tule rushes for the quaint lathing fastened by leathern thongs.

There were expeditions to the mountains to fell the trees for beam and rafter, and swift return with unwieldy timber. Not allowed to touch the earth since blessed by the padre in the forest, they were lifted to patient backs to be deposited on the mission site.

It was twenty years before the buildings were complete, the water led in aqueducts to fountain and field, the orchards and ranchos set apart by cacti hedges or adobe walls spiked with horns of cattle.

The neophytes numbered hundreds now, and bells summoned young and old to hourly work or study or religious ceremonial, for system and industry were virtues taught to, and sorely needed by, the Indians once as irresponsible as the birds of the woods.

The court saw its artisans of every craft at work. Relays of herders or tillers made the ranchos vocal.

The blind sat in the sun and taught the children prayers. Guests rode up and were led by pages to gardens set apart for them, or to rooms awaiting them in these free inns, where colored clays made the floors, and beds of rawhide were spread with mission blankets, where miracles and martyrdoms were pictured on the walls, and where in the quaint library books of history, theology and devotion, brought in compulsory trio by each padre, with perhaps *Don Quixote* or *Gil Blas*, would entertain them.

An artist might delight his eye with a vista of the padre's garden, which no woman's step might ever profane. There fountains splashed to the rhythm of clashing palms. Against the walls trailed Castilian roses, passion vines, and the blue convolvulus, Our Lady's Mantle. In the corner stood the beautiful new flowers the padres had found and named, the yucca, Our Lord's Candlestick, and the Copa de Oro, the poppy that might symbolize the Holy Grail.

Here in gray gown and clumsy sandals came the padres, often heartsick and homesick, weary of their stupid charges, and talked of home or heaven, or told their rosaries or *novenas*.

Perhaps one caught sight of a monk resting against a column of the matchless perspective, an Indian woman with her basket leaning against the fountain rim, or a driver struggling with a stubborn ox yoked under a heavy tram.

Perhaps he saw an Indian girl dart out from the cloister where she was doomed until her marriage, to ask of the padre a husband; for, even as Priscilla might hunt her love, so did Eulalia or Sinforosa.

Perhaps on the stone steps of the church one might watch an Indian penitent sitting with a wooden block in her arms in token of punishment or neglect that had killed her babe, or perhaps he might look upon the guards leading a culprit off to the stocks or the dungeon in the rear of the cathedral; for such chastisements obtained even as upon the Atlantic Slope of that day of the Scarlet Letter.

On Saturday afternoon there must have been a scene worthy of the pencil; for then the soap was doled out by the alcalde, and the laundrying and scrubbing and bathing for Sunday was begun.

On Saturday evening there were games or dances, and upon feast days perhaps the miracle plays where Satan was the clown and always worsted, or the bullfight.

On Sunday was the high mass, the dim cathedral alight with candles, which brought out the hues and folds of the drapery of the wooden statues then in every niche, and the gorgeous vestments and altar plate bought by the pious fund.

A dusky choir chanted Gregorian music here, for Father Peyri was a musician, and had trained his choir of thirty to fine work, they making their own stringed instruments, and copying their own score-books, one for each service, a sheepskin for a page, the notes of heroic, circus-poster size.

The men and women were on different sides. An alcalde saw that every one attended, and a zealous beadle enforced decorum and wakefulness, just as churchly etiquette was compelled in New England then.

In the decade of 1820-1830, San Luis had become one of the richest and most influential of the missions, and then arose the troublous times of the secularization, the disputes and recriminations.

Mexico revolted from Spain. The conservative monks would not renounce their allegiance to the mother country. Father Peyri was one of the most liberal of the Franciscans, but he saw the folly of giving the Indians citizenship in their ignorance, and when the decree of secularization came, robbing him of temporal power over the mission he had created and given forty years of the best of his life toward, he turned away to his old cloister.

One moonlight night he stole from the sorrowing neophytes, kneeling on the hills above for a farewell prayer and sight of this scene he loved so well.

At dawn the Indians followed him to San Diego, and there, it is said, swam out to his ship and were carried with him to Spain.

To this day old women dream of treasures he left buried under the walls, and many a midnight pit has been dug in search of the lost riches.

For years there followed slow decay. The Indians retreated to Palo, the little branch mission back among the hills, and bats and owls came to be the San Luis tenants.

Fremont's soldiers held high revel in the barracks they appropriated here, and builders all about made this a quarry for new homes.

The boom came, and all about San Luis sprang up cities and towns, and the mission ranchos became the homes of olive and orange groves.

And now I and my friends had journeyed down the coast from Los Angeles to see the Franciscans, practically exiled from Mexico, return to their old haunts.

San Luis as a ruin was at an end, for the brethren are to strengthen the walls and restore the roof, and make it all whole again.

As I looked, the Indians were gathering. Three old women, wrinkled and blear-eyed, crouched near a pillar, their faded print gowns in tone with the mottled time-stained walls behind them.

We gathered about them, and they told in Spanish, garbled with Indian and English, that they had helped to build the walls as little girls. Mexicans and half-breeds and Indians were thronging into the church now, and presently the newly arrived Franciscans filed bareheaded across the lane from their ugly new barracks, and walked with bent heads up to the altar.

The bishop and a corps of priests from Los Angeles, in robes of purple and gold and white, were awaiting the friars in gray, and at once began the mass to music from a noble choir from San Diego.

Kneeling on the earthen floor or on faded bits of blanket or carpet were the Mexicans, fumbling rosaries or thumbing little thick black prayer books.

Patrician Spaniards with names old in California history swept in, their Indian servants bringing rugs and cushions for their comfort. There were old Indian-carved benches reserved for them upon the altar-side, all others being seatless. The Indians crouched upon the bare floor in the back, and the Scribes and Pharisees, the newspaper people, and the ranchers of the new South, stood leaning against the wall.

It was a novel sight, well worth the imagination. Most of the visitors seemed touched by the scene and its memories and the glamour of the past, but one old Yankee lady by me, a Miss Ophelia, or a Jane Field, stood in her gingham sunbonnet and apron, scowling her intense disapproval of the Catholic church and papal pomps in most amusing aggressiveness.

It was a scene that might have been witnessed long ago and far away, and we shall not soon forget the slipping back of the curtain of the years, the distance across the seas, and the monks we left at the door of old San Luis Rey.

But for the existence of the old missions, the United States would be well nigh disgraced in the matter of a lack of ruins.

The old-country visitor, when shown our El Capitan, is apt to remark, "Yes, but there are no historical associations connected with this monument." Or when the Half Dome is pointed out he says: "Yes, quite fine, indeed; but was there ever a royal babe strangled, a prince choked, a queen smothered, or a king beheaded under the shadow of this mighty mountain? Did your Merced River ever run blood, human blood? Was there enacted here a duplication of St. Bartholomew's Day, or have you ever had a respectable massacre of little children?"

All the Californian can do is to reply that he is ashamed to say he does not know of any such hallowed or stirring memories clustering about these points. The only thing he can say is that we hope to do better in the future. All that saves us from the utter contempt of the foreigner in this particular is the old mission ruins, and even these in the retrospective eye of time are not hoary enough to count for anything as against the old-world antiquities.

It is doubtful whether any modern Queen Anne edifice is as well adapted to the exigencies of the climate of California as was the "old adobe." The walls were thick and dry, resisting cold and dampness in the winter and heat in summer. They were, moreover, nearly incombustible.

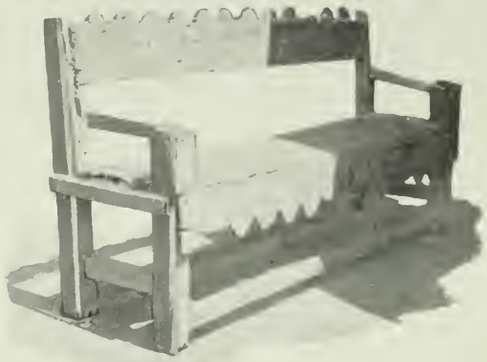
The architecture of the old mission building, while simple, was often imposing. The wonder is how under the sun these poor padres, surrounded only by bands of savages, in a strange land, with tools mostly of their own making, and material anything but convenient or available, could accomplish such wonderful results.

The history of the Franciscan missionary work is well known. It was inaugurated in 1769, attained its most flourishing condition along about 1825, and received its death-blow in the passage of the secularization act by the Mexican Government in August, 1833, the second article of which says:

"Religious missionaries shall be relieved from the administration of temporalities, and shall only exercise the duties of their ministry so far as they relate to spiritual matters, etc."

Had all the Franciscans been as unselfish and as unworldly as Junipero Serra, or had there risen up a man anywhere near qualified to take his place at the time of his taking off (which was a critical one), the history of Indian civilization in California would wear a different aspect. As it is, we have here and there an interesting pile of ruins, here and there a scattering remnant of a dying race, and apparently little of value to show of sixty-five years of toil amongst the obdurate native races of the Pacific. But it has been ever thus in this country since the Caucasians' discovery.

"The most extensive of the old establishments," says Mr. John T. Doyle, "was that of San Luis Rey. I visited it with a companion in the summer of 1862. We left San Juan Capistrano at an early hour, and



reached San Luis at 2:00 P. M., without meantime meeting a human being or seeing a house or a fence. After many hours of monotonous travel we suddenly emerged from a chain of hills to the prospect of a charming valley, through which meandered a little stream of crystal water, which, after many windings, found its way to the sea, which then opened on our sight, bounding the western horizon. In the middle of the valley, on a slight elevation, rose the towers of the old church, the red-tiled roof of which, and of the adjoining buildings of the ancient mission, shone brightly and ruddy in the glare of an almost tropical sun.

"The landscape was magnificent, and we paused a short time to enjoy it before hastening on to examine the spot. The walls of the quadrangle remained in fair condition, and the graveled approach to the main entrance appeared so neat that I was persuaded it had lately been swept, and that I should find some inhabitants within. I effected an entrance without much difficulty, and wandered through the interior rooms and corridors searching for the aged sacristan my imagination had suggested; but I searched in vain. No shadow was cast there except my own; I heard no sound but the echo of my own footsteps. The interior court, once a garden, bright with flowers and the lustrous leaves of the orange and lemon tree, was rank with weeds and spontaneous vegetation; the fountain was dried up, and the walls which confined its basin split by the swelling roots of neglected and overgrown trees. Great spider webs hung from the columns of the corridor, and the stillness was broken only by the drowsy hum of dragon-flies and humming-birds. I entered the venerable old church, and while endeavoring to accustom my eyes to the dim, uncertain light which shrouded its interior I was disturbed by the startled cry and hasty flight of an enormous owl, which left its perch over where the high altar had stood, and rustled over to a window at the opposite end. I ascended one of the towers to the belfry, where I provoked another flight of unclean birds. The old chime of bells still hung there inscribed with the maker's name and 'Boston, 1820,' telling plainly of the intercourse of the old missionaries with the whaling fleets and the hide drogers which half a century ago wintered on the coast. Probably the order for these bells had been given in 1818, and they had been received, in pursuance of it, in 1821 or 1822. * * * The mission gardens, particularly that in front of the main building, retained many traces of former beauty. But the hedgerows, once carefully trimmed, now grown rank and wild; the old rustic seats crumbling to decay; the vines and fruit trees, which, for want of pruning, had ceased to produce; and the flowers growing neglectedly,—all told of decay and ruin."

HOW TO SEE YOSEMITE.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, California, is probably one of the best-advertised wonders of the world, and its specific location and character need no introduction to the traveling public. Much as has been written about this remarkable creation, few are in possession of the facts concerning how it is reached, how long it takes, and, most important of all, what it costs to see it. It is, therefore, the object of this article to deal mainly with such items of interest as those contemplating the trip naturally seek.

A trip over the route has recently been made with this object in view, and as the information to follow can be relied upon as accurate, readers of THE TRAVELER are advised to preserve this article, as it will prove of much value should they decide to make the trip at some future time.

The cost of a first-class round-trip ticket from San Francisco to the Yosemite Valley and return is $50.00, the tickets being good at any time during the season, that is, from April 1st to November 1st. Having purchased your ticket, provide yourself with the following articles: For gentlemen, about three outing shirts, a pair of tan shoes, a linen duster, tourist hat, and a suit of old clothes. For ladies, a duster, thick veil, ticking suit, divided skirt, tourist cap and russet shoes.

The start is made from San Francisco at 4:00 P. M. *via* the Southern Pacific Company. A Pullman coach is attached to the train. You will reach Berenda about 10:50 P. M., where the Pullman is side-tracked, and its occupants enjoy a good night's rest until six o'clock the next morning, when the coach is hauled to Raymond, twenty-two miles distant, arriving at 7:05 A. M. This is the terminus of the railway journey. The rate for a double berth in the sleeper is $1.50. As the dinner station at Lathrop the first night out is not reached until about eight o'clock it is well to take refreshments with you.

At Raymond an excellent breakfast is obtained for $1.00, and about eight o'clock you begin the stage ride over the route of the Yosemite Stage and Turnpike Company. This company has one of the best-equipped routes in the world, it requiring nearly 300 head of horses to perform the work; and it would be difficult to find a more skillful set of drivers than those that handle the reins of their four-horse teams. The distance from Raymond to the valley is sixty-seven miles, forty-one miles being covered the first day and twenty-six the next. It requires eight changes of horses to carry one stage to the valley, making thirty-six horses in all. After leaving Raymond the first stop is at Ahwahnee, a dinner station, which is about twenty-one miles from Raymond. Here a first-class meal is served for $1.00, and it is well worth it. Formerly Grant's Springs was the dinner station, but the road to that point has been abandoned.

VERNAL FALLS. TRAVELER *photo.*

Wawona is reached at 6:00 P. M., where passengers remain over night at the Wawona Hotel, the charge being $3.50 for dinner, room and breakfast. This is one of the most delightful spots on the whole trip, and, if the time can be possibly spared, two or three days, and even longer, can be well spent here. The elevation is 4,000 feet. The hotel is comfortable and the table excellent. Several interesting drives may be taken from Wawona, notably to the Chilnualna Falls and to Signal Peak, 7,200 feet above the sea, from which point is obtained one of the most comprehensive views of the Sierra Nevada range. A splendid livery is connected with the hotel, and the rates are surprisingly reasonable.

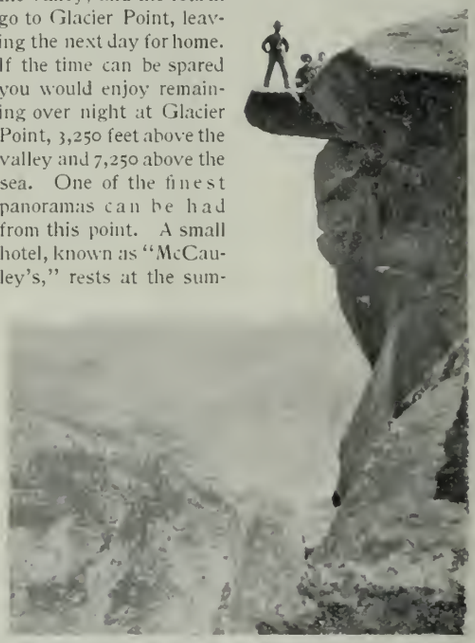
The next morning at six o'clock the stage leaves Wawona for the valley (distance twenty-six miles), arriving at noon at the Stoneman House. The Stoneman is conducted on the American plan, and is located at the eastern end of the valley, within view of the Yosemite Falls, South Dome and Glacier Point, the three chief features of the valley. Here most of the tourists stop, not only for the comforts of the hotel and beauty of the surroundings, but for the convenience of being in the immediate neighborhood of many of the principal trails to the various points of interest. Furthermore, the headquarters of the only livery in the valley is located at the Stoneman.

It is advisable to rest the first afternoon after your two days' staging, and absorb the general beauties of the valley from the veranda of the hotel, and to prepare for your various trail trips on the little burros. And let me say right here, that, unless you have more confidence in your pedestrianism than I believe you have, do not attempt these severe trips on foot unless you wish to lay up a week for repairs. About seventy-five horses and burros complete the equipment for the trail service, and they are trained like a midshipman in the navy. One can ride a burro or a horse, as may be preferred, and in fact there is scarcely a choice between them. The Yosemite burros are provokingly slow, lazy and hungry, but for all that they get you there—with the aid of an exhorter; and when the journey is ended you begin to feel something like respect, admiration and affection for the homely, little, long-eared, drowsy-eyed animal that has carried you safely around the great precipices. The average charge for burros or horses for trail service to the principal points is $3.00 per day. A guide is absolutely necessary, not only to lead the way, but to carefully watch every animal in the party, and to know just when and where the cinches should be tightened. The cost of the guide and his horse is $3.00 per day additional, regardless of the size of the party he accompanies.

TRAVELER *photo.*

There are three prominent points of interest in Yosemite reached by trail, requiring one day each for the trip, viz.: To the top of Vernal and Nevada Falls, to the top of Yosemite Falls and Eagle Peak, and to Glacier Point.

A pretty drive of sixteen miles can be made also around the valley. Supposing that five days are to be spent in the valley, they can be well utilized as follows: The day following your arrival go to Nevada Falls; the next day to Yosemite Falls; the third drive around the valley; and the fourth go to Glacier Point, leaving the next day for home. If the time can be spared you would enjoy remaining over night at Glacier Point, 3,250 feet above the valley and 7,250 above the sea. One of the finest panoramas can be had from this point. A small hotel, known as "McCauley's," rests at the summit, and accommodates fifteen people. The rate is $3.00 per day, and the service "way up." The return to Wawona may be made from Glacier Point instead of going back to the valley. It saves one day's time, and the trip by this route is undoubtedly the most delightful in the State. The road is free from dust, well shaded, and on an incline the entire distance of twenty-six miles. For this special trip an extra charge is made of from $4.00 to $6.00 per person.



GLACIER POINT. TRAVELER *photo.*

Returning the regular route, the stage leaves the Stoneman House at 1:00 P. M., reaching Wawona at 6:00 P. M. Leaving there at 6:30 the next morning, the route includes the Mariposa Big Trees, four miles from the main road. The $50 tickets embrace this extra trip. Ahwahnee is reached for lunch, and Raymond at 6:00 P. M. same day. Here dinner is taken, and you leave on the train at 7:00 P. M. for Berenda, where the sleeper is side-tracked all night, picked up the next morning, and San Francisco is reached at 12:15 P. M.

To see Yosemite properly one should remain there at least five days. In that case the itinerary would be as follows:

Leave San Francisco	Rail	4:00 P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Berenda	Sleeper side-tracked	10:50 P. M.	"
Arrive Raymond	Rail	7:05 A. M.	Sunday.
Arrive Wawona	Stage	6:00 P. M.	"
Leave Wawona	Stage	6:00 A. M.	Monday.
Arrive Yosemite	Stage	12:00 noon	"
Leave Yosemite	Stage	1:00 P. M.	Saturday.
Arrive Wawona	Stage	6:00 P. M.	"
Leave Wawona	Stage	6:30 A. M.	Sunday.
Arrive Raymond	Stage	6:00 P. M.	"
Arrive San Francisco	Rail	12:15 P. M.	Monday.

The actual cost of the trip for one person, as above scheduled, omitting the charge for guide service (which would be determined by the number in the party), can be accurately stated as follows:

Rail and Stage fare	Round trip	$50 00
Pullman berth	Both ways	3 00
Meals at Raymond and Ahwahnee	Both ways	4.00
Wawona Hotel	Both ways	7.00
Five days' board at Stoneman House		20 00
Horse hire, 4 days at $3 00		12 00
Total		$96 00

There is one thing that will forcibly strike the visitor to the Yosemite, and that is the entire absence of any attempt at extortion on on the part of any of the hotels or livery stables. But one price is made and adhered to, and, considering the cost of maintaining establishments so far from a railroad, the wonder is that a higher scale of charges is not adopted. The fare at the hotels is excellent, and the pure air adds zest to the appetite.

ITEMS.

Mr. A. F. Kinzler, manager the California Hotel, San Francisco, is kept busy sending out his new souvenir, entitled "Facts Worth Knowing," in response to many applications.

It is one of the most interesting and instructive pamphlets ever issued by a hotel, and contains a fund of rare information.

Those who wish a copy can have it mailed to them, free of charge, by dropping a postal to Mr. Kinzler.

On September 1st the Hotel Pleasanton, this city, will change hands, Mrs. Pendleton being superseded by Mr. Campbell T. Hedge, for some time past the proprietor of the Hotel Terracina at Redlands.

Mr. Hedge has taken a lease of the Pleasanton. He is well and popularly known throughout the State, and will unquestionably make the Pleasanton still more favorably and widely known.

We congratulate Mr. Hedge on his new acquisition, and wish him all the success to which he is entitled.

Mr. J. E. O'Brien, proprietor of the Hotel Brewster, San Diego, writes us that they are getting their share of the business this season. The Brewster will always be in favor among the visitors to San Diego, as it is equipped and managed in first-class style.

The Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, is losing none of its prestige in the hands of Mr. A. C. Bilicke, its new proprietor. Mr. Bilicke is a rustler, and leaves no stone unturned to please his guests. The Hollenbeck was recently favored with a visit from the Vice-President and party.

La Jolla Park is rapidly increasing in popular favor among the tourists. No one now thinks of visiting San Diego without seeing La Jolla and its wonderful caves. The proprietors have recently found an additional point of interest in the shape of a magnificent pine forest on the seashore, making a beautiful six-mile drive from the hotel. The railroad will be completed to the hotel this fall, and will bring about 2,000 tourists a month to the resort. If you go to San Diego, don't miss La Jolla.

Prof. T. C. S. Lowe will soon have his mountain railway from Pasadena to Mount Wilson in active operation, and it will prove another valuable drawing card for tourists visiting Southern California.

CARSON, August 15.—News has just been received by telephone that the Bellevue Hotel at Lake Tahoe, with four cottages, was burned to the ground between twelve and one o'clock Tuesday morning. The fire started in the kitchen. Loss about $10,000.

The Southern California Railway perhaps offers more inducements to the tourist than any other road in the State of the same mileage. Its branches permeate all the principal points of interest in Southern California; and a trip over its celebrated "kite-shaped track," through Pasadena, San Bernardino, Redlands and Riverside, is one no traveler should miss.

This is the month of months for holiday, and he who is wise in his generation will slip the galling, sweating harness of business, toil and care, and hie away to breeze-swept mount or beach; to stream and lake and wood, and there find needed recreation. The wisest man is he who closest guards his health. We live too fast in these whirling days of daring speculation and fierce striving to make a dollar in one-hundredth part of the time our fathers were willing to devote to the same purpose. The strain upon brain and nerve is a thousand-fold greater now than it was a few decades ago, and the man of sense will not overlook the value of a sorely needed holiday in such crazily rushed days as these. —*Outing for August.*

The headquarters of *The Californian Illustrated Magazine* has been removed to New York City, where hereafter it will be printed and published.

The *Hotel Gazette* is now issued in journal form as a sixteen-page weekly.

In improved facilities for comfortable traveling there has been most marked improvement. Beginning with slat seats in stuffy, stove-heated cars, we have passed through various stages of artistic and practical improvements, until to-day the train service offered on "The Northwestern Line" can apparently not be improved upon in comfort, luxury and elegance.

Time was when such luxurious accommodations were only within the reach of the wealthy traveler; to-day the great "Northwestern Line," with its superb ballasted roadbed, its elegant equipment, including fine day coaches, and the most perfect dining, drawing-room, sleeping and compartment cars places these luxuries within the reach of persons of moderate means.

The "Northwestern Limited," leaving Minneapolis and St. Paul for Chicago every evening, lulls you to sleep with the rhyme of the rail, and you awake at your destination pouring blessings upon the head, not only of Him who invented sleep, but upon the mighty railroad which carried you to or from the great twin cities of the great Northwest with so much comfort. —*Medical Argus.*

The Northern Pacific Railroad has recently issued a most elegant book, entitled "Six Thousand Miles Through Wonderland." It has been compiled by Olin D. Wheeler, the chief clerk of the Northern Pacific advertising department, and is a credit not only to the road he represents, but to his own artistic ability. It is profusely illustrated, and would ornament any parlor table. Copies can be obtained by addressing Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

The *Engraver and Printer*, a "monthly magazine of progress in illustration," published in Boston, is among the most pleasing of our exchanges. It deals largely with new processes and color work, and was the first journal to give an example of photography in colors in this country.

The reading matter is by no means all technical, and it contains valuable hints to those interested in getting out catalogues, calendars, menus, circulars, etc.

It deserves a good circulation among lovers of first-class engravings and press work.

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion, and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

The London, Chatham & Dover Railway is rising rapidly in the tide of popular favor. Few Americans visiting Europe have not heard of it, and one might as well remain home as to not take a trip over its lines. It caters especially to American travel, runs through the most interesting part of England, and is the direct route from London to Paris, *via* Dover.

Mr. A. Thorne, its American representative, is untiring in his efforts to give his personal attention to his countrymen.

OLD GOLD.

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more;
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy,— my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant—" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer. "Say no more.

"He fell in battle?—I see, alas!
Thou 'dst smooth these tidings o'er.
Nay; speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he,—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
O, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant,—in Illinois,—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

—*Bret Harte.*

If you to me be cold
Or I be false to you,
The world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
The clouds will flirt with the moon,
The sun will kiss the sea,
The wind to the trees will whisper,
And laugh at you and me.
But the sun will not shine so bright,
The clouds will not seem so white,
To one as they will to two;
So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true,
And let the old love go on,
Just as it used to do.

DON'T GO, ESQUIMAU.

Do not gau,
Esquimau!
Spoil not the shau,
Esquimau.
Would'st have it blau?
Would'st have more snau?
It shall be sau,
Esquimau!

Thy cheeks shall glau,
Esquimau.
Train oil shall flau,
Esquimau.
What though the fau
Has wrought thee wau?
We'll right thee. Au
Esquimau!
Don't gau!
Whau! —*Chicago Tribune.*

ALONE.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed.
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubt and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

O, tell me, Baby, on my knee,
You dear and dimpled Dorothy,
What is it that you find in me
So captivating?

Tell me how it has come to this,
That, now, you seek my careless kiss,
And clasp my neck with cries of bliss;
And keep me waiting.

And tell me why the girls I know
Are all too prim to treat me so,
But coldly frown and never show
Love's sweet revealings?

Is it because their hearts have turned
From childish things that love is spurned?
Or is it simply that they've learned
To hide their feelings?

—*Harry Romaine in Godey's.*

SAD WASTE OF TIME.

There was a man who had a clock;
His name was Matthew Meares;
He wound it nicely every day
For many, many years.
At last his precious timepiece proved
An eight-day clock to be,
And a madder man than Mr. Meares
I would not wish to see.

THAT REMINDS ME!

Buyer (from the province)—Is this suit all wool?
Jacobski (of the Rue Grenelle)—I vont tell you a lie, mein freint; it ish *not*. De buttons was made of silgk.

McGinnis—Thot's a moighty foine whiskey; how owld is it, Pat?
Pat (pouring the last drop in his friend's glass)—Faith, Oi don't know; but it's as owld ez ever it will be. —*Life.*

"When are you going to give us the rest of that article on the Power of the Press?" inquired the foreman.
"I dunno," said the editor. "I just got a finger mashed in that cussed jobber." —*Truth.*

A beggar, ragged, pitiful, loaded with a tale of woe and the usual "large family," stopped and implored alms of a lady passing him.
"How many children did you say you have, poor man?" questioned the lady commiseratingly, responding generously.
"Only one, madame,—but I have three wives."

The new servant, who had just run a fork into her finger and seemed greatly concerned about it, replied to her mistress' inquiries that she was nervous over the wound because she believed the forks were plated.
"Plated!" cried the mistress; "but no, set your mind at ease about that; these forks are solid."
Next morning forks and servant both were missing.

"They say Green has been wandering in his mind lately."
"Well, he's safe enough; he can't get far."

Col Kaintuck—What caused the row?
Sambo—Yo' see, sah, we wuz throwin' old shoes afteh the happy couple, an' Sam Johnsing, wot wuz jilted felt jallus, and he frowed a horseshoe. —*Truth.*

Professor—Miss Vassargirl, give the class the distinctive differences between a poet and a musician.
Miss Vassargirl—Yes, sir. A musician has long hair that stands up; and a poet has long hair that hangs down.

Man wants but little here below,
But wants it mighty hard,
When he finds he only needs but one
More spot upon a card. —*Puck.*

Gladys—Do you admire black eyes, or blue?
Alair—The light is so dim here I really can't say.

"You look sleepy. You must have been up with the boys last night."
"I was. We have twins at our house."

Whoever dips in Mr. Wheatley's little volume on "Literary Blunders" will probably become suspicious that printers are often waggish in their blunders. Fancy a reporter being made to say, *apropos* of a cow getting on the line in the way of an express, that the engine-driver "put on full steam, dashed up against the cow, and literally cut it into *calves*."

Grace—Are your two suitors chums?
May Cutting—No; chumps. —*Puck.*

Smith—I met a man to-day who told me I looked like you.
Jones (fiercely)—Who was it? If I can find him I'll knock him down.
Smith (calmly)—Don't trouble yourself; I knocked him down at once. —*Life.*

Editor—How did the young lady reporter get along with the ship-launching detail?
City Editor—She got the name of the ship wrong, and most of her figures were in doubt; but she wrote a half column description of the gown worn by the girl who broke the bottle of champagne, and I used her story to head the fashion page. —*Puck.*

"The short story seems to be quite the fad nowadays," said one clubman to another.
"I should say so. It seems to me that nearly every man I meet stops to tell me how short he is." —*Washington Star.*

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

W. V. B.

MARVELOUS and varied are the attractions of the Yellowstone National Park. It is situated in northwestern Wyoming, a small strip of the park projecting into Montana and Idaho. It is nearly rectangular in shape, its length north and south being 62 miles and breadth 53½ miles. Its area is 3,312 square miles. The surface is chiefly an irregular plateau, with an average elevation of 8,000 feet above sea-level.

The park is reached *via* the Northern Pacific Railroad in about three and one-half days from San Francisco, and one and one-half days from St. Paul. Tourists leave the main line at Livingston, and are carried by a branch line to Cinnabar, at the northern edge of the park, a distance of 51 miles. At Cinnabar stages connect for Mammoth Hot Springs, seven miles farther.

It requires one week to make the tour of the park from Livingston and return. The trip to the various points of interest is made in coaches, the traveler stopping at different hotels in the park each night. As the park is under the control of the United States Government, a large force of regular soldiers are stationed therein all the year. The most stringent laws have been enacted in regard to the killing of game, the starting of forest fires and the removal of relics and deposits of the springs, and the soldiery are alert to prevent any violation thereof, or vandalism of any kind, under penalty of immediate and humiliating ejection.

The tourist season is from June to October, but if one could choose his time probably June and July are pleasanter in some respects than the later months.

It would be difficult indeed to imagine a single tract of land embodying within it so many and so great a variety of wonderful formations and peculiar phenomena as are contained within the borders of Yellowstone Park. In the composite illustration on the cover (Minerva Terrace) is an excellent representation of the deposit of carbonate of lime from the springs. Nearly all the hot springs and geysers contain large quantities of silica in solution, and the process of evaporation deposits the siliceous matter, forming a hard, white floor over many square miles of the plateau, and building craters of great beauty around the geysers.

The surface of the park is covered with volcanic rocks, and in many sections the volcanic fires still exist, as evidenced by the hot springs and geysers. The number of these springs is something over 3,000, and of the active geysers about 65. The geysers are found essentially in groups, the most important of which are at the Norris, the Lower and the Upper Geyser Basins. None of the geysers are in a perpetual state of eruption, but there are always some of them to be seen in activity; and, while there is a great difference between the periods of quiescence of the geyser family, each one of them is perfectly accurate and methodical in the period of its ejection. The Old Faithful Geyser blows up regularly every 65 minutes, and ejects a huge column of water 150 feet high for three or four minutes. It then subsides into the great orifice. The Fountain Geyser goes off every four hours, and rises about 40 or 50 feet. The Minute Man, as its name indicates, spouts every 60 seconds. One of the grandest geysers, the Excelsior, has lain dormant for several years. Its mouth is 300 feet in diameter, and those who have seen it in action say that it is grand and terrible.

Many of the finest geysers were at one time ruined in the most singular manner. It is a strange fact that by throwing a sufficient quantity of chipped soap into the mouth of a geyser it will immediately create an eruption. When this phenomenon was discovered it was frequently resorted to on the occasion of the visit of some high government official, and in many instances, where the practice was continued, the geyser became irregular in its voluntary emissions, and finally ceased entirely. This peculiar action of the soap was said to have been discovered by a Chinaman at the Upper Basin, who, being economically inclined, attempted to use a convenient geyser for boiling and washing his clothes. A few scattered clothes-pins were all that remained to tell the tale, and up to the present time the Celestial has not been heard from.

The geysers by no means comprise all the marvels of the park. The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone in many scenic effects has no parallel on the globe. Compared with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, its depth is not great. From the Lower Yellowstone Falls, which have a clear drop of 362 feet, at its upper end, to the Lamar River at the lower, is 24 miles. Its sides are narrow and rugged, and rise perpendicularly to a height of 1,200 feet, forming a combination of barbaric spires of fantastic sublimity, while the richness and brilliancy of the coloring of the walls challenge description, resembling a huge transformation scene on the spectacular stage. Red, yellow and purple are the predominating colors, making an effective contrast to the green background of the forest and the white foam of the rushing torrent which fills the bottom of the cleft.

Yellowstone Lake in the southeastern extremity of the park has but recently been accessible to tourists. It is nearly twenty-five miles long and about fifteen miles wide, and its waters are as clear as crystal, the surface being dotted with numerous little islands. A curious experiment may be made here of catching a trout on the border of the lake, and then flopping him over into a boiling spring behind to be cooked and afterward eaten, all without moving from one spot. This sounds like a very fishy yarn, but is a stubborn fact nevertheless.

Prismatic Lake is a pretty sheet of water, 400 feet long and 300 feet wide. The water is hot, and when the rays of the sun strike the constantly rising steam the rainbow tints are beautiful.

None the less interesting is the Paint Pot, a bubbling and sputtering mass of colored gelatinous mud, forty feet in diameter. A number of smaller pots are found in various sections of the park. Among the countless pools of clear, hot water of illimitable depth the most notable are the Morning Glory and the Turquoise, being perfect representations of the flower and the jewel they respectively portray.

Near the north entrance to the park is a remarkable pit which contains petrified human beings and wild animals. The walls are of sulphur, and glow in the presence of light. The atmosphere will not support life nor light, owing to the constant presence of carbonic acid gas.

The Obsidian Cliff, passed on the tour around the park, is a singular formation of volcanic glass. It is one-half a mile long and about 200 feet high. The roadway for this distance is essentially a glass road.

The native fauna is plentiful and varied. The Government has induced it to take shelter here; so that elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, bear, porcupines and many other game animals are abundant and tame. The only herd of wild bisons in the country is now upon this reservation, and in some sections moose are occasionally seen.

Taken altogether the Yellowstone is worth going miles to see; and, singularly enough, although the name is almost a household word, the great majority of people have little conception of its marvelous attractions, and, most important of all, just where it is located and how it is reached.

In the August number of THE TRAVELER appeared an article on the "Voyage of the Old Ship Humboldt." The writer mentioned that the only disturbance on the trip that he could recall was between two of the passengers, C. P. Huntington and A. M. Starr, but that no serious result came of it.

In connection therewith we are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Huntington from New York, reading as follows:

I have seen a copy of THE TRAVELER, and note what you say of the passage of the *Humboldt*, which is all well enough, although you speak of the misunderstanding between myself and one of the Starrs on the voyage, which is entirely new to me. There were three brothers of them—very nice young men; and we not only did not have any misunderstanding, but I think we were particularly friendly during the one hundred and two days' journey.

Yours truly,
C. P. HUNTINGTON.

SAN FRANCISCO FERRY SERVICE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

miles each month. In April last the *Oakland* covered 4,420 miles, and in May the *Piedmont* made 4,082. In the East the same amount of travel would require three or four times the number of boats that are in service here. The double decks in vogue here reduce the delay of loading and unloading to a minimum, especially on the Oakland side, where the arrangements are such that the passengers can board by the gangway leading to the cabin deck, while passengers and freight are still going off the main deck. The same arrangements are to be made in the new ferry building at the foot of Market Street, San Francisco. Discharging 2,000 passengers and receiving as many more in from eight to ten minutes is pretty fast work, and it is the more creditable when it is taken into consideration that it is accomplished without any confusion.

Fog is the only element that seriously interferes with bay travel. When the bay is full of ghostly gray vapor the boats occasionally suffer a few minutes' delay, due to the pilots having to feel their way by their knowledge of the tides, obstructions, time under way and compass direction, instead of going ahead with a clear view of the destination pier-head.

The possibilities of accident, however, are reduced to a minimum, as of late years but one ferry boat crosses the bay at a time, thus avoiding the chances of a collision with the one coming from the opposite direction.

At the same time great cautiousness is observed to avoid impact with other crafts which may be passing at right angles to the regular ferry route.

The only serious accident that occurred on the route between San Francisco and Oakland was the collision of the old steamers *El Capitan* and *Alameda*, but, although the former went to the bottom, the efficiency of the service was such that not a single life was lost.

The captains are all old men who have spent many years on the bay, and its peculiarities are as well known to them as the turns of the city streets—even better in some instances; for Captain Brown has been steering steamboats from slip to slip for thirty years, and has never been as far west as Golden Gate Park. Captain Bushnell is the nestor of the service, but Hughes, McKenzie and Poole are not spring chickens by any means. Captain Poole of the *Piedmont* was on the *Solano* for seven years before coming down to the lower bay, and prior to that time was on the Colorado River. He is supposed to have made the fastest run by steamer of any captain in the world. The distance covered was 335 miles, and the time occupied was fourteen hours, including five stops to land freight and passengers. It was made during a freshet in the Grand Canyon, and the Captain dryly remarks that he would have made more stops if he could. It took him ten days to get back up the river with his boat.

Many passengers are not made to pay for all the luxury they enjoy on the Oakland run. Monthly commutation tickets are sold for $3.00, which makes a round trip daily cost the holder ten cents. The round trip afforded for this dime, including train connections with the boats, amounts to thirty-five and one-half miles, or seventeen and three-quarters miles for a nickel. Single round-trip fares over the same distances are sold for twenty-five cents, which sinks the New York ferry rate of three cents out of sight in point of cheapness.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide and seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fé Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by

W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.

650 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

OCTOBER, 1893.

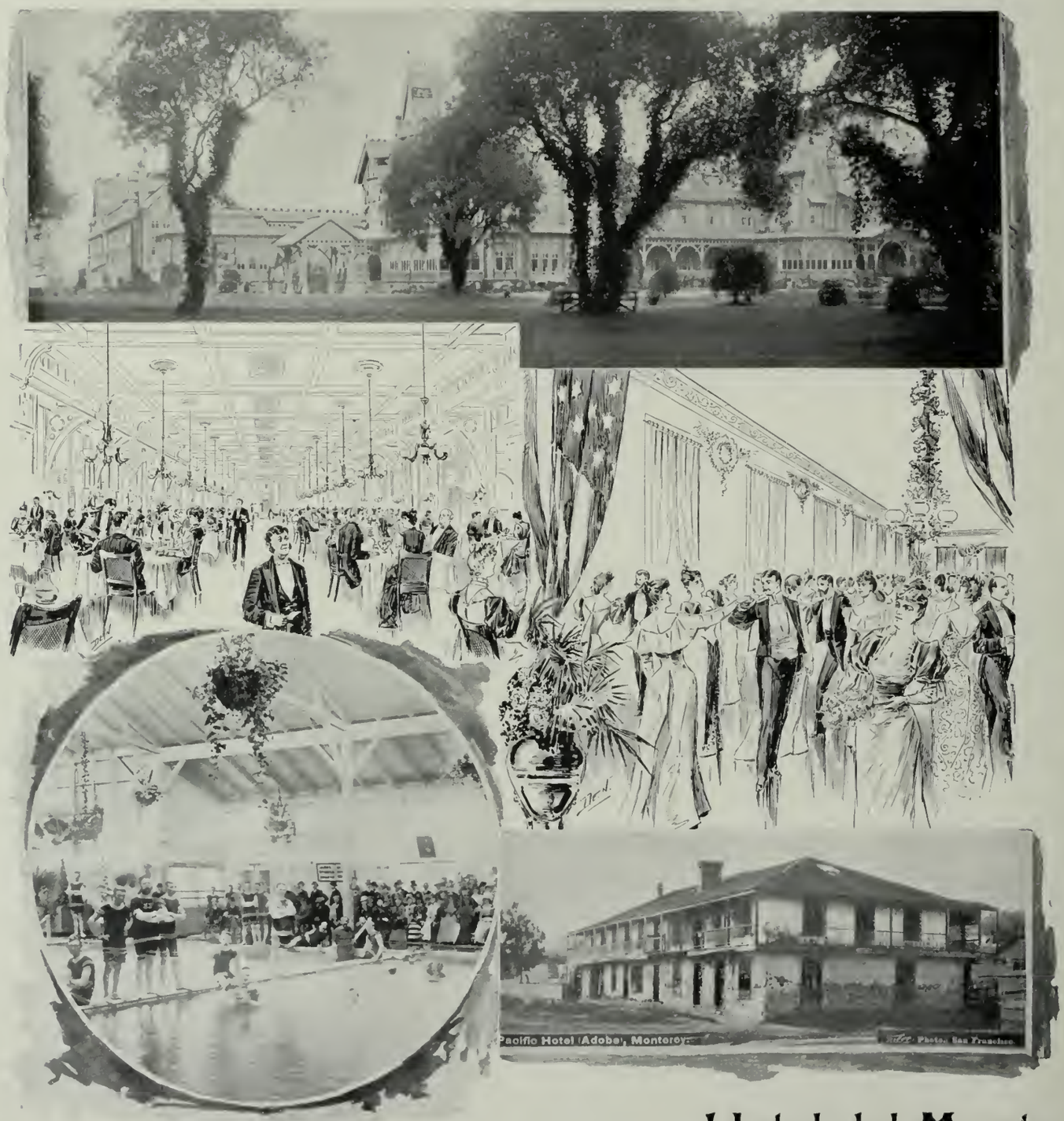
THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Chas. G. Yale photo.

SHE 'S ON TIME.



Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

VOLUME II. *SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1893.* NUMBER 4.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

Los Angeles Agency, WM. J. REEVE, 17 Workman Block.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES $1.25.
SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with the TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

THE subject of this month's frontispiece is the station agent at Sims, in the Sacramento Canyon, a few miles south of Castle Crags. Besides holding the position of station agent, she is telegraph operator, Wells-Fargo agent, freight clerk, passenger clerk, baggage agent and general boss. And she is certainly in a most excellent position to exercise that prerogative so dear to her sex, namely, having everything her own way.

We credited Mr. Chas. G. Yale with being the photographer of this very interesting subject, but that gentleman informs us that Mr. Wm. H. Lowden was the artist. We therefore make the best amend we can under the circumstances.

WE HAVE now in press a book which we have titled "Outings in California," which will comprise much information about the State that has not been heretofore compiled.

And we want to say of this book that it will be handsome in every feature; it will be reliable; it will cover all sections of the State; it will be elegantly illustrated; it will be readable, instructive and interesting; it will be sold at a low figure.

It might be well for us to explain to our readers that we have had so many inquiries for a book of California resorts that the compilation of such a work became a necessity. And as we are always preaching high-class advertising, we cannot but put our preaching into practice. We therefore give notice that "Outings in California," which will be on the market in about a month, will be the most attractive and useful work of its kind ever published on the Pacific Coast.

WE LEARN, with considerable anxiety, and some sorrow, that the boundary line between California and Nevada is out of gear, and that in all likelihood it will take years of labor and the expenditure of quite a bit of money to get it into shape again. It may be a case of dense ignorance on our part, but we cannot see what particular difference it would make if Nevada *should* lay claim to three-quarters of an inch of our scenery, stretching from the Oregon line to the Colorado River. It would only amount to about five acres and a half, seven-eighths of which we are quite certain is worthless for anything but scenery, for, with the exception of a short distance in the Honey Lake Valley country, this line runs through the wildest, most savage and barren land in the West.

Of course, had we joined the blasted British, it would have been proper for us to have fought for the very last fraction of an inch, but these good Nevada folk being our neighbors it is different.

Do we not float the same flag? Do we not salt our mines in the same way? Are we not agreed upon the silver question? Is there, we ask, any reasonable excuse for our being so precise over our line fence?

And then even after our good Prof. Geodetic Davidson (may his lines not be too finely drawn when he comes to cross the last one) gets this boundary business into place, is there not a possibility of an Inyo County earthquake coming along and knocking it "galley west and crooked" again?

As free citizens of this glorious republic, as taxpayers (when we can't get out of it), as law-abiding, topographical, geodetic, triangulating sons of Revolutionary sires, we ask when shall we be able to lie down at night with the full assurance that the boundary line will not be tinkered with before morning! We ask again, when?

THE completion of the railroad from Santa Margarita to San Luis Obispo, which will probably be effected in the spring of 1894, will open a country of great interest to sightseers. This will form the connecting link in the through line from San Francisco.

Overland travelers will then be able to avoid the tedious Mojave Desert country and the heat and dust of the monotonous San Joaquin Valley.

The trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco by this new line will be one of unbroken interest, and will give the stranger a most excellent conception of our Coast Range scenery. There will be here seen to excellent advantage her mountains, valleys, seaside resorts, and some of the finest fruit lands in the State.

This ride of over 400 miles will nearly always be cool, especially after the ocean is reached at Ventura; and the scenery is so varied that, with the exception of the Shasta Route, there is nothing to equal it in the State.

The distance and traveling time between the two cities named will be greatly shortened, and the traveler will be landed in San Francisco without the annoyance of ferry crossing, etc.

There will also be a great advantage to pleasure-seekers in the fact that this opens up direct communication with many of our famous resorts, such as Paraiso Springs, near Soledad; Hotel del Monte, Monterey; Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz; Hotel Vendome, San Jose, and others.

So that, summing it all up, the coast line will be shorter, cheaper, cooler, grander and more convenient.

THE London *Illustrated News of the World* says of us: "THE TRAVELER, an illustrated monthly journal of travel and recreation, published in San Francisco by Messrs. Johnstone & Bryan, is an editorial and typographical success. Its contents are very readable, and the pictures are exquisitely engraved."

IT SEEMS like a strange proposition in the advertising line, but it is nevertheless true that the scallawag gets away with the white man every time. We solicited business from a large institution the other day, and, as an argument, compared our paper with one they were patronizing, and asked, in a modest way, whether they considered the other medium superior to ours. The reply was an astonishing one: "No, dear sir, speaking confidentially, for you are a friend. Your paper is, in my judgment, far superior and of more value to us in every way than the one you mention, but the fact is they will blackmail us if we don't advertise with them, *and we know you won't.*"

FAIR REASONS.

CAROL CROUSE.

"I can't go to Chicago because I've not been well."
"I'd go if it were winter, but not in this hot spell."
"O yes, I meant to start last month, and go clear on to Maine,
But all our folks are coming out for me to entertain."
"The guv'ner says if I stay home I'll get a yacht next spring."
"My husband's uncle lately died, so travel's not the thing."
"Chicago is the meanest hole that ever God gave birth;
I wouldn't go there if I had the riches of the earth."
"Now I'm in business for myself, can't spare the time, you know."
"I so detest a noisy crowd; I've no desire to go."
"Business is business these hard times; this is my busy season."
"The railroads are such awful thieves; stay home and teach them reason."
"My baby has the whooping cough, so I'm afraid to leave."
"I think the cost and time exceed the pleasure I'd receive."
"I'd rather do Yosemite, or go to Castle Crag."
"If I could go alone I would, but wife would have to tag."
"I never made a trip alone; I'd be afraid to try."
"We would have gone, but my wife's aunt is given up to die."
"What! Let my wife go there alone? Pray, who'd take care of me?"
"I don't enjoy those second-class shows since I was in Paree."

And so they chatter on *ad lib.*
It's strange such lies don't choke.
Just to be odd I'll tell the truth:
I stayed because I'm broke.

THE BATTLE OF CASTLE CRAGS.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

PART II.

ONE hot morning, while we were at work on the ditch, Joe suddenly dropped his pick and caught up his gun. A horse went plunging up the valley past us with an arrow quivering in his shoulder; and smoke began to curl above the pines from the burning trading-post. We hastened down, but did not see a single Indian, nor did we see another horse or mule. All had silently disappeared in the half hour we had held our faces to the earth in the ditch.

Blotches of flour from torn sacks here and there made a white trail up over the red foothills on the brown, sweet-smelling pine-quills, and without a word Joe led cautiously on, I at his heels. The savages divided soon, the party with the horses going to the right, toward the Modoc country, the party with the stores, leaving a trail of flour, to the left, toward Castle Crags. This latter Joe followed, crossing the river at a ford, and going up the left bank of little Castle Creek. The canyon shuts in very close after a time. In a narrow pass the spilt flour was suspiciously plentiful, and Joe led across the spurs of the mountain toward what is now Sisson. It was called Strawberry Valley then, and was kept by two brothers by the name of Gordon. We were desperately worn and hungry, and they treated us well.

As said before, there were and had for some time been rumors of coming trouble. Joe and I turned back from Sisson to give the alarm and get help along the river. Portuguese Flat, which it took us two days to reach through the mountains, as we dared not take the trail, was the nearest post. Dog Creek, the ghost of which may be dimly seen in Delta now, was then a prosperous camp, and full of men. Judge Gibson, then the only magistrate in the country, had married an influential chief's daughter, and, by a wise and just course, had gained great authority, and had kept this tribe, the Shastas, from taking part in the great uprising which finally spread all over the Coast. The Indians had determined on a war of extermination. It ended in the utter extinction of many tribes in Oregon and some in California.

Courage was not lacking in those days, but coolness and experience in Indian warfare were wanting. Gibson had all this. So had Mountain Joe; but Joe had lost an eye by an arrow, and the other eye was not good. So he deferred to Gibson. Major Dribelbies, then sheriff, and Ike Hare, each took active part in trying to keep down the uprising of savages, and also in getting up an expedition against those in revolt, while Joe and I went back, and, with such friends as we could gather, waited at the base of Castle Crags for Gibson and his men.

Amazing as it may seem, he brought but about fifty, all told, Indians and whites; and yet he was the only man who could have done as well. The miners were already more than disgusted with the country; and Indians rarely fight Indians in a general uprising like this. Mountain Joe could raise but ten men of his own.

Gibson led straight up big Castle Creek, as if avoiding Castle Crags and the savages entrenched there. He kept himself almost entirely with his Indians, and hard things were said of him by the worn and discouraged white volunteers. They suspected that he was afraid to make the fight, and was trying to join the regulars under Crook in the Trinity Mountains.

At last, when our shoes and moccasins, as well as patience, were worn out, he turned sharply to the right, making the entire circuit of the Castle. We rested by a deep, dark lake which the Indians call the abode of their devil, Ku-ku-pa-rick, and they refused to approach its grassy, wooded shores.

Here Gibson, leaving his Indians for the first time, passed from man to man as they crouched under the trees. He told them that there was to be a fight, and a fight to a finish; that the hostiles were not an hour distant, and that no one could turn back and live, for if we did not kill them they would kill us. He told us that they had come down out of the Castle to kill deer, and so their arrows were not poisoned, and that we could swim.

He broke us up in parties, putting good and bad together, with Indians at the head of each. He told me to go with Joe, whom he sent to make a show of attack on the side next to Soda Springs. When near the hostiles Joe put me behind a tree on the edge of a small open place, and told me to stay there. Then he went on, creeping through the dense brush, to place the other men. I put some bullets into my mouth so as to have them handy, but I do not know what I did with them. I fired a few shots after Joe opened the fight, but hit only brush and rocks I reckon. And now pandemonium! Indians do not often yell in battle; but on both sides of us now the yelling was simply fiendish. They yelled from the top of the Castle to the bottom, it seemed to me.

We had taken the enemy untirely unawares, asleep, most of them, after the morning's chase, and our first shots brought down their dozing sentinels on the rocks. Finally there was some parleying, and the yelling, the whiz of arrows and the crack of rifles stopped. Then some Indian women came out and across the little gorge to Joe and his men, and I, thinking they had all surrendered, walked out into the open. Gibson called from the rocks ahead of me and to my right: "Boys, the fight now begins, and we've got to git them or they git us. Come on! Who will go in with me?" I answered that I would go, for it was all a picnic so far as I had yet seen, and I ran around to him. But there was blood on his hands and blood on his face, blood on all of his Indians, and most of the white men were bloody and hot.

The enemy used arrows entirely. They could tell where we were, but we knew where they were only when we felt their sting. Gibson led, or rather crept, hastily on, his head below the chaparral. No one dared speak. But when we got in position, right in the thick of it, our men opened. Then the arrows, then the yelling, as never before! The women and children prisoners down with Joe set up the death song, as if it was not already dismal enough. The savages bantered us and bullied us, saying we were all going to be killed before the sun went down; that we were already covered with blood, and that they had not lost a man. I had not yet fired a shot since joining Gibson, and, rising up to look for a target, he told an Indian to "pull the fool down by the hair," which he promptly did.

The battle had lasted for hours. The men were choking, and the sun was near going down. We must kill or be killed, and that soon. We must do our work before dark. The white man has little show with an Indian in battle at night.

Gibson gathered all who could or would go, and took still another place by storm. Then Lane fell, mortally hurt by an arrow in the eye. I saw Gibson's gun fall from his hand from the very deluge of arrows; then all was blank, and I knew no more of that battle.

The fight was over when I came to my senses, and it was dark. A young man by the name of Jameson was trying to drag me through the brush; and it has always seemed to me that a good many people walked over me and trod on me. I could hear, but could not see. An arrow had struck the left side of my face, knocked out two teeth, and had forced its point through at the back of my neck. I could hear, and I knew the voices of Gibson and Joe. They cut off the point of the arrow, and pulled it out of my face by the feather end. Then I could see. I suffered no pain, but was benumbed and cold as we lay under the pines. Joe held my head all night expecting that I would die. Gibson had the squaw prisoners carry his wounded down to the pack trail on the banks of the Sacramento. They laid us down under some pines and pretty juniper trees on the west side of the swift, sweet river. And how tender and how kind these heroic men were! I was as a brother to them now—their boy hero. Only the day before I had been merely "Mountain Joe's boy."

BATTLE ROCK. A. H. Green photo.

Gibson's loss in killed was considerable for so small a number engaged,—several Indians, though only one white man. Indians never give their loss, because of encouragement to the enemy; and Mountain Joe and Gibson, for a like reason, always kept their list of killed and wounded as low as possible, and spoke of the battle of Castle Crags as a trifling affair. Yet General Crook, in his letter to Captain Gibson, marveled that he ever got out with a single man.

I had promised to mark the grave of Ike Hare with a fragment of granite from Castle Crags, so that those who pass up and down the pleasant walks around Castle Crag Tavern might look with respect on the resting-place of a brave man and an honest legislator of two States. But my little tablet would seem so pitiful in the mighty presence of Mount Shasta. And it is Crook's monument, and Driblebies' and Mountain Joe's. The finger of the Infinite traces and retraces in storm or sun the story and the glory of their unselfish valor here while the world endures. It is enough.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

SUTTER'S FORT.

ANNA C. MURPHY.

CALIFORNIA'S chief historical landmark is Sutter's Fort, which was built in 1840 at the confluence of the Sacramento and American rivers, upon the eleven leagues of land then called Nueva Helvetia, and now partially known as Sacramento city.

The missions represent the pastoral spirit only, but the fort, where the first discovery of gold was made, stands for the complex order of a new civilization, and the history of its active life reflects early California as a mirror. It was the first settlement east of the Coast Range, the first not under close watch of Mexican authority.

Sutter's early purchase and assimilation of the Russian forts of Bodega and Ross no doubt presented many complications with the Tartar power in later crises. His aggresive policy made the fort a factor and a menace in the manifold Mexic-California feuds obtaining through his decade of rule, and established for it a place of respect.

The fort, lying directly in the path of travel from the Missouri and Willamette trails, was the goal of every immigrant, the rendezvous that gave aid and comfort and a certain home feeling and homegeneity to newcomers and others not in direct relation to the Mexican authorities.

Lastly, the reaching out of the fort's untiring master for supplies from the mountain fastnesses was the immediate cause of the discovery of Coloma's glittering sands, which lured the world California-wise; but notwithstanding all this burden of claim for honored remembrance, the old adobe structure was for half a century allowed an unclean leper's fate in rotting into the earth member by member.

The outer wall had disappeared. The inner living-rooms of old were in decay, absolutely threatening to visitors crossing the threshold, once so hospitable. A few more winters would have left the fort only a heap of clay, when five years ago the Native Sons and Daughters banded together to buy for the structure a lease of life. With a spirit that cannot be too highly commended in this day of irreverence, in this California ever on with some new love, these children of the pioneers, and through their intercession the State, will soon have restored the prime of the famous old pile so nearly lost, save to tradition.

By voluntary contribution the parlors of the Native Sons of the Golden West raised the $20,000 necessary to buy the structure and the two blocks adjoining between J and K, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-eighth streets, now in the center of hundreds of beautiful homes. This done, the property was deeded to the State on condition that the Legislature should appropriate sufficient funds to restore the walls, and repair the existing rooms, to duplication of their olden condition. With generosity, stimulated by Native Sons in its body, $20,000 was voted toward the project at once. The trustees, finding this allowance barely sufficient to grade the grounds and street and fill the gaping ravine at the north, asked an additional grant of $15,000. This, allowed by the last Legislature, gives ample provision to complete the restoration during the current year.

After endless trouble in settling details, in consulting records and pioneers, and finally digging down to the buried foundation, a cement base for the walls was laid. By the most careful touch-me-not tactics the perilous central building was straightened, supported and reinforced in all its lacks, and a substantial roof of forty tons of tiling from the old Olarte building at Monterey, the generous donation of Marion Malorin, was placed in position. The outer walls of brick and cement are partly finished, the bastions at the diagonal are in place, and the inner row of apartments lining the walls is nearly completed.

There is nowhere any meretricious modernizing. The sole aim of the trustees has been to follow the old construction, as remembered by Bidwell, long an official of the fort, and others of original observation, with no regard for architectural ethics of the present day.

The structure is an adaptation of the Spanish-Moorish of the missions. The court is 300 by 150 feet in sweep, with walls three feet thick and eighteeen feet high, the living-rooms being in the center instead of on one of the wings, as in the missions, and the shops, storerooms and barracks joining the walls, as about the court of San Luis Rey.

The old brass cannon and rusty French guns (bought from the Russians and declared by Sutter to be those taken from Napoleon at Moscow) will be planted in their olden places. The apartments about the walls will be filled with relics and effigies representing their olden uses, and the inner building will be reserved as a permanent museum for typical California mementoes, many of which are now at Chicago.

Thus, for generations to come, the Native Sons will have provided a perpetual pleasure ground upon this historic spot.

Speeding along in the electric cars, and stopping at the walled and bastioned fort in the heart of Sacramento city, one can scarcely realize that once this structure stood supreme in this great plain, with Indian wigwams and burrows squat about it.

SUTTER'S FORT.

Neither can one realize the part that the river, now marked in the distance by an elusive undulating line of greenery, must have played in those days when an arm of it reached up to the walls, a slough which conveyed boats to its doors. The steamer or skiff (with the sun-bonneted prairie schooners) were the only means of approach, and placid wild-grape hung, and beautiful, or turbulent and riotous, every visitor recorded the mood of this common purveyor. In the present bestayed condition of the stream, it takes an effort of fancy to realize that in stormy winters it was wont to spread over the site of the present city, and that boats paddled in and out from the fort to rescue the Indian ferrymen floating in their tule huts where the present Southern Pacific depot stands to-day.

Strange sights have been seen about the fort—scenes that would be priceless on canvas now. Imagine the 300 Indian men and women puttering at the building of the walls; shuffling about the planting and the harvesting; eating their porridge of bran and beef scraps in the troughs about the court; huddling into their tule wigwams; staggering from the sweat-house for a plunge into the slough. Imagine the white men paired with those Indian women, with or without the dispensation of Alcalde Sutter, and the trooping half-breed children in whose veins ran blood debased from proud and lovely Eastern families. Imagine the primitive methods of seedtime and harvest on this first great California ranch; the scratching in of grain; the hand-to-hand cutting of stalks; the threshing by the stamping of wild horses; the winnowing by the winds of heaven. Imagine, too, the supreme moment when young Fremont and his staff rode in from the path-finding; when Vallejo was led in a prisoner of war; when the Donner survivors came from the grasp of death; when Marshall stole in with the yellow dust for test, in yonder shed, next the east gate.

Later there were roistering days. The fort was a hotel and saloon. A pinch of gold was the lowest medium of exchange, and for a day, men paid as for months now. Here met high hope and dull despair; the eager seekers for fortune; the sick and disheartened who had tried and failed.

And what of the man who founded this classic court? Johann August Sutter, of Swiss extraction, boasted of coming from the oldest republic of the time; a soldier of the French army, he doted on the empire; a Mexican alcalde, he flattered or evaded the empire of the west; a pioneer of pioneers, he avowed his love for Yankee institutions.

One cannot formularize so shifting a personality, and no consensus of opinion to-day will agree as to whether self-interest or self-abnegation was the man's chief characteristic. Essentially Gallic in spirit, with perhaps Napoleon for a model, there seems to have been about the adventurous captain a suggestion of Partarin of Parascon. Always a heroic figure, with a grace born of force and culture, we see him as genial host, generous donor, suave debtor.

We smile at the march to Monterey to flatter and win the irate Mexican general on his way to humble the too independent captain of the fort. We smile, too, at the operatic sound and fury of the march to Los Angeles to join Micheltorena in his fight against Alvarado at the fierce battle of Cahuenga, where only a mule was killed, and at the captain's alleged conniving at his own capture and imprisonment there as a feasible mode of honorably deserting the losing side. But, notwithstanding these little flashlights on the man's weakness, there was much of sweetness and kindness and broadmindedness in his nature,—enough that we may always admire him on the whole.

Sutter's life lay always over strange, uneven ways. His life reads like a romance. He left Switzerland under a cloud of debt, intending to found a Swiss colony in America. By way of New York, St. Louis, Astoria, Honolulu, Sitka, Monterey, he zigzagged with the Sacramento Valley always as his goal. Governor Alvarado, charmed with the address of the well-praised stranger, gave him, in 1840, after proper preliminaries, an immense grant in the Sacramento Valley, and practically boundless jurisdiction over its settlers, Indian or Caucasian. Getting supplies on credit, inspiring men to follow him, he humbled his Indian foes, made them his workmen, built his fort and became a power.

Burdened always, and increasingly, with debt from his Russian purchases and Spanish herds, with poor or wasted crops from his patriarchal farming, and with a precarious income eked out by sales of deer fat, wild-grape brandy and skins, ever asked to give of his substance to needy wayfarers and thriftless dependents, he never lost his hope of future wealth.

It seemed almost a special dispensation of Providence that this limitless zeal and faith and generosity should be given the key to the richest treasure house the world has ever known, but somehow the man let slip the opportunity. He gained none of the gold of the mountains; he lost his flocks and lands, and died robbed of even the niggardly pension of the Government, which by chance or effort he had served so well.

CORMORANTS.

ROBERT E. MORGAN.

DISTRIBUTED over the entire globe, excepting the extreme polar regions, there are about two dozen species representing the family of aquatic, fish-eating birds known technically to the ornithologists as the *Phalacrocoracidæ*, but by the reader the birds will be at once recognized if called "shags."

To sportsmen they are best known by this name, although some will insist that the shag is but an Irish goose, the color, etc., having nothing to do with its classification.

No one who is at all observant can have failed to notice shags on the coast of California, and even in some of the interior waters.

Being chiefly maritime, they find the most congenial conditions for their existence in bays and along the coast line. To the regular patrons of the ferry lines from San Francisco shags are as common as the gulls, but they are less often seen upon the wing. Belonging to one of the lower orders of birds, they are adapted more to an aquatic than to an aerial or terrestrial life. As their food of small fishes is obtained by pursuit under water they are admirably adapted to submarine swimming, the entire four toes of each foot being joined by a web, whereas in ducks and gulls only the three front toes are webbed and useful in swimming. The long, strongly hooked bill serves in the capture and holding of little fishes, while the distensible throat will allow them to swallow a fish as large as the average pompano of restaurants, while a fish built upon the plan of a smelt will slip down the avian toboggan slide of a shag's throat as though it were greased.

When swimming the body is often nearly or quite submerged, so that notwithstanding a gluerous supply of avian pomade secreted in two glands above the base of the tail, and used to oil the plumage, a shag becomes in time somewhat waterlogged, and rises from the water only with difficulty. When rocks or a decaying wharf are accessible they congregate there to dry their plumage, and when at roost for this purpose they hold their wings spread, so that they resemble the conventional eagle on the American dollar more than anything to which they may be compared, and are consequently less bird-like than at any other time.

When on the wing they usually fly but a short distance above the water, cleaving the air with quick, vigorous strokes, and on very rare occasions sailing with wings aslant. When migrating, or more properly changing from one locality to another, as when going to roost or to another fishing-ground, they fly in serried ranks rather close to the surface of the water. Platoon after platoon will pass, all going in the same general direction, with an earnestness almost feverish in the apparent anxiety to create a distance from the starting place. As far as the eye can see from the upper deck of a ferry-boat flocks of shags may sometimes be seen hastening on, prompted not so much by haste to leave a place as a desire to get there, somewhere, their dark plumage appearing evenly black at a distance, but when seen close by some of the species are glossy black, and others of a beautiful bottle green, with the naked skin of the gula or upper part of the throat yellow or blue; and in the breeding season fine white, filamentous feathers ornament the sides of the neck, or form a clear white patch on each side of the rump. When in this nuptial plumage the skins of the violet-green cormorant are sometimes used for ladies' turbans and muffs, a varying fashion not looked upon with approval by the enthusiastic ornithologist, because, perhaps, the specimen is without a label bearing the correct name, *Phalacrocorax pelagicus resplendens*, which after all is but a shag.

Upon the land cormorants are extremely awkward from the position of their legs, being placed so far back that the body must assume a more or less perpendicular attitude to maintain its center of gravity. When hurrying over a strip of beach to reach the water they are as graceful in their movements as so many human individuals in a sack race. Each moment one expects to see them abandon the upright position, and go skurrying over the ground as penguins are said to do. When at roost upon some eminence, as Shag Rock in San Francisco Bay, they have but to pitch off into the water, lessening the fall to some extent by spreading their wings.

The economic importance of shags has not received the attention in this country that the number of individuals seems to warrant. As an article of diet they are not sought after by sportsmen, owing entirely to prejudice and the taking of hearsay evidence, as I have yet to meet with any one who had eaten of cormorant's flesh, excepting the members of a small camping party, who had unanimously assigned me the position of cook and caterer, and who one morning disposed of an entire cormorant at breakfast. There is no breach of confidence in making this disclosure, and if any of that homesick party should read these lines I am sure that they will be candid enough to declare that "it tasted good at the time," and overlook this confession. If properly prepared the flesh of a fat shag is far preferable to nothing, and more toothsome than boot leather, and this latter has even been resorted to and sustained life. A fondness for cormorant meat I am quite positive is an acquired taste, and one which would take a long time to acquire in this country. Nevertheless in the far north some tribes of Esquimaux depend upon the supply of shags at certain times for their main sustenance, yet there are people who will growl at tough beef!

Among the Chinese, in their native land, the practical use of cormorants for fishing has been in practice from an early date. The birds used are preferably the males, which are larger and stronger, a good male bird being worth six or seven dollars, while a female brings only half as much. The shags used for this purpose are a large, powerful species, and are reared by hand and trained from the time they are large enough to enter the water.

A cormorant fisherman may have several birds perched on the prow of his boat, and which take to the water at a given signal, a peculiar whistle. When a fish is caught the well-trained bird returns to the boat or is drawn in by a hooked stick, the fish is taken by the Chinaman, and the bird is ready to be sent out again. Sometimes two birds unite to capture a large fish, and the spectacle must then be indeed an interesting one. In order to prevent the fishing bird from swallowing a fish a ring of hemp is fastened about the neck tight enough to prevent all but the smallest fishes being swallowed.

The poet Longfellow has given to the shag a place in poetry where the lines occur in the poem, "The Skeleton in Armor."

> As with his wings aslant
> Sails the fierce cormorant,
> Seeking some rocky haunt,
> With his prey laden.
> So toward the open main,
> Beating to sea again,
> Through the wild hurricane,
> Bore I the maiden.

Shags are eminently gregarious, especially during the breeding season. The nesting colonies are usually upon some rocky island, the Farallones being the summer abode of three species, each inhabiting a separate rookery. The rather bulky, inartistic nests of weeds and marine algæ are constructed wherever a space offers. Here are deposited three or four elliptical shaped, greenish-colored eggs more or less incrusted with a chalky appearing deposit.

The eggs of cormorants may be used as food by those who do not object to the so-called "fishy taste" common to most sea-birds' eggs, and which is more strongly noticed in cormorants' eggs than any others. It is said that the white of the egg will not harden by boiling, but will retain a gelatinous consistency. As to this point I cannot give any evidence, as all of the shags' eggs which I have been forced to eat were fried upon a broken piece of a Dutch oven picked up on the shore of an island off the coast of Mexico; and I recollect distinctly that they soon acquired firmness enough to hold together on the end of a sharpened stick which was used as a fork.

The young are naked when hatched, long necked and awkward, and their naked skin appears like a greasy kid glove of the same color. The industrious parents keep them supplied with fish, but are not careful enough in distributing the supply, as some individuals get the greater share and grow faster. A young cormorant's growth is in direct proportion to his food supply. The voracious zeal with which they dispose of the fish brought to them has perhaps given the origin to the word when applied to a human glutton.

Two species of fossil cormorants are known in this country from the Pliocene of Idaho and Oregon. The large Pallas's cormorant, which formerly inhabited Bering Island, has become extinct within the past forty years, and no specimens are preserved in the museums of this country, while only about three are known in the museums of Europe. It is thus one of the rarest birds in collections.

The illustration is made from a photograph of a cormorants' rookery near Monterey, and exhibits both young and adult birds. By cautiously approaching, the camera was brought near enough to disclose (in the original plate) the individual tail feathers of some of the birds.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

ROBERT S. BOYNS.

Almost every one has heard of the opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," but few know anything of the town from which the name is taken. Penzance is the westernmost town of the County of Cornwall. Cornwall is a county occupying England's extreme western peninsula, and is therefore nearer to America than any other part of Great Britain, excepting the small islands of Scilly (about twenty miles west of Land's End). There is nothing but the broad Atlantic between the western shores of Cornwall and the United States.

MOUSEHOLE.

It would almost seem as if the Cornish people are not satisfied to be so separated from their American neighbors as they are; for, as a matter of fact, tunnels are now being driven under the sea in the direction of America in four of the principal mines. The object, however, is rather to discover tin and copper than to display such affection of the old country for the new as to try to bring them closer together. From earliest times the County of Cornwall has been famed for its tin mines, and it is pretty well authenticated that some of the tin used in Solomon's Temple was produced in the neighboring district of Penzance, and from there shipped.

Penzance is the most beautifully situated, and in many respects the principal, town in Cornwall. It is the favorite resort of invalids, having the most equable climate in England. It has no oppressive heat in summer, and snow or frost is rarely seen in winter. It is also remarkable for the equality of its day and night temperature. The difference of temperature between day and night at Penzance is proved by the thermometer to be scarcely perceptible. Indeed, Sir James Clark says that Madeira and the Azores are the only climates he knows superior to Penzance.

The esplanade along the shore is charming, and the boating and bathing facilities are all that can be desired. The bay itself, with its water beautifully clear and blue, and St. Michael's Mount in the background, have often been favorably compared to the Bay of Naples and Mount Vesuvius. The soil in the vicinity of Penzance is most productive. Here the earliest vegetables are grown for Covent Garden Market in London. It is not unusual for less than an acre of potatoes to bring one thousand dollars. There are scores of acres of cauliflower and asparagus, and it is not uncommon for a single gardener to send a ton of raspberries a day to London. The flower trade is also very large. From sixty to seventy tons of flowers are sent from here each week in the season to the cities in the northern part of England.

But Penzance is not dependent on garden produce only. The fishing villages of Newlyn and Mousehole

FISHING BOATS.

are on the western side of the bay and close to Penzance, and greatly add to the business prosperity of the town. These villages own a fleet of fishing-boats that will stand a gale as well as any ship, and vie in speed with any sailing clipper. At a certain season of the year some of them go east five hundred miles to Whitby, and again across to Ireland, for the herring fishery, but in the autumn they are all at home for mackerel and pilchard fishing. For mackerel they go many miles to sea, sometimes fifty west of the Land's End. They use what are called drift nets, and every night scores of miles of these drift nets are dropped over by the various boats. Toward morning they are drawn on board, and the fish are found caught in the meshes of the net. As soon as the boats reach home the fish are sold by auction on the beach. Buyers from London, Manchester and Birmingham are there in friendly competition, and the whole is packed in baskets and dispatched by railway from Penzance. Many a special train with naught but mackerel is put on in the season. Indeed, as much as twenty-five hundred dollars a day have been taken at the Penzance station (depot), and that three days in the week for the carriage of mackerel alone.

Pilchards are a fish that very much resemble the herring. They are indigenous to the coast of Cornwall, and in the month of July or thereabout are caught in immense numbers. When the season for pilchards arrives, "Huers," or men ac-

PENZANCE HARBOR.

customed to the fish, and possessing sharp sight, are stationed along the coast. To their practiced eye the pilchard is soon detected by the silvery appearance the immense shoals give to the water. They are caught by means of seine nets, which are about three hundred fathoms (1,800 feet) in length and fourteen fathoms (84 feet) deep. The boat in which this immense net is kept is brought where the shoal is, and while it is being thrown over the two small boats take the ends, and, making a circle, are swiftly rowed around the shoal, in this manner inclosing the entire mass of fish. The net is sunk by means of lead sinkers, and cork floats keep it on the surface. Of course the danger of this large number of fish dashing in one direction and thus breaking the net is great. To avoid this the shoal is surrounded by men in boats, who beat the water and in various ways exert themselves to keep the fish in the center of the inclosure. A small boat having a tuck net enters the inclosure to capture the fish. The tuck net is spread around the seine, and gradually raised until the fish are drawn to the surface of the water. When this net is so drawn a boiling, seething mass of silvery fish is seen, leaping and fluttering around. These are scooped out into the boat by means of large baskets, until all are secured in the boats. The boats are then quickly rowed to the shore, and men, women and children carry the fish to the salting-houses (called "cellars"), where they are packed in hogsheads, layer

LANYON CHROMLEICH.

on layer, with salt between. Each hogshead contains three thousand fish, and is worth about fifteen dollars. These are shipped to various ports in the Mediterranean Sea.

Penzance is the birthplace of that eminent chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, the inventor of the safety lamp which has preserved very many thousands of lives from fire-damp explosions in the coal mines.

It was at Penzance that Captain Cook landed on his return from America and first smoked tobacco in England.

The opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," was named from this place. Pirates there never were here. There may have been wreckers who caught all that was washed ashore, but there certainly never were pirates in this district. Smuggling used to be carried on to quite a large extent; now, however, it is not done at all. Many were the houses here where smuggled liquor could be obtained cheaply. One of these was quite notorious, and the chief officer of the district preventive service often tried to implicate it, but to no avail. On one occasion, riding hastily up to the door and dismounting, he accosted the occupant with, "Good morning, Betsy."

"Good marnin, sir," said she.

"I suppose I may come in and look around," said the officer.

"Cartinly, sir," said Betsy, "I'm brae an' glad you're coom. Look where you min' to, for I don't like to be tho't wrong o'."

Betsy was rocking her cradle, and continued her rocking while the officer searched diligently every nook and corner of the two-roomed house, until he was perfectly satisfied that he had acted on wrong information. As he left he bade Betsy good morning, and said that he was glad to find that the reports about her were false. The keg of brandy for which he was searching was in the bottom of the cradle which Betsy was so diligently rocking.

PENZANCE AND HARBOR.

There are very few places in Great Britain that have so many places of interest around them as there are around the peerless seaside resort of Penzance. Among these may be mentioned Land's End, with its wild splendor and magnificent cliffs; Saint Michael's Mount; the quaint mining town of Saint Just, with its amphitheater and Druidical and Roman remains; the famous Logan Rock, weighing eighty tons and so perfectly balanced as to be easily moved with one hand; the many Chromleichs, with their ancient tales; the forsaken castles, and other relics of bygone years. All these, and many more, are the attractions of the place made prominent by the opera of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, but which has been by them misnamed the home of pirates, in this or any other time.

OFF THE MAIN LINE.

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

OFFING NO. 2.

"HOW you do, Nopanie? Good morning, Lafonca. Where going?" The answer was a smile from the former, a grunt from the latter, and the almost inarticulate words, "The Burnin'," from both. "When? Where? I come too?" "So, you come. To-night. Cross river, Bald Rock. Good-by;" and the odd-looking pair of human beings, squaw and buck, of the Digger Indian tribe of Butte County, California, trudged on like patient oxen, and quite as grave in manner.

The woman, Nopanie, old and very wrinkled, carried upon her back a large cornucopia-shaped basket containing several gallons of acorn porridge, of the color and consistence of glue. It was heavy, and was held in position by a leather strap across her forehead. Lafonca, her husband, an aged man, but erect notwithstanding his seventy-eight years, also carried a bundle, but in his hand was a staff. He was clad in loose cotton trousers and an old, gray flannel shirt. Neither wore shoes.

The time was November 1, 1892, the place a beautiful ranch about ten miles from Oroville, Butte County, situated in an auriferous canyon among the Table Mountains, and accessible only by wheeled vehicles.

The salutation had been made by my hostess, a distinguished woman in that locality; and the announcement of the two Indians was evidently an agreeable surprise, for turning to me, she said, "That will be worth seeing. We'll go."

Nopanie and Lafonca were not strangers to me. The week previous, while exploring among the hills, I had stumbled upon their home (?) in a corner of a bit of woodland near a small stream, about eight miles from my friend's house. When first I saw them Nopanie was squatting upon the ground at the foot of a rude ladder which leaned against a group of almond trees, her naked, shriveled arm and hand grasping a pole, while Lafonca stood near her watching my approach.

Meg Merrilies was doubtless more intelligent, but could not have been more repulsive-looking than this old woman, who, nevertheless, had the reputation of weaving the most beautiful, artistic and water-tight baskets in all Butte County.

They had emerged from their "castle" at the sound of rolling wheels. Their house, like that of all the semi-civilized Indians of California, had been made by first excavating a circular hole in the ground, then tying "saplings" together to form a dome, which they thatch and cover with the excavated earth. A circular opening is left at the top for entrance, a ladder of pieces of sapling forming the stairs, and the earth floor the chairs.

But in Lafonca's case there had been a deviation from the Digger style of architecture. A door led into the cave-like retreat, and on top of it naked tree boughs and pieces of board were loosely thrown like upon a woodpile. Upon the earthern floor inside, the fire for cooking and heating was made. Bunks of saplings formed their beds; some jerked meat, always well smoked, hung overhead; and Lafonca's ax—for he was a woodchopper—lay with his pipe, some tin plates and an iron pot, upon a store box, the only piece of movable furniture.

The man was shrewd-looking and quiet, answering my few questions almost in monosyllables. The woman looked up at her lord adoringly, her reply to my query, "Have you a family?" being: "Ask my man; he know;" and once, when Lafonca said his back and legs sometimes ached, she chimed in, "Me, too."

So far as any revelation of their interior life, emotions or sensibilities were concerned, they were sphinxes, yet mortals, difficult as it seemed to realize it.

HOME OF NOPANIE AND LAFONCA.

My hostess had won their confidence by purchasing baskets of them, and by occasional gifts of tea, coffee and beans; hence their hearty response to her self-invitation.

"What is 'The Burning?'"

"Wait and see" was all the satisfaction I could get from my friends, as, in a comfortable carriage, we left the county road and began to drive "across lots."

The sun was setting, and the sky was aflame with a crimson hue. Along by orange groves and peach orchards, over stubble fields and through deserted mining camps, beside willow-fringed rivulets, and, occasionally, up and down smooth hills, we had in two hours reached the bank of the Feather River, which was here wide, but easily fordable. Twilight was deepening, but, on a slight elevation on the other side, a group of three or more substantial board cabins were visible, in front of which a dozen or more half-breeds of the masculine gender were sitting, standing or lounging, while two comely middle-aged women, Polly and Mahala, in neat calico dresses, sat in a doorway a little to the rear. As we drove up the incline, more than a dozen dogs, barking and yelping, rushed at our horses like a pack of wolves.

YAKAYA RANCHERIA.

Securing the team we began to reconnoiter. Under a group of live-oaks we found Nopanie and several other squaws seated upon the ground. Some had walked forty miles to attend this sacred festival, for such it proved to be. They had carried burdens consisting of food, clothing and baskets, all of which were to be sacrificed, through fire, to the spirits of their dead, who had passed through the gateway of the few graves near by to the Happy Hunting Ground.

For a year or two these loving hearts and faithful hands had toiled to procure gay cotton handkerchiefs, shirts, dresses, aprons and overalls to burn on this occasion. Among the pile of really beautiful baskets which were to be thus sacrificed—baskets ranging in size from the circumference of a saucer to that of a huge punch-bowl, and which represented an amount of patience and ingenuity incredible to us—was one for which my host, the Squire, offered five dollars.

The squaw shook her head.

"Eight, ten, fifteen, *twenty*," at length said the Squire, holding up in the waning twilight a bright gold coin of that value.

"No, no. Money no buy. Basket burn," was the sole reply of the owner.

The belle of the *rancheria* Yakaya was Genie, a full-blooded Indian maiden of another tribe, about eighteen years old, and able to read and write. Genie was an Indian's "dream of beauty." She wore a jaunty little hat full of ribbons. Her long, heavy black hair hung down her shoulders like a veil. Her eyes glittered like jet-beads, and her step was elasticity itself.

"You here also, Genie?" I heard the Squire say.

"Yes, I come to mourn with the mourners," was her reply.

A little distance in the rear of the houses, close to the river, were the six hillocks, or graves, covered with flour, and gleaming white in the fast waning light.

By the time the evening star had risen nearly all the men had disappeared, and the women, twenty or more in number, were gathered in little groups either under the trees or in the cabins, where there were no lights. They seemed oblivious of our presence. The dogs, too, had ceased to bark. Suddenly I heard a strange jargon, evidently from human voices, and following the sound found myself in front of the entrance to the *sweat-house*, built exactly like Lafonca's cabin, only much larger. Descending three steps into it, I strained my gaze to see who were there and what they were doing. The chanting was unearthly. It was gutteral and very rapid. A pale little flame shooting up from a shallow hole in the center of the dugout revealed a group of sixteen men squatting cross-legged upon the ground in the form of an ellipse. They were gambling with two small white sticks, which they concealed in their hands under piles of dried grass, tossing the grass about while they chanted wildly, and changing the sticks from hand to hand, then suddenly ceasing, when the guesser had instantly to indicate which hand he thought held the prize. It was like the English game, "Button, button, who has the button?" and if thousands of dollars had been at stake these men could not have been more eager over the issue.

Rejoining the women, who had now collected *en masse*, we found them tying the new clothes and beautiful baskets upon poles ten feet high. The garments were tied about one foot apart. When all was ready they

marched in procession, Nopanie leading the van. A hole had been dug at the foot of a grave, into which the pole was set. A torch was then applied to the base, and as the flames ran and encircled each piece of clothing, the women howled and mourned and shrieked.

This ceremony was performed at each grave. The "hired mourners" chanted death songs, and the dogs howled piteously. Occasionally all would join hands and dance around the blaze, while they wailed, Genie particularly distinguishing herself in a kind of prehistoric skirt dance. Now and then fish and flour were thrown upon the flames. The higher they leaped the more discordant became the sounds. The effect was gloomy beyond description, and fit to inspire the pencil of a Dore. We seemed to be in the council chamber of demons.

It was past midnight when the sacrifice was over. The bucks, too haughty to mourn, had retired to the sweat-house for another game. Not a star was visible. The song of the river was heard as it rolled by in the darkness. And all that relieved the holocaust of its horrors was the remark of the nearly exhausted Nopanie to the Squire's wife, "We make 'em feel good," as she pointed aloft to where she believed that the re-fed and re-clothed spirits were now enjoying their gifts.

So it was love after all that supplied "The Burnin'."

Most of the American tourists who have ever visited London will remember with much pleasure the courtesies and attentions of Mr. A. Thorne, the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Thorne is the American representative of the celebrated London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and his office is a Mecca for the great army of seekers after health, pleasure and the education of travel. Few are the Americans of note and great wealth who do not fall into his hands on their arrival at the big metropolis, so that Mr. Thorne, with his geniality and all-around good fellowship, has developed a ubiquity that is remarkable.

Mr. Thorne is a most valuable and earnest worker for the splendid railway he represents, and he has reason to be proud of it, for it traverses the most interesting section of the British Isle between London and Dover. The prettiest part of Kent is embraced, and passengers holding express tickets can stop over at any main-line station for a visit to Canterbury. At

Dover connection is made with the big steamers which cross the channel to Calais in about seventy minutes.

Mr. Thorne is an American by birth. Thoroughly domestic in his tastes, he enjoys the companionship of his talented young wife, and is no less proud of his pretty little rosy-cheeked daughter, Dorothy, now but two and a half years old.

TO CISCO AND ASIDE.

CARLES H. SHINN.

A trite maxim it is that summer adventure loses half its charm if one treads beaten paths. But even better than the glory of exploring wholly new scenes is the more subtile and refined pleasure of stepping a little aside from some old highway, and finding a land that careless thousands have long neglected. This is that fine art of re-discovery, and the re-discoverer often ranks very close to the pioneer.

Thirty years ago, when the stage roads across the mountains were the marvel of travelers, a rock-bulwarked highway wound through granite boulders along the Yuba, north of Cisco, and hundreds of prospectors and speculators, looking out in dusk of dawn or full noontide, saw wild cliffs, gray steeps of fir and tamarack, magnificent waterfalls and deep black pools. Later, when the Central Pacific, that triumph of engineering skill, was being built across the snow-range, the old stage road formed a base of supplies for a whole line of camps whose ruins lie in the rugged ravines and sheltered "flats" between the treeless peaks.

Time was when thousands of men lived here in cabins of logs and granite slabs, or in cheap board shanties. Sawmills ran day and night, and long lines of teams toiled up and down the grades. Towns of considerable size sprang up along the famous highway, with saloons, hotels, stores, toll-gates, and tiny watered gardens before the houses. Down in the gulch, half a mile below the present station of Cisco, the old town stood, and its ruins are scattered over many a square rod of wilderness.

One would say that after such a history of storm and stress these waste miles would still bear many marks of the past; but in such solitudes, six thousand feet above the sea, the winter snows and springtime floods have long ago restored much of the ancient wilderness. Streams that flow from the snow-peaks widen into mountain ponds, often worthy to be called lakes, or flow out through small, mossy meadows yellow with goldenrod, purple with asters, orange-hued with lilies, white, sometimes, with delicate spikes of orchids, or streaked with masses of porcelain-blue monkshood. The mountain pastures are full of sheep and cattle at times, but they are usually driven farther into the Sierra, and the botanist finds hundreds of species of flowering plants as yet unspoiled by marauders.

The cabins of the pioneers are scattered through the mountain passes. Long deserted, they crumble slowly into ruins. In Dead Horse Gulch, not far from Cisco, is one of the most picturesque log cabins of California. Low and large, it once gave shelter to thirty or forty woodchoppers. Broken saws, axes and wedges lie about the old blacksmith shop, and relics of the past are so numerous, in all directions, that it is easy to reconstruct the rude life of the camp, even to the Sunday afternoon target practice from the door of the cabin at a mark on an immense pine stump. A hundred yards away, on a little knoll, is a grave; over it stands a cross of cedar, slanted by the snow-drifts of a score of years. The kitchen was built close to a rivulet, and many pieces of garlic (used by the Italians who formed part of the woodchopping crew) were slowly carried half a mile down the canyon to a beautiful "flat" of willows, water-pools and summer flowers, where they rooted and grew, so that great bunches of garlic now blossom yearly among the glorious mountain lilies!

Modern Cisco is a railroad station in a snowshed. Hardly one traveler in a thousand who grumbles at the flickering lights and shadows of the justly famous snowsheds of the Sierra knows how interesting a thing is a station built beside and out from the great framed roof. Doorways, windows, platforms are in the very walls, and a long, sloping shaft descends the hill to the hotel, store and other buildings of Cisco. In summer it is full of life and gayety. In winter the place must be as lonely as a post-station on the Siberian tundra. A wagon road down the gulch connects with the old stage road and all its dependencies near and far. Horseback trails extend in every direction, to notable fishing districts in stream and lake, to mineral springs, to mining camps, old and new, and into the wilder regions of the central Sierra. Meadow Lake is twelve or fourteen miles away. Fordyce Dam, Huysink Lake, the North Fork of the American are all within easy distance. From the summit of Red Mountain, which is six miles by trail, thirty-four lakes can be counted. This is the point from which, from April to November,

AROUND CISCO.

a continual watch for fire is kept on the railroad snow-sheds, of which thirty-eight of the fourty miles of them are visible.

Under the bluest of blue skies, in the clearest of atmospheres, any one can find health and pleasure in these Alps. One can easily camp, explore the deep gorges, climb the granite battlements that seem to pierce heaven, so gently their far-off gray melts into the lucid spaces overhead. For those who cannot understand the luxuries of camp life, there is mountain fare with home-like surroundings at Cisco, and a new expedition can be planned out for every week of the season. If some newspaper reporter had happened along by one of the mountain lakes, a couple of miles from Cisco, a few weeks ago, he would have found a spicy paragraph in the struggles of a well-known Californian librarian, an humble granger, and two school-boys, to properly adjust themselves upon a rickety raft in mid-seas, and swashing overdeck at every motion. There, like Captain Kidd, they sailed and they sailed for hours, fishing, hauling in "fingerlings" to throw them back again, and, at exciting intervals, making a respectable addition to the common basket. It was their last afternoon together in the mountains. Long after sundown they stumbled down the homeward trail to do valiant trencher service at the hotel, and slowly pack their traps for departure on the morrow.

Vacations end; Sierra summers melt swiftly into autumn, and wax chill with frost. Alas! that Adam did eat of the apple (or peach, as the Rabbins declare), and so brought down the primal curse. Otherwise, doubtless, one might still be in the Sierra; one would not have been called back to dismal city cares just when the trout were beginning to rise! One ought to be able to learn the trick of the Norway brown bears of hibernating legends. These, according to an old natural history of last century, go to sleep in winter, sucking their fore-paws, and so live till spring, coming out ravenous to "catch great stores of fish in every stream, and wax fat in a month or so."

Would that we were all brown bears and had nothing else to do but suck our fore-paws in winter and fish in summer.

YACHTING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

CHAS. G. YALE.

MANY have enjoyed the hospitality of the yacht clubs on their various excursions. The following slight hints may not be out place to prospective guests. When you go yachting on San Francisco Bay you can leave your straw hat and tennis flannels at home, and carry a dogskin jacket, overcoat, close-fitting cap and other toggery that salt water will not damage. A silk outing shirt must give place to a thick "sweater;" and you want rubber-soled shoes—thick ones, too—so as to keep your feet dry, and not scratch the white decks of the craft of which you are a guest.

The yachtsmen themselves don't bother much about uniforms or costumes, and always wear their old clothes when cruising or racing. When they have a ladies' day at the club-houses the boys come out in white or blue with brass buttons and gold lace, after the fashion of the yachtsmen we see pictured in the illustrated papers. This is a concession to "style" and to the occasion; but at all other times the uniforms are stowed in the lockers, and rough, warm clothing is worn.

As most people only see the yachtsmen at the club-houses on opening or closing days, or when they have "hops," they suppose them to wear the fancy rig at all times. But off on a cruise it would be difficult to find one yachting swell in the whole fleet, and in a race or regatta all finery is discarded on principle.

In the East, where they have light breezes and smooth waters in summer, the gold-laced yachtsman we read about is common; but here he would be wilted at the first swash of a channel sea, and have to go below for repairs; for it blows hard all summer through in these waters where our local yachting is done, and the currents are strong and the sea rough. We Californians have the reputation of "blowing" a good deal about our climate, but this is not necessary around San Francisco, for the climate does this for itself. The summer trade winds commence about April or May, and keep it up with vigor until about September, when they begin to drop off in strength, gradually reducing until October or November, when they die out altogether.

In the winter there is no wind to speak of except an occasional sou'east or sou'west gale. The yachts are laid up in San Francisco in winter, not because of ice or snow, for we have neither, but because there is no wind to sail with. It will sometimes take three days to get to Martinez, which, in summer, can always be reached in about three hours.

These conditions make our yachting differ greatly from the same sport in Eastern waters. Our yachts are compelled to carry about one-third less sail, and

THE TRUANT.

their spars are smaller in proportion. Flying kites and balloon canvas are seen only on race days. The boats must be weatherly and strong, and must be skillfully handled; for under the high lands of the Marin County shores the heavy puffs and squalls must be guarded against, and the strong gusts sweeping in through the Golden Gate keep "the channel" feather-white every summer afternoon.

When you go south from the city, down past Hunter's Point toward the oyster-beds, the puffs are even heavier than in the upper bay; and under the city front they keep you on the watch at all times. But to get the wind good and fresh, right in from the ocean, and unobstructed, "the channel" is the place. That is the portion of the bay between the northern city front, Angel Island and the Marin County shore. Alcatraz Island is in the center of the channel. In this wide stretch of water, with its suggestion of ocean swell through the Gate, the currents are strong and swift. With an ebb tide and the opposing trade wind, a sea is kicked up which will keep the decks of any yacht wet. Out there of a July or August afternoon a thirty-mile breeze is very common; yet our yachtsmen are used to it, and take whatever comes. But it opens the eyes of the Eastern visitor, and explains to him why our yachts are not rigged in the sky-scraping fashion he is accustomed to at home.

Most of the sailing hereabout is done in the lower bays around the city and Marin County shore, and up

THE ANNIE. *A. A. Martin photo.*

in San Pablo Bay, which latter serves as the approach to Mare Island Straits, Carquinez Straits, Vallejo, Benicia and Martinez.

Of all the cruises that to Mare Island is the most popular, and the one most frequently made. It is a convenient distance for a Saturday afternoon sail, and the anchorage for the night is quiet and smooth. Then on the return Sunday the yachts "try rate of sailing" back to Tiburon or Sausalito, and this is where all the scrub racing is done.

The beat to windward down San Pablo Bay of a summer afternoon with a twenty-five or thirty-mile breeze "right in the teeth" is an experience timid people only want once. But the San Francisco yachtsmen delight in this rough-water sailing, as they are prepared for it and used to it. As soon as they round Magazine Point they meet the swell of San Pablo, every wave white-capped, and the spray flying aft at every send.

The big yachts soon forge ahead, and, while all are racing as a fleet, those of about equal size or speed have their individual contests, and hammer into the head seas with all the sail they can stagger under. Such racing as this is frequent all summer; but the regular set regattas of clubs only occur once a year. Even these are not as common as formerly, nor are there as many competitors. Regattas and racing have been on the decline here for some years, the members

THE NELLIE.

of the clubs preferring the cruising feature, in which they get more or less racing in a small way.

Although in the main bays rough water and strong winds prevail, those who prefer milder weather may obtain it in their yachts if they sail far enough. There is Napa Creek, for instance, where one may sail for a long distance and escape the strong winds. Then there is the up-run cruise, which is a delightful one late in the season when the mosquitoes have gone.

After passing through Carquinez Straits and into Suisun Bay, by keeping along the left-hand shore the mouth of Suisun Creek is reached. Up this creek one may sail through the marshes many miles with a fresh breeze and smooth and deep water. The big Suisun marsh is a fine place for duck-shooting in winter. Or one may enter Montezuma Creek, not far from the mouth of the Suisun, and sail through that along the foot of the Montezuma Hills, coming out into the Sacramento River. This is all inland sailing.

The most pleasant of these trips, however, is to keep on past Benicia and Martinez up beyond Bull's-head Point and Seal Island, through Suisun Bay. Passing up the south channel along the Middle Ground—a long shoal in the upper Suisun Bay—the reach near Chipp's Island is entered, this leading into the Sacramento River. Sailing right along before the wind—for it blows in one direction all summer—Rio Vista is reached. Just beyond, a sharp turn to the right takes the yacht into the "Old River," and for about twenty miles this is the prettiest piece of water for sailing in California. The banks are lined with trees, and there are miles and miles of fruit orchards on either hand. The wind is lighter and warmer than in the lower bays, and the water is perfectly smooth. Here is a place to spend a week in a quiet way: and, by mooring near one of the fruit ranches ten or fifteen miles below Sacramento, the yacht will lie in perfect rest.

On the trip back again, just below Walnut Grove, the ferryman will drop his wire rope and let the yacht glide into Georgiana Slough, a narrow stream which winds among farms and orchards for many miles. Here its banks are fringed with trees—and Portuguese and Chinese. The Georgiana leads you into the Mokelumne River, and this in turn into the San Joaquin. Sailing down this for twenty-five miles or so, you come again to Suisun Bay, Carquinez Straits, San Pablo and so home. This is a cruise for September, October or November; but one wants a couple of weeks for such an outing.

As to ocean sailing, there is not very much of that done here. It is apt to be rough, cold and foggy outside

in summer, and there are no good harbors. Once or twice a year the larger yachts have a race and cruise to Santa Cruz or Monterey; but once or twice a year is enough. True, the larger yachts go as far south as Santa Barbara and San Diego, and, once they are south of Point Concepcion and in the Santa Barbara Channel, they find splendid yachting waters, with balmier weather and lighter winds. The fishing at the various channel islands cannot be excelled.

There are four yacht clubs in San Francisco Bay, of which the oldest is the San Francisco Yacht Club, which held its first regatta as far back as 1869. It has a fine club-house at Sausalito, with accommodations for steam launches and rowing boats as well. The Pacific Club has excellent quarters at old Sausalito, its house being surrounded by fine grounds. The Corinthian Club has its club-house at Tiburon, and is a very active organization. The newest of the clubs is the Encinal, with its handsome club-house at Alameda. The largest yachts on the bay belong to the San Francisco and Pacific Yacht Clubs, those of the other two being of a smaller class. All of our large yachts are schooner-rigged, and the smaller ones are mainly sloops and yawls. Over on Lake Merritt, Oakland, there is quite a fleet of catboats, but these are not nearly so common as formerly out on the main bay. On Oakland Creek there is a large fleet of canoes, plungers and small sloops; and the Oakland Navy races have been quite a feature this summer.

A peculiarity of the racing of this little "navy" is that canoes, catboats, sloops, yawls, whaleboats, and all sorts of craft of any size or rig, go in on equal terms. There is no time allowance to account for disparity in size. There are not even any officers to the Oakland Navy. The boats start and sail over a measured course, and the one that makes the best time takes the prize.

A feature of the yachting in this bay is that all of the yacht-owners can sail their own boats. In the East, where wealthy gentlemen buy large yachts, they hire a regular captain to handle her. We have nothing of the kind in San Francisco. The larger yachts with regular crews have a boatswain or boat-keeper, who has general charge of the vessel; but its owner invariably handles the yacht himself. In the case of the smaller craft, where no "man" is kept, the owners or guests not only sail the boat, but take care of her. This is called Corinthian yachting. It is lots of fun, too, all except cleaning up the cabin, cooking and washing dishes. If some one would invent a system by which the dishes could be made of lacquered wood, and the dishes of one meal be utilized as fuel to cook

A LAKE MERRITT PLUNGER.

the next one, the main disagreeable feature of Corinthian yachting would be done away with. Then, instead of buying coal or wood, a store of dishes could be laid in as fuel, and used for both purposes. That would end the dishwashing feature, which is always a nuisance to a man, and especially a yachtsman.

It is not an expensive matter keeping a small yacht —and there are many more small than large ones. The clubs with small and medium-sized yachts are always more prosperous than those which enroll only large ones. The young men who can afford to own and run a twenty-five or thirty-foot boat take the greatest possible interest in the amusement, and spend all the time they can from their business aboard their boat. This brings together a congenial lot of fellows, who have jolly good times either racing, cruising or gathered around the club-house.

Where the yachts are large, the owners are generally rich men, accustomed to having their own way, and they do pretty much as they please. They do not take a very great interest in club affairs. So it is always more difficult to get up a race or a cruise of the large craft than it is of the small ones.

It is imagined by some that anything connected with yachting is very expensive. The very word yacht implies a private vessel kept for pleasure. When a man owns a seventy-five or one hundred-foot yacht, carrying a crew of half a dozen or more men, he will have quite a bill at the end of the season, especially if he entertains

A CRUISING YACHT. *A. A. Martin photos.*

many guests, for that is where the most money can be spent. But the ordinary sized craft, sailed and cared for by the owners, or having one man as a boat-keeper, is not necessarily very expensive to maintain.

There are dozens of yachts kept here in this bay which do not cost more than $20.00 or $30.00 a month, and many are run for less than that. Usually two or three fellows divide expenses. If they are not joint owners the one who does own the boat will have a sailing chum or two who will "chip in" to keep the boat in running order.

Membership of a club does not necessarily make a man a yachtsman, for there are hundreds of members who never go sailing, and never want to. These "front-porch" yachtsmen are the ones who maintain the club-house feature, and the club-house feature is what makes them join the club. It is a fine place to loaf away a Sunday, and costs little. None of the clubs charge any more than $15.00 a year for dues, and most of them charge less. In the larger clubs there is no initiation fee charged, and the $15.00 pays for all privileges for a year.

Of course, if a member buys dinners, lunches, cigars or drinks he pays for them as he would at any restaurant. His membership gives him the right to use the club-house, where these things may be purchased. On regatta days he has a place on the club steamer, and on days when there are "hops" at the club-house he gets what the guests have, and no more.

Membership of a yacht club gives no one a right to the use of any of the yachts, which are private prop-

THE LURLINE.

erty. The owners invite their own friends sailing, and, while the members of a club may have a better chance of an invitation to go sailing, there is no implied obligation on the part of the yacht-owner to ask him. In fact, most of the yacht owners have certain special friends who sail with them nearly all the time, and they are not apt to pick up guests haphazard from the club-house porch or wharf.

In the older clubs not one member in twenty has any interest in any boat or yacht, or ever goes on the water except on a ferry-boat. But it is the non-yacht-owner who provides the funds for the maintenance of the club-house. The owner of a yacht cares more for the yacht than the house, and is expected to keep up the sailing part of the organization.

San Francisco Bay, which also includes the bays of San Pablo and Suisun, has, with the straits, etc., an area of 7,480 square miles, and there are hundreds of miles of rivers, creeks and sloughs connected with it. So there is plenty of room for sailing-craft of all kinds and sizes. Most of the yachtsmen here sail their own boats, there being few, if any, professional sailing-masters as among Eastern yachts. The conditions are such that the yachtsmen become skillful sailors, or else quit the sport altogether. Unless one loves the water, and is not afraid of strong wind and rough sea, he does not care for yachting in San Francisco Bay. This is one reason, doubtless, why there are not many more yachts in the club fleets.

A new feature of late has been the marked increase in the number of gas-engine launches, especially in the waters around Sausalito and Raccoon Straits. We have only one large steam yacht here, and she is still to make her first ocean cruise.

The good work for the Midwinter Fair still progresses with unabated zeal and interest. The foundations for some of the buildings are already under way, and the outlook gives evidence of a splendid monument to California enterprise.

The very name "Midwinter Fair" possesses at once a charm and uniqueness that cannot but attract thousands of our Eastern friends. They will then have the opportunity to see that our incomparable climate has not been over-bragged about, and that, while their friends at home are keeping close to their firesides, they are reveling in the land of sunshine and flowers.

The Midwinter Fair will be distinctively novel, and will in no sense be a repetition of the Chicago *fête*.

Situated in the center of Golden Gate Park, over 1,000 acres in area, it has an exceptional advantage of location; and it may not be generally known that our park is the only one in the world that has an ocean drive.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

S. H. W.

THE 6:20 train, No. 39, was over an hour late that night. There was cause enough, heaven knows. For twelve hours the storm raged, and now, instead of showing any signs of breaking, the rain came down in torrents from the inky sky, and the thunder rolled ominously overhead. A bad storm to drive an engine through, as anybody would have known, and the wonder is that No. 39 was not three hours late instead of one.

Luke Granger, the trustiest, nerviest engineer on the road, rounded the curve just below Red Ravine station at 26 minutes past seven o'clock. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the headlight cut a hole in the darkness. The station bridge might have given away in a storm like that, and I was beginning to get nervous over this thought.

Somehow everything made me nervous that night. It was just the kind of weather when things look all out of gear, anyway.

Then, I suppose, the knowledge of that money package being due and failing to come on the 11:30 o'clock train, as it should have done, had its effect on me. I didn't relish the idea of keeping $13,000 in cash until the next day.

There wasn't a soul at the station that night except myself, and there were only two passengers who got off the train. I speak of them that way, not meaning to be disrespectful or make light of solemn things; only it is a habit, I suppose, for most people would say there was only one passenger who got off at Red Ravine, seeing that the second of 'em was carried out of the express car in a wooden box. Usually, when a body was coming on I got word beforehand; but this one took me quite by surprise, and added not a little to the nervousness I already felt.

"Who is it?" I asked, as the box was carried to the station.

The passenger who had got off the train, and who was a stranger to me, answered my inquiry: "The body is that of my sister-in-law" said he. "She was the niece of Thomas Eldridge—doubtless you know him. Her death was very sudden. She is to be buried in Mr. Eldridge's lot here."

"Then I suppose the body is to be left in my charge until to-morrow," said I.

"Yes," answered the stranger. "Do you suppose I could get to Mr. Eldridge's myself to-night?"

"Well," I replied, "it's a good four miles, and in such a storm as this—"

"I'll wait until to-morrow" interrupted the stranger. "There is some sort of a hotel here, isn't there?"

"Yes, a good one. You'll have to foot it, though; but its only a matter of a quarter of a mile, and you can't miss your way, for the road up the hill leads to the house."

Here I made my way out to the platform again, and made my way to the express car, where the money package, which all along I had secretly hoped wouldn't come, was delivered to me by the messenger. As he gave it to me he said: "You'll want to keep a sharp eye on that, Billy. There's enough in it to make one of your Red Raviners put a bullet through your head, and never even give you the chance to object."

"I'll look out for the Red Raviners, and the package too," said I, confidently enough, but, if the truth had been told, I didn't like the suggestion the messenger had made.

The train moved off quickly, and I swung my lantern, as was my habit, by way of bidding good-night to Luke Granger.

The Red Ravine station was a wooden building forty feet long and ten feet wide. It was divided into two compartments, the larger one being for freight and baggage and the smaller one for passengers. My own little room was only a piece partitioned off from the freight quarter, about ten feet square, and connected by a door with a box of an office in the passenger room, which served both for selling tickets and holding the telegraph key. In this latter apartment, also, was placed an old-fashioned iron safe, in which I locked up my valuable express packages when any happened to come to Red Ravine.

Well, when I had made all snug about the station, and got off my wet clothing, I sat down comfortably with pipe and newspaper to enjoy my customary reading.

An uncomfortable feeling of dread—a feeling that some shadowy but horrible thing was about to happen—possessed my mind; and, even when I had mixed up a toddy considerably stronger than usual, it failed to bring the relief I had hoped for.

"It all comes of that pesky money package," I muttered to myself. "Why couldn't it have gotten here on the 11:30 and saved me the job of keeping it here over night?"

Just at this moment came a terrific clap of thunder and a flash of lightning vivid enough to make the lamp dim. I had locked up the package in the safe, and put the key—there was no combination lock—in my pocket.

Thinking so steadily of the $13,000 had, I suppose, driven the box out of my mind. It must have been the imp of the perverse, I suppose, that impelled me, after the box had been brought back to my mind, to leave the door open so that I could sit and stare at it with morbid curiosity. As I have already said, my sleeping-apartment was partitioned off from the freight room, and was connected with the latter by a door. The body had been placed in such a position that when this door was open the head of the box was in sight.

I had just risen to wind the little clock on the shelf, when suddenly out of the hitherto meaningless ticking of the instrument, sharply and distinctly came to my ears the sounds:

— — — —

there. I waited until he knelt down to examine the lock, and then, with steps as noiseless as his own, I slipped from the bed and toward the half-opened door. So intent was he in examining the safe that it was not until I was within reach of him that he heard me. He sprang to his feet, bringing the glass of the lantern full into my face, and reached for his revolver, which he had laid on the top of the safe. But he was too late. With the rusty old pistol, held by its long barrel, I dealt him a crushing blow on the head just as his fingers grasped his own weapon. He fell heavily, without a groan.

The lantern was extinguished as he fell, and with trembling fingers I struck a match and lighted the lamp in the office. As its rays fell upon the upturned face of the robber, I saw that blood was flowing from the wound I had inflicted; and I saw, too, that his face was delicate in its outlines and intelligent in expression. I had time to notice no more, for I felt, now that the danger was past, the need of aid. So, after binding the unconscious man's feet and arms, and bathing his head in cold water, I pulled on my boots and overcoat and started in hot haste for the hotel.

Half way on the road I met a covered carriage drawn by one horse. I took it to be the turnout of Mathews, the hotel proprietor, and, wondering what he could be out for at that hour, I shouted his name. Then I cried out at the top of my voice, "I've killed a burglar down at the station!" Whoever was in the carriage must have heard me, but the horse only quickened his sharp trot and disappeared in the darkness.

They gave me a great deal more credit, the people of Red Ravine, for that night's adventure than I deserved; and I do not blame them for laughing at how things turned out, for when a party of us got back to the station my unconscious burglar had disappeared, and the tracks next morning showed that the covered carriage which I had met on the road had drawn up at the platform. Who was in it? Well, I couldn't swear, but I have a notion that it contained the gentleman who had come on with the body.

ITEMS.

Kate Sanborn is an observer of rare keenness. In her book just issued by Appleton & Co., New York, "A Truthful Woman in Southern California," she tells the truth in an unvarnished way. The truth is what we court here. When she says that the Florence is *the* hotel to stop at in San Diego, she gives plausible reasons for her opinion.

In her chapter on San Diego Miss Sanborn says:

"Last year, going there to spend one day, I remained for five weeks, hypnotized by my environments—beguiled, deluded, unconscious of the flight of time, serenely happy. Many come for a season, and wake up after five or six years to find it is now their home." She continues: "If, in midsummer, sweltering sufferers in New York or Chicago could be transported to this land, they would not hurry away. The heat is rarely above eighty-five degrees, and nearly always mitigated by a refreshing breeze from the bay."

In the front rank stands *The Traveler* of San Francisco, California, an illustrated monthly which is really a work of art. The illustrations published in this artistic publication are absolutely the *finest specimens of their class we have ever seen* in the way of journalism, and the study of its production would be a liberal education to most of our compeers. This journal would interest any one in any part of the globe. —*The Hotel, London.*

The photos used in our tennis article of last month should have been credited to Mr. A. A. Martin.

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion, and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide and seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fé Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by

W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.

650 Market St., San Francisco. Cal.

OLD GOLD.

A little book, with here and there a leaf
  Turned at some tender passage: how it seems
  To speak to me, to fill my soul with dreams
Sweet as first love, and beautiful though brief!
Here was her glory, on this page her grief,
  For tears have stained it. Here the sunlight streams,
  And there the stars withheld from her their beams,
And sorrow sought her white soul like a thief!
And here her name; and as I breathe the sweet,
  Soft syllables, a presence in the room
    Sheds a rare radiance; but I may not look.
The yellowed leaves are fluttering at my feet;
  The light is gone, and I—lost in the gloom—
    Weep like a woman o'er this little book!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

LOVE'S SILENCE.

A flash of azure, a folded wing,
A waft of song on the wings of spring:
Listen! I hear the bluebird sing.

A feathered arrow, a bolt far thrown,
The silent flight of a form swift flown:
A pause—and I hear the wood-dove's moan.

Bluebird, hued like the plains above,
Summer's messenger, fleet-winged dove,—
Hath autumn never a song of love?

And the one replies from a bough breeze-swung,
And the other the still green glooms among,—
"Sweet, O sweet, are the songs unsung!"

—*Chas. H. Luders.*

HER TALENT.

She does not prate of Browning,
  Whose works I have not read.
There is no laurel crowning
  Her shapely little head.
She is not versed in Schiller
  And Goethe and the rest.
She has no store of "siller."
  As some, perchance, have guessed.

She knows no word of Dante
  And his Italian crew.
She plays not "penny ante"
  As rapid maidens do.
No more she knows of Spencer
  Than of La Rochefoucauld.
On Darwin she is deuser
  Than any girl I know.

With Kant and Schopenhauer
  Her speech she will not load;
But fortune other power
  Upon her has bestowed.
Though Mill and Huxley tire her,
  As she will frankly state,
Yet still I must admire her—
  Her pumpkin pies are great.

—*Harry B. Smith.*

There's a calm that comes at evening,
  When the weary day is o'er,
That's as soothing as the lullaby
  Our mothers sang of yore;
And though the day be dreary
  I can just forget it all
In the calm that comes at evening,
  When the twilight shadows fall.

I can see my sweetheart's signal
  From her waving window blinds;
I can feel her perfumed presence
  Wafted to me on the winds;
When I hush my heart to hear her
  I can almost understand
Her sweet welcome in the wimple
  Of the wind wave from her hand.

When she laughs it's like the music
  Of the ripples on the rills;
And her breath is like the fragrance
  Of the flowers that deck the hills.
And though the day be dreary
  I can just forget it all
In the calm that comes at evening,
  When the twilight shadows fall.

—*Cy. Warman.*

Oh, this beautiful island of Ceylon,
  With the cocoanut trees on the shore,
It is shaped like a pear with the peal on,
  And Kandy lies in at the core.

And Kandy is sweet (you ask Gertie!)
  Even when it is spelt with a K;
And the people are cheerful and dirty,
  And dressed in a comical way.

Here comes a particular dandy,
  With two earrings and half of a shirt;
He's considered the swell of all Kandy,
  And the rest of him's covered with dirt.

And here comes the belle of the city,
  With rings on her delicate toes,
And eyes that are painted and pretty,
  And a jewel that shakes in her nose.

And the dear little girls and their brothers,
  And the babies so jolly and fat,
Astride on the hips of their mothers,
  And as black as a gentleman's hat.

And the queer little heaps of old women,
  And the shaven Buddhistical priests,
And the lake which the worshipers swim in,
  And the wagons with curious beasts.

The tongue they talk most is Tamul,
  Which sounds you can hardly tell how;
It is half like the scream of a camel,
  And half like the grunt of a sow.

—*Phillips Brooks' Letters to Children.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

The passengers on an inbound train on the Boston & Albany Railroad were greatly amused one afternoon lately by the actions of a gay Lothario. When the train stopped at Natick a handsome young man was seen standing on the platform bidding an affectionate adieu to an equally fine-looking young woman. She nestled up to her fond admirer, and brushed imaginary specks off the lapel of his coat.

As the train was about to start he made an effort to embrace the idol of his heart, but was rebuked by the young woman, who remarked:

"Not here, Fred; there are too many people around."

So Fred whispered a sweet good-by, and jumped aboard the now moving train.

As the cars sped on to Boston Fred rapidly forgot the girl he had left behind him, and seemed to care but little for the attention that was shown to him by those of his fellow-passengers who had witnessed the parting at Natick.

But Fred had another treat in store for the passengers. When the train pulled up at Huntington Avenue he alighted with a merry heart, and before the people in the car could fully realize what had happened, was in the arms of another fine young woman. This time he found no difficulty in implanting a kiss on the right spot, and the happy pair walked off together, totally oblivious of the fun they had created. Everybody in the car giggled, and persons who were entire strangers to one another freely discussed that affecting scene from real life.

—*Boston Herald.*

A Southern woman said a sharp thing in speaking of the late Charles Sumner: "It was almost wicked in him to wed. He was so deeply in love with himself that his marriage was a species of bigamy." But the ladies of the South did not admire the senator-statesman.

A parson who had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city asked time for prayer and consideration. Finally some one met his youngest son on the street.

"How is it, Josiah," said the neighbor, "is your father going to B——?"

"Well," answered the boy, judiciously, "paw is still praying for light, but most of the things is packed."

—*Boston Transcript.*

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty."

"No, you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." (A pause.)

"Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty!"

"If you don't turn over and go to sleep I'll get up and spank you!" (Another pause.)

"Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me?"

—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Von Blumer (bumping up against Twickenham)—Hello, old man. Congratulations. I hear there is a new arrival at your house.

Twickenham—Yes.

Von Blumer—Then I suppose I'll have to take a drink with you?

Twickenham (sadly)—Take two drinks —*Life.*

A Dublin newspaper has an advertisement possibly more truthful than intended: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees that it will be profitable to the undertaker." —*Medical Times.*

Mrs. Banks—I hear your poodle bit off a piece of your baby's finger.

Mrs. Rivers—Yes; but he didn't swallow it. —*Truth.*

General Harney was an intensely dignified officer, and had an absolute horror of undignified haste. One evening, at dress parade, he perceived that he had forgotten his handkerchief, and, as the weather was hot, he directed his orderly to go for it. The orderly started, and soon remembering that there was no time to lose, broke into a trot.

"See that scoundrel running as if the Indians were after him! Here, my man," continued he, to another soldier, "go after that man and tell him to walk."

The second soldier started after the first, but as the first one kept on running, the second one saw that his only chance to deliver the message was to hurry up, so he, too, broke into a run. Harney swore. "Here, sergeant, go after that man and tell him if he doesn't stop running I'll hang him up by the thumbs!"

The sergeant started out into a brisk walk, but as his predecessor had a good start, he, too, began to run as hard as he could.

"If all three of the scoundrels ain't running like jackrabbits!" ejaculated Harney. "I'll show 'em!" And, tucking his sword under his arm, he started in pursuit as fast as he could run, but suddenly remembering his dignity he came to a halt, and walked stiffly and slowly back.

In a certain community a lawyer died who was a most popular and worthy man, and among other virtues inscribed upon his tombstone was this: "A lawyer and an honest man."

Some years afterward a Farmers' Alliance Convention was held in the town, and one of the delegates, of a sentimental turn, visited the "silent city," and in rambling among the tombs was struck with the inscription: "A lawyer and an honest man."

He was lost in thought, and when run upon by a fellow-hayseed, who, noticing his abstraction, asked if he had found the grave of a dear friend or relative, said:

"No; but I am wondering why they came to bury these two fellows in the same grave." —*Rochester Herald.*

AMONG THE RESORTS.

It is a question whether any manager takes more pride in his hotel than Mr. J. E. O'Brien of the Hotel Brewster, San Diego. And yet he has every reason to be proud of his splendidly equipped house, for it is not too much to say that there is no better in Southern California. The cuisine, appointments, convenient location, good management, all combine to popularize the Brewster among all its patrons. San Diego is fast becoming more of a resort than ever, and the attractions of the environments add much to the desirability of a visit there.

Under the new management of Mr. Jno. S. Matheson, Paraiso Springs has advanced greatly in popular favor this season. It is one of the prettiest spots in the Salinas Valley, and enjoys a most romantic situation at an altitude of nearly a thousand feet above the valley, which naturally renders the atmospheric conditions dry, wholesome and healthful. Extensive improvements have been made; the grounds have been made more attractive, and every thing has been done to make the resort homelike. The soda, sulphur and iron springs are of the best in the world, and have made many remarkable cures of those suffering from skin, blood and stomach troubles. In the efficacy of these waters Paraiso stands far ahead of any other mineral springs in its territory.

Mr. Stuart Kennedy, manager of the Hotel Florence at San Diego, is making extensive preparations for the prospective winter travel in Southern California. He has redecorated and renovated the house throughout, and has made many improvements in the cuisine. A new lawn has been laid out in the court, and a stable has been erected in the rear of the hotel. Together with these improvements, and the general good treatment received at The Florence, it will prove a dangerous rival to the Coronado. A great many people who visit the Coronado Hotel do so more for the purpose of saying that they have been there, and they then look around for desirable quarters for making an extended stay, and in such cases the San Diego hotels generally reap the benefit.

It is now a month since Mr. Campbell T. Hedge assumed the proprietorship of the Hotel Pleasanton, corner Sutter and Jones streets, this city, and thus far the outlook is encouraging. Extensive alterations and improvements have been made throughout the entire big hotel, and during the progress of the work Mr. Hedge has been compelled to turn away a large amount of good custom. This speaks well for the prospects. Now, however, the renovation has been completed, and in a very short time the hotel will be well filled. Mr. Hedge has made many important changes in his corps of employees and otherwise. He has replaced the former waiters, bell-boys, etc., with white men. Mr. Clark, recently of the Hotel Mateo, has been installed as chief clerk. Mr. Wm. Tisdale, formerly of the Arrowhead Springs and Terrace Villa, acts as cashier and book-keeper, and Mr. A. F. Randall of Sydney as night clerk. Mr. Hedge proposes to make the hotel table a feature, and his ability as a caterer needs no introduction to those who have ever partaken of his hospitality.

La Jolla Park Hotel has enjoyed a very lively summer season. All through the heated term has this popular resort been filled to overflowing by people from the interior of the State, anxious to exchange the heat of that portion of the country for the cool sea breezes of the seashore. With the fine fishing, shooting, surf-bathing, etc., by day, and the many pleasant little hops, card parties, etc., in the evenings, combined with its ever matchless climate, La Jolla has won for itself as good a reputation as a summer resort as it has as a winter resort. With the advent of the motor line direct to this place, it is destined to become one of California's most favored watering places.

From a swim in the surf to a slide on the snow—not an empty alliteration, but a summary of what is made possible at the respective ends of an hour's ride in Southern California, with an interval of some moments at Los Angeles to pick oranges and roses *en route* to mountain or sea. And what is this most delectable pathway? The Mount Lowe Railway, which begins at the end of the now misnamed Terminal Railway, leads to the summit of the mountain, whose triple peaks are nearest the sky in that sapphire rim about Pasadena. An electric line runs to Rubio Canyon, with its artistic pavilion set in the midst of rushing waters and thronging trees. A cable ladder up a swift ascent of 1,400 feet carries one to the summit, or to burro connection with the whole ridge. Here, in a retreat transcending Patti's boasted Craig y Nois, one may spend happy days looking off to the ocean, azure dotted by the channel islands, or down upon his fellows in all the cities and hamlets spread as a map at his feet. Here is the crowning achievement of California's resorts, whose register since the first name in June shows the thousands who have seen only to admire, and foreshows the tens of thousands yet to climb the mountain on the cable's "flowery beds of ease."

PARAISO SPRINGS.

Mr. A. C. Bilicke, Proprietor of the Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, writes that his summer business has been exceptionally good, and that he is making preparations for a heavy travel this winter. Many improvements and changes have been made that will add largely to the comforts of his winter guests.

LA GRANDE STATION, LOS ANGELES. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RY.

There are many things that have to be seen to be appreciated. One of them is the California Hotel, San Francisco. The California commenced business here three years ago on an entirely new principle, that is, strictly first class. It was predicted at the outset that San Francisco would not support a hotel conducted in New York style, but experience has proved the contrary. Mr. A. F. Kinzler, the Manager, has worked against almost insurmountable odds, but through his energy and persistency has achieved enviable success, and today the California stands without an equal on this Coast in point of elegant appointments and faultless service. Any one coming to San Francisco who wishes to be known as stopping at "the" hotel will register at the California, and, with all this luxury, the rates are no higher than at other first-class hostelries. "Facts Worth Knowing" is the title of a new illustrated souvenir of the California which Mr. Kinzler will be pleased to mail to any address, without charge, on application.

One of the best family hotels in Los Angeles is the Hotel Westminster. It is centrally located, quiet, orderly, and well conducted, and enjoys a large share of the best tourist trade. Mr. M. M. Potter, the manager, is an indefatigable worker, and not a single point is lost sight of that adds to the pleasure and comfort of his guests.

One of the many charms of a journey over the Union Pacific Railway is the beautiful Multnomah Falls of Oregon, of which a splendid illustration appears in this month's supplement.

Another evidence of the progress and prosperity of Southern California is the completion, not long since, of the new La Grande station of the Southern California Railway, and is another monument to the striking enterprise of the Santa Fe system. The picture accompanying needs no additional description, for the beauty and harmony of its architecture are at once apparent. From this station passengers now make the start for the trip over the celebrated "kite-shaped track," a never-ending source of enjoyment to those who make it. One should as soon miss this charming jaunt as to pass through Buffalo without visiting Niagara.

The resident of San Francisco, to enjoy good health, requires an occasional outing. The winds and fogs of this city are chilling. No matter where a person lives, a change is desirable, and the citizens of this State have a boom in our glorious and varied climate. A few hours' ride in any part of the State affords relief, but no portion possesses this advantage to so great an extent as San Francisco. Within one hour's ride our people can experience a complete change of climate on the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway. At a distance of fifteen miles you reach San Rafael, with its delightful climate and beautiful residences. There is no more inviting spot in California. It is about five hours' ride through the Marin, Sonoma and Sanel valleys to the terminus of the road at Ukiah. Beautiful towns like Petaluma, Santa Rosa and Healdsburg greet the eye, whilst the country *en route*, under a high state of cultivation, blooms like a garden. On either side rise the foothills, and beyond, the mountains. Branches take you to Sonoma and Glen Ellen and Sebastopol, nestling in the Sonoma and Russian River valleys, and Guerneville, the home of the redwoods. For picturesqueness the ride along the Russian River, from Cloverdale to Ukiah, cannot be excelled. At our very doors we have all that is beautiful in Nature and lovely in climate. The management of the road is liberal, and affords an opportunity to all, rich and poor, to seek that change so desirable. Three-day excursion tickets are sold at greatly reduced rates, and on Sunday half rates govern to all points. If you have time, take a rod or a gun for the finest fishing and hunting in the State. A hundred streams alive with trout and other fish are tributary to the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway.

A postal to Mr. J. P. Kirkpatrick, Manager Palace Hotel, San Francisco, will bring you, without charge, a new and elaborate souvenir. An ivory cover, with parchment and plate paper within, beautifully illustrated, forms an elegant album that is well worth the asking.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

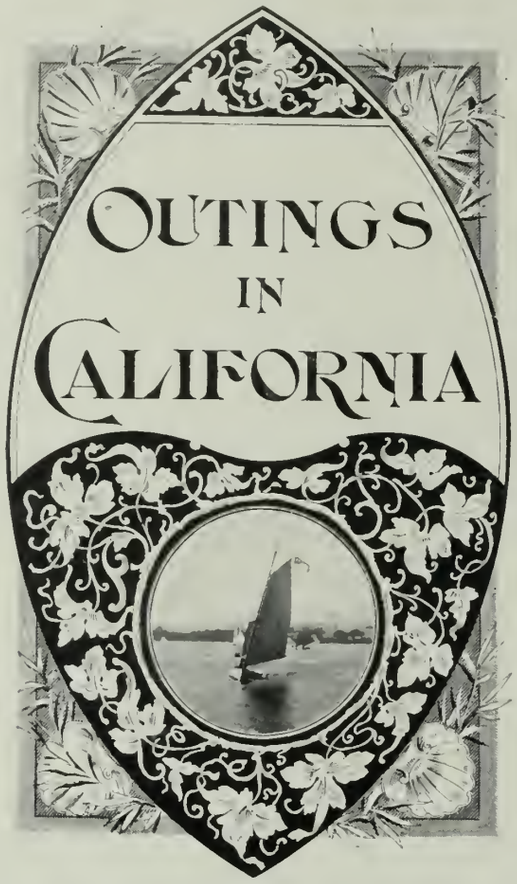
THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Jackson, Denver, photo.

MOSSBRAE FALLS, SACRAMENTO CANYON.



We herewith furnish our readers a few sample pages of our new book

OUTINGS IN CALIFORNIA.

The page to the right hand is one out of sixteen devoted to concise and desirable information of the various springs and other resorts throughout the State; this information which has been received from the proprietors during the present season, is therefore fresh and authoritative.

California is too large a State to be covered in so small a space as this work, yet we have managed to touch briefly upon the salient points of her attractions.

Byron Hot Springs (Byron Hot Springs P. O.), Contra Costa County. L. R. Mead, Proprietor. C. R. Mason, Manager. Distance from San Francisco: rail 68 miles; stage 2 miles Fare $2.40. Two trains daily. Elevation 60 feet. Open all the year. The nearest springs resort to San Francisco. Located in a spur of the Coast Range. San Joaquin River on one side, Mount Diablo on the other. Splendid duck-shooting in winter. Springs are hot, warm and cold, salt, sulphur, iron and magnesia. Hot mud or peat baths. No charge for baths. Accommodations for 150 persons. Rates $15.00 to $18.00 per week. Half rates for children and nurses.

Calistoga Springs, Calistoga, Napa County. A. Badlam, Agent. Distance from San Francisco by rail 73 miles. Fare $2.30. Elevation 500 feet. Open all the year. Situated near the head of the beautiful Napa Valley. Fine mountain surroundings. Quail, grouse, deer and bear. Waters cure rheumatism and cutaneous diseases. Accommodations for 100 persons. Rates $5.00 to $12.00 per week. Cottages for housekeeping to let at all prices.

Campbell Hot Springs, Sierraville, Sierra County. H. Pearce, Proprietor. Distance from San Francisco by rail to Truckee 209 miles; stage 27 miles. Time 16 hours. Fare by rail $8.30; stage $2.50. Elevation 5,000 feet. Daily stage except Sunday. Open all the year. Located in a mountain valley, surrounded by fine scenery; near to good stream and lake fishing; snipe, duck, quail, grouse and deer. Baths free to guests. Waters cure rheumatism, gout, liver and kidney troubles. Accommodations for 75 persons. Rates per week $10.00; per day $2.00. Half rates to children under 12 years.

Capitola, Santa Cruz County. F. Reanier, Manager. Distance from San Francisco by rail 115 miles. Time 4 hours. Rate $2.80; round trip $5.00. Open all the year. Reached by broad or narrow gauge. Situated on the Bay of Monterey, at mouth of Soquel Creek. Surf-bathing and fishing; splendid beach for children; all kinds of amusements. Accommodations for 2,000 persons. Rates $10.00 to $12.00 per week. Half rates for children and nurses.

Carnelian Hot Springs (Carnelian P. O.), Lake Tahoe. Distance via rail to Truckee 209 miles; stage thence 12 miles. Fare by rail $8.30; round trip on stage $3.00. Elevation 6,400 feet. Open from June till September inclusive. The scenic surroundings are exceedingly striking and grand. Located on margin of the lake. Trout-fishing, grouse, deer, doves, etc. Baths free to guests. Accommodations for 60 persons. Rates $10.00 to $12.00 per week; $2.00 per day. No charge for children under 5 years. Rates for families from $7.00 to $10.00 per week.

Cazadero, Sonoma County. Hart, Hart & Hart, Proprietors. Distance from San Francisco by rail 86 miles. Time 5 hours. Fare $2.50. Round trip $3.75. Elevation 200 feet. Open all the year. Scenery mountainous; heavily wooded. Fine streams, large swimming-pool 200 yards from hotel. Trout, bear, deer, hare, quail, dove, etc. Tennis, croquet, billiards, driving and riding Accommodations for 250 persons. Rates $10.00 to $14.00 per week; $2.00 per day. Children under 8 years half rates; from 8 to 14 years three-quarter rates. Nurses $9.00 per week.

And speaking of space, we know the great objection travelers have to carrying around an unwieldy, cumbersome volume, except as a work of reference; we have therefore condensed OUTINGS into a neat pocket size—64 pages of interesting notes of California that would ordinarily have taken 300: we have made our book as compact as possible.

SEND **25 cts.** IN STAMPS.

We realize the importance now-a-days of attractiveness in any printed matter that is expected to "*catch and hold*" the public eye, we have therefore illustrated OUTINGS with nearly fifty exquisite cuts all bearing upon the matter at issue; the book is printed by the best printers with the best of materials, and is reliable, instructive and interesting.

CANYON SCENERY.

Of the canyon scenery in this country Mrs. Jackson says: "Some day, between 1900 and 2000 A. D., when California is at leisure, and has native artists, she will have an artist of canyons, whose life and love and work will be spent in picturing them."

Where they broaden out near the coast, the distinguishing features of their bottom-land foliage is the knarled and twisted oak, and the broad-leafed, wide-spreading sycamore, under whose grateful shadows full-fed cattle and sheep seek their noonday rest. Farther up, where the walls grow higher and more precipitous, they are covered with the velvety chaparral and ceanothus, and along the streams a luxuriant

undergrowth of ferns and flowers, and still farther up, near the place of their birth, their walls are steep, rocky, storm-worn declivities, where only mosses, lichens and hardy vines cling, and eagles build their nests, and every mile of the way has a beauty distinctively its own.

There is a restful stillness in these quiet nooks, unbroken save by the splash of sparkling cascades over rocky walls, the occasional note of the thrush in the high sycamore branches, or the plaintive call of the mourning dove for its lost mate.

The light breezes from the sea turn the scalloped edges of the maple leaves, and go singing on through flower-strewn, vine clinging corridors, fanning the cheek of the angler, brushing the perfume from the azalea and the down from the lilac blossom, and finally, for lack of breath, dying amongst the high solitudes of the crags.

In addition to the matter above mentioned and the two pages to the right and left here portrayed, we have treated upon the following subjects: "In and Around San Francisco," "Game," "California Lakes," "Camping," "Hotels and Their Rates," "Spanish and Indian Names," "Canyon Scenery," "Shasta," "The Sierra Nevada," "Santa Barbara, San Diego and Los Angeles," "Yosemite," "California Streams," "The Photographer's Paradise," "Castle Crags, Etc.," "Stanford University," "Lick Observatory," "The Geysers," "Seaside Resorts," "Paraiso," etc., etc.

ANGLING.

The angler in California can take his choice of 'roughing it' at a mere nominal expense, or luxuriating on 'California Hotel' fare at reasonable prices."

The Coast Range streams are fished early in the season, from April 1st on; and the most accessible angling resorts are located within, say, from thirty to fifty miles of San Francisco. The Pescadero, Butano, San Gregorio, Purissima and La Honda creeks of San Mateo county, the upper San Lorenzo River, Boulder Creek, Dubar, Bear, etc., of Santa Cruz County; the Uvas Llagas, Los Gatos, Smith and Calaveras creeks of Santa Clara County; the Lagunitas of Marin County; Austin and

A M CLOUD RIVER BASKET.

Ward creeks, Gualala and Garcia rivers of Sonoma County,—constitute the chief streams adjacent to the bay.

The angling streams of Northern California are among the best on the Coast. The Sacramento from Redding north, and its many tributaries; Big and Little Castle creeks furnish good sport early in the season; Castle and Picayune lakes, also, say in ordinary years about June, or in late seasons the first half of July; Squaw and Tom Neal creeks, situated about eight miles east of the Tavern of Castle Crag, are favorite fishing grounds from July to October; and McCloud River, into which the last-named creeks flow, has the reputation of being the finest angling stream in America.

FOR SALE (25 Cts.) AT NEWS STANDS AND THE "TRAVELER" OFFICE, 602 MARKET ST., S. F., CAL.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME II. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1893. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Los Angeles Agency, Wm. J. Reeve, 227 W. Second Street.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES $1.25.
SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

THE TRAVELER'S
BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

MOSSBRAE FALLS, the subject of this month's frontispiece, are situated in the canyon of the Sacramento, about three hundred miles north of San Francisco. This romantic spot, we venture to say, has no counterpart anywhere.

The rocky, moss-grown banks and braes, over which these thousand rills fall, are clothed in a foliage of a rich undergrowth. Tall pines skirt the slopes, whose uppermost branches break the sunlight, forming broken rainbow arches across the stream.

THE eccentricities of San Francisco's climate have been made a matter of comment by representatives from all countries.

These comments have been correspondent with the season of the year; the physical or mental condition of the observer; how warmly he was clad; whether he was from the South or the North; from across the ocean, or from the interior; whether he arrived in the brown autum, the humid winter, the glorious springtime, or the cool, breezy summer.

Now, San Francisco being not only the present but most certainly the prospective metropolis of the Pacific Coast, containing at present nearly one-third of the population of California, a city which no intelligent traveler to the Coast would think of omitting, it seems quite natural that its meteorological conditions should be discussed herein.

It has been charged that the climate is capricious; that, while respiration is easy, perspiration is very difficult; that it may be warm and pleasant in the sun, and strangely cool in the shadow; that the summer forenoons are perfectly lovely, and the afternoons distincly otherwise; that the air has a strong saltish flavor; that there is not enough variety in the seasons; that when it rains it pours; that, when other American citizens are panting in linen dusters, a light overcoat is a necessity here, and —

It may be that our citizens have no occasion to go about the streets carrying prodigious bandanas to absorb profuse perspiration. The reason that this very necessary health auxiliary is not apparent is owing to our strong sunlight and anti-humid atmosphere, which conduce to rapid evaporation.

That it is warm in the sun and cool in the shade may be peculiar, but not extraordinary nor objectionable. In all countries where radiation and evaporation are rapid, the contrast in temperature between sunshine and shadow, and between day and night, is great. No country possessing a moist, warm atmosphere, whose soil retains the heat of the sun continuously through the summer season, can boast of this comfortable contrast.

Our summer afternoons are sometimes disagreeable, but not when compared with the sweltering, oppressive heat of other climates. The air is fresh, strong and cool in the summer afternoons, and, we must admit, has a trifle of dust in it, but it is a beautiful dust, and sometimes has gold in it. In consideration of its origin and formation, no one should complain of minute quantities of this very common substance in the air. It has been washed down from the magnificent heights of the Sierra, from Shasta and Lassen and Dana; has been ground out by the furious swirls of the Pitt and the dancing cascades of the Kaweah; has been poured out through the Golden Gate; tumbled and tossed, polished and worn in the cavern-mills of the deep; then washed up by the restless surf, and carried in by the summer breezes. Altogether, it becomes a beauteous thing, and San Franciscans are rather proud of it.

But, when it comes to our summer-afternoon fogs, we must be pardoned for bragging a little.

The Kuro Siwo, or Japanese Current, which washes the coast in its southerly course, maintains an almost uniform annual temperature. Hence, in the warmer season, when the cool air hovering over this current impinges upon the warmer land air, condensation occurs.

Possibly there is no other portion of the world favored with such striking cloud or vapor effects as sometimes appear in the afternoons over the Mission hills at San Francisco and the Sierra Morena Mountains, for ten or fifteen miles to the south, during the summer months. To appreciate these fine effects fully, they must be viewed from a distance, and upon a day of sudden changes, when the condensed vapor comes rolling in from the sea in a huge avalanche, a very Niagara of aerial foam. It steals over the western hills in a ghostly, compact fleece, plunging into the warm valleys, and disappearing in the warm sunlight.

THAT well-known poem, commencing with "The melancholy days have come," was not written in California, but a few of "us older ones" can look back, say a score of years, and recall those "melancholy days," now misty and vague in the far-off retrospective horizon of memory. Grayish-blue, somber and chilly days they were. We watched with a feeling of sadness the colonizing of the summer birds, preparing to flit for warmer climes, leaving the crow and the blue-jay in undisputed possession of the country.

The leaves turned from green to gold and crimson, and then returned to the dust from whence they came; and we recall, with a shiver, the moan of the northeast wind through the naked and desolate forest.

Then the roads became "hubbley" and half frozen, with just enough snow to make it uncertain whether the "going" was better with sled or wagon; and finally the charitable mantle of snow covered the decayed remains of the departed summer; the frost locked up the streams, and sealed the fountains of the lakes; the forests were sear and tenantless, and the hilltops naked and blue. Old Winter had completed his job, and reigned supreme.

Of course, we have been laughed at for California climate-bragging propensities; but, when we compare the season of "the melancholy days" in the East with ours, we do feel like boasting a little.

It is true we have a leaf-falling season, but the trees have hardly bared their limbs ere the hillsides are decked in the gay colors of spring.

It rains! yes, gloriously; and when it gets through it stops. There is no half-way work about it. There are very few drizzly, wretched, neither-one-thing-nor-the-other days with us; and, when it ceases to rain, evaporation is so rapid that muddy streets and highways do not exist but for a few hours. Between these rainstorms there are weeks and weeks of "utterly splendid" weather; and, about the time the "January thaw" is making things slushy and mushy in "the East," our cattle are wading knee-deep in the meadow clover.

RUBIO CANYON.

(In the Sierra Madre Mountains, on the line of the Mount Lowe Railway.)

Written for THE TRAVELER.

In Rubio the shadows fall
In soft half lights and tender shade,
And mating birds do softly call
From every shadowy, sleepy glade.
The sun bestows his genial smiles;
His fierceness melts to tender wiles;
With witching glance and softened glow
The sun god wooes fair Rubio.

Sierra's lofty, snow-capped peaks
Majestic rise to pierce the sky;
And hist! the merry wind-sprite speaks
As through the glen he passes by.
The rustling leaves he sets asway,
And tender music marks his way,
As sighing, singing, whispering low,
The wind-sprite wooes fair Rubio.

From out the heart of Rubio
The water leaps and winds its way
Through rocky chasms, whispering low,
Like happy children in their play.
And leaping, laughing, mad with joy,
The spirit of the falls, though coy,
From dizzy heights doth haste below
To boldly woo fair Rubio.

Hush! do not break with ruthless haste
The spell that o'er the spot is cast;
With all things pure and sweet and chaste,
I would it might forever last.
Oh, sylvan glade! oh, glad retreat!
Oh, vale of visions passing sweet!
Thy wild charm full well I know—
And I, too, woo fair Rubio.

—*Elizabeth A. Voie.*

THE BATTLE OF CASTLE CRAGS.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

PART III.

HERE are those who care to read of savage incidents in these border battles, but such things should be left to obscurity, and I shall set down but two here.

The first of these was the treatment of the dead Modoc chief, Docas Dalla, by the chief of our Indian allies. When the body was dragged before him, where he stood in the heat and rage of battle directing his men, he threw off his robe, and, nearly naked, leaped on the naked body (for it had already been stripped and scalped), and there danced and yelled as no fiend of the infernal regions could have danced and yelled. He called his fallen foe by name, and mocked and laughed, and leaped up and down on the dead till the body was slippery with blood which gushed from its wounds, and he could no longer keep his footing. Yet after all it was only the old Greek and Trojan rage,—the story of Homer in another form of expression: and Castle Crag was Troy above the clouds.

One more incident, as described to me by the son of this same furious chief on revisiting the battle-ground: This son of the chief was but a lad at the time, and so was left by his father with two Indians and a few white men, who were too lame and worn out to rush into the fight, in charge of the blankets, supplies and so forth. They were left in the little depression or dimple in the saddle of the mountain a few hundred feet above and to the south of Crook's or Castle Lake, and in the Modoc pass or trail.

When Gibson forced the fighting as night came on, the hostiles separated, some going down the gorge as if to reach their stores of arrows in the caves of Battle Rock (for their supply must have been well nigh spent by this time), while others stole off up the old Modoc trail that winds up above and around the lake, and in which the son of the chief and other Indians, as well as some whites, lay concealed. And here in this dimple on the great granite backbone that heaves above and about the lake, here above the clouds, amid drifts and banks and avalanches of everlasting snow, the wounded fugitives, with empty quivers and leaving a red path as they crawled or crept on and up over the banks and drifts of snow, were met by their mortal enemies face to face.

If you will stand here facing Battle Rock to the south, and with your back to the lake, which lies only a few hundred feet to the rear, though far below, you will see how impossible it was for the wounded savages to escape down the rugged crags to the left, or up and over the crescent of snow to the right. They could not turn back; they could not turn to the left nor to the right; and so they kept on. Two of them got through and over the ridge and onto the steep slope of snow, and slid down almost to the lake, where they lay for a few moments concealed in the tall grass. But their relentless red enemies followed their crimson trail, found and tomahawked and scalped them where they lay, and threw their bodies into the lake.

Like all decisive battles with swift-footed savages, this one covered a large field. The fighting, or at least the dead, and the blood on the rocks and snow, reached from the south shore of Crook's Lake to the north base of Battle Rock. The cross cut in the white spruce tree by the hand that writes this, and not far from the northernmost bank of the lake, may be set down as the outer edge of the battle-ground in that direction.

You will find small stone cairns set up here and there on heads of granite rocks that break above the snow. It is the custom for an Indian, when passing the scene of some great disaster, especially if alone, to place in a conspicuous position a stone by the way in memory of his dead. He never rears his monument at one time, as does the white man. He places but one stone, often a very small one, and leaves the rest to time and to other hands.

Mountain Joe, Jameson (now of Port Gamble, Washington) and others have published accounts of this fight, so that I must say no more. But I will add Captain Gibson's story of it from his own trembling hand:

1. WINTUN CRAGS. 2. SODA CREEK.
3. TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAG. 4. THE UMBRELLA PLANT.
5. THE CRAGS FROM THE RIVER.

A. H. Green photo.

GIBSON'S SWITCH, Sacramento River, July 25, 1893.

In the year 1855, there being a great rush of miners here, the Sacramento River and other streams became muddy and thereby obstructing the run of fish. The Indians became very indignant on account of it stopping the run of fish, which was their principal living. They commenced making preparations for hostilities by getting into strongholds, the principal one being the Castle Crags. Captain Crook came to the east fork of the Trinity about twelve miles from here with a company of regulars, and went out to Castle Crags with a view to break up the band, but failed to engage them.

I sent him a letter telling him that the way I was situated, so that, by raising some men, I could destroy them. His answer was to do so, which I did. We had a severe fight,—some men killed and a number wounded. We also found that the arrows were Modoc arrows, also amongst the dead two Modoc chiefs. I sent word of the battle to Captain Crook, and he gave it his hearty approval and thanked me.

We had and have every reason to believe that the Indians intended to consolidate and make a general outbreak, as the Modocs did soon after do; and there is no doubt but they would have done it had it not been for that battle as aforesaid at Castle Crags. Captain Crook was afterward a famous Indian fighter, General Crook. I was enabled to reach these Indians, which Crook could not, through my father-in-law, Wielputus, the chief of the Shastas. We took twenty-nine of his men with us.

R. P. GIBSON.

This, you note, is of recent date. It is, in fact, a dying man's last utterance. Finding himself near the edge, he called on the survivors to meet him once more on the old battle-field on the thirty-eighth anniversary. The mayor of Oregon City answered, answered from the cemetery there for Mountain Joe. Major Dribelbies, the old sheriff of Shasta, is buried in Oregon. Ike Hare, his associate, lies buried within a stone's throw of Castle Crag Tavern. Years after the battle, when we met in the north, and when the new country was organized, the Shasta men there who had known us of old, in their loyalty and in memory of our battle days, made one of us a judge, one of us a sheriff, and one of us a senator.

Gibson and I went on the battle-ground alone at this last roll call, for only Jameson beside survives, and he is very ill. We marked with a Greek cross on a white spruce tree the spot where we had rested above and beyond the lake, and then followed the line of stone mounds or cairns to the south and above the lake, past the lesser lake in the saddle of the ridge that divides the waters of Castle Lake from those of Castle Creek. The battle was fought directly under the highest crag in the northwest corner of the great Castle, although on the other side of little Castle Creek. This battle-rock is conspicuous above all other spires or rocks of Castle Crags for hours on the way around the spurs of Mount Shasta to the north.

Fires have swept the country here time and again since the Indians perished, and it is not nearly so well wooded as of old. Castle Lake, probably from this devastation, is not half so broad and deep as when we first found it hidden in its dense banks of verdure. We thought ourselves the first white men to look down into Castle Lake; but General Crook, with whom I served a year later as interpreter at old Fort Crook, east of Mount Shasta, told me that he had pursued the Modocs to that point, and had set up a small mound of white marble stones near there. So that it is Crook's Lake.

Wintun Nancy is about the only surviving member of her tribe. She has her home under the shadows of the crags not far from Castella. She is old and industrious, and is about the only authority now left on Indian habits and customs.

HIGHEST IN NORTH AMERICA.

The much vexed and much disputed question of the loftiest mountain on the North American continent has at last been settled. John Partridge, Secretary of the Geographical Society of the Pacific, has received a letter from the Chief of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C., stating that Mount Orizaba in Mexico is the highest.

Mount St. Elias, Alaska, has for many years been so considered, but Orizaba has been proved to be higher by 299 feet. The exact figures are: Mount Orizaba, 18,314 feet; Mount St. Elias, 18,015.

These figures are authentic, and doubtless it will interest every one that the question has been settled.

THE CALIFORNIA NAVY YARD.

RUTHELLA SCHULTZ BOLLARD.

ALWAYS excepting Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States, who are not, as would appear, particularly interested in the national establishments of the Pacific Coast, it may be assumed that the majority of tourists visiting California include in their plans a trip to the navy yard: the foreigner as a matter of curiosity, more or less critical; the United Stateser as a matter of mingled pleasure and patriotism.

Arrived in San Francisco, however, the traveler finds that he cannot, as in Brooklyn, Boston and Norfolk, reach the naval station by means of street-car or omnibus lines. He learns that the San Francisco Navy Yard is located somewhere in the indefinite distance, and that to visit it will involve something in the nature of an excursion.

So much the better, then. He will but see the more of California. Excursions are in order; and the tourist, especially if he be one of a party, will hail with satisfaction the prospect of a day so pleasantly and profitably spent.

But where is the navy yard?

A tour of inquiry would serve to inform him. But why so much trouble? The newspaper will answer! Will it? In vain he scans its columns.

Upon inquiry he learns, or perhaps he vaguely remembers, that the navy yard is situated on Mare Island, at the extreme northern end of the bay, and is reached from the town of Vallejo.

With this clue, to the newspaper again. But his confidence proves not wholly justified, for the railroad officials evidently expect the traveler to be thoroughly posted on the geography of their several routes.

A glance at their schedule convinces him that the only train for Vallejo leaves San Francisco at four P. M. How is he to know that the half-past seven A. M. train must go first to Vallejo in order to reach Napa and Calistoga? What power of divination is to assure him that the nine A. M. train, credited to Stockton and Milton, regularly makes connection with Vallejo?

If, however, he be uncanny-shrewd, he may hit upon the brilliant discovery that the route of the half-past seven A. M. train is identical with that of the four P. M., which includes Vallejo, in which case he confidently takes the early train, spends his day delightfully, and returns to the city in time for his seven-o'clock dinner.

If the Southern Pacific's time-table could be so amended as to read, where needful, "*To Vallejo and Mare Island*," the tourist might often be encouraged rather than deterred in the design to visit our naval reservation.

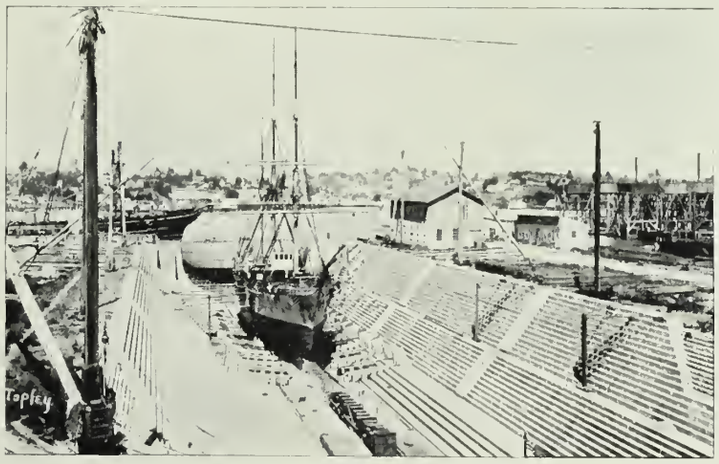
THE MONTEREY.

Having started on their excursion from the foot of Market Street at half-past seven in the morning, our tourists, if wisely they determine to enjoy every mile of the way, are awake to the pleasures of the trip across the bay. The imagination can picture no scene more dreamily beautiful than that spread before the ferry passenger at this delicious hour of the California autumn or midwinter day.

By eight o'clock the travelers are on the train, speeding north-eastward along the shore line of San Francisco Bay. Oakland and Berkeley passed, the view of the water continues for the most part unobstructed. Now and then a group of red-shirted clam diggers affords picturesque variety to the foreground. Further out are the fishermen in their boats. Beyond is a schooner mirrored in the waves. A steamboat walks the water like a thing of life. Great ships go to and from the Golden Gate. Towns and villages dot the farther shore, and behind them rise the hills. The mountains frame the scene in their dim, gray grandeur, the tender blue of a cloudless sky overspanning all.

Meanwhile the train speeds past an occasional hamlet, until Vallejo Junction is reached. Here passengers bound for Vallejo, Napa and points beyond board the steamer *Amador* to enjoy a twenty-minutes' sail across that arm of San Francisco Bay known as San Pablo.

Putting off from the Contra Costa shore, the party has a view of Carquinez Straits and the little town of Benicia at its head. The most conspicuous object on the nearer shore of the strait is the great Starr Flouring Mill, said to be the largest in the world, its wharves generally crowded with shipping. The mill, the Selby Smelting Works, the Nevada Dock and the Contra Costa Lumber Yard have called into existence the hamlets of Crockett, Valona and Selby's, which climb the hills adjacent.



THE ALERT IN THE DRY DOCK.

Our tourists now seek the *Amador's* forward deck, and scan with interest the scene before them. Picturesque Vallejo first attracts the eye, but Mare Island soon claims their undivided attention.

The view on the following page of the Mare Island Lighthouse conveys but a faint idea of the romantic beauty of the spot, which first meets the eye of the traveler. At sight of it, for many a year will the tourist be regaled with the story of the heroic deed of one of its inmates, that of the young girl who was among the first to minister to the wounded and dying, while the shells were bursting around her, on the occasion of the memorable magazine explosion of July 13, 1892.

The steamer having touched at South Vallejo, where passengers for Napa, Santa Rosa and Calistoga again take the train, the Mare Island Magazine is passed; and a few moments full of fascination bring the party to the Vallejo wharf, where passage is taken on the ferry-boat *Ellen* for Mare Island.

After a two minutes' trip they land at the "gate," and are furnished by the gatekeeper with a pass-card, or permit, setting forth such regulations as would be required of a visitor in any place of business.

This formality over, their attention is divided between the magnificent new cruiser, the *Monterey*, on one side of the gate, and the unfinished monitor *Monadnock* on the other.

The sign "No Admittance" warns to keep aloof from the latter, but the snowy cloud streaming from the great funnel of the *Monterey* seems to wave them welcome.

Eager to see the giant warship, they hasten on board, where they are not only impressed with the perfection

THE MOHICAN.

of detail in every particular of construction and finish, her mighty engines, formidable armament and seemingly impenetrable armor, but also with the kind attention shown them by the "officer of the deck."

The *Albatross*, in the service of the United States Fish Commission, lately returned from her deep-sea explorations in Alaskan waters, is next visited, and her museum of marine curiosities inspected.

Lack of time forbids further visiting among the ships, and the travelers content themselves with viewing at a distance the various vessels as they are pointed out.

They see the "old" *Hartford* still lying like a dilapidated Noah's Ark in Mare Island's Rotten Row, and are told that she is soon to be restored to far more than her original beauty and efficiency—a prospect deeply to be deplored; for, alas! she will never again be the *Hartford* of glorious memory.

Yonder, in the immense stone dry dock, they see the *Alert*, lately returned from China; there the *Ranger*, just back from patrol duty in Behring Sea, as are also the *Mohican*, the *Rush*, the *Bear* and the *Lancaster*. There, too, is the lighthouse tender *Manzanita*, waiting her turn, like most of the others, for repairs.

More hungry now than curious, our tourists return the pass-card to the gatekeeper, and go aboard the *Ellen* to await her noon trip to Vallejo. A communicative fellow-passenger beguiles the moments with some items of information concerning the town.

Vallejo, they learn, is strictly a navy-yard dependency, having no agricultural backing to speak of, and but little independent business.

To see the water dotted with row-boats taking workmen across to town, and the *Ellen* carrying some hundreds of men to their dinner, and to be told that still other hundreds eat their lunch in the shop where they work, all impress the tourists with the idea that, on the whole, a navy yard is a fairly good dependence.

At one o'clock they again land at the gate, and again receiving their permit start out anew on their tour of inspection.

Whatsoever the case may be at the United States army posts and other naval stations, it is the fact that at the Mare Island Navy Yard the stranger within the gates must find his way around as best he can, and gather his information as best he may.

The business man, the manufacturer, the rancher, however pressing his work, can always spare an intelligent employee to pilot the visitor around his establishment, and to supply desired information.

But the man of business, the manufacturer and the rancher undertake a journey to see some well-manned portion of the public domain, and must wander about with the embarrassed air of a possible trespasser, depending on his unaided intelligence for the right understanding of all that he sees.

The "tongue in his head" serves him but little, as he meets few or none whom he cares to address.

Until such time as Uncle Sam shall see fit to direct that, at least, an "orderly" be detailed on occasion to escort visitors, the excursionist to the naval station will do well to put himself under the guidance of some one familiar with the island. A letter of introduction to an officer at the station will serve the purpose equally well.

The first object that claims our tourists' attention after passing the gate is the great stone dry dock near by. It cost the Government several million dollars, took twenty years to construct, and is the largest in the United States.

The workshops and forges are, in the estimation of many, among the most interesting objects at the navy yard. Others, preferring to put the work-a-day world out of sight and out of mind, pass on to the office building, and take a look at the lyceum, stored with curios, books and periodicals. Thence our excursionists saunter past the officers' quarters, a line of plain though dignified looking brick houses, surrounded by well-kept flower-gardens: then on through a shady avenue to the Marine Barracks, where men are in training for war, if need be, charged meanwhile with the police and fire service, sentry and other duties incident to the safe-keeping of the entire navy yard. The barracks constitute a complete community, where "heaven's first law" is held supreme. Nothing less than a paper devoted to the subject could furnish a fair idea of the habitat, the personnel, the duties and the mode of life of the Marine Corps in barracks.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The stables and the stable-keepers' pretty cottages beguile the way to the Marine Hospital, whose beautiful surroundings and stately buildings comport well with the high character of its service.

There now remains time before the four o'clock ferry returns them to the *Almador* for our tourists to visit the receiving ship *Independence*, where the sailors, like the marines in their barracks, have home and training until detailed for duty on shipboard.

The historic old ship has a peculiar fascination for visitors; and if they be so fortunate as to have a look at the captain's quarters (where my lady has her bower), the young ladies of the party will vow to marry the first captain of the United States Navy who offers himself and his brass buttons for her acceptance.

ANGLING OUTINGS.

PROF. C. H. ALLEN.

One inexperienced in California rivers would find it hard to believe, while wending up along the dry bed of the San Gabriel River, that its upper waters abound in large and gamy trout. Yet this is the case. At different times I have made three trips up the canyon, and each time found a fisherman's paradise.

This outing shall be one of these trips. My good friend, Judge B., drove around to the door at about 9:30 A. M., and the drive from Los Angeles to Azusa, near the mouth of the canyon, was a delight behind his willing team. Our companion, for there was a third fisherman along, had his breech-loader, and in the sagebrush plats between the orange groves we bagged a few quail for supper.

We arrived at our halting place in good season, and the Judge negotiated for the burros to be used, as this time we concluded to go miner fashion. The trip up the stream was one never to be forgotten. The yuccas were in full blossom on the hillsides, towering up from ten to twenty feet, with sometimes hundreds of clear white blossoms, looking when the light was faint like sheeted ghosts. First we struck a "bee ranch," running up on a little side stream, where the white sap abounds. From this is made the very finest "pure orange blossom" honey. Ever and anon a small placer claim was crossed, where the miner, with pick, shovel, wheelbarrow and rocker, was making good wages in his solitary life.

At about five o'clock we reached what was to be our camping place. A commodious hut, the sides made of yucca stems cut to the right length, and looking very inviting, was to be our headquarters. As we unsaddled I strung up my rod, and prepared to test the stream and get some trout for supper. The one lonely inhabitant, after watching the operation a few moments, said, "Where you goin' to git your bait?" On my replying that I used no bait, he laughed, and said, "You cain't ketch trout here without bait. I'll dig some bait and go and ketch a few for supper." So he got out his alder pole—you couldn't call it a rod—and started out down stream. I put on my cast and went up. I knew it was red-ant time, and put on two, with a royal coachman for the drop. The first pool I struck yielded eight, twice two at a cast. This was doing well, and in forty minutes I was back with a couple of dozen good trout—all we needed. An hour later our host came in with ten, saying, "They don't bite well today." He curiously examined my flies, and allowed that it was a "derned fool of a trout that would bite them things, anyway."

The Judge proved a good angler, and the third man of the party did good work, but preferred bait.

A RIDE OVER THE COAST LINE.

Y. H. ADDIS.

The passengers usually smile the smile of indulgent superiority when the driver of the coach "over the mountains" assures them that up the road a bit, nearly at the summit, they can look straight down the full length of State Street and to the wharf's end at Santa Barbara. But their scoffing turns to surprise when, from the point which is practically the head of the San Marcos Pass, at an altitude of some 2,240 feet above sea-level, they do look back and see, many miles away, but seemingly only just beyond a stone's throw, the broad white line of the bituminous rock thoroughfare, "head on" to the gazer, bisecting the bird's-eye view of Santa Barbara, spread like a colored map beneath them.

MARINE BARRACKS.

The Gaviota Pass is a picturesque way, but perhaps the more interesting is this, truly a "Cornice Road," that skirts the mountain shoulders, over the same trail that Fremont followed on his memorable trip into this country.

The sense of freedom and exaltation in the splendid far prospect; the excellence of the narrow roadbed; the depth of the gorges beneath, into whose clefts the wayfarer's vision drops; the wild grandeur here and there where vast boulders seem to topple above the road, or a monstrous bronze-hued dike out-cropping takes the semblance of a huge saurian clambering sprawl-wise up a ridge; the beauty and variety of the flora in upland glades and vales; the bold, sharp turn at "Cape Horn,"—these things lend a wonderful charm to this trip. From Cold Springs—the dinner station—on, the road takes a different character. Now it plunges at breakneck-seeming pitch down through woodgrowth distinctively mountainous, then swings through a realm of Titanic rock forms, time and storm-worn to most curious outlines,—"The Turtle," "The Elephant," the "Chinaman's Hat," and others equally realistic in suggestion of their whimsical names,—across wide, grassy glades, stretches of moss-draped oaks, purling rivulets, the noble reaches of the Santa Ynez River, in whose pellucid green pools below I, looking down from the coach as we skirted the edge of the bluff bank above, saw so many and such mighty trout that my arm ached to the waist with the *cacoethes fishendi* in desire to surpass my Matilija record. And, *en passant*, the market at Santa Barbara and elsewhere is supplied with magnificent trout by the many dozens, numbers too abundant to be annexed by methods lawful and sportsmanlike, seeing that they are all purveyed by one man, yclept Currier, who lives near the picturesque Home Station. I made stringent inquiries here anent in Santa Barbara, for the Santa Ynez ought to be a veritable haunt of delight to the devout fisherman, which it will not be if this wholesale devastation be allowed to continue.

The little towns of Los Olivos and Santa Ynez are of ideal rural beauty in their rich, peaceful setting of agricultural gold. Much of the legend and story of "the old days" is to be unearthed here. This section has not had its due meed of attention from student of history and the picturesque. And Los Olivos boasts the most attractive little country hotel south of San Francisco. Further, I would say, harking back to the stage-ride, happy the man, and still more the woman, who from Cold Springs to Los Olivos can sit beside "Tom,"—prince of stage drivers, keen, shrewd, observant, genial, kindly.

The cars of the Pacific Coast Railway do not insult the traveler. They are not black with grease and grime, but cleanly, comfortable, sightly. Though the section traversed by this line now and then "breaks out in spots" specifically Californian in aspect, it mostly might trick one into fancied presence in the Middle-Western States: the style of buildings and fences, their air of long occupation, a certain calm, almost somnolency, not quite in tune with the snap and stir of most California localities: ay, even somewhat in the way, the hills roll, and that the trees cluster is different, is novel, in this State.

But rich! How badly some of those enormous tracts need subdividing! And how soon it will befall them! For the younger generations of Hispano-Americanos prefer plentiful pocket money to land poverty. And then subdivision and transportation facilities are going to settle up this fertile and opulent soil with hundreds, thousands, of smallish farmers, fruit-growers, vineyardists, producers, who will make one long garden of lands long given over to use for inferior stock breeding only. Already vines and trees, wide sweeps of wheat fields and acres of succulent beans are snugly oasised there and thereabouts.

Few parts of California have better or more substantial resources than the county of San Luis Obispo. Comparative inaccessibility has retarded its development and its portraying to the outside world; but now a new order of things is coming to pass. With the completion of the tunnel through the Santa Margarita Mountains this section will be on the direct transcontinental line from San Francisco via Los Angeles.

In San Luis, the town, still nestle the scions of this generation of many of the native families who made history half a century ago. But the story of those deeds, with much more of the charm of the town of Saint Louis the Bishop, must stand over for more spacious treatment.

FREIGHTING ON THE MOJAVE DESERT.

FREDERICK I. MONSEN.

Before the advent of a railroad into new territory, with its facilities for quick and cheap transportation of the crude products of the region, freighting by team formed one of the most important and interesting features. But with the inroad of the "iron horse" the typical figure, the frontier teamster, with his big team of mules and heavy wagons, as well as his more jaunty and picturesque brother, the stage driver, perched on the top of his dusty old coach, surrounded by a glamour of romance, passes away forever.

The writer has seen big logging teams in Washington and Oregon, freighting ore in Montana and Idaho, but not until he arrived at Daggett, a station on the Atlantic & Pacific Railway, had he seen anything like the immense wagons and big teams in use there for the freighting of borax.

When, in 1883, the Pacific Coast Borax Company erected works in Death Valley for the manufacture of borax, its transportation to Mojave on the Southern Pacific Railroad was a matter of serious consideration, not only on account of the distance, 165 miles, but also on account of the character of the country through which the road would have to pass: a desert, cut up and broken by numerous mountain chains, through yielding sand, over lava beds and granite ridges; with a scarcity of water and a terrific heat, and not a single human habitation over the entire distance. It was enough to make even a desert man hesitate. Wagons had to be built adequate for the rough roads and heavy loads to be carried; stations established at certain intervals; the few springs found on the way cleaned out and enlarged; and all this in an atmosphere where the mercury often registered 127 degrees in the shade was evolved with great labor and expense.

ROUNDING THE CURVE.

The wagons for this business were constructed at Mojave under the direction of Mr. J. W. S. Perry, Superintendent of the borax company, and from him I procured the following data:

The hind wheels are seven and the front five feet in diameter; the tires are eight inches broad and one inch thick, and the axles are three and one-half inches thick, of solid steel. The hubs are eighteen inches in diameter and twenty-two inches long. The spokes are five and one-half inches wide at the butt, and four inches at the point. The wagon-bed is sixteen feet long, four feet wide, and the box six feet deep. Each wagon weighs 7,800 pounds, and cost $900. Fully loaded, two of these wagons carry 45,000 pounds, or more than the capacity of an ordinary freight car. So solidly were these wagons constructed that ten years of constant use has not affected them. Mr. Perry assures me that they have not had a break-down in all that time. Two such wagons are coupled, and behind is added a tank-wagon containing 500 gallons of water. This constitutes a load.

UNLOADING.

The motive power is a team of twenty mules. The mules are harnessed up in pairs, and from the bridle of the nigh leader a long rope runs through the fair leaders on each mule to the driver. This rope is called the "jerk-line," and with it the team is handled as effectively as a truck driver handles his team of four horses.

For five years freighting was carried on successfully between Death Valley and Mojave, till borax was discovered in the Calico Mountains, near Daggett. Then the works in Death Valley shut down. From the borate mine in the Calico Mountains to Daggett, a distance of ten miles, borax is freighted in the same manner as from Death Valley to Mojave, two of the same wagons being used.

It is a most interesting sight to see the big team coming into Daggett with a load of borax. Far away on the desert we can see the white cloud of dust as it approaches slowly toward us over the white soda lake. In an hour or so they cross the dry bed of the Mojave River just beyond the town, and are soon making the turn to reach the big scales, when all the mules pull together. As they reach the short part of the curve span after span jump over the long chain, and pull away at a tangent that the big wagons may be hauled around.

FREIGHT TEAM LEAVING DAGGETT.

F. I. Monsen photos.

A few words about the teamsters and their helpers, called swampers on the desert, may prove interesting. Their vocation is an arduous as well as a dangerous one. Many days, and sometimes weeks, away from the settlements, subjected to the terrible heat, bad water and intense solitude of the desert, they become, to a certain extent, monomaniacs.

When freighting was in operation between Death Valley and Mojave the management often experienced the greatest difficulty in keeping the trains moving regularly, as the teamsters and swampers, after a fifteen days' journey over the parched and desolate desert, were wont to imbibe rather freely of frontier whisky, found at the numerous saloons, which then constituted two-thirds of the town of Mojave.

When the time for starting came the teamsters generally got into the wagon-box, lay down and went to sleep; while the swamper handled the jerk-line—if he was able; if not, he started up the big team, tied the jerk-line to the brake, and turned in with the teamster.

Sometimes whisky and the heat proved too much even for these sons of the desert, and some of the lonely and forgotten graves passed on the trail bespeak their fate. A lonely grave near the Armargosa holds the body of a teamster who was murdered by his swamper in a fit of temporary insanity—a tragedy enacted by an overwrought brain, which could not stand the strain of the terrible heat and hardships.

The swamper's duties are multifarious. He handles the brake of the rear wagon, gathers brush for the camp-fire, cooks the meals, and assists generally with the big team.

LOADING UP.

In going up a heavy grade he jumps down from his seat, gathers an armful of rocks and hurls them at any of the mules that show a disposition to shirk their share of the work. This is accompanied by a flow of profane and demonstrative epithets so continuous and forcible that the mules buckle down to work and pull with all their strength.

A man cannot be a good Christian and a teamster at the same time. The opportunities for breaking the second commandment are too numerous; and, unless there is some special clause exempting these people for breaking this commandment, I am afraid their punishment will be of such a purgatorial character that a Death Valley sandstorm during the month of July may be likened to a gentle spring zephyr. But, if this be the punishment for the teamsters and swampers, how will the mules fare? They certainly are the cause of it all. The men are reckless and devil-may-care, but thoroughly good-hearted withal. Service on the desert will warp the sensibilities and change the temperament of the most stoical.

ROMANCE OF A CHURCH BELL.

J. M. SCANLAND.

OBSERVANT visitors to Los Angeles notice a belfry of peculiar architectural style surmounting the old pueblo church opposite the plaza. This moresque design contains four bells, and there is a "story behind" one of them. It is not the old story that is told of every mission bell in California, to the effect that it was made of golden trinkets contributed by the lady devotees of Spain, but is of a romantic turn. That story would not fit well either, because this is not a mission church. Los Angeles never had a mission, as superficial writers seem to think.

Away back in the early times this church, rich in the long name of "Los Felis de esta Parroguia a la Reina de Los Angeles," had only one bell, and that was borrowed. The bell of this story, which now hangs in the belfry, and is the largest of the four, is a "forced contribution,"—a penance for an elopement. This occurred in 1826. In those days such an episode created a sensation; and, as this was the elopement of a "Yankee" and a Spanish senorita, it was doubly interesting.

The leading characters in this romantic affair were H. D. Fitch and Don Josefa, the latter a beautiful daughter of Senor Joaquin Carillo of San Diego. The Carillos were a family of high birth and distinction in Spain, and the several brothers were men of importance in the government of California, one of them representing the State in the Mexican Congress.

Fitch was an Americano adventurer, and had changed his name to that of Enrique Domingo Fitch in order to curry favor with the Spanish family into whose favors he had mysteriously ingratiated himself. In those days Americanos and all foreigners were regarded with suspicion, and even with distrust, by the Spaniards and the Mexicans.

There is also an underplot to the story, in which the Governor, Echeandia, figures as the heavy villain, with the removal of the territorial capital as a side issue.

Jose Maria Echeandia came to San Diego in the latter part of 1825 as Governor of California. He seems to have been impressed with that Indian village of "bay and climate;" and, instead of proceeding to Monterey, the capital, he made the capital come to him.

He notified the Governor of his arrival from Mexico, and of his appointment, and summoned that despotic official, Arguello, to come to the new capital, and to bring the archives and government with him.

Thus was the capital of the two Californias removed without even a formal sanction of the pobladores.

And the pretty Senorita Josefa was at the bottom of it.

Shortly after his arrival at San Diego, the new Governor, Echeandia, was honored with a formal reception by the "first citizens" in the shape of a *grand ball*, given at the "palace" of Senor Joaquin Carillo. The beauty and fashion of the orient pueblo of Dieguenos were there, and everything went as merry as it was possible.

The "gentle reader" should not mistake a Spanish *grand ball* for a fandango. The former is attended only upon invitation; the latter is something like our masquerade or public balls. Among those present were Governor Echeandia, Dona Josefa, the belle of the ball, and the newly baptized "Don Enrique" Fitch, through whom the bell hangs in the belfry of the plaza church to-day.

Henry Delano Fitch was a Massachusetts Yankee, and was about twenty-seven years of age when he landed at San Diego in 1825 as master of the Mexican brig *Maria Esthes*. This vessel had arrived from Mexico with fifty convicts, sentenced to presidio life in California. At that time Mexico had, it seems, adopted this plan to get rid of her criminals, and to colonize California. How it happened that Fitch was in command of a Mexican vessel, loaded with convicts, is lost in the glamour of the romance that surrounds his marriage.

At this *grand ball*, given in his own honor, Governor Echeandia first met and at once loved the beautiful Dona Josefa, whose eyes were "as black as midnight and as deep as a mountain pool."

The handsome and dashing young Enrique was apparently more captivating in the gentle Josefa's eyes, and in a short while their engagement was announced by the approving parents. The Mexicanized American Enrique was duly baptized by Padre Menendez at the presidial chapel of San Diego, and the marriage was to have taken place on the next day, April 15th.

A few friends assembled that evening at the Carillo "palace," including Ex-Governor Pio Pico, cousin of the expectant bride, Captain Richard Barry, Maximo Berastian, and others. However, there seemed to have been considerable opposition, for, at the moment the bride was about to be given away by her father, Captain Domingo Carillo, uncle of the fair Josefa, appeared and forbade the bans in the name of the Governor. Padre Menendez consequently refused to proceed, and the marriage was declared off, for the time being.

Under a peculiar law at the time, foreigners were prohibited from marrying with Spaniards or Mexicans without permission of the Governor. The Governor's jealousy thus prevented the marriage.

But the Spanish senorita did not faint, nor did she fall upon her mamma's neck and dissolve herself in tears. She was an original thinker, and, while the gallant captain stood as if shipwrecked upon an island, this innocent little maid romantically suggested, "Don Enrique, why don't you carry me off?" This was to him a revelation. During the supper that followed the deferred wedding he communicated his plans to Pio Pico, his next best friend, a cousin of his betrothed.

On the next evening, a "dark and stormy night" of course, the mutual friend, Pio Pico, mounted upon his "trusty steed," like young Lochinvar, took his cousin Josefa upon the saddle, and bore her swiftly away to a craggy nook on the bay, where a boat was in waiting, and also the gallant Don Enrique. They were rowed out to the good ship *Vulture*, when they sailed away, leaving the gossips to do the rest.

It was reported that the fair Josefa had been abducted, and the jealous Governor attempted to intercept the vessel. Captain Fitch had left his own vessel in port, and had taken passage in the *Vulture*, just ready to sail, but which accommodatingly waited a few hours for the eloping lovers. The object of his affection having left, the jealous Governor then removed the capital of the territory back to Monterey.

On arriving at Valparaiso the American and his Spanish bride were married by the curate, P. Orrego.

Time passed, and in about one year Fitch returned to California in command of the *Leonor*, with his wife and infant son. He touched at San Pedro, but, as the Governor had removed the seat of Government, he did not know how he should be received until he reached San Pedro. Here he received a summons from Padre Sanchez at San Gabriel, who was vicar and ecclesiastical judge of the territory, to present himself for trial on the very serious charge of eloping with one of California's fairest daughters. Fitch merely sent the friar his marriage certificate, not necessary for publication in his diocese, but as an evidence of his good faith and marriage.

He then sailed away to Monterey. The friar sent orders for his arrest, with which request the jealous Governor was only too glad to comply. Fitch was placed in the calaboza, and Josefa was "deposited" in Captain Cooper's house. The Spanish were too gallant to imprison women, and they were "deposited" in the house of some respectable citizen, who would become responsible for their appearance when wanted.

The Governor made overtures to the beautiful Josefa, urging that her marriage was illegal, and that she now marry him. A subservient padre acted as go-between, and argued with her that the curate of Valparaiso not being her curate the marriage was null.

All of these arguments and threats had no effect. She merely replied that they would marry again, and thus legalize their child. The now guilty couple were sent to San Pedro on the *Pocahontas*, thence to San Gabriel for trial. Fitch was placed in the dungeon of the mission church, and Josefa was again "deposited" in the house of Eulalia Perez, the good nurse of the village, who recently died at the age of 100 years. The Governor still continued his animosity; and, as the hut of the "good nurse" was near the church, he sought to banish the couple by having Josefa removed to a point where communication could not be so easily obtained. Accordingly she was removed, and again "deposited" in the house of Captain William A. Richardson, who, a few years later, in 1835, built the first house in San Francisco, near the junction of the present Clay and Dupont streets.

The fiscal Palomares, after hearing the particulars of the case, held that Governor Echeandia's action was a usurpation of authority, and an infringement on ecclesiastical authority, declared him "a culprit before God's tribunal," and asked that he be arrested and brought to trial.

Vicar Sanchez also took a similar view, but the news of Echeandia's removal having arrived, during the lengthy trial of Fitch, this step was not taken.

The trial lasted several weeks, and the San Gabriel mission church was daily crowded by the pueblos and rancheros, who were eager to hear the details of the romance. There were no newspapers in those days, and every one had to get his own news.

After considering the voluminous testimony, Vicar Sanchez rendered his decision, in effect holding Fitch to be innocent, yet condemning him to pay a fine. Said the vicar: "The marriage at Valparaiso, though not legitimate, is not null, but valid." He ordered the erring and loving couple to be set at liberty, and required them to appear at church on the following Sunday and receive the sacrament that ought to have preceded the marriage ceremony a year before. He further condemned them, in consideration of the great scandal, "to appear in church on three feast days with lighted candles in their hands, and to hear high mass; also to "recite together for thirty days one-third of the rosary of the Holy Virgin."

The young couple now thought that their punishment was complete, and were about to take up their cross; but the vicar happened to think of the borrowed bell in the belfry of the pueblo church at Los Angeles, which was not a very good one, and so he supplemented his sentence upon Don Enrique as follows: "And, again considering the great scandal which you have caused in this province, I condemn you to give as a penance and reparation a bell of at least fifty pounds in weight for the church at Los Angeles, which barely

has a borrowed one." The penitent couple meekly bowed submission, and leaving the mission church entered upon their penance, and the San Gabriel church trial and scandal was ended.

Don Enrique completed his sentence by presenting the bell in lieu of the "borrowed one;" and for more than half a century it has joined in the chimes that have summoned the faithful to church.

Echeandia was, on his arrival in California in 1825, about forty years of age. He was tall of stature, slight built, well formed, of fair complexion, rather light hair for a Mexican, light eyes, finely educated, and very courteous, affecting the Castilian pronunciation in his speech. He was a colonel of engineers in Mexico before his appointment as Governor. He returned to that city, where he died about twenty-five years ago.

Don Enrique located at San Diego, where he engaged in business. History states that he ejected from his store one R. H. Dana, the amateur sailor, and author of "Two Years Before the Mast." Dana and a few of his messmates were "taking in the adobe town," and during their trip became disorderly.

Fitch is described as tall, inclined to corpulency, frank, cheerful and kind. He died in 1849, and was buried on Presidio Hill, San Diego. His widow and several children then moved to their ranch near Healdsburg.

THE MULE.

A boy was kicked by a mule—so the story goes—and inquired anxiously of his father whether he thought he would be maimed for life, and received for a reply the following: "My son, you will not be quite as handsome as you were, but you will have a great deal more experience."

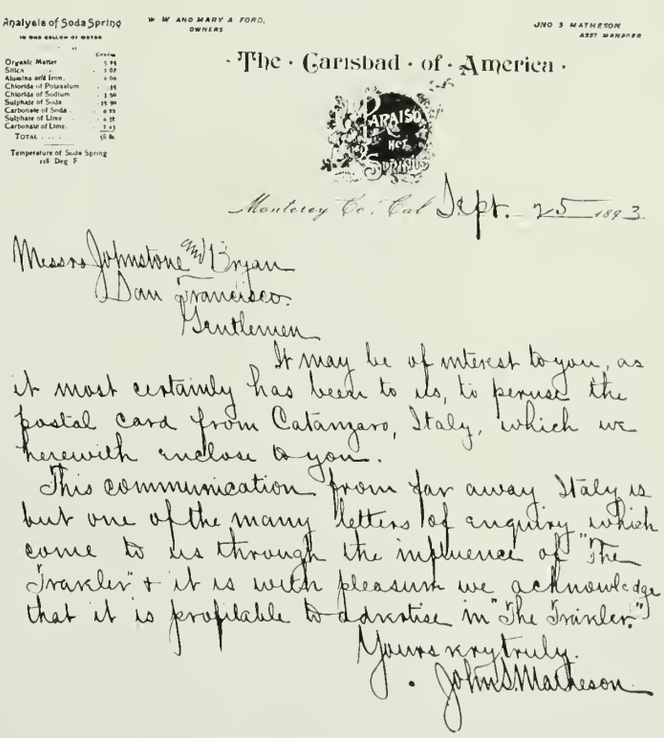
This tough and unemotional creature, the finishing note of whose song is located midway between a whistle and a groan, can stand more abuse than anything under the stars, except, possibly, the man who first runs for an office, or an unowned black and white dog in a country village.

The mule has far more sense than the horse, and he has sometimes a rather vigorous way of impressing this

fact upon you; yet he is not so well loved nor trusted as the latter animal. There are several species of the genus mule, from the Mexican burro to the large quadruped used in the freighting teams. The one that carries the pack-saddle on the mountain trails is of medium size, but can carry immense burdens, and is gifted with an overamount of sagacity.

When it comes right down to hard pulling, endurance, privation and scant food, the mule will wax fat where the horse will starve to death; and the strangest thing about it is the mule never seems much interested in what he is going to get for dinner. He doesn't whinner impatiently or try to bite his neighbors if the grub is not forthcoming as soon as he gets in his stall.

He kicks! yes, we all do that once in awhile; and when he does kick there is no foolishness about it. A mule's kick means business from away back. He is mulish; that is his nature; and he never goes outside of his regular business, which is more than can be said of some men that we know of.



Analysis of Soda Spring
IN ONE GALLON OF WATER

	Grains
Organic Matter	5.95
Silica	1.69
Alumina and Iron	1.60
Chloride of Potassium	.35
Chloride of Sodium	3.50
Sulphate of Soda	35.99
Carbonate of Soda	4.95
Sulphate of Lime	2.32
Carbonate of Lime	7.43
TOTAL	58.86

Temperature of Soda Spring 118 Deg. F

W. W. AND MARY A. FORD, OWNERS

JNO. S. MATHESON ASST. MANAGER

· The · Carlsbad · of · America ·

PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

Monterey Co., Cal. Sept. 25 1893.

Messrs Johnstone and Bryan
San Francisco.
Gentlemen
It may be of interest to you, as it most certainly has been to us, to peruse the postal card from Catanzaro, Italy, which we herewith enclose to you.
This communication from far away Italy is but one of the many letters of enquiry which come to us through the influence of "The Traveler" & it is with pleasure we acknowledge that it is profitable to advertise in "The Traveler."
Yours very truly.
John S. Matheson

4 Sept 93.
John Matheson
manager
Paraiso Spg Hotel
I will be indebted to you kindness if you will forward me the pamphlet illustrating your hotel announced in the "Traveller" of S Francisco
Yours very truly
Margherita De Clementi Thomas
(Italy) Catanzaro

We have no apology to make for publishing the above correspondence: it comes to us altogether unsolicited, and is one of the many fine tributes to our methods of advertising that we receive almost daily. Our motto in advertising is to **catch and hold** the eye of the traveling public; and in order to do this there must be something of value to be talked about.

EXCERPTS FROM EMERSON.

Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river, its channel in the soil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf, their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone. Not a foot steps into the snow or along the ground but prints, in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march.

Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own. The course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral, which knows the way, and has the force to draw men and States and planets to their good.

Such and so potent is this high method by which the Divine Providence sends the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities that I do not think we shall by any perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing.

The rain comes when the wind calls:
The river knows the way to the sea;
Without a pilot it runs and falls,
Blessing all lands with its charity;
The sea tosses and foams to find
Its way up to the cloud and wind.

Steam was, till the other day, the devil which we dreaded.....But the Marquis of Worcester, Watt and Fulton bethought themselves that, where was power was not devil, but was God; that it must be availed of, and not by any means let off and wasted.

Could he lift pots and roofs and houses so handily? He was the workman they were in search of. He could be used to lift away, chain and compel other devils, far more reluctant and dangerous, namely, cubic miles of earth, mountains, weight or resistance of water, machinery and the labors of all men in the world; and time he shall lengthen, and shorten space.

'Tis good to give a stranger a meal or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man. Only as far as the masters of the world have called in Nature to their aid can they reach the height of magnificence.

If we live truly we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

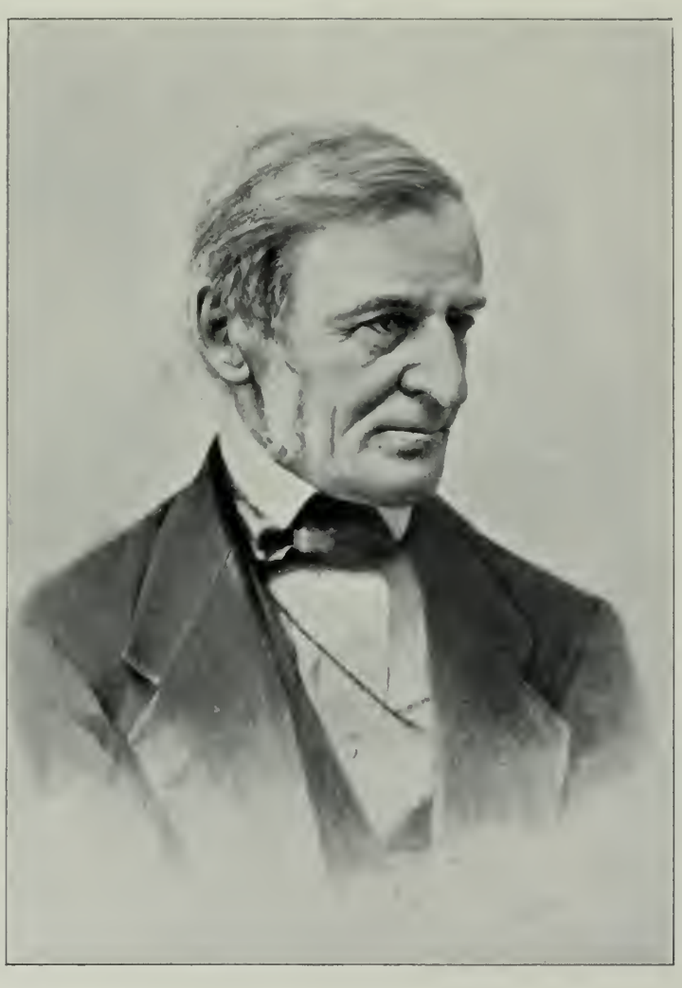
Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, are men of great figure and few of deeds . . . Somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance. The largest part of their power was latent. This is what we call character,—a reserved force which acts directly by presence, and without means . . . The purest literary talent appears at one time great, at another time small, but character is of a stellar and undiminishable greatness.

Our Copernican globe is a great factory or shop of power, with its rotating constellations, times and tides . . . The vat, the piston, the wheels and tires never wear out, but are self-repairing. Is there any load which water cannot lift? If there be, try steam; or if not that, try electricity. Is there any exhausting of these means? Measure by barrels the spending of the brook that runs through your field. Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of Nature. She shows us only surfaces, but she is million fathoms deep.

A great style of hero draws equally all classes, all the extremes of society, till we say the very dogs believe in him . . . Abraham Lincoln is perhaps the most remarkable example of this class that we have seen,—a man who was at home and welcome with the humblest, and with a spirit and a practical vein in the times of terror that commanded the admiration of the wisest. His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

It is long ere we discover how rich we are. Our history, we are sure, is quite tame: we have nothing to write, nothing to infer. But our wiser years still run back to the despised recollections of childhood, and always we are fishing up some wonderful article out of that pond, until, by and by, we begin to suspect that the biography of the one foolish person we know is, in reality, nothing less than the miniature paraphrase of the hundred volumes of the Universal History.

Never was such a leader so endowed and so weaponed; never leader found such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power, of these immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men? It came to no result. All passed away, like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace. He left France smaller, poorer, feebler than he found it; and the whole contest for freedom was to be begun again.



The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

The frost which kills the harvest of a year saves the harvests of a century by destroying the weevil or the locust. Wars, fires, plagues break up immovable routine, clear the ground of rotten races and dens of distemper, and open a fair field to new men. There is a tendency in things to right themselves, and the war or revolution or bankruptcy that shatters a rotten system allows things to take a new and natural order.

The days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and future time. They are majestically dressed, as if every god brought a thread to the skyey web . . . This miracle is hurled into every beggar's hands. The blue sky is a covering for a market, and for the cherubim and seraphim.

Messages
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

Day creeps after day, each full of facts, dull, strange, despised things that we cannot enough despise,—call heavy, prosaic and desert . . . And presently the aroused intellect finds gold and gems in one of these scorned facts, then finds that the day of facts is a rock of diamonds, that a fact is an Epiphany of God.

Poetry teaches the enormous force of a few words, and, in proportion to the inspiration, checks loquacity. It requires that splendor of expression which carries with it the proof of great thoughts. Great thoughts insure musical expressions. Every word should be the right word. The great poets are judged by the frame of mind they induce; and to them, of all men, the severest criticism is due.

And this is the reward: that the ideal shall be real to thee, and the impressions of the actual world shall fall like summer rain, copious, but not troublesome to thy invulnerable essence. Thou shalt have the whole land for thy park and manor, the sea for thy bath, and navigation without tax and without envy; the woods and the rivers thou shalt own; and thou shalt possess that wherein others are only tenants and boarders.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

Nature never hurries: atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting or planting is the manners of Nature,—patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, bad weather, excess or lack of water.

The secret of genius is to suffer no fiction to exist for us; to realize all that we know; in the high refinement of modern life, in arts, in sciences, in books, in men, to exact good faith, reality and a purpose; and first, last, midst and without end, to honor every truth by use.

There is no luck in literary reputation. They who make up the final verdict upon every book are not the partial and noisy readers of the hour when it appears; but a court as of angels, a public not to be bribed, not to be entreated, and not to be overawed, decides upon every man's title to fame. Only those books come down which deserve to last.

GEMS FROM LONGFELLOW.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

Filled is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters that upstart
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage, sun-imbrowned,
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the coloured waters less;
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learnt to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—
Then sleep we side by side.

THE SINGERS.

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said: "I see
No best in kind but in degree.
I gave a various gift to each,—
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

"A soldier of the Union mustered out"
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave.
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions storming the redoubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,

THE GHOSTS.

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial lookout,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.
So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions.
When the first descends the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.

THE BROKEN OAR.

Once upon Iceland's solitary strand
A poet wandered with his book and pen,
Seeking some final word, some sweet amen,
Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand;
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken;
And from the parting cloud-rack now and then
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.
Then by the billows at his feet was tossed
A broken oar; and carved thereon he read,
"Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee."
And, like a man who findeth what was lost,
He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,
And flung his useless pen into the sea.

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.*

What say the Bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbor of Mazatlan?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the shore,—
Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
Are often one and the same,—
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church;
They have tones that touch and search
The hearts of young and old;
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech,
And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,
Of an age that is fading fast,
Of a power austere and grand;
When the flag of Spain unfurled
Its folds o'er this western world,
And the priest was lord of the land.

The chapel that once looked down
On the little seaport town
Has crumbled into the dust;
And on oaken beams below
The bells swing to and fro,
And are green with mould and rust.

"Is, then, the old faith dead,"
They say, "and in its stead
Is some new faith proclaimed,
That we are forced to remain
Naked to sun and rain,
Unsheltered and ashamed?

"Once in our tower aloof
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and our complaints
And round about us there
The white doves filled the air,
Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown
Forgetful of their own?
Are they asleep or dead
That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted?

"Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

"Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their thrones, and the people learn
That the priest is lord of the land!"

O, Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again!
The Past is deaf to your prayer:
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

March 15, 1882.

* The last poem written by Mr. Longfellow.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

The Hotel Westminster, Los Angeles, is about to put in another passenger elevator near the front of the main office, which will prove a great convenience to its guests. The Westminster is a quiet family and tourist hotel, whose chief characteristics are comfort, courteous attention and general good service. It is efficiently managed by Messrs. Potter & Johnson, who are fortunate in an exceptionally good *repertoire* of clerks, Mr. J. H. Bohon being chief clerk, D. A. Morse, night clerk, and Miss M. T. Bennett, the pleasant and obliging book-keeper.

For the first time in several years the Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica, will remain open all winter. Its entire equipment has been replaced throughout by new material, and the pretty grounds are being still more beautified. Mr. Reinhardt, the new manager, will undoubtedly popularize the hotel afresh, and there is no good reason why it should not become one of Southern California's most favorite resorts.

On the evening of October 14th the first full-dress hop of the season was inaugurated at the Hotel Florence, San Diego, and was a most brilliant affair, adding another testimonial to Manager Kennedy's taste and ability. The dancing took place in the large dining hall, which was profusely adorned with palms and festoons of smilax. Delightful selections were rendered by the Klaus Young Lady Orchestra of Utah, being something of an innovation in San Diego musical circles. About fifty young ladies and gentlemen came from Los Angeles in a special car, and shared in the festivities, in which they were joined by a liberal representation of San Diego's best society. The Florence will continue a series of full-dress hops during the coming winter, which will do much to increase the enviable popularity it already enjoys.

Denver is the half-way stopping-place between California and the East, and boasts of one of the finest hotels in the world, the Brown Palace. Its furnishings, equipment and general elegance have made it one of the chief places of interest on the Great Divide. The scenery contiguous to Denver is unsurpassed.

Mr. J. E. O'Brien, Proprietor of the Hotel Brewster, has recently made some extensive improvements throughout the hotel. Not the least important was the completion on October 14th last of a beautiful billiard parlor, occupying the entire space just vacated by the main postoffice. Several thousand dollars have been expended in the enterprise, and by unanimous opinion it is said to be without exception the largest and most elegantly furnished parlors south of San Francisco. Mr. O'Brien has great faith in the future of San Diego, and believes in keeping his popular caravansary well up to its acquired standard.

BRIDAL SUITES AND DINING ROOM, HOTEL BREWSTER.

That delightful caravansary, the Hotel St. Elmo, situated on the west bank of St. John's River at Green Cove Springs, Florida, will shortly be opened to the public for the coming season. No more delightful and romantic spot can be found in all Florida, and the prospects for the season are very bright.

The Rowell Hotel at Riverside is as popular as ever, and, taking everything into consideration, is the most desirable hostelry in the town. It is well kept, and should have a large share of the tourist trade this winter.

Some changes have been made in the personnel of the Hotel Pleasanton, whereby Mr. M. Clark is chief clerk, Mr. A. F. Randall (formerly of Salt Lake), day clerk, and Mr. E. S. de Wolfe, of the Australia Hotel, Sydney, cashier and book-keeper. Much efficiency has also been added to the service through a new corps of white bell-boys from Chicago.

The Tacoma Hotel at Tacoma is the most complete and elegant establishment in that city. Mr. H. C. Bowers is a thorough hotel man, and believes that good treatment of his guests is his most valuable advertisement.

The resort at Cazadero has been unusually popular this season, and the new management has been agreeably surprised at the rush of business. Preparations are being made to entertain the visitors during the Midwinter Fair, and surely no more delightful outing can be selected.

RESIDENCE OF L. R. MEAD, BYRON SPRINGS.

Byron Hot Springs are the most accessible of California health resorts, being but a little over three hours' ride from San Francisco. As a place of rest and recuperation it has no superior. The wonderful tonic effect of the waters and baths, and the sense of quiet and repose that surrounds the visitor, can be appreciated only by those who seek this retreat. Mr. L. R. Mead, Secretary of the well-known Risdon Iron Works, San Francisco, is the sole owner of Byron Springs, and has transformed what was once an uninteresting landscape into a cheery and delightful garden, something after the wonderful artistic handiwork at the Hotel del Monte, so that the health or pleasure seeker has something to gladden the eye as well as to rest and recuperate the mind and body. The accompanying illustration is the private residence of Mr. Mead, and gives a fair idea of the character of the grounds.

The private compartment sleeping-cars on the "North-western Limited" are decided innovations in railway equipment. They commend themselves especially to family parties, to those who wish to obtain more privacy than is obtainable in the ordinary sleeping-car, and to those to whom dainty surroundings are most desirable. Each car is divided into ten inclosed compartments, and each compartment is provided with complete toilet arrangements. The compartments can also be arranged *en suite*, if desired, for the convenience of parties and friends.

The Hotel Crellin, Oakland, is the best family and tourist hotel in that city. Oakland boasts some other first-class hotels, but none of them have the convenience of location, the home comforts and attention, that are enjoyed by the Crellin.

On November 1st that popular resort, the Hotel Terracina at Redlands, will be open to the traveling public. Mr. Campbell T. Hedge retains the proprietorship, and has installed Mr. Wm. Tisdale as manager, and the service will be fully equal to last season. Mr. Hedge has already booked a large number for the opening, and there is every indication of a prosperous season.

Tourists will be pleased to learn that the Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara, opens again this month for the season's business. During the time it has been closed extensive repairs and improvements have been made, and complete arrangements for the additional comfort of guests have been perfected. The Arlington is the only strictly first-class resort in Santa Barbara, and each year that charming city "by semi-tropic seas" becomes more than ever a Mecca for travelers. The most beautiful rides and drives, and the finest swimming in the State, can be found there, and one can profitably and pleasantly spend several weeks at the Arlington during the delightful sunny winter of this region. Mr. C. C. Wheeler will retain the proprietorship of the Arlington, which is at once an indorsement of its splendid service.

One of the most comfortable and pleasant hotels in San Jose is the St. James, under the management of Mr. W. H. S. Beach. The St. James enjoys a central location, and is a popular stopping-place for the large number of tourists who visit the Garden City. It is conducted on first-class principles, and Mr. Beach is untiring in his efforts to administer to the wants and comforts of his guests.

The California Hotel of San Francisco, California, is recognized by the traveling public as absolutely first class in every respect. It has a superb situation; it is positively fire-proof; it is managed strictly on the European plan; and the table service is similar to that of the celebrated hotels in New York. Mr. A. F. Kinzler, the Manager, who formerly acted in the same capacity for the Hotel Brunswick, New York, and later of the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, is fully conversant with the wants and demands of the traveling public, and he knows how to meet them.

On November 1st Proprietor Hedge of the Hotel Pleasanton, San Francisco, will introduce a splendid string orchestra to play in the dining-room during dinner, and on the 16th instant the first full-dress invitation ball will be given at the big hotel.

The Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, is undergoing a system of extensive repairs, alterations and improvements; and Proprietor Hooper still modestly speaks of his popular hotel as "a quiet house, whose chief characteristic is courteous attention."

That indefatigable worker, Mr. F. G. Barry, Proprietor of *The Tourist* and *The News Series*, proposes to add yet another paper to his repertoire, to be called *The Adirondack News*. If ever man earned success by energy and hard work, certainly Barry deserves a large share of it, and if appearances count for aught, he is getting it.

The Redondo Hotel at Redondo Beach has in course of construction a large and elaborate bath-house. The tank will be kept supplied with fresh sea-water, and maintained at a comfortable temperature. With this last acquisition Redondo will come very near satisfying the most fastidious taste in the amusement line.

ITEMS.

One of the best conducted stage lines in the State is the Colfax & Iowa Hill Stage Line, running between Colfax and the thriving mining town of Iowa Hill. It is owned by Mr. W. O. Spencer, who also owns a fine livery stable at Colfax.

The Glenwood Hotel at Riverside has been handsomely decorated so as to be in readiness for the winter trade. Glenwood ranks high in popular favor, and will undoubtedly do a good business this season. Riverside is one of our most interesting and beautiful resorts of Southern California.

Rare plants and flowers can be obtained of Carbone & Co., 343 Kearny Street.

The Westminster Hotel, Los Angeles, is one of the best-conducted hotels in Southern California. Mr. Potter, the manager, will undoubtedly have a brisk trade this winter.

The Cyclorama of Yosemite, which will be put on exhibition "on or about" December 1st, at the corner of Tenth and Market streets, San Francisco, will give the stranger, or any one else, the most realistic conception of the great valley that can be obtained by any other means than making a pilgrimage thereto.

Largest collection of flowers at Carbone & Co., 343 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

Tourists visiting San Diego, who might need the services of a reputable physician, will do well to bear in mind Dr. Wm. Edwards, who conducts an efficient sanitarium on Florence Heights.

We receive so many kindnesses from our friends in the photographic line, and we depend so much upon them for our illustrations, that we have tried to do them all justice, but once in a while errors will creep in. Our yacht engravings in the October number, which have been so favorably commented upon, were from photos made by Mr. W. C. Gibbs, who is probably the most expert marine photographer on the Coast.

From the Hotel Terraciua at Redlands, California, the superb scenery of the San Bernardino Mountains is a joy forever, and on account of the fine winter climate of that locality, coupled with other attractions, this resort ranks among the most interesting of the southern country.

For a nice bouquet you cannot do better than at 343 Kearny Street.

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion, and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fé Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by

W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.

650 Market St., San Francisco. Cal.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We ask the special attention of our readers to the announcement on our first page of "Outings in California," just off the press. It is not too much to say that it is the most elegant, interesting and valuable compendium on California resorts that has ever been published, and gives an insight into California scenery and her wonderful attractions that is obtainable in no other publication. And yet but twenty-five cents in stamps will procure this beautiful book, post paid.

The beautifully illustrated souvenir of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, of which mention was made in our last number, has been issued. It is a work of art from beginning, and reflects credit, not only on the big hostelry, but on the compiler, Mr. H. W. L. Oliver, Advertising Manager of the Palace. There are no advertisements in the work, and the illustrations are superb. Notwithstanding its great cost, a copy will be mailed free to any one writing for it, and mentioning this notice. Address Jno. C. Kirkpatrick, Manager Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

The Redondo Hotel has recently issued another edition of its beautiful little twenty-four page souvenir. It is handsomely illustrated, elegantly printed, and is a credit to that splendid hostelry. Any one can obtain a copy free by addressing Mr. Geo. W. Lynch, Manager Redondo Hotel, Redondo Beach, Cal.

OLD GOLD.

THE IVY GREEN.

O, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, tho' he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

—*Charles Dickens' Collected Poems.*

BURNING THE LETTERS.

Dear perjuries I loved so well,
Dear dead believing
In these sweet written lines of his,
This fair deceiving.

Blistered with hot and happy tears,
Worn by my kisses,
Hid warmly on my breast at night,
What an end this is!

Dear yellowed leaves, dear faded words,
The red flame flashes—
No elegy I speak but this:
Ashes to ashes.

—*Anne R. Aldrich in Kate Field's Washington.*

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"O, what shall I do now?—'twas looking at you now!
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!
'Twas the pride of my dairy. O, Barney M'Cleary!
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season—I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

—*Charles Dawson Shanley.*

HERE AND THERE.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow.
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How British love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, so'diers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring. —*Bayard Taylor.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

"There is one thing about your paper that I particularly admire."

"Ah, thanks! May I ask what it is?"

"You keep your news all in one column so a man does not have to hunt all over the paper for it."

A traveler at one of the old-time taverns called for a boot-jack, which turned out to be much too small. A larger one was brought, which also proved inadequate; whereupon the landlord remarked: "Look-a here, stranger, I'll tell you what you had better do; you go back and try the fork of the road."

In speaking of her experience as an advocate of the suffrage for women, Mrs. Chant tells of how a meeting she was addressing in Yorkshire was interrupted by a man, who said:

"The speaker says women are the intellectual equals of man. If that's so I want her to answer one question: 'Why have they never produced a Shakespeare?'"

Her answer was: "Haven't they? Then who did?"

The doctor's business is a matter of ills, pills, bills and wills. —*Truth.*

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors always call themselves 'we.'"

"Why?"

"So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle." —*Washington Star.*

"Your article on the 'Evils of the Pool Room' was pretty mild, Hawkins," said the editor.

"Well, I couldn't help it," returned Hawkins. "I put up two dollars when I went in to investigate Parly's Pool Room, and ten minutes later I got sixty back. —*Puck.*

She used to ride a tricycle,
She passed him on a bicycle,
She froze him to an icicle,
And sped upon her way!

Her wheel it struck a stone upon
The highway. She was thrown upon
Her head. He sped his own upon,
And picked her up, they say!
(The rascal worked a loan upon
Her governor next day.)

Most men like to see themselves in print, but women don't. They prefer silk or satin.

Sibyl—Let's cross over to the other side of the street.
Tippie—No; let's stay on this side. The pavement is wet over there.
Sibyl—That's all right. Mine are silk. —*Life.*

"That young woman who ordered the ice cream has fainted," said the waiter.

"Well, don't you know enough to bring her to?" asked the proprietor.

And the waiter went back to the hole in the wall and yelled, "Make it two!"

"This is really getting down to pretty hard pan," said the silversmith, when he tried to melt a tin salad-bowl over for silver. —*Truth.*

Rev Jeremiah Jenks—What is your opinion of these missing-word contests?
Deacon Doolittle—I think they're a —— swindle. —*Ex.*

Fair Advertiser—Do you classify your advertisements?
Clerk—We do.
Fair Advertiser—Where would you put this advertisement for a husband?
Clerk—In the "Flats Wanted" column. —*Town Topics.*

A little girl has an uncle who has taught her to open and shut his crush hat. The other evening, however, he appeared with an ordinary silk one. Suddenly he saw the child coming with his new silk hat wrinkled like an accordion.

"Oh, uncle," she said, "This one is very hard. I've had to sit on it, but I can't get it more than half shut." —*Portland Transcript.*

Little Dot—I don't see how cows can eat grass.
Little Dick—I s'pose when they is young the mother cows keeps sayin' to their children, "If you don't eat grass you sha'n't have any pie." —*New York Telegram.*

Wheeler—Doctor, I wish you'd make out my bill.
Doctor—I thought you weren't ready to pay it now.
Wheeler—I'm not; but a fellow just asked me what my new bicycle cost me, and I can't tell him until I hear from you.

The most unhappy people in the world are those who are so well off that they are always trembling at the thought of loss and ruin. —*Truth.*

Missionary—I have come four thousand miles to tell your people about the white man's God.
King of the Cannibal Islands—That's all right, but first I want to know how you stand on the Briggs question.

PALMER COX AND THE BROWNIES.

Lida Rose McCabe invaded Brownieland, and had a pleasant talk with Palmer Cox for the *Chicago Journal.*

Palmer Cox's studio, Brownieland, as he calls it, is right on Broadway and Bond Street, New York, and is a charming place, cheerful with gay carpets, portieres, divans and easy-chairs.

The Father of the Brownies is a big man, six feet two. He is an old bachelor, but all around are portraits of boys and girls from all over the world, and his desks are full of letters written to him from everywhere by children who like the Brownies.

This is the place where Mr. Cox draws and rhymes all day long. In the bookcase are the various Brownie volumes. The walls are hung with several queer Brownies, cleverly manufactured out of cloth and silk, the bodies of some of the round little fellows being veritable eggs. The feet of some of the little manikins are fastened to mats, or rounds of cloth that serve as pen-wipers. A Pennsylvania woman labored a year before she finally succeeded in making the Brownie pen-wiper, which really possesses the elf-like characteristics of the pictures. A firm in Buffalo now manufactures them. The woman taught eight girls the art of making them.

"Where in the world did you find the Brownie?" I asked. "How did you think of them?"

"Well," said the artist, stretching his long legs with a twitch as comical as his own brown elves, "I had always drawn as a boy on my father's farm in Canada, where I was born. I was fond of putting what I observed on paper. I went out into the world to make my fortune, and I drifted to California, where —well, I failed in business. An artist there saw my drawings—for I was always sketching—and said, if I put myself under instruction, I might find a market for my productions. I took up writing funny stories and squibs for the California papers, and drawing cartoons. Eastern papers copied them. Thinking I might find a better market East, I came to New York.

"Frederick Juengling was then the foremost engraver in this country. There was something in my cartoons that suggested to him the humor of the child literature of Germany. He advised me to write and illustrate stories for children. I laughed, and said I never could write or draw anything to interest children; but I did try, and sent a poem and picture to *St. Nicholas.* It was accepted, and more asked for.

"All this time I was hunting about for something fresh and original, something on which to concentrate myself. In 1880 I received a humorous manuscript. It was written by Arthur Gilman of Cambridge, and was, I believe, called "The Rebellion of the Alphabet." In my picture for it each letter was carried by a Brownie. There you have their origin. They were the first Brownies in print.

"But I ought to go back further. My stepmother was an Irish woman, rich in the folk-lore of her own and other lands. On winter evenings, at the farm, she used to tell us fairy stories. Her favorite tale was of a band of little men who appeared only at night to perform good helpful deeds, or enjoy harmless pranks while mankind slept, never allowing themselves to be seen by mortals. No person except those gifted with second sight could see the Brownies; but from the privileged few, principally old women, who were thus enabled to now and then catch a glimpse of the goblin guests of the house, correct information regarding their size and color is said to have been gained."

Each character in the Brownie land is copyrighted; still there are Brownie souvenir spoons, rubber stamps and calendars, and there is scarcely a school throughout the country but has its Brownie, some feature or movement suggesting the brown goblins.

THE BIGNESS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

WALTER BESANT.

It is so big, to begin with. The guide-books spare one not a single fact to illustrate this vastness. They tell us, to a cartload, how many tons of materials have been used; how many acres of glass give light to the whole; how many acres of ground are covered. Yet figures by themselves convey no impression of vastness. The human mind cannot grasp the meaning of figures when they get beyond a certain number. The native Australian, for instance, who can only understand the number of his ten fingers, uses for all numbers above and beyond the tenth one single expression; —he says "eighty-eight." Why eighty-eight instead of anything else? I know not. But, to me, as the Australian child of Nature, these figures of tons, acres, cartloads are exactly represented by the term "eighty-eight." It is big—oh, so big! How big? "Eighty-eight." What on earth does one want more? And its cost has been an amount hitherto inconceivable. How much? Oh, "eighty-eight." Is it possible? These statistics are most interesting, indeed!

Apart from their curious tendency to become "eighty-eight," figures, when they are very large—indeed, and things in general, when they are very large—have a way of saddening him who contemplates them. Vastness of all kinds oppresses the soul with sadness, and often fills the eyes with tears. How this effect is produced, what is the connection between vastness and this emotion, why the lachrymal duct is affected and the pocket handkerchief required, I know not. There is—what must be the leading case on this subject—the Weeping Xerxes. He wept at sight of his immense army when he held his big March Past. He said he wept to think that in a hundred years they would be all dead. The Persian monarch did not know much. He wept, in reality, because the immensity of the multitude (the total number of men who marched with him into Greece was "eighty-eight") quite overpowered him.

The bigness of the World's Fair first strikes and bewilders—one tries in vain to understand it—and then it saddens. I observe that most people, like Xerxes, set down their tears to the evanescent nature of the show. "Three months more," they say, "and it will be gone like a dream. We weep. The pity of it!" Nay, dear friends, but the vastness of it!

—*The Cosmopolitan.*

A COLUMN FROM THE NOVEMBER "CURRENT LITERATURE."

Bobby had just finished praying, when his mamma remarked that his prayer must have been very short.

"Well," he said, "I prayed for brother and for you. Now, I think I had better put in a fling for myself."

Small Brother (whose big brother has lost the foot-race)—I don't think it was fair. Jack was ahead 'most all the time, but they gave the prize to a man that was ahead only a second just at the end.

"Well, little boy, what's your name?" asked the Sunday-chool teacher, opening her catechism.

"Shadrach Nebuchadnezzar Jones."

"Who gave you that name?"

"I don't know. But yer betcher life if I find out whin I gets me growth, they'll be sorry fur it!"

His Father—Tommy, what's the matter with this bottle of seltzer? It's only half full.

Tommy—I met a cat.

"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?"

"Yes'm. You're in bad humor this morning, an you've got teh lick some one before you'll feel satisfied.'

Little Browning—Mamma, Hubley Howells uses awfully bad language.

Mrs. Beacon Hilt—What did he say, dearest?

Little Browning—He said "damn yer."

Mrs. Beacon Hill (horrified)—Oh, Browning, never you say such a thing as that!

Little Browning (proudly)—No, mamma! I never say "yer;" I say "you."

HOTEL CRELLIN

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DECEMBER, 1893.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. L. Crane, photo

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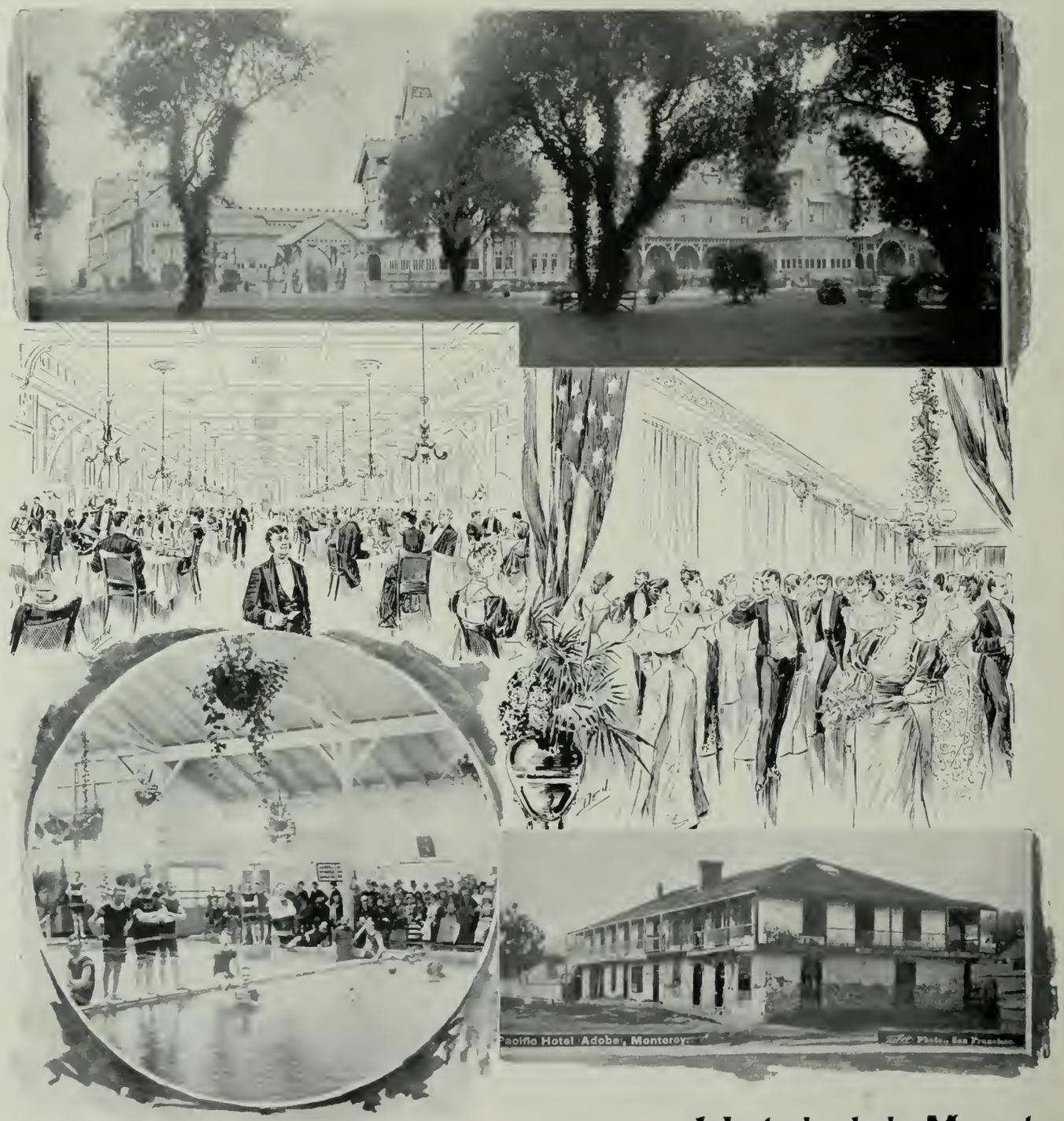

Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.

VOLUME II. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER, 1893. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PUBLISHED BY

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN.

OFFICE

602 MARKET STREET,

IN

State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

WITH our December number the bell rings and the curtain drops upon the completion of the second volume of THE TRAVELER, and the first year of its existence.

Perhaps, as events have transpired, our literary offspring could not have been ushered into the journalistic world under greater disadvantages or more discouraging obstacles. Our first number made its appearance in midwinter, and shortly following its advent we began to experience an almost unprecedented financial depression, which had crept insidiously throughout the length and breadth of the whole country. Luxuries of all kinds were generally dispensed with, and the bare necessities of life only were the chief commodities that engaged attention.

But THE TRAVELER had been launched upon substantial lines; her model encased an interior of exquisite workmanship; and above decks she had been so admirably constructed and attractively arrayed that she commanded the attention and evoked the pride of those who became spectators of her progress.

We stated in the incipiency of our enterprise that we believed there was a niche in the literary world that THE TRAVELER could fill with some degree of credit. Experiment has proven that the belief was well founded. We promised that we would not only maintain the general excellence of the work presented in the first number, but that we would ameliorate as we added to our experience, and, like wine, improve with age. We are quite willing to allow our readers to say whether this assurance has been fulfilled.

We are prone to acknowledge that we are human, and therefore some traces of pride—not to say vanity—may course through our veins. In fact we may aver that were encouragement, admiration and adulation of the same substantiality as the much-abused silver dollar we would be almost prepared to retire, and write "capitalist" after our names in the city directory. But we appreciate these pleasant criticisms none the less.

Many kindly observations of the established press of influence and judgment, and of individuals of recognized taste, have credited THE TRAVELER with being "the most beautiful journal published in the United States." It may seem broad, boastful and unwarrantably presumptuous to lay claim to such an exalted position among our contemporaries, who still trot us on their knees, but, smile as we may, we will be brought to the sense of realization when we ask ourselves the questions: "Is this claim well founded?" "Have we ever seen a regular periodical that equals THE TRAVELER in point of art, beauty and elegance?"

It should invoke the individual pride of the whole Pacific Coast to know that it can boast of "the most beautiful paper in the United States," and it is a credit to our Eastern friends that they recognize our claim.

Our subscription list at the close of the first year has exceeded our highest expectations, and latterly has been increasing with a gratifying rapidity that cannot but augur well for the coming year.

We therefore again record our promise that 1894 shall see still further and more marked improvements in THE TRAVELER. Some new departments will be added that will give wider scope, and appeal more widely to the various tastes of our many readers. Fresh material will be plentifully served, and by the best writers on the Coast. Avenues of peculiar interest, not necessarily confined to our own immediate domain, will be opened up, with rare and original illustrations; and the great Midwinter Fair, whose increasing magnitude, excellence and brilliancy of erection yet astonish us, will receive liberal and special attention.

We hope and anticipate that the members of the great family council whose names are enrolled upon our subscription records will continue to gather about the fireplace each month of the coming year, and listen to the stories we shall relate and the wonderfully interesting places we shall tell about, while occasionally they shall crack a smile that will brush away the seriousness and absorptive interest with which they hearken to the tales of lands they know not of. And, perhaps, too, we shall be able to catch the attentive ear of the erstwhile sentimental maiden, and she will draw nearer as the subject turns in consonance with her emotions.

And as each month new members are added to the family circle we shall feel fully equal to the responsibility, and will talk to them all so interestingly that there shall be no vacant chair.

THE appalling catalogue of crime that is just now taking up the attention of the reading public in California is in itself deplorable; but the most sickening feature of it is the detailed manner in which the horrible and unnatural crimes are dished up in our daily papers. The claim is made that the reading public crave such literature, and that it "sells the paper."

These excuses are almost too flimsy to be even debatable. Our hoodlums demand a class of reading matter that is debasing and debauching. Instead of catering to this taste, has it not been the aim and effort of all good citizens to suppress such literature?

"But you read this class of news, don't you?" one asks. Well, if we did that would not mend matters. We might go out of our way to see a dog fight, a prize fight or a hanging, but we would very likely admit afterward that the time was worse than wasted.

We asked a journalist the other day, who is well posted in this direction, and who figured in the working up of a late celebrated case of a very sensational and ghastly character, if he really thought it wise to revel in the indelicate details of these crimes; and whether, in his best judgment, it was calculated to warn young people against the committal of kindred crimes. He said it did much more harm than good. The fear of exposure would gradually wear away, but the knowledge of a possible safe but unlawful avenue of escape from crime would leave an unwholesome effect.

TRAVELERS to Strawberry Valley at the foot of Mount Shasta, who have been familiar with the country, will now sorely miss two prominent features of the place, *viz.*, Sisson's old Tavern and the kindly old man himself. The famous old inn was burned this season, and but a few days since death claimed the man who, above all others, knew Mount Shasta from base to summit.

J. H. Sisson was an earnest, honest, upright man, who commanded the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

The Tavern on the old Oregon stage road was for many a long year a famous resort for the lovers of Nature and mountain outings, and whoever has sat beside its great, cheery fireplace, and listened to the interesting tales of the famous guide, will drop a tear when he recalls the fact that they have now an existence only in memory.

THE special holiday number of THE TRAVELER will be issued during the latter part of December, and will take the place of our regular January, 1894, edition. It will be a splendid specimen of the arts of the literateur, the engraver and the printer, and will contain about twice the number of pages of the regular issues. The cover will be of special design, and beautifully illuminated, and the interior will abound in interesting and liberally illustrated reading matter. The price for this special number will be only twenty-five cents. It will be the aim of the publishers to make it a veritable art album. We hope that our subscribers will recommend their friends to send in their dollar at once, so that their subscription can begin with the Christmas number. A few of the subjects that will appear in this special issue are:

"To the King of Sequoia Park." —*Joaquin Miller.*
A poem. Written for THE TRAVELER.
"The Old Prospector." —*Chas. G. Yale.*
"An Historic Character." —*J. M. Scanland.*
"Around the Horn." —*George T. Bromley.*
"Polo at Burlingame." —*R. M. Fabin.*
"Impressions of the Fair." —*Archibald J. Treat.*
"Posing in Photography." —*George Steckel.*
"From Pele to Mauna Loa." —*Leslie Warfel.*
"Heidelberg Castle." —*Elizabeth Lull Cochrane.*
"Yosemite Pioneers." —*Stanley Irving.*
"The Care of Your Watch." —*F. H. McConnell.*
"On the Slopes of Mount Hood." —*W. G. Steele.*
"The High Sierra." —*T. S. Solomon.*
"Birds of the Pacific." —*Robert E. Morgan.*
Short stories, progress of the Midwinter Fair, items of travel, etc.

LAUNCH OF A GREAT BATTLE-SHIP.

W. N. HART.

The monster battle-ship *Oregon* was given to the waves at the Union Iron Works on the 26th of October. It was a memorable occasion, for it was the successful floating of the heaviest mass of naval architecture ever credited to the United States.

The launch was so successful that it would scarcely have escaped the criticism of being tame but for the interest manifested by the populace, and the jubilation that filled the air when the fighting monster was fairly and safely afloat.

To slide a mass of steel and iron weighing over 4,500 tons down a slippery plane without the slightest approach to mishap, let alone disaster, is an achievement that San Franciscans may well be proud of; and the fit of wild rejoicing following its accomplishment was pardonable when the truthful declaration is made that it has never been equaled in the ship-building history of this country.

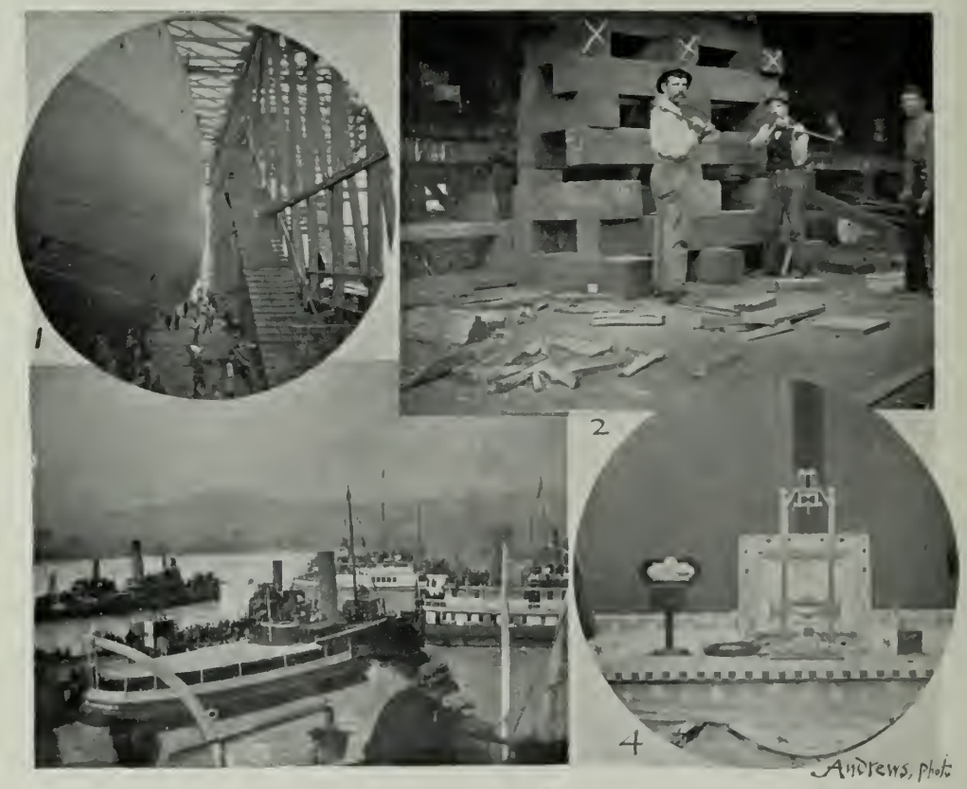
First to attract attention—even before the subject of the gathering—was the crowd. The Union Iron Works' managers issued four thousand tickets of admission to the ship-yard, and scarcely a hundred of these cards remained unpresented at the gate. Dense as the throng was within the walls, it was only a tithe of the people that were in attendance. As many more were ensconced in positions of vantage on a great fleet of gaily decorated craft of all descriptions. Huge ferry steamers were fairly hidden from view under their burdens of humanity; wheezing tugs were freighted with large parties of the more exclusive; while the mosquito fleet of steam launches, yachts, sail and row-boats was countless. And still the largest part of the gathering for the spectacle was not to be found either in the yard or on the decks of the closely massed fleet. Thousands beyond estimation were content with positions along the three-quarters of a mile of the shore of Mission Bay affording a fair view of the water waiting to receive its promised habitant.

It was in the yard, however, that the picture was most spirited and exciting. The platform around the elevated bow of the battle-ship was a gorgeous kaleidoscope, made of the rich colors in the attire of the ladies, mingled with the blue and gold of the uniformed naval and military dignitaries.

LAUNCH OF THE OREGON.

Two central objects of interest on this vantage-ground were Miss Eugenia Shelby and Miss Daisy Ainsworth, the pretty girls selected to represent Oregon in the honorary duty of starting the battle-ship down the ways, and bestowing her name.

The Scotts were threatened with an embarrassment of riches when it came to bestowing these honors, which usually fall to but one person. Governor Pennoyer named Miss Ainsworth as the representative of his goodly State, and the leading commercial organi-



1.—ON THE WAYS. 2.—KNOCKING OUT THE SHORES. 3.—EVERYBODY WATCHING. 4.—THE GUILLOTINE.

zation of Portland sent in the name of Miss Shelby. Then, at a late hour, the Secretary of the Navy nominated Miss Ruth Dolph, daughter of Oregon's senator.

It required all of President Scott's vast store of diplomatic tact and inventive genius to escape from the snares of trouble thus delicately and unconsciously spread. But he was equal to it, although he confessed afterward that he would rather build and launch a score of ships than go through such an ordeal a second time.

He changed the task of christening from a solo to a duet, and assigned the parts to Misses Ainsworth and Dolph. He took the work of knocking away the final restraints of the vessel from the workmen, to whom it is usually assigned, and arranged a pretty bit of electrical apparatus so that Miss Shelby could deal sledge-hammer blows to the last prop by merely pressing a button with the tip of her dainty little index finger.

As it turned out, Miss Dolph was unable to attend, and the honors were again consolidated and bestowed on Miss Shelby and Miss Ainsworth in two equal parts. This arrangement was much more satisfactory to the fair sponsors, and had the additional merit of economy, as Mr. Scott had fully resolved to provide two bottles of the customary baptismal wine instead of one.

The maze of timbers composing the building shed forbade anything like a full view of the huge bulk of the war-ship from outside, and the sectional views obtainable from the extensive promenade deck under the bilge only tended to confuse the ideas of the hundreds who thronged here to estimate the *Oregon's* size. Here, for hours before the appointed time, was a scene of bewildering activity. There was a tremendous forest of long and short masts still standing when day dawned, and on these sturdy supports was sustained most of the vessel's weight. All had to be removed in order to permit the *Oregon* to settle into the cradle resting on the slippery ways, down which she was to glide to the water. A small army of men attacked them with axes and sledges, and, by dint of chopping and splitting and heavy hammering, one support after another was removed, until the cradle was left as the sole sustainer of the enormous burden of dull drab and bright, red-tinted iron and steel.

The fateful moment of high tide arrived, and only a single beam resting in chocks in the cradle rail and the stationary ways served to prevent occurrence of the event. This beam was supported in its horizontal position by an upright at the lower end. Ordinarily some brawny-armed workman would remove this prop with sharp, heavy blows of his sledge, but, in providing honor for Miss Shelby, Mr. Scott was compelled to resort to means within her physical attainment. A heavy weight was suspended in a position to describe a semi-circular sweep, and deal the base of the prop a blow that could not fail of removing it. It was held in suspense by a trigger, and the trigger was held by a cord, and the cord led under the keen knife of a pretty little guillotine that would sever it when Miss Shelby's finger pressure on the electric button released the weighted blade.

Miss Ainsworth also had a releasing electric current at her command. It was arranged to free a gaily decorated bottle of California champagne in a manner to deluge the steel stern with a sparkling, effervescent baptismal flood as soon as the effect of Miss Shelby's magic touch became apparent.

The exercises on the platform were all over as the clock neared the stroke of twelve. The band had played its repertoire of patriotic music; the customary prayer for the new manslayer had been said; and the reading of the long dedicatory poem had come to an end. The crowd was hushed to breathless expectancy in silence only broken by the sound of the contact of a sledge with a final refractory prop. A perspiring workman crawled out from under the *Oregon's* bilge and touched his cap in salute to Mr. Scott.

"All ready, sir," he announced.

"Now!" exclaimed the master of ceremonies, turning to Miss Shelby, who stood at her post, with her eyes sparkling with excitement, and cheeks paled with the sense of responsibility.

The little white finger cautiously approached the magic button, and then the owner of it paused and glanced inquiringly at Mr. Scott.

"Let her go!" was the terse and encouraging injunction of that gentleman.

An ounce of pressure from the tiny digit, a sharp click, and the glittering knife in the miniature guillotine shot swiftly downward in its groove. The strands of the trigger cord parted; the heavy weight crashed against the prop with resistless force, and the sole restraining shore tumbled to the ground.

There was a second of anxious suspense, followed by another and another, to the number of half a dozen.

"She moves! There she goes!" went up in monster chorus as the battle-ship, after a brief hesitation, slowly commenced her majestic slide to the sea.

"Your turn now, Miss Ainsworth!" said Scott in quick, sharp tones.

The second of Oregon's pretty maids pressed the button before her with no uncertain touch, and her clear voice was heard declaring, "I name thee *Oregon*." But, alas! there was a hitch in the ceremony. The obstinate christening bottle continued to perch persistently at the top of the sustaining rod. Already the tri-colored ribbon attaching it to the *Oregon's* rail was beginning to tauten as the good ship moved away, and for a brief second it seemed as though she was to be launched with the christening only half completed, and condemned to be a temperance warrior for all time.

The ever-ready Scott was again to the fore, and, with a single bound, he was on an elevation that permitted him to cast loose the bottle so that it shivered its sides and spilled its foaming contents according to programme.

Once started, there was no hesitation about the *Oregon*. Faster and faster she slid down the smooth track, gaining momentum with every foot traversed, until, just as the great rails were beginning to emit flashes of fire under the awful friction, her broad stern took the water with a graceful plunge. There was no rude splash, so gradual was the incline, and the beginning of the pretty dip only provoked a ripple on the calm surface. But the ripple grew as the water was pushed aside by the giant hulk until it amounted to a wave. And then the wave grew as it traveled shoreward. It was succeeded by another and yet one more as the *Oregon's* bow took the plunge and permitted the deep-buried stern to rise. There were three graceful undulations of this character in the advance, and each built its wave. Shoreward they rolled with increasing force, until they struck the bank with a combing break that drenched hundreds of the heedless throng, which had eyes only for the movement of the new-born warship. Two important little tugs took the big hulk captive, and the launching was over.

It is not yet that the *Oregon* is to be seen in all her glory. A year and a day will have elapsed before she is the grand fighting machine and upholder of the stars and stripes she is intended to be. The displacement of 5,400 tons she now exhibits will be increased to 10,200 by weight of guns, armor and engines. Of the former there are to be four thirteen-inch breech-loading rifles of range and penetration unexcelled, eight eight-inch rifles, four six-inch rifles, twenty rapid-firing six-pounders, eight rapid-firing one-pounders, four Hotchkiss revolving cannon; in all, forty-eight black, death-dealing muzzles, exclusive of the torpedo tubes at bow and stern. A superb foe, unexcelled by the war-ships of any nation, will be the *Oregon* a year and a day from date.

The cruiser *Olympia*, built by the Scotts, has lately made a very successful trial trip, and will no doubt soon go into commission as a first-class cruiser, in company with the *Charleston* and *San Francisco*.

In view of what our young State has accomplished in this direction we feel like bragging a little bit.

THE OLD STEAMER PANAMA.

The steamship *Panama* was one of the three vessels comprising the pioneer fleet of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, built in New York in the year 1848, of 1,050 tons burthen.

She sailed for California in the month of November of that year, but her machinery becoming deranged was compelled to return for repairs; and before their completion her two sisters, the *California* and *Oregon*, had departed for the Pacific to inaugurate the first American steamship line, carrying the United States mails from Astoria, via San Francisco and Panama, to New York.

The *Panama* left New York the second time on February 18, 1849, and arrived in San Francisco June 4th the same year, and immediately took her place in the line running from this port to Panama, and occasionally as far north as Astoria.

She continued in the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company until sold to Holladay & Flint, who placed her in the trade between California and Mexico, in 1868. She was fitted up as a war-ship, and on June 1, 1868, sailed in tow of the steamer *Sierra Nevada* for Mazatlan, where she was to be presented by Ben Holladay to President Juarez.

Some delay occurring in the acceptance of the vessel, she proceeded to Pichilingua Bay as a safer harbor in bad weather. October 8, 1868, in a cyclone, the ship was driven ashore, and lay hard and fast aground for thirteen months. In the meantime several attempts had been made to float the vessel without success, until the appearance in those waters of the British frigate *Satellite*, whose commander kindly offered to assist the *Panama*, which offer was gratefully accepted; and in November, 1869, the *Satellite* succeeded in pulling the *Panama* into deep water.

The sketch taken on the spot by one of the participants shows the dismantled *Panama*, with the *Satellite* ahead.

In February, 1870, the steamer *Continental* took the *Panama* in tow, and proceeded toward San Francisco, bringing her as far as San Diego, where the *Panama* procured a supply of coal, and started for San Francisco under her own steam, arriving at this port March 7, 1870. She ended her career by being broken up in November, 1873.

A PROFESSOR'S REVENGE.

There is a legend about the natural philosophy classroom, the period long antecedent to Tait. The professor, annoyed by a habit the students had got into of leaving their hats on his desk, announced that the next hat placed there would be cut in pieces by him in presence of the class.

The warning had its effect, until one day when the professor was called for a few minutes from the room. An undergraduate, to whom the natural sciences unrelieved were a monotonous study, slipped into the anteroom, from which he emerged with the professor's hat. This he placed on the desk, and then stole in a panic to his seat.

An awe fell upon the class. The professor returned; but when he saw the hat he stopped. He showed no anger.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if you again disobeyed my orders."

Quite blandly he took a penknife from his pocket, slit the hat into several pieces, and flung them into the sink.

While the hat was under the knife the students forgot to demonstrate; but as it splashed into the sink they gave forth a true British cheer.

Wisdom is but the abstract of the past: beauty is the promise of the future. —*Holmes.*

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire, of beauty. —*Steele.*

Much learning shows how little mortals know: much wealth how little worldlings enjoy. —*Young.*

Philadelphia STAGE-WAGGON, and New-York STAGE BOAT performs their Stages twice a Week.

JOHN BUTLER, with his waggon, ſets out on Mondays from his Houſe, at the Sign of the Death of the Fox, in Strawberry ally, and drives the ſame day to Trenton Ferry, when Francis Holman meets him and proceeds on Tueſday to Brunſwick, and the paſſengers and goods being ſhifted into the waggon of Iſaac Fitzrandolph he takes them to the New Blazing Star to Jacob Fitzrandolph's the ſame day, where Rubin Fitzrandolph, with a boat well ſuted, will receive them, and take them to New-York that night. John Butler returning to Philadelphia on Tueſday with the paſſengers and goods delivered to him by Francis Holman, will again ſet out for Trenton Ferry on Thurſday, and Francis Holman, &c. will carry his paſſengers and goods, with the ſame expedition as above to New-York. Teetf.

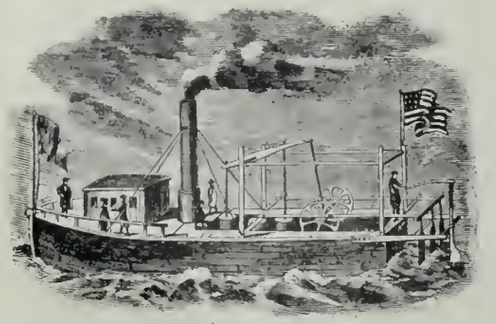
WESTERN TRAVEL.

AUSTIN N. HUNGERFORD.

In the year 1753 the French were inciting the Indians against the English, and menacing the borders of Western Virginia, which then embraced, with disputed authority, Western Pennsylvania; and in that year Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent out to the West George Washington, then Adjutant-General of the military forces of Virginia, to examine the condition of the French, and also to make a report of a route of communication with the West. He selected a route, made a report, and the next year passed over it with horses, and part of the way "clearing a road broad enough to pass with our artillery and baggage." In 1755, at Fort Necessity on this route, he met his first and only defeat. This later became part of the National Road that for over thirty years was the great highway of the nation from the West and South to Washington and the Atlantic States north.

During these years he became impressed with the idea of uniting the Eastern and Western waters from the Potomac River to the Ohio River by canal, road or portage. His action in the matter from that time until his death has been fully set forth in a report on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, made May 22, 1826, by the Hon. Andrew Stewart of Fayette County, Pa., as Chairman of the Committee on Internal Improvements of the House of Representatives of the United States.

Mr. Stewart was in possession of original letters, reports and papers in the handwriting of General Washington, which had been handed over by him shortly before his death to Colonel John Mason of Georgetown, D. C., his successor as President of the Potomac Improvement Company, who had charge of the work by which Washington intended to connect the East with the West by way of the Potomac and Youghiogheny rivers. Throughout these letters and



FITCH'S STEAMBOAT.

reports he contended that roads across the mountains were the only means of keeping the East and West united. Without them, he said, separation would be inevitable.

The Potomac Improvement Company, of which General Washington became President, was incorporated in 1784 by the concurrent act of Virginia and Maryland. It is shown by these letters and reports that Washington examined and surveyed several routes, and in connection with the map of the route of which was later the proposed Chesapeake and Ohio Canal from Cumberland to Pittsburgh. He had also a map of a road on the precise line of the National Road, which also was the route he passed over in 1753, '54, '55. He placed reliance in Congress to carry forward the work, and through his associates, Jefferson, Madison, Gallatin and others, the work he began was carried forward to a successful completion, and was in operation five years before the Erie Canal was begun, and fifty-one years before any other public work connected the water of the Potomac and Ohio rivers.

The Revolutionary War diverted the attention of Washington and all America from internal improvements, but at its close the subject again attracted the attention of the wise and thinking portion of the people. Accustomed to contemplate America as his country, and to consider with solicitude the interests of the whole, Washington now took a more enlarged view of the advantage to be derived from opening both the Eastern and Western waters. After peace had been declared, and in the same year (1784) that he was made President of the Potomac Improvement Company, he traversed the western parts of New England and New York, and, in a letter to the Marquis of Chastellux, says:

"I have lately made a tour through the lakes George and Champlain as far as Crown Point. Then returning to Schnectady, I proceeded up the Mohawk River to Fort Schuyler, crossed over the Wood Creek, which empties into the Oneida Lake and affords the water communication with Ontario. I then traversed the country to the head of the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, and viewed the Lake Otsego and the portage between that lake and the Mohawk River at Canajoharie. Prompted by these actual observations, I could not help taking a more contemplative and extensive view of the vast inland navigation of the United States, and could not but be struck with the immense diffusion and importance of it, and with the goodness of that Providence which has dealt his favors to us

A MODERN LOCOMOTIVE.

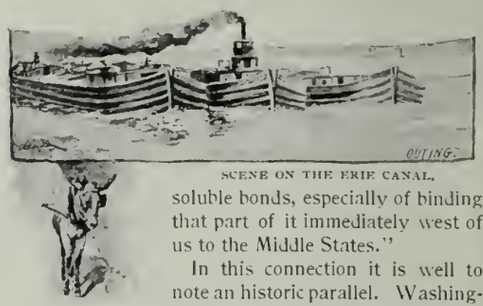
with so profuse a hand. Would to God we may have wisdom enough to improve them! I shall not rest contented until I have explored the western country and traversed those lines, or great part of them, which have given bounds to a new empire."

In the fall of the same year (1784) it appears that General Washington actually explored the route of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal as far as Pittsburgh. When he returned he made a detailed and accurate report of the distances of the several routes examined by him, and on comparing them he expressed his opinion that the Potomac and the Ohio afforded the nearest and most practicable route for the accomplishment of his favorite plan of uniting the Eastern and Western waters, and also predicted the accomplishment of the New York (Erie) Canal, and that the trade of the West would soon be sufficient to supply with business not only the Potomac and the Ohio and New York Canal, but also one through the Susquehanna to Lake Erie, which he thought would also be found practicable.

The article in *Harper's Magazine* for June, '93, by Thomas Janvier, on "The Beginning of the Commercial Supremacy of New York City," was read with great interest by many; but there is one point concerning the evolution of the idea that culminated in the Erie Canal that is not brought out in that article. By the foregoing quotations from letters of Washington it is shown that, eight years previous to the incorporation of the Western Inland Navigation Company in 1799 (General Philip Schuyler, President), Washington had traversed the country in that section, and suggested a canal connecting the upper lakes with the large rivers flowing southerly and easterly.

General Philip Schuyler was in hearty sympathy with Washington in every thing that pertained to advance the interests of the country; and there is scarcely a doubt that this tour of Washington and the ideas he advanced prompted the leading men of the State to co-operate to carry out the plan suggested, and which later resulted in the Erie Canal, and opened a waterway from the Atlantic to Lake Erie, through which the early settlers of northern Ohio, Michigan and the Northwest passed with their household goods, and laid the foundation for the prosperity of that section of country.

General Washington, in closing one of his letters, said: "But the light in which this subject would be viewed with most interest, and which gave to it most importance, was its political influence on the Union. Nor need I press the necessity of applying the cement of interest to bind all parts of the Union together in indis-



SCENE ON THE ERIE CANAL.

soluble bonds, especially of binding that part of it immediately west of us to the Middle States."

In this connection it is well to note an historic parallel. Washington saw the necessity long before the Revolution of uniting the States bordering on the ocean with the inland States by roads or water-ways, to bind them together as a unit. The Revolution distracted the attention of the people, and not until after peace was declared was it again agitated. Several years passed before the National Road and Erie Canal were completed. The former became the great thoroughfare from the South and West through to Washington and New York, Pennsylvania and the New England States, and so continued until 1852, when the railroad crossed the mountains to Pittsburgh and Washington. The latter was the great thoroughfare for the vast number of pioneer settlers to the west. The packet system was continued until 1845, when the New York Central Railroad was opened its entire length, which somewhat impaired its usefulness as a passenger route, and in 1851 the completion of the Erie Railway entirely ended its usefulness for passenger traffic. A few years later there were railroads and traffic to the Mississippi.

"The first boat, known as Fitch's steamboat, successfully propelled by steam in America, was moved in the Delaware on the 27th of July, 1786, with flattering promises of the future usefulness of the invention."

In a letter to David Rittenhouse, June 29, 1792, Fitch begged an advance of £50.00 to finish the boat, and said, "This, sir, whether I bring it to perfection or not, will be the mode of crossing the Atlantic, in time, for packets and armed vessels."

The discovery of gold in 1849, the rush of people to the Pacific Slope region, and the admission of California into the Union in 1850, brought new demands upon the East, and demanded more recognition in public improvements than the Eastern States could comprehend as needed at once. The great distance from the East, the difficulties and long time required to transmit business, papers, news and freight, together with other causes, began to cause uneasiness in the minds of thinking men as to whether the Union would remain intact, as the interests of the sections were growing more widely divergent and conflicting.

The Civil War diverted the minds of the people from the subject for a time, but at its close it was again renewed; and in a few years thereafter, the transcontinental road being built, the Atlantic and Pacific were joined with iron bands, all conflicting interests were harmonized and the danger averted.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

FRANK DAVEY.

Photography has revolutionized almost every profession and trade. In considering what it has accom-

A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

plished since its discovery, it is one of the greatest and most important of the present century. It has kept pace with steam and electricity, has taught us wonderful things, and has also shown us that Nature is marvelous in her changes of light and form.

Before its discovery the artist that sat for hours and days watching the changes of tints and gradations of light and shadow was the only authority upon composition. At present almost any one who takes up the study may soon learn to tell how a picture should be balanced by rocks, trees or shadow, and that the foreground should be of proper strength of shadow and form to make a picture pleasing to the eye.

The Kodak has been a fine teacher. After a person has taken a few pictures he begins to see detail and form that probably he would not have noticed before. He makes comparisons with other students, and so gradually comes to admire Nature as she should be admired.

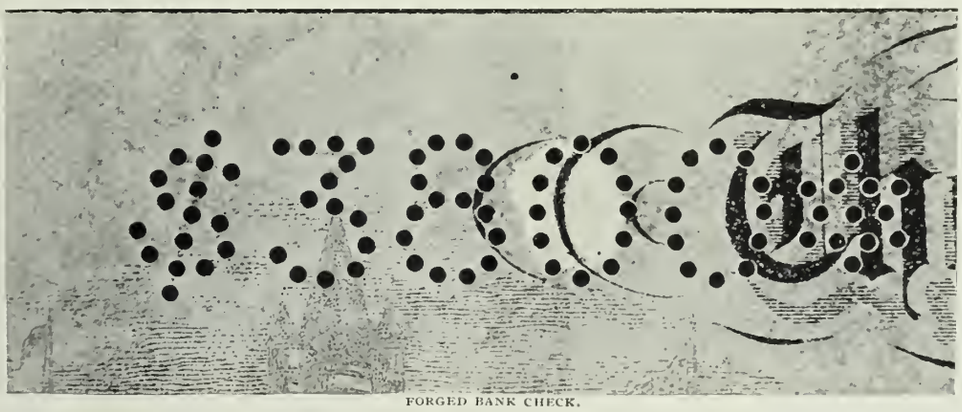
G. W. CABLE.

Daguerre, who invented photography in 1839, gave an exposure from seven to eight hours. Now we get pictures in less than one-fiftieth part of a second, which shows that the eye is very slow in comparison with other things. The quick shutter and sensitive plate have shown that the horse in motion moves differently to what we were in the habit of seeing.

The portrait as a likeness has not improved very much. The Daguerreotype made half a century ago is equal to any portrait taken now, and far superior to many. There is more modeling and character in them than the best class of to-day's pictures. The reason is that the Daguerreotype was not ruined by the so-called art of "retouching," a branch in photography that obliterates Nature's finest work. When the process became generally known changes took place very rapidly. The fine-art world felt it most. At that time most pictures were reproduced by engraving or lithography. These were brought to a standstill. Publishers countermanded their orders, and stopped the engraver when they found that photogravures could be made for about half the cost, and the public not know the difference. The result is that the engravers, not having much work, do not take apprentices, and the beautiful art is gradually dying out.

Nearly every branch of art is assisted by photography. The painter, if he be a landscape or portrait painter, can utilize a photograph of a piece of foliage or drapery. There is scarcely any process for illustrating periodicals without the aid of photography. Fifty years ago a picture of any subject cost ten times more than five hundred bound in good book form at the present time.

It is astonishing the number of uses to which photography has been put, oftentimes with marvelous results. For instance, the principal protection banks have in paying out money is the perforation of the amount the check calls for. It is very easy for the forger to erase



FORGED BANK CHECK.

the amount that is in writing, and not leave a noticeable trace to the eye; but it always leaves a light yellow stain that may be so delicate that the microscope cannot detect it, and yet photography will register the delicate color.

A check was brought to me that had been raised from thirty-eight dollars to three thousand eight hundred, and the experts were not sure how the change had been made. I enlarged the check, which showed that the forger had cut the star out and filled the hole with paper of the same make, then perforated two ciphers and a star, increasing the amount considerably. The work was done by a skilled man, and so cleverly matched that the joint could scarcely be seen under the microscope. The enlarged photograph showed the patch very plainly, proving that the perforation is no longer a protection when in the hands of a skilled forger.

During the siege of Paris I made photographs of newspapers. They were pinned upon a board, and a transparency was made for the stereopticon. These were sent up by balloon and dropped into Paris. The Parisians put them into the lantern, enlarging them sufficiently to be read.

Recently G. W. Cable sat for portraits, and, wishing to get some characteristic pictures, I requested him to recite, which he did. When he was interested, and became warmed up to his subject, I secured some excellent snap-shot pictures.

Tom Nast, the artist, sketched a picture for me, a snap-shot of which was a perfect likeness.

Astronomers have also reaped a great benefit from this art. Prof. Barnard says: "The subtle photographic plate may reveal to us wonders of a startling nature where the unaided eye looks upon blank space only."

Then, again, see what Prof. J. M. Schaeberle accomplished by photographing the eclipse on April 16th in

FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

South America, securing details of the formation of the coronal streamers and sun flames, which are much better than hitherto secured, and making the largest photograph of an eclipse of the sun, a most wonderful piece of work, but only fully appreciated by astronomers.

In law courts photography very frequently appears. The will of the late Henry Martin of Weaverville was photographed a few days before it was filed, after which it suddenly disappeared. If the photograph had not been made there would not be any proof that such a document had existed, showing not only the forethought of the attorney, but the usefulness of photography.

The photograph cannot be disputed, for no matter how slight the alteration is upon the negative it is readily noticeable. As a detective it has no equal. When criminals realize that photography appears to be a supernatural agent, and their ways are liable to be

TOM NAST.

deicpted upon paper when in the act of cracking a crib or prying a safe, they will find it the wiser part to study the old proverb, that "Honesty is the best policy."

MOUNT HAMILTON.

PROF. E. KNOWLTON.

BY RAIL or heel or hoof or wheel to San Jose. That goes without saying, — as the traveler cannot. Thence along the level valley road to the Junction House is equally familiar. So let us turn round that house square to the left, over the noble Lick Avenue, up the gentle slopes of the lovely foothills.

This admirably located and finely constructed road pursues its gradually and uniformly ascending serpentine along the flanks, around the brows and over the crowns of the giant buttressing headlands, circuiting their upper curves and scaling the steepest sides of the grand foothill ravines, by grades so easy and so uniform as to rob them of all difficulty. Then, too, the variety of direction and the ever-changing prospects multiply a hundred-fold their surpassing wealth of beautiful outlooks and magnificent panoramas.

Presently the eye ranges from beyond Santa Clara on the north to the vicinity of Gilroy and Hollister far down among the golden hazes of the dim southwest. Along the western boundary the undulating foothills roll up into the wooded mountains toward Santa Cruz, grouped round their king peak, Loma Prieta, which stands gazing across with nearly level vision from his seashore, sunset throne to the summit of old Hamilton.

Eight miles out from the Garden City, and some thirteen hundred feet above the sea, stands a solitary, wayside tree. Sit in its welcoming shade, fill your expanding lungs with the purest of sunshiny ozone, and crowd your esthetic receptivity, if you brought it with you, with the varied delights of the most civilized landscape in the State. Swing your mental Kodak through the whole 260-degree range, and pack your memory with the most *positive negatives* ever stamped upon the most sensitive of its myriad films. Then forward again!

This lonely little house, perched on the very brow of a rounded, bastion-like promontory swelling out valleyward, is the Grand View House. You indorse the name on sight. We are now some ten miles out, and sixteen hundred feet up. Presently the road swings round toward sunrise, traverses a shallow, basin-like plateau, and begins to wind gradually down by long horseshoe bends into

THE MOON PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE GREAT GLASS.

Hall's Valley. Into this the gently rolling foothills restfully decline, forming the bottom lands and fertile levels of a charmingly secluded valley, some two or three miles long by half as many wide. Midway of the valley lies a quiet lagoon, peacefully reflecting the clear, blue sky, and steadfastly gleaming away like the solitary, unwinking optic of some tranquil but ever-vigilant old Cyclops.

Thence our way skirts the eastern slopes of this valley to its southern end, whence it swings round hillward, and turns up a gentle grade toward the north to surmount the last low range forming the divide between Hall's Valley and that of Smith's Creek, cosily nestled at the protecting foot of the grand mountain itself. Near the hotel a handsome rustic bridge spans the creek and marks the commencement of the final ascent. From the bridge on, the same skillful engineering which has marked the whole of this grand Lick Avenue develops still more admirably in a series of perfectly chosen grades, round the sides and heads of mountain canyons, and round the steep faces and rugged flanks of bluff headlands, through seven miles of constant but easy winding to the very top.

At scores of places the eager pedestrian, ambitious to shorten his way or hasten his arrival, may "cut across" to his heart's content, though, mayhap, with protesting legs; for the trail is sometimes rough, often steep, occasionally hot, and always sufficiently long. His frequent rests afford a series of constantly widening panoramas, as each successive stage lifts him to a higher point of observation. The ranges over which he has come, and which have shut off the remoter outlooks, gradually sink below his line of sight, till the whole width of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley rises into one symmetrical and enchanting view. Before gaining the summit one finds himself successively

LICK OBSERVATORY, MOUNT HAMILTON. *Photo: published by Taber.*

facing every point of the compass. Horseshoe curves ten times as long as broad—so long, in fact, that they suggest *mule* shoes rather than those of the nobler animal—swing him ruthlessly round the circle till he almost fancies himself returning to the very point from which he set forth.

Just here comes in the story which Prof. Barnard loves to tell of the two charming Boston damsels who tried to count these same myriad turns. Having quite lost the reckoning while the summit was yet afar off, Stella innocently questions Vivacia:

"How many curves do you make of them, dear?"

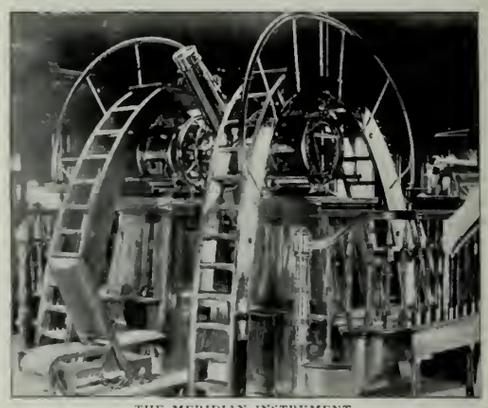
To whom Vivacia dejectedly responds:

"Well, I am rapidly becoming of the opinion, don't you know, that there must be fully 365 for every common year, with an extra one for leap year."

And here the despairing Vivacia most expressively heaved her deepest sigh,—one of the regulation Boston sighs.

Should the professor challenge the general authenticity or the particular accuracy of the foregoing, the writer refers him to the accomplished horologist, Mr. McConnell, tutelary genius of the observatory clocks. No matter how massive or heavy any clock may be, he has never any difficulty in getting it up the mountain. He simply *winds it up!* In fact he could hardly do otherwise without getting out of the road.

Well, here we are! At the summit itself! It lies in a horseshoe curve opening northwest. The crescent crest is broken into five separate, irregularly flattened knolls. The highest of these is the second from the northeast end. The great observatory stands on what used to be the southwesterly knoll, which had to be cut down over thirty feet to make surface enough to hold the necessary buildings. Thus the observatory does not occupy the very summit of the mountain. The northeasterly knob is fully a hundred and fifty feet higher than that which boasts the monster lens; while still another height, between these two, also rises above the telescope peak. This intermediate



THE MERIDIAN INSTRUMENT.

knoll supports the great reservoir, and insures the water pressure requisite to supply the highest rooms of the observatory as well as those of the officers' residence and the other buildings of the institution.

The view from the observatory is cut off for fully an octant from the northeast round to the east by the higher crests of the mountain itself. Southeast, across a canyon sufficiently huge to satisfy the most exacting, Mount Isabel shuts out the distant horizon through an arc of several degrees. But away to the east, and thence round to the southeast, the view is clear —when the weather is.

Probably no peak on all the Coast below the high Sierra—certainly none of equal height—gives as wide an outlook over as strange a country. The most surprising thing is the almost complete lack of large or dense forests. Scattered trees there are, and broad tracts of chapparal, with occasional groves of small, shrub-like trees scattered in orderless natural parks; while here and there solitary pines sentinel lonely peaks.

Taken all in all, the country is not nearly as rough as one expects. Grass or feed, with scattered pools or streams, appear. The whole surface suggests the sudden solidification of some vast, storm-heaven sea.

PHOTOGRAPHIC TELESCOPE.

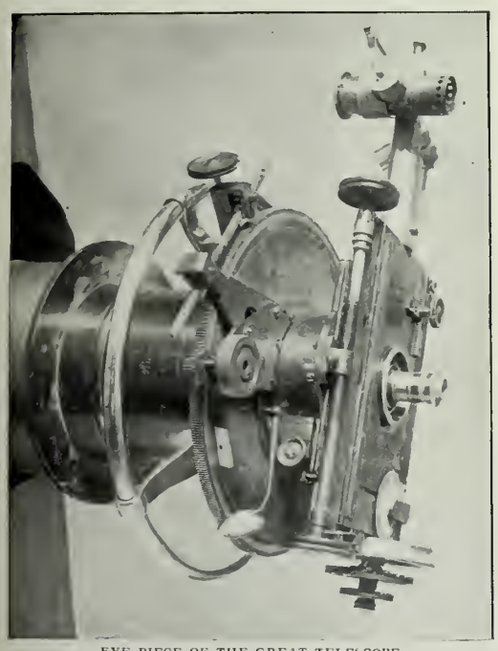
The main ranges are the huge billows or enormous swells, even bigger—if that were possible—than any of McAllister's famous Four Hundred of Gotham. Their vast surfaces are broken into the smaller waves of the lesser hills, and these, in turn, show transverse

ripples in the shape of irregularly parallel and roughly rounded hills, knolls and ranges undulating at will over the grander swells which support them.

Northerly the country is rougher. Ravines and crests and heights, which we should brevet mountains but for the dwarfing presence of the monarch on which we stand, diversify the country, and delight the lover of the picturesque blended with the grand. At night the electric lights of San Jose sparkle like a constellation of lost Pleiads suffering terrestrial shipwreck.

The solitude is complete, and the silence as well. Over all the broad eye-sweep, outside the Santa Clara Valley, few ranch houses, or even herdsmen's huts, appear. One who shared Cowper's longing for a "Lodge in some vast wilderness" might readily gratify it in the tenantless wastes which stretch away to the east and southeast of Mount Hamilton.

The noble munificence of Mr. Lick, the arrangement, construction and cost of the observatory buildings, with the peculiar powers and perfections of the great instruments they protect and serve, have been so frequently and fully published that they need claim no space here. Nor would such items fall within the scope of our present purpose. They who want them know where to find them. Time of writer, type of printer, and even the lovely photographs which illuminate this fortunate page, fail to convey any adequate



EYE PIECE OF THE GREAT TELESCOPE.

idea of the terrestrial beauty so bountifully lavished along all the way to Mount Hamilton, while they become utterly bankrupt in the presence of the celestial grandeurs which nightly glorify the kingly summit. Go and see.

One of the New York theater managers was down at the seashore, and, while wandering about the hotel piazza, ran across a friend, who "touched" him up for a pass.

The manager searched in his inside pocket, and then shook his head. "I'd give you one willingly, but I didn't bring my cards. I don't see how I can do it without them." The deadhead looked blank. Suddenly the manager spoke: "I'll tell you what I can do. Instead of using a card I'll just write 'Pass Bearer' on your shirt front. That will get you in all right."

The man assented, and the pass was written. That evening the deadhead showed up at the theater, and the man at the gate nodded when he looked at the shining bosom. "All right. That's good."

The deadhead passed through the gate, and started into the theater. He had only taken a few steps when the gatekeeper called him back. The man looked surprised.

"What's the matter now? Isn't it all right?"

The gatekeeper nodded. "Yes; but you must surrender the pass." —*Boston Budget.*

MIDWINTER FAIR RATES.

The following schedule of special rates to the Midwinter Fair has been issued by the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific Company:

Special rates to San Francisco and return, during the holding of the Midwinter Exposition, from Portland, Or., Ogden, Utah, and El Paso, Tex., including intermediate stations and stations on local lines of the Southern Pacific Company, Pacific System, will be made as follows:

Class A.—From all stations located over 300 miles from San Francisco: Half fare, or one-way rate for round trip, with $2.50 added.

Class B.—From all stations located over 150 miles (not to exceed 300 miles) from San Francisco: One and one-fifth fare for round trip, with $2.00 added.

Class C.—From all stations located within 150 miles from San Francisco: One and one-third fare for round trip, with $1.50 added.

The minimum special rate will be $1.00.

Conditions.—Entrance ticket coupons to the fair grounds will be sold with the railroad special tickets as follows: For Class A, five gate coupons; for Class B, four gate coupons; for Class C, three gate coupons.

The return portions of these special tickets will be limited to a stay in San Francisco as follows: Class A (over 300 miles), ten days; Class B (over 150 miles), seven days; Class C (less than 150 miles), five days.

These special tickets will be limited to continuous trip (*i. e.*, without stop-over privileges), both going to and returning from San Francisco.

The return passage coupon will be an order for a return limited ticket, and must be presented and surrendered for exchange to the agent at the Southern Pacific Company's office in the Midwinter Fair grounds.

In addition to the above individual rates, chartered cars can be secured under the company's rules and regulations.

BEAUTY IN THE CLOUDS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch, when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie, like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers, the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain.

Wait a little longer, and you will see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up toward you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light until they fade away, lost in its luster, to appear again above in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below.

The following are fair samples of the many letters we are receiving, and without any notice from ourselves, from subscribers who evidently know how to appreciate a really meritorious publication.

ST. LOUIS, MO., November 8, 1893.

I take great pleasure in cordially recommending THE TRAVELER to those appreciative of a work comprising literature, art and a high grade of intellectual profit. I desire to renew my subscription for 1894.

WM. J. MCGRADE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., November 13, 1893.

I believe my subscription to your paper expires with the December number. Inclosed you will find express money order for renewal.

W. I. FRENCH.

BILL-POSTING IN BERLIN.

J. MATTHEWMAN.

The decoration of walls and boardings with unsightly placards is not permitted in Berlin. The bill-sticking has to be confined to the pillars provided for that

purpose. These pillars, named after their inventor, Littpass, are to be found at short distances all over the city.

The Littpass pillar is fixed in the sidewalk, a few inches from the edge, so that it is possible to read the bill without having to step into the street. The pillar is about fifteen feet high and nine feet in circumference. The bills are generally small. The concert, plays and other amusements are all carefully announced, and in addition there are usually a few trade advertisements.

A certain red poster may be used only for official announcements.

About four feet from the bottom a belt is left free from bills, upon which is painted the following useful information: Ambulance conveyances for cases of infectious disease will be provided *gratis* at the nearest police office; the addresses of the nearest (1) post

and telegraph office, (2) public medical office, (3) police office, (4) firemen's barracks.

The middle of the Urania pillar consists of a glass case, which is utilized for advertising. This pillar contains also a thermometer and a barometer, and a plan of the surrounding streets.

STUDIES OF INDIAN PHYSIOGNOMIES.

(Copyrighted 1893.)

MARY O. STANTON.

"Three things," says Lavater, "appear to me indispensable to the traveler,—health, money and a knowledge of physiognomy." I would add to this list of qualifications a keenly observant eye and a sense of form and color. Thus equipped, the riches of the world may be his.

Of all objects observed in a journey through a country, none can be more interesting than its inhabitants, their origin, their customs, their institutions, and, above all, their physiognomies, *viz.*, their facial and bodily characteristics.

It is not difficult to comprehend the character of the civilized races by observation of their habits, customs, physiognomies, etc., for these are the product of comparatively recent development, and both history and biography assist in solving this problem. But, when the traveler directs his observation to the investigation of prehistoric and undeveloped races, he has little aid from either of these sources,—nothing, indeed, except untrustworthy tradition. He must hence rely mainly for his knowledge of their physiological development, for their moral and mental status, upon scientific physiognomy, a study only recently developed as a science.

It is true that considerable knowledge of the mentality of the so-called savage or undeveloped races may be had from inspection of their dwellings, works of art, customs, morals and religion; but the real man, with all his capacity for retrogression and advancement, can be best gathered by an application of the laws of scientific physiognomy, and in no other manner can this same knowledge be gained.

Measurements of the skull and inspection of its form, whether it be brachycephalous or dolichocephalous, will not suffice. Every detail and appearance of the individual must be taken into consideration before a just and accurate estimate of character can be had.

It is essential that the quality and color of the skin, hair and eyes be observed. The luster or lack of luster of the eyes, together with their size, form and movements, must be noted. The contour of the face, features and body must be considered, as well as the form of the hands, feet, fingers, finger nails, and the movements of these members. The poise of the head, the set of the shoulders, the habitual gestures, or lack of them,

NO. 1.—TABIYUNA (UTAH).

reveal character. The lines, wrinkles and dimples, or the absence of them, indicate the presence or absence of certain traits. The color of the complexion, hair and eyes are dominating factors, and reveal moral and mental power as well as physiological vigor. Now, whoever will turn the light of all this knowledge upon a race or individual will acquire most accurate and satisfactory results.

I purpose, in this article, to give delineations of character by the aid of scientific physiognomy of several Indians belonging to diverse tribes and regions, as pictured by photography.

NO. 2.—PAWNEE CHIEF.

At the outset of this attempt I labor under a great disadvantage, for while the most accurate results may be obtained by observation of the living subject, much of character is lost by photographing the human face. Indeed, the greatest drawback to the knowledge of character derived from artistic portraiture is that no process yet discovered preserves the minute details of the human face, whether painted, engraved or photographed.

Now, it is most singular that while the latter process will catch and fasten upon the camera a star so distant as to elude the most powerful telescope, yet it does not catch and retain the colors and minute details of the human countenance, so full of life and meaning!

I long for the day when some great inventor shall arise whose discoveries will enable us to impress upon substantial material the human physiognomy, with all of its peculiarities of configuration, including its color, which is really one of the most important factors in the development as well as in the delineation of character, whether of the plant, animal or human being.

Out of a collection of several hundred photographs of North American Indians I have selected several for the purpose of delineating their characters. Their history is unknown to me. Fortunately for my purpose, the artist who photographed them has not "retouched" them, as, I am sorry to say, is the custom with white faces. Hence I have in these photos all that the camera is capable of retaining.

No. 1.—This countenance shows a profile of a character susceptible of a high degree of civilization. This person, under the refining influences of religion, morality and education, might become a useful and moral citizen. The chin, the upper lip, the nose and projecting eyebrows indicate character of a higher order than is usually found among savages. The position of the tongue between the teeth is accidental, and not a sign of feeble-mindedness. Many of the domestic virtues are well developed in the lower third of the face, *viz.*, love of offspring, of country and of hospitality.

The prominent cheek bone reveals several marked racial traits. One portion of it shows clannishness,—love of race or tribe. Another portion indicates great constitutional vigor and force; another portion, self-healing capacity, and the ability to heal others by remedies, a faculty common to the higher Indian tribes. This peculiar development of the malar bone has also other significations. The pronounced development of the malar bone is peculiar to all nomadic races. Their wandering life requires and has evolved these faculties, and their constant exercise has intensified them.

Their habits of eating, of gross feeding, have probably increased their size. The entire shape of their jaws shows that they have been used not only for gnawing and breaking bones, but also for prehension.

The facial signs for love of the ornate,—of personal decoration,—and a sense of propriety, as he understands it, are quite apparent. In the lower part of the brow the signs for locality, observation, form, weight or balance are prominently developed. These, together with large memory of events, which is indicated in the upper part of the forehead, evidence a most practical turn of mind.

The indications of superstition, so marked in most Indian faces, seem almost wanting, thus assisting his deductions in being practical rather than abstruse or theoretical. His sense of justice and injustice is very clear, both making a strong impression upon him.

I should sum up this character as better adapted to a useful, peaceful life rather than to a warlike, destructive one. Under favorable circumstances the former character would be developed.

No. 2.—The physiognomy of this Indian is in most marked contrast to the preceding. It is characterized by great boldness, audacity and courage, with capacity for leadership, and an aggressive, relentless spirit. The outline of the nose discloses a talent for command, inclining to despotism. Self-will is most decided. Self-esteem and executiveness are large; while the love of race, of country and of offspring is very marked.

The malar bone is more prominent than is shown in No. 1, thus disclosing greater vigor, force, clannishness and other powers signified by this development.

There is a certain loftiness of motive in this character, and although the love of warfare is great, and revenge most perceptible, yet these traits would be exercised by preference in an open, bold and defiant manner rather than by stealth, cunning and strategy.

The facial sign for human nature is very decided in this physiognomy, thus showing the ability to deal with friend and foe with equal ability. Mental constructiveness is large, giving capacity for forming plans, etc. Combativeness and destructiveness are well developed, secretiveness only medium. Firmness

NO. 3.—LONE WOLF (DAKOTA).

and conscientiousness are small; while veneration is a dominating trait. Veneration in this character promotes the superstitious element, and tends to the observance of religious rites and ceremonies. This physiognomy shows an active, vigilant, ferocious and undaunted warrior.

No. 3.—In number three we shall find the elements of a much pleasanter character than the preceding. While all of the salient facial characteristics of the Indian are stamped upon this physiognomy, they present a less savage appearance than is observed in No. 2. The milder traits of character are dominant; and one fac-

NO. 4.—CHIN CHIN WET (WARM SPRING).

ulty, which is not apparent in No. 2, is most strongly impressed upon this physiognomy, *viz.*, mirthfulness.

The peculiar formation of the sides of the upper lip, and the wrinkles and fullness of the cheek just at the corner of the mouth, as well as the wrinkles at the external angle of the eye, disclose the presence of a large endowment of this most humanizing trait,—a trait greatly lacking in most Indian characters.

The mouth, by its size and form, shows a witty, fluent speaker; while the dominant expression of the face is one of humorous enjoyment. In the upper lip (at the sides) the facial signs for love of young, both of animals and children, as well as love of the opposite sex, are well defined, thus disclosing true domestic character. Self-esteem is large, and is indicated by the length of the upper lip.

The peculiar development of the region about the lips and mouth shows a marked degree of the domestic traits, as great as are observed among highly civilized races. The love of country and of race is most pronounced; while ideality, a taste for the beautiful, and sublimity are very noticeable.

Mental imitation, constructiveness, analysis, veneration, self-will, form, size, color, locality, observation and arithmetical calculation are all so well developed as to show a character capable of great progression.

No. 4.—The photograph of Chin Chin Wet of the Warm Spring Indians shows a pleasing, youthful face, yet characterized by an expression of gravity, customary to the young as well as to the adult aboriginal. It is a relatively undeveloped physiognomy, but with all of the Indian traits latent.

A good development of the lower division of the face (below the nose), together with the prominence of the upper cheeks, reveals a large endowment of the social and domestic nature. The facial signs for friendship, hospitality, approbativeness, love of young, of tribe and of country are exceedingly well defined. The length of the chin downward from the mouth denotes firmness; the width of the chin, conscientiousness. In this countenance both are highly developed.

The eyes and eyebrows, by the peculiarities of their form and structure, disclose the artistic bent of mind which the straight outline of the nose corroborates. Arithmetical calculation, form, size and color are most marked, as are also force, secretiveness and revenge.

The youthful roundness of the face will, in later life, give place to the high cheek bones, so characteristic of all Indian races; and the traits associated with this peculiar conformation will become correspondingly active. The large size of the neck, hands and wrists are indices of constitutional vigor and longevity, as well as of great self-will.

No. 5.—The portrait of John Yellow Flower of the Ute tribe discloses, notwithstanding his fanciful name, a powerful and ferocious character, and one who would be influential in the councils of his tribe. The mouth and lips reveal the gift of oratory, which is expressed in vigorous language.

Many of the domestic faculties are well developed. The facial signs of love of the opposite sex, of young, of country and of race are strongly defined.

A very great degree of self-esteem is indicated, thus giving dignity and independence to the character. The form and size of the nose show that the mentality is not of a high order. The passions and emotions are the dominant forces in this character, and when aroused express themselves in a very savage and decided manner. Injustice to this man or to his tribe would be followed by terrible retaliation, and never forgotten nor forgiven.

The color and expression of the eyes denote great ferocity, which, if excited, would be visited upon his foes with cyclonic force. The practical faculties of observation, locality, memory of events, weight or balance are present in a very developed degree.

Force and destructiveness are most apparent, with sufficient secretiveness to make these traits most effective. Sublimity is well defined, as is also the color sense and a high appreciation of the beautiful in personal decoration, according to aboriginal standards.

No. 6.—To the student of physiognomy the outline and attitude of No. 6 reveals a great deal of the character of this subject. Self-control, self-esteem, reflection, benignity and moral responsibility are suggested by these details. The lower third of the face is much more developed than is usual in Indian faces. Firmness or perseverance is most pronounced (shown by the length and projection of the chin). Conscientiousness and self-esteem are well developed and well balanced, thus forming a fine foundation for moral and stable character. The nose is of a very high type. Upon its outline are found the facial signs for sublimity,

NO. 5.—JOHN YELLOW FLOWER (UTAH).

ideality, taste and imagination. Constructiveness, veneration, causality, comparison (reasoning powers) and executiveness are all exceedingly well defined. As in all high-class Indians, the faculties of locality and observation, by their high development, reveal their inherited power.

The peculiar prominence of the malar bones shows the racial proclivity toward clannishness, and all that this implies, that is, defense of self and of tribe, the healing power, physical vigor, etc.

This character might, under the higher influences of civilization, become a teacher or a minister of the gospel. In these physiognomical sketches, which are neces-

NO. 6.—BIRD CHIEF (ARAPAHOE).

sarily brief and incomplete, I have touched only upon the most salient points of each character under consideration. Many of the North American tribes of Indians possess far higher characteristics than is generally ascribed to them. The treatment of these people by our Government and by private individuals has not been such as to call out and develop their best traits.

The saying attributed to General Sheridan, that "there are no good Indians except dead Indians," does not apply to all the tribes of this continent.

The memory of broken treaties, of robbery of lands, and of all sorts of outrages perpetrated upon them, still rankles in the breasts of these "sons of the forest." These injuries heaped upon them for generations by a so-called christian Government and people, and the introduction of civilized (?) vices and diseases, are not well calculated to attract these people to us or to our modes of living. When the whites came at first in contact with the Indians many of them were disposed to be friendly and hospitable; but the theft of their lands, without giving them in return *all* the advantages of civilization, has left them in a most helpless condition, and one which will contribute to their degradation and extermination.

I find as great diversity of character, color and facial appearance among Indians as among the civilized races, and this great variety of color and characteristics gives assurance of a susceptibility to mental and moral advancement.

The schools established by the Government and by religious societies for the education of Indian children have clearly demonstrated that when taken young, and surrounded by favorable influences, they are capable in one generation even of considerable mental and moral advancement.

Whoever underrates the abilities of the undeveloped races proves his lack of observation and reflection in this direction.

A comprehensive comparison of the virtues, vices and intelligence of the Indians with the whites, and their respective advantages, will go far toward dispelling the current erroneous opinion of the former. The widespread ignorance on this subject reminds one of the remark of Carlyle, quite *apropos* to our subject, who observed, "I never knew until a late date what a bottomless fund of darkness there is in the human mind."

AMONG THE RESORTS.

The Hotel Green at Pasadena, Cal., has just been thrown open to the public, and adds another to those splendid hostelries of which Americans can justly brag. It is not too much to say that the Green is undeniably the most magnificent hotel in Southern California. With the unlimited capital of Col. G. G. Green, the owner (who amassed much of his fortune through the proprietorship of the well-known "August Flower"), this fine building has not lacked for comfort, completeness and elegance of finish. The new annex cost $212,000, and the entire structure, furnished, represents an outlay of $350,000. With the new addition the capacity of the Hotel Green has been increased to 400 guests. It has the advantage of being less than a stone's throw from the railroad depot. The rates will range from $3.00 to $5.00 per day. Every room in the new addition is an outside room, and throughout the whole building comfort and elegance are combined. The management will continue in the hands of Mr. J. H. Holmes, and if affability, courtesy and ability stand for aught, there will be no question as to the popularity of this hotel. On November 10th the entire working force of the hotel arrived from the East; and Manager Holmes has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. A. J. Craven from the Raymond & Whitcomb Grand, Chicago, and who will act as his head waiter for the coming season. Mr. Craven brings his entire crew with him.

The engraving showing Vice-President Stevenson and party was taken from a photograph of the writing and reading room of the Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles. Mr. A. C. Bilicke, the Proprietor, has made of it a veritable conservatory and correspondence department beside, and, together with many other improvements and alterations throughout his popular hostelry, he has enjoyed an extent of appreciative patronage that never before journeyed in that direction. Mr. Bilicke is a young man of indomitable energy and progressiveness, and by his constant aim to cater to the comfort and pleasure of his guests has established the most valuable advertisement he could have. The Hollenbeck is the nucleus of Southern California tourist trade, and deserves to capture the lion's share of this winter's traffic.

The Hotel Northern, Seattle, is enjoying a liberal patronage from tourists and commercial men. Mr. C. E. Smith retired on November 1st, leaving Mr. Dodge the sole proprietor and manager. The high standard of service in this house will be maintained and improved upon whenever possible.

On November 1st Mr. Geo. H. Arnold assumed the management of the Hotel Metropole, Oakland, Cal., *vice* Mr. W. E. Veazie, retired. Mr. Arnold is well and popularly known, having had charge of the Tavern of Castle Crag the past season, and formerly conducted the Hotel Florence, San Diego, and the Redondo Hotel at Redondo Beach. The Metropole will undoubtedly increase its popularity under his management, and Mr. Arnold proposes to have his share of this winter's business.

The accompanying illustration of the Redondo Hotel, Redondo Beach, gives but a faint idea of the beauty and attractiveness of its surroundings. It is unquestionably the most delightful seaside resort of its size in all Southern California, not excepting Coronado. Many improvements are in progress for the coming winter, and the new bathing tanks will add much to the inducements of a few weeks' stay at this caravansary. Manager Lynch takes special pride, too, in the excellence of his cuisine, and when it comes right down to real argument that feature assured is more than half the inducement to the steady patrons of any of our resorts.

Mr. A. H. Pratt, Manager of the Hotel Windsor, Redlands, has just taken possession of the new building which has been added to the Windsor during the past summer. The new annex contains twenty-four large rooms, with fine toilet and bathrooms on each floor, besides several suites with private bath and parlors. A new and spacious billiard-room has been added, containing four tables.

Those who have ever traveled through Eastern cities cannot but be struck with the magnificence and substantiality of the first-class hotels. As you enter the vestibule of the great Auditorium, the Hotel Northern or the Victoria at Chicago, or the Waldorf of New York, you are at once impressed with the elegance and massiveness of your surroundings, and contrast it with others you have seen. Not until the completion of the California Hotel, San Francisco, in 1890, has there been a structure that has been largely modeled after the modern lines of our Eastern hostelries. The moment one enters the main office he seems relegated into a different atmosphere, for on every hand he observes a grace, harmony and beauty of architecture that cannot but evoke surprise and admiration. He will likewise be reminded of the general appearance of neatness and order which characterizes this splendid building throughout, and in which Manager Kinzler takes special pride. The next thing that will strike the visitor, if he will inspect the entire structure, is that the costly workmanship that first catches the eye is not only maintained throughout each separate floor, but increases in beauty and design as he goes upward. And, too, the equipment of the rooms is a marvel of the artist's work. So that, in a word, the California is probably the finest hotel west of Chicago. Through the untiring efforts of Mr. A. F. Kinzler, the Manager, he has won for his hotel a most enviable position, and so much so that strangers visiting San Francisco, if they wish to be considered swell, must be able to say, when they return home: "I stopped at the California." And yet all this luxury, attention and faultless service can be obtained at reasonable rates. It will no doubt have all the business it can handle during the Midwinter Fair.

The Palace Hotel, San Francisco, has been entertaining a few complimentary guests in the persons of its principal owners, Sir Thomas Hesketh, F. W. Sharon and wife, Hon. Francis G. Newlands and Mr. H. L. Wright, the latter acting as business counselor to Sir Thomas, who will shortly return to England. A thorough investigation has been made of the hotel and their various mining and other interests. No innovations or changes have been made in the management of the big hotel, which seems to us a flattering indorsement of the general conduct of that vast interest. The report is current that on January first the well-known Union League Club will remove their headquarters to the Palace. They have leased four rooms on the ground floor, New Montgomery Street side, which embrace the United Carriage Company's office, the present ladies' reception room and two adjacent stores. Doors will be built connecting each room, and the utmost privacy will be secured to the club. While their quarters will not be quite so spacious as some of our other swell organizations, they will be elegantly accoutred, comfortable and pleasant; and withal they will enjoy the innumerable advantages of hotel service that can be obtained nowhere else, as all meals, attendance, etc., will be furnished by the Palace. Mr. D. B. Robinson, Vice-President and General Manager of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, has recently returned to the East after a stay of several days at the Palace. Mr. Robinson is an old guest of the big hostelry and leaves it with regret.

ITEMS.

For tourists *en route* to or returning from California *via* the Ogden Route there is no pleasanter side trip can be made than from Reno, Nevada, to Carson and Virginia cities over the Virginia & Truckee Railroad. At Carson there is much of interest, including the State Penitentiary, where may be seen genuine footprints of prehistoric man and beast; and at Virginia opportunity is had to descend into some of the famous mines of the Comstock, notably the Consolidated Virginia Mine, whose shaft extends to a working level of over 1,750 feet, on a line with the celebrated Sutro Tunnel. It is a rare and interesting experience that is well worth the trip.

For a nice bouquet you cannot do better than at 343 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

We wish to call the attention of visitors to the Midwinter Fair, and, indeed, all others who have not seen the Yosemite, to the cyclorama of this wonderful valley on exhibit at the corner of Tenth and Market streets, San Francisco. It is simply marvelous, and conveys to the mind as broad and comprehensive a conception of the subject as can possibly be made outside of seeing it for one's self. Yosemite being closed during the winter months forbids visitors to our Fair the opportunity of taking in its wonders. We therefore strongly urge every one who is at all interested in our scenic masterpiece (and who is not?) to visit this cyclorama.

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion, and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

Rare plants and flowers can be obtained of Carbone & Co., 343 Kearny Street.

The enterprising management of Paraiso Springs is preparing for a splendid exhibit of their remarkable mineral water at the Midwinter Fair. This water has never been prominently brought to the attention of the general public, and it has only to be known and tried to increase its use.

The *Irish-American*, the bright new weekly of San Francisco, has struck a happy keynote in its title and object, and will undoubtedly spring rapidly into popular favor. We wish it success.

Largest collection of flowers at Carbone & Co., 343 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by

W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.
650 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Vistas in Southern California" is the rather unique title of an elaborate and beautifully illustrated souvenir just published by A. C. Bilicke & Co., Proprietors of the Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, California. It contains fifty pages in all, elegantly incased within an embossed cover, and embraces a fund of interesting reading matter, accompanied by appropriate engravings of the most popular resorts and other points of interest to the traveling public. In the compilation of the book the publishers have departed from the usual style of hotel souvenirs, in that the Hollenbeck Hotel itself is an inconspicuous feature of the work. They have modestly retired to the background, occupying but three pages in all for themselves, while the rest is generously devoted to Southern California in general. Notwithstanding its cost, Messrs. Bilicke & Co. have authorized us to say that they will mail a copy *free of charge* to the readers of THE TRAVELER. A postal or letter addressed to them, and mentioning THE TRAVELER, will procure the book.

The Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara has just issued a handsome souvenir published by THE TRAVELER. It contains sixteen pages in all, liberally illustrated with beautiful views of Santa Barbara and vicinity. A copy will be mailed free to any one writing for it, and mentioning this notice.

OLD GOLD.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the water below is dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily o'er the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a seabird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen;
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-whoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave
Rots slowly away in its living grave;
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its moldering dust away,
Like the hand that lays on the grave a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom with loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still;
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide
To see that the face and boat were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lend to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I looked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossoms waved or the green moss grew
O'er the moldering stern of the old canoe.

APRIL AND DECEMBER.

Written for THE TRAVELER.

The rod is in the case;
Closed is the treasured book;
The reel within the basket silent lies;
No more with loitering pace,
Beside the roistering brook,
The angler deftly casts his luring flies.

Short, short, the glad springtime,
And summer days how fleet!
Too soon they speed away on golden wing,
Now winter's ruthless rime
Nips all the herbage sweet,
And round the eaves the lusty storm-winds sing.

Yet as in drowsy mood
I watch the fire-log glow,
And hearken to the splashing of the rain,
Far in the leafy wood
I hear the waters flow,
And see the trout rise to the fly again.

—*Fred Lewis Foster.*

A song of a boat:
White, where distant waters toss,
White as the wing of an albatross
Soaring away to her nest remote.

Beating out against the tide,
A ripple of laughter over the side;
With the sheet trimmed aft and a shivering luff,
And a touch that tells she's close enough,
And a smother of foam to leeward.
Close to the eye
Of the wind we fly,
Like a gray gull reaching seaward.

With a lifting sail and a swaying mast,
And a foaming wake where the boat has passed,
And the spray of an angry sea;
An upward sweep,
And a floating leap,
Then the order, Hard a-lee!

The vicious thrash of a wind-mad sail,
And shifting bags to the weather rail,
And the sheet a moment slack;
Then all hands low,
And away we go
With a swing on the starboard tack.

—*Outing for November.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

George—No matter how things go, the poor always suffer.

Jack—Yes; the nabobs who own railroads don't think anything of running over a poor man's horse.

George—Yes: and the man who can afford to own a horse runs down the poor fellow on a bicycle.

Jack—Just so. And the fellow on the bicycle runs down the poor chap who has to walk.

George—That's it. And the man who walks stumbles against the poor cripple who goes on crutches.

Jack—That's the way. And the cripple on crutches spends most of his time jamming his sticks down on other people's corns. It's a saldy selfish world. —*New York Weekly.*

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.
"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.
"You sweet thing!" murmured the paper bag. —*Truth.*

The rector was expected to call in the afternoon. After luncheon the mother began to coach Frankie.

"He will ask your name," she said, "and you must tell him 'Frankie Jones.' Then he will ask your age, and you must say 'Six years old in June.' He will ask you who made you, and you must say 'God and then if he asks what he made you of you must say 'Dirt.'"

The rector then came, and sure enough he asked the little fellow his name, whereupon Frankie shouted, "Frankie Jones, six years old in June, God, dirt." —*New York Times.*

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge.
"Well, I killed the man," replied the prisoner.
"Why did you kill him?"
"To obtain his dinner pail," was the reply.
"What did you want of the dinner pail?"
"I was hungry, and wanted the dinner."
"What did the dinner pail contain?"
"Bread and meat and potatoes."
"Did you eat the dinner?"
"I ate the bread and potatoes, and threw the meat away."
"Why did you do that?"
"Because it was Friday, sir; and it was wrong to eat meat on Friday."

The nurse was giving the twins a bath. Later, hearing the children laughing in bed, she said:
"What are you children laughing about?"
"O, nothing," replied Edna; "only you gave Edith two baths, and haven't given me any" —*Midcontinent.*

"Markham is wretchedly absent-minded."
"What's he been doing now?"
"Went out to dine yesterday, and apologized profusely at the end of the dinner for the poorness of the spread."

There is a gallant Congressman who once had the reputation of sowing wild oats broadcast. When he was first running for Congress, many breezy stories were told about him. At last he gave it out, in the heat of his campaign, that he would speak shortly in defense of his morals. He had a big audience.

The speech every one liked, but, until the last sentence, not a word was spoken about the advertised subject. At the last the candidate stuck his hand under his desk and pulled out several boxes of imported cigars

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I am accused of having certain bad habits. Particular instances have been alleged. I wish to make some one in this assemblage a present of a box of good cigars. If there is any one here who has never done what I have done, will he please step up and take it?"

No one moved. For a long time the big crowd kept silent. But an old Baptist minister, in a far-back seat, arose and said, in a high, squeaky voice, "Colonel, I don't smoke." —*Chicago Post.*

"This photograph doesn't look a bit like me," said Jarley to the photographer.

"I know it," said the photographer. "I was afraid to make it exactly like you, for fear you wouldn't take it." —*Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. McMortarty—Phwat is yure son doin' now, Mrs. O'Rafferty?
Mrs. O'Rafferty—Shure he's adopted th' shtage as a profusslon
Mrs. McMoriarty—A Fift' Avenoo shtage, Is it?
Mrs. O'Rafferty—Be away wid yure nonsinse! It's an actor he is. He do be a loight comadian.
Mrs. McMortarty—A loight comadian, Is it?
Mrs. O'Rafferty—Yis. He shtands beyant a back curtain wid his mouth t' a hole ferninst a candle, an' whin Pawnee Oike shoots at th' candle he blows it out. —*Judge.*

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A limited number only are on hand and orders should be sent in at once.

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IF SO, DO NOT FORGET

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The grandeur of the valley and its distances are marvelously real, and one can obtain a true impression of this remarkable creation without the trouble and expense of a trip there.

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DR. EUGENE BUELL,
CANCER INSTITUTE,
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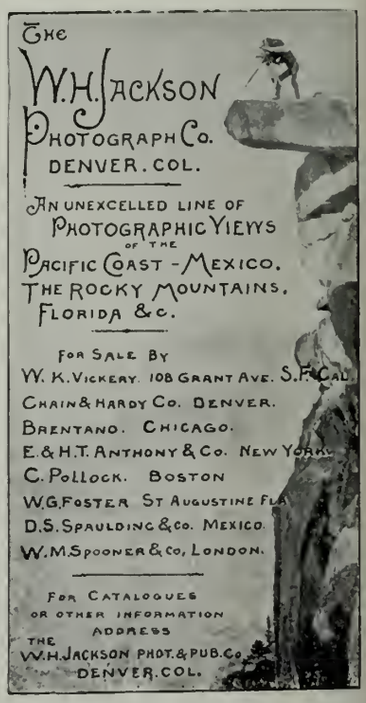
McAllister and Larkin Sts., SAN FRANCISCO.

HE CAUGHT THEM ALL.

He had a poor stock;
His prices were high;
He couldn't induce
The fair sex to buy,
Until an idea
Brought to him bliss.
An "ad" in the papers
He put; 'twas like this:
"Ladies, attention!
This notice please read;
To my new departure
Kindly pay heed.
No more will I sell,
From far or from near,
To any who've passed
Their twentieth year."

On his store did the women
Make such a grand charge
He quickly was forced
Its size to enlarge.
And now immense crowds,
There seen every day,
Emphatically prove that
Advertising does pay.

—*Fireside Companion.*



Mabel—Jack told me last night that he wanted to kiss me.

Flossie—The forward wretch! What did you say?

Mabel—I told him I had heard he always had his own way.

Spencer—I see that the latest strong man is able to break a quarter in two pieces.

Ferguson—He must have been out of sorts the other day when I saw him at the races.

Spencer—Why so?

Ferguson—Somebody asked him to break a five-pound bill, and he could not do it.

HOLIDAY · NUMBER.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

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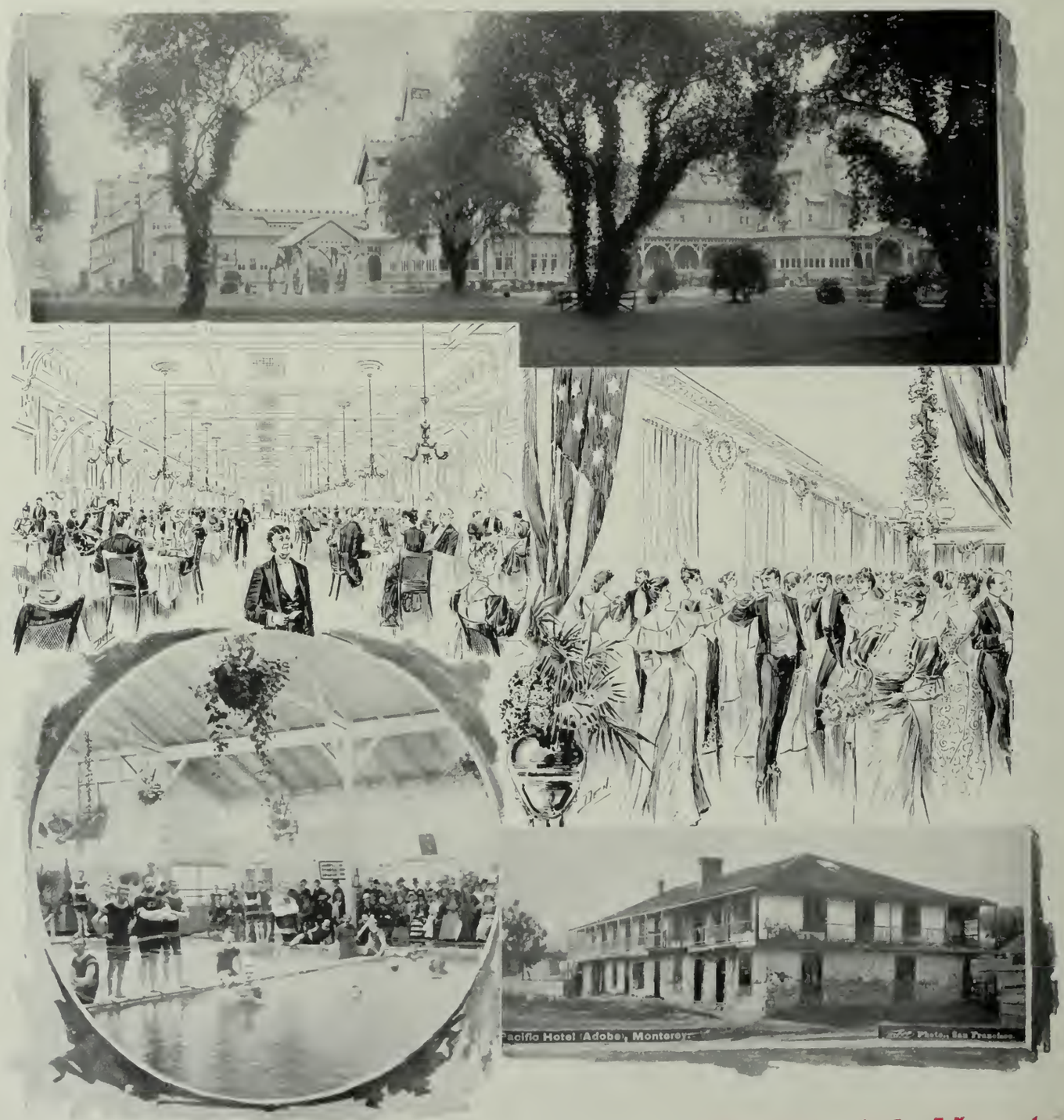
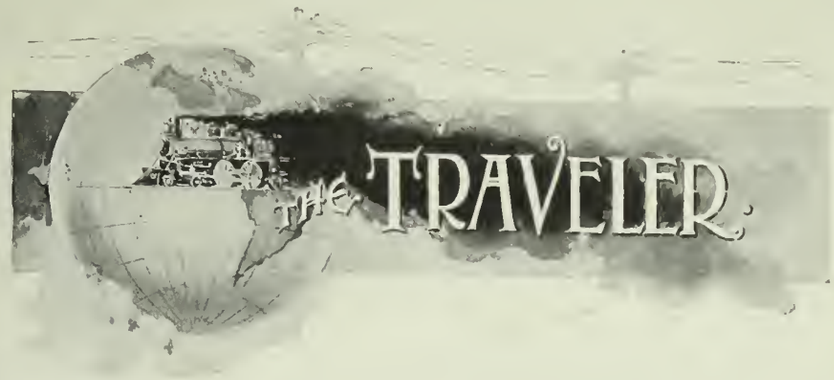
OUR EMBLEM.



Hotel del Monte.

THERE is a bit of history illustrated in the above cut. The old Pacific adobe house, the first hotel built in California, is still standing in the village of Monterey, about half a mile from the Hotel del Monte, so that the earliest and latest development of hotel history in the State has been enacted at this place. Comparisons may be odious, but they are sometimes very striking. There was, of course, a homely, rough-and-ready hospitality in the early-day inns, but what is now known as the "modern conveniences" in hotels was an unknown quantity in '49. There was then no eighteen-mile drive, no magnificent bath-house, no hundred-acre flower garden, in fact no HOTEL DEL MONTE with its multifarious attractions. The development of the Western country demanded a high-class caravansary, and Del Monte is the result.



VOLUME III. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1894. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

AS WE are about to enter upon our second year, we beg to say that for the year 1893 we have met with a good measure of success; we have paid our debts; we have struggled with the "stringency" question; we have economized, and worked hard.

We promised our patrons that we would not deteriorate, but that we would progress in our work; and, up to the present time, there has been no charge of delinquency made against us in this regard.

The year of 1894 opens auspiciously for California. The early rains have visited us at the most opportune time; the hills are green; butter is yellow, and cheaper than it was. Suggestions of spring are with us in the shape of some audacious eschscholtzias that are blossoming by the wayside.

The Midwinter Fair is an assured success, and will attract many strangers. Circumstances, both in the East and in the West, have combined to assure us that the backbone of the hard times has been broken, and that the horizon of the future has a long, bright streak of light around it, and we may all take courage.

"THE old year lies a-dying." Well, there's no use in crying about it; it has happened before, "many a time," and anyway it *isn't* an old year; it was only born between December and January, a year ago, and, under the best conditions, could not be expected to have more than one, or possibly two teeth, the cutting of which, and a few other things, notably the maturity of debts, make us half wish it had never been born.

No, Old Year! you can't figure as an old man any longer, and pose as a gray-beard to remind us of the time for striking balances, swearing off bad habits, and making presents we can ill afford. You come too often; you keep our folks up at night, especially on December 31st, waiting to hear the clock strike twelve, which is really very absurd, for one night is as good as another. You go right along in a cold-blooded sort of way, without stopping to think or wait for either time or tide; and every year we have this old rumpus kicked up, and we are made uncomfortable in being reminded of our past sins, and feel a slight temerity in making promises for the future, the keeping of similar ones having been rather unsuccessful in the past.

But, after all, we are glad to see you, New Year. You remind us of friends neglected, of duties unfulfilled, and of promises unkept. So, after all, perhaps, your annual appearing is a wholesome feature, and we are inclined to overlook your discrepancies.

But we promise you this, among other things, that we are not making any more promises. About a year ago, and a year before that, and every year we can recall, even away back into dim childhood, we took ourselves to one side, about the time of the year that you and your pa generally part company, and built up a wide, large, high set of resolutions to live a better life.

One new year we promised not to lie for the twelve months next succeeding. That was a dismal, inglorious failure, which was occasioned by meeting a few angling friends on the 5th of January of the same year. How many more of our good resolutions were either broken or badly cracked on that same occasion we cannot now remember, but perhaps it is better to keep on trying. So we will give you our hand that for the coming year we will promise ——

ATTENTION is called to our holiday supplement, "The Yosemite Falls," one of the cleverest halftones that has been done on the Coast. The subject is a familiar one to Californians: but a few notes to strangers will be found of interest.

Prof. J. D. Whitney says these falls are the most attractive feature of Yosemite, and that its most impressive element is its vertical height, which is about half a mile. In this it surpasses, it is believed, any waterfall in the world, with anything like an equal body of water.

THE TRAVELER, from the nature of its contents, and its general elegance, is local in no sense of the word; and its circulation and influence have been gradually extending throughout the United States and other portions of the world. Its subscription list has spread so rapidly and extensively beyond the Rocky Mountains that it has finally become necessary to establish an Eastern office in New York.

We have secured the services of Mr. Kirke White, of long experience in the journalistic line, and he has established the Eastern office of THE TRAVELER in the Brooks Building, No. 23 Park Row.

Mr. White will have full charge of the business in the East, and all business emanating from that territory will be handled by him.

THE Southern California Hotel Men's Association, lately organized in that portion of the State, is bound to be of great benefit, not only to the traveling public and the State at large, but to the proprietors themselves, provided their plans can be carried out, and they certainly seem feasible.

It is not their purpose, however, to make the Association a sectional one. The hotels of Middle and Northern California are cordially invited to affiliate with them.

Southern California, to-day, is the finest winter resort (all things being considered) in the United States, or, possibly, in the world. Many visitors come for the season, and many make permanent homes. It is important, therefore, that the first impression of the country should be a favorable one, and the stranger gets this largely from his first stopping-place.

The purposes of this Association, briefly summed up, are to improve the entire hotel system of the country, and this is an important work. The stranger gauges his opinion of a locality by its hotels, and, as California is catering to strangers, any movement in this direction should be carefully considered and encouraged by every one interested in the welfare of the State.

It is hoped that this movement will promote a good feeling among the proprietors of all the hotels in the district named, and that it may be agreed upon by its members to keep up a high standard of service; to keep all promises made through advertising mediums, and not in any way to deceive the traveling public; to think well of a business rival, even though he should take a customer away from him, and, instead of abusing him for so doing, to try and discover why his guest should care to make the change; to recommend a patron (if he makes inquiry) to the seashore or the mountain foothills, or any region lying between, and not to underrate any locality for the purpose of retaining his patronage.

And so it all resolves itself around to about this: There is no one locality that can expect to meet all the wants of the visitor. He will stop a short time in the interior, a short time at the seaside, and gravitate between the two; but wherever he goes or wherever he stops, treat him well, and speak well of every other resort in the country that is doing a legitimate business and is worthy of honorable mention.

This Association has under consideration the project of establishing a bureau of information at the Midwinter Fair, which should receive the hearty co-operation of the entire community.

It is proposed to fit up a room or rooms in the Southern California Building, to be handsomely furnished, where large photographs of scenery, hotels and resorts will be placed, and where information, such as travelers need, will be furnished *gratis*.

This movement would, without question, result in great good to that portion of the State, and THE TRAVELER wishes the Association and all its projects an unqualified success.

In the "Yosemite Pioneers" article, on page 2, Mr. Hutchings' initials should be J. M. instead of J. H.

YOSEMITE PIONEERS.

STANLEY IRVING.

It is not known absolutely who discovered America. Although, up to the present time. Columbus stands ahead of all other claimants, yet it seems quite certain that the Norsemen were some three hundred years ahead of him.

There is the same uncertainty regarding the discoverer of Yosemite, although it is generally conceded that Capt. J. R. Walker was the first white man to gaze down into this wonderful abyss, although not the first one to enter it. He is therefore, we presume, entitled to the honor of being the true discoverer of Yosemite Valley.

There are others, however, to divide honors with Capt. Walker in his great discovery, prominent among whom is Dr. L. H. Bunnell, now a resident of Homer, Minnesota, who was one of a party of white men who first entered the valley, and who has undoubtedly the honor of naming it Yosemite.

L. H. BUNNELL.

The circumstances under which Dr. Bunnell entered the valley are now matters of history. The Yosemite, Chowchilla and other Indians had become troublesome, and frequent depredations had been committed upon mining villages and foothill ranches. Whether or not the Indians were the aggressors is uncertain.

Old Chief Ten-ie-ya of the Yosemite tribe, in a parley with the troops, remarked that "My young men have sometimes taken horses and mules from the whites. It is not wrong to take the property of enemies who have wronged my people." From this it would seem that from Ten-ie-ya's standpoint it was an honorable warfare as far as the Indians were concerned.

The treatment of the hostiles by the Mariposa Battalion was not always characterized by humane feelings. On the contrary, upon reading the impartial account of Dr. Bunnell, one is inclined to sympathize with the first settlers of this great stronghold.

A. T. DOWD.

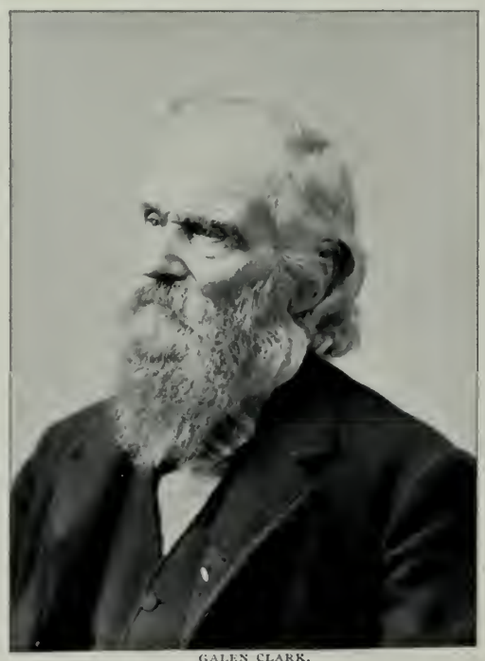
It was on the 5th of May, 1851, that this little band of palefaces marched down along the slope of the southern Yosemite wall, and at last came in sight of the great gorge in the heart of the Sierra. Dr. Bunnell says:

"We found the traveling much less laborious than before, and it seemed but a short time after we left the Indians before we suddenly came in full view of the valley in which was the village, or rather the encampment, of the Yosemites. The immensity of rock I had seen in my vision on the old Bear Valley trail from Ridley's Ferry was here presented to my astonished gaze. The face of the immense cliff (El Capitan) was shadowed by the declining sun; its outlines only had been seen at a distance."

The Indian difficulty was of short duration, and in the course of a few years travel was as secure from danger through these mountains as anywhere in the State.

In the summer of 1855 Mr. J. H. Hutchings, with three others, made the first tourist trip to Yosemite ever attempted, and, upon their return, Mr. Hutchings made known to the world the wonders of this marvelous country. So that, while the honors of discovery, etc., may be given to others, it is universally conceded that he was the pioneer herald to the outside world of the scenic grandeur of Ah-wah-nee, as it was originally called.

In speaking of his first trip to Yosemite, Mr. Hutchings says: "As time rolled on, delighted visitors kept flocking to Yosemite. The dangerous roughness and uncertainty of the old Indian trails (where there were any), or the inconveniences and discomforts of open-air life, in no way deterred or discouraged them. This induced two enterprising brothers, Milton and Houston Mann, in 1850,—who had formed a portion of the Sherlock's Creek party the preceding year,—to survey and construct a new horse path from Clark's, on the south fork of the Merced, to the valley. This was completed in August, 1856, and opened as a toll trail. Proving unremunerative as such, it was subsequently sold to the county of Mariposa, at about one-third its cost, and made free."



GALEN CLARK.

Every visitor that has passed over this trail in early days will call to pleasant memory the unpretentious hospitality of the wayside inn known as "Peregoy's," and never forget the emotions evoked by the magnificent view of the distant Sierra from the "meadows," or the inexpressively impressive scenes from "Inspiration Point" and "Mount Beatitude."

Mr. Galen Clark, the venerable guardian of Yosemite, was the discoverer of the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. He had been in failing health, and wisely put out for the mountains and established himself near the south-fork headwaters of the Merced River, now known as Wawona.

Regaining his strength, he made frequent explorations into the surrounding country, upon one of which rambles he found himself upon a prominent peak which overlooked the Chowchilla Range and the receding foothill winrows of the Sierra. Being of a very observing nature, Mr. Clark noticed some gigantic tree tops that towered far above the surrounding forest, and was so impressed with their appearance that he resolved to make an exploration, which resulted in the above-mentioned discovery.

J. H. HUTCHINGS.

Mr. Clark is the present guardian of Yosemite, and every one has a kind word for him.

We have had considerable trouble in procuring the photograph of Mr. A. T. Dowd, the discoverer of the Big Trees of the Sierra.

Some time during the year 1893 he crossed his last stream, after having arrived at a good old age, and his ashes lie buried in the oakland foothills of the Sierra Morena Mountains in Santa Clara County.

Mr. Dowd was the first white man to gaze upon the wonderful vegetable growths of the *Sequoia Gigantea* of the Calaveras Grove, and, according to the records, his story of their discovery gained so little credence among his friends that he had to resort to a ruse to get them to the spot where the trees were.

This was in the spring of 1852, when Dowd was employed by the Union Water Company to supply the men in their employ with fresh meat while digging a canal to bring water down to Murphy's.

"The wonderful tale of the Big Trees," says Prof. Whitney, "soon found its way into the papers, and appears to have been first published in the Sonora *Herald*, the nearest periodical to the locality. The account was republished in a San Francisco paper, then copied into the London *Athenæum* of July 23, 1853, which was the first notice of the *Sequoia* published in Europe."

There are many more names of the early explorers that might be added to the above-named, but space does not permit. Watkins and Fiske did honorable work with their cameras, while Hill, Bierstadt, Robinson and others have done excellent work on canvas.

AN HISTORIC CHARACTER.

J. M SCANLAND.

IN THE summit of Echo Mountain, about twelve miles distant from Los Angeles, there lives an historic character,—Jason Brown, a son of "old Ossawattomie Brown" of Kansas border-war and Harper's Ferry notoriety. Jason is seventy-two years of age, and his long, gray whiskers give him rather a patriarchal appearance. Though one of "the first in war," or one of the leaders of the cause that led to the late civil war, he does not draw one cent of the one hundred millions of dollars yearly paid out to thousands who did less than himself.

The old man is employed as a guide on the mountain trails by the owners of the mountain resort, receiving $40.00 a month. He lives in a tent, alone, and when not on the trail with a party of tourists fills in his time feeding and taming a small menagerie of animals, which he has trapped.

He is an object of curiosity to tourists, and, when pointed out, many questions are asked him about "bleeding Kansas," and the hanging of his father by the Virginia authorities. While talkative on other matters, he is naturally morose when these disagreeable subjects are mentioned.

"I came here about ten years ago, and located some Government land just over in that valley," said the old man to me a few days ago, and he pointed to a pretty little valley at the base of the mountain. "My brother, Owen, is buried there, and now I live here alone."

Tears were seen in the old man's eyes, and with a slight emotion he continued:

"I have a brother living on Gibraltar Island, Put-in-Bay, and my family live East. I went back there two years ago, but I cannot live East on account of my bad health. I like the mountains better. It is more like freedom."

The old man, whose career is remarkably eventful, seems reconciled to this pastoral life, and the duties of a mountain guide. On my telling him that I was an ex-rebel soldier, the old fellow's face brightened with a smile, and extending his hands he said:

"Give me both your hands in friendship. I always like to meet Southern people. Though Southerners hanged my father, I owe my life to Southern people. How? Well, I was all through the Kansas War. My brother Frederick and myself had been captured by the Southerners; and it is singular that I was captured by the same man who afterward killed brother Frederick. Well, my hands were tied behind me, and I was marched about twenty miles in the broiling sun, under a guard of cavalry. When we arrived at their headquarters there were about three hundred proslavery men assembled there; for the news had spread that another one of 'old John Brown's' sons had been captured, and the word went round that they were going to swing him up. On my appearance some shouted, 'Hang him.' A man brought forth a new rope, which was placed around my neck. They asked me if I was John Brown's son, and I replied that I was. I never denied my name; they could hang me first. At this moment I noticed three men who seemed not to take any part in the affair. They came up with a small scrap of paper, and one of them read to the crowd: 'I understand you hold two of my sons prisoners. John Brown.'

"That note was from my father. I believe that is all the note contained. I never knew how he learned that I was a prisoner, nor how he got the note to these three men. They were Kentuckians, they afterward told me. They talked to the mob. What they said, or what influence was brought to bear, I do not know. The rope was taken from my neck, and you see I was not hanged," said the old man, laughing.

Continuing, he said: "I then determined, at the first opportunity, to befriend some Southern man for their sparing my life. Soon afterward, among some of the prisoners, was a Mississippian named Kline. He was a mere boy, and had been wounded in the leg, which it was necessary to amputate. I took him to a friend's house, and had him cared for; but he died from the effects of the wound. The young fellow told me that he was editor of a newspaper; but, being called away suddenly to another fight, I did not talk much with him, and on my return he was dead. I would give anything in the world to know where his relatives are, if living, so that I might tell them of the noble young fellow's fate; but I suppose they are all dead, that is so long ago."

"No; I was not in the War of the Rebellion," said Mr. Brown, in answer to a question. "I offered my services, but was refused on account of my physical disabilities. I was also drafted, and again rejected."

Jason was not at Harper's Ferry, where two of his brothers were killed and his father was wounded. The reason is, it is believed, that he did not approve of his father's method of attempting to liberate the slaves; yet he was in full sympathy with the cause. He referred to the wounding of his father, and the sword thrusts he received after he had fallen, in terms more sorrowful than vindictive.

The history of the siege of the old engine house at Harper's Ferry by Government troops is to the effect that Capt. J. E. B. Stuart, an aide to Col. Robert E. Lee, under flag of truce, summoned Brown and his few hundred followers to surrender, and trust to the clemency of the Government.

John Brown refused, saying: "That means a rope. I prefer to die right here."

Stuart then gave the signal for attack. The doors were battered down under a heavy fire from the inside. A lieutenant rushed in with the storming party, shouting, "Where is old John Brown?" When within about ten feet of him he sprang at Brown, giving him an under thrust of his sword, striking him on the sword belt, which, no doubt, saved Brown's life. After Brown had fallen, this Lieut. Green struck him over the head several times with his sword, and would undoubtedly have killed him, only that in the excitement of the moment the lieutenant held his sword in the middle, and struck with the hilt. The sword had been bent nearly double in the thrust against Brown's sword belt.

After this narrow escape from death John Brown was hanged. He was canonized by his sympathizers in the refrain, "John Brown's Body Lies Moldering in the Grave," which was sung by the Federal troops by the camp-fire and on the march; while the Confederates rejoined with, "We Hanged John Brown on a Sour Apple Tree."

"Yes; I prefer the free mountain air; it seems more like freedom," continued Jason Brown, who had become quite communicative. "I do not care to live back there now. I do not want to think of the past, although I have no enmity against those people.'

"Have you ever studied the problem of navigating the air?" said Jason, with an evident desire of changing the subject. "We will soon come to it, and it will be as easy to go through the air by machinery as we go from place to place on railroads, or navigate the water. Ballooning is the first step toward it. I have been studying the flight of birds. They are heavier than the air, and yet they sail through the air for long distances without the slightest motion of their wings. An eagle, resting upon that mountain summit, will raise himself without the slightest effort, and, with his wings motionless, will sail upward, or round in a circle. What is it that keeps him up when he is motionless? Ah! that is the science that we must master. But we are gradually coming to it.

"Yes; I am experimenting on balloons, and am also working on a flying machine, which I hope will successfully navigate the air.

"Now I must feed my pets," concluded this historic character, as he walked to the little menagerie, consisting of a caged golden eagle and a few pink-eyed rabbits, which had been trapped in the mountains, and placed under the special care of "Uncle Jason, the guide."

The incidents of the late war seem so recent that one can hardly realize that any son of John Brown of Ossawattomie should have arrived at the age of three score and ten.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, was once the guest of a rich Hamburg merchant. The merchant's son, a young man of somewhat sentimental temperament, said, among other things, that his dearest wish was to ride across the desert on the back of a camel. He thought such a ride must be very poetic, indeed.

"My dear young friend," replied the explorer, "I can tell you how you can get a partial idea of what riding a camel of the deserts of Africa is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible, and put it into a wagon without any springs; then seat yourself on the stool, and have it driven out over rocky and uneven ground during the hottest weather of July or August, after you have not had anything to drink for twenty-four hours, and then you will get a faint idea of how delightfully poetic it is to ride on a camel in the wilds of Africa." —*Harrison's Family Magazine.*

GLIMPSES OF INDIAN VILLAGE LIFE.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

EALTHFUL and picturesque is the location of the Indian village of Pauma, in San Diego County. It is one of the better types of aboriginal civilization, and would well repay the tourist for including it in his itinerary. If one expected to see the usual collection of Indian huts of brush or tules, with here and there an occasional dilapidated tent, in imitation of the buckskin wigwams of their forefathers, and with piles of refuse of every description scattered around, he would be agreeably surprised.

As we passed the bend of the last hill a beautiful nook was revealed that was sheltered on two sides by the grim Palomar Mountains, and on another by the low range of outlying hills. The San Luis Rey River flows along the base of the mountains after it leaves the narrow, dark canyon in which it has its source, affording a never-failing water supply. Scattered over the gentle slope of this ideal valley are a number of rather small, compact-looking adobe houses, all guiltless of whitewash, but many of them almost hidden under a wealth of climbing vines.

There were no flower gardens, but each home possessed a thrifty, well-kept vegetable patch.

The largest house of the village belonged to the captain or chief of the tribe, Pedro Pablo, and was a long, low hut of rough adobe, with a huge outside chimney built of mud and stones. The door was of rude boards, and there was but one window. Through the grime of that I espied a small basket of exquisite workmanship, which I immediately coveted.

The captain himself came to meet us, accompanied by a score or more of typical Indian dogs, making the usual diabolical discord. The odor from the house was not inviting as we entered; but it requires considerable diplomacy to procure a basket at what might be termed a reasonable figure, and, besides, when one visits strange places one must be prepared for strange sights and odors.

The interior was divided into three apartments. The proprietor proudly led us into the farthest one, and said, with an air of elation, as he pointed to the rickety bed in the corner, "Mrs. Jackson sleep there."

It was true. Helen Hunt Jackson had spent three weeks in the home of Pedro Pablo while pursuing her studies of Indian life, but I could not help hoping that it was more inviting then than now. The floors were the bare ground, and the rooms were filled with a nondescript collection of everything except furniture.

In one corner of the so-called kitchen was a flat stone, on which the housewife ground the corn by means of a smaller flat stone. My efforts at pulverizing wheat

GRINDING CORN.

elicited much laughter from the sturdy old chief, and I thought I detected something of contempt in the expression of his bright eyes.

Presently I opened negotiations for the basket, and, after an hour's circumlocution, succeeded in purchasing it for just one-third the price originally asked,—an unheard-of reduction for an Indian to make, but due to the efforts of my friend, who, a couple of years before, had been the teacher of this lithe, sinewy man, who did not look his three-score years. His wife was not at home, but the old man pointed to a distant field, saying we would find her there. Later, as we crossed the field, we stopped to speak to her, interrupting the process of hoeing a patch of potatoes.

We found her a typical old Indian woman,—fat, wrinkled, blear-eyed, bare-footed, and disheveled as to hair and attire, but she was the "first lady" of the village nevertheless.

In a tiny but very clean and orderly house live four sisters, who, though young girls, have made a widespread reputation for the beautiful drawn work they do; and some of it is so fine and intricate that the wonder is how these ignorant, unlettered Indians have acquired such ability. Their work is in great demand at such prices as insure them a comfortable income, though the more difficult patterns require much time and patience.

Farther down the slope, toward the river, lives a very old crone, whose chief source of pride is the fact that her husband, lately deceased, fought in the battle of Monterey. She is very decrepit, and her brush hut is keeping pace with her in the process of decay. She squats outside in the sun all day, weaving baskets and table mats from the inner fibrous bark of a shrubby tree that grows plentifully in that locality. These she sells at excellent prices, receiving orders for her work from San Diego and surrounding towns.

The immense basket exhibited at the World's Fair by Mrs. Geo. T. Hazzard of San Diego was made in this village, and was the result of a rather funny misunderstanding of the order for it. The lady wished a large basket to be used as a clothes hamper, and in giving directions in regard to size endeavored to impress the fact that she wanted a larger one than those

AN ACORN COLLECTION.

usually made. The result was a basket in which four people could sit comfortably. The surprise of the lady upon its delivery may be imagined.

Seeing a number of Indians grouped about a house under the lee of a hill, we walked toward it. It was the home of the captain's oldest son, who, following the example of the men of the village, was leaning against the wall, smoking a cigarette. On the low step sat his wife, holding their four-weeks-old son.

I requested to be shown some of the fine lace she was famed for making. She asked her husband to hold the baby, but he said in Spanish as he walked away: "Give him to her. She wants to see the lace."

While she hesitated, I held out my arms and took the child. It was so swathed in shawls that only a round, fat, dirty face was visible, but the bright eyes blinked at me in a very knowing manner.

The three rooms were neat, and, though furnished meagerly, there was an apparent attempt at decoration, as was evidenced by the lace-trimmed pillow cases and shelf draperies, and the scores of bright advertising cards stuck over the earthen walls.

Near this house stood a brush hut that swarmed with women and children of all ages and conditions of cleanliness and clothing. Dirt and dogs were paramount. The older ones spoke only the Indian language, and were not at all conversant with Spanish, the language in general use among all California Indians.

On the bank of the river stands a very pretentious abode, the home of one of the most progressive men in the village. The adobe house is of moderate size, while the commodious barn is a frame structure. Everywhere are tokens of thrift and prosperity, and here I found a private "sweat-house."

The real object of these places is hard to determine, as there is a diversity of explanations given. Some assert that they are for the purpose of cleanliness, to assist in ridding the body of vermin. Others declare that they are part of a religious observance.

A shallow hollow is scooped out of the ground, and covered with a low dome-shaped roof of rough adobe, leaving only a small aperture at one side for entrance and egress. The inner part of this place is about eight feet long, five feet across, and between four and five

MRS. JACKSON'S ADOBE.

feet in height at the highest point, the walls and roof being probably two feet thick.

The person who intends taking the sweat-bath makes up a fierce fire inside, allowing the smoke to escape through the opening in the side; and when the place is sufficiently heated he closes the aperture carefully, divests himself of his clothing, lies down with a bundle of rags under his head, and sleeps for several hours. He comes out refreshed, for the pores of his skin have had an opportunity to throw off the incrustations.

The Pechango or Temecula Indians have a large village about fifteen miles from the Pauma reservation. This is the one which Mrs. Jackson has made famous in "Ramona." It presents much the same characteristics as the one I have just described.

Six miles from Pauma is the village of Rincon, also beautifully located, and very prosperous. The semi-annual *fiestas* are usually held here, and attended by Indians from all parts of the county. Here lives a comely Indian woman, who is the wife of a son of Pio Pico, the last Governor of California under Mexican jurisdiction.

He deserted her some years ago, but she still insists on her legal appellation of Mrs. (or, as she prefers, Madame) Pico. She supports herself and two children by whatever employment she can procure, doing washing, sewing or beautiful drawn work, as it happens. Every two weeks she walks twelve miles to do a day's washing in the village of Pala, returning home on foot the day following.

As a general thing, each Indian family cultivates sufficient ground to support its members comfortably. The women do the cultivating, and assist in the planting. Their homes are devoid of comfort, but the stock they possess is always well bred and kept in fine condition.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

Children and dogs are alike numerous; and the close proximity of the pig-sty assists other causes in rendering the atmosphere around an Indian's habitation extremely malodorous to the white visitor.

Though no white people live near these villages, the Indians usually support a church, in which Catholic services are held. These they devoutly attend, at all other times considering it the show-place of the town. There are no stores, nor are there any saloons, though native whisky—*aguardiente*—is easily obtainable.

The demand for basketry and drawn work has given these people an exalted idea of themselves as a race, and they rarely consent to lower a price once set upon an article, no matter how greatly they may be in need of money.

In olden times their food consisted of *tortillas* (a sort of pancake baked in the ashes), made of ground acorns; and even now huge "granaries" of acorns may be found at the brush huts of some of the Indians who live far from the villages.

The implements employed in pulverizing the corn and wheat to-day are the same as those used one hundred years ago in crushing acorns. The stone with the smooth, inclined surface, on which the cereal is ground to meal under a smaller stone, is called a *metate*. The square stones, with the deep hole in the top, are more generally used, and are termed *morteros*.

The corn is poured into the cavity, and pulverized by a rude stone pestle, the woman kneeling before the *mortero*. These implements may be found around many of the Indian homes, some of them weighing nearly a ton.

The majority of the Indians now buy flour and other commodities in the stores of the nearest town, and are cultivating a taste for a variety of food-stuffs.

A rather amusing incident happened at one of the *fiestas* a few years ago. The occasion was what is termed "The Feast of the Eagle," and is celebrated every summer. A prominent Indian agent, accompanied by a couple of lady friends, was in attendance. He has a cabinet of curiosities, which his position has enabled him to make a remarkable one, and he thought he saw an opportunity to gain for it a very unique and valuable addition.

The *fiesta* is an Indian religious ceremony, a remnant of by-gone customs, during which the chief "medicine man" wears a most elaborate, but rather scanty, costume, consisting of a breech-clout, necklace and "gee-string"—a narrow, tail-like appendage affixed to the back of the breech-clout, and allowed to trail on the ground—composed entirely of eagles' feathers.

This striking dress, if so it may be called, immediately excited the desire of the official, who offered to buy it, but the chief declared it was a very difficult matter to make such a costume, as only certain of the feathers were used, and it might be impossible to obtain another in time for the *fiesta* of the coming year.

A GLIMPSE OF HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

Many inducements were offered, and refused, until a brilliant thought seemed to strike the medicine man, who had been surveying the exquisite summer attire of his guest with eyes in which admiration and longing were blended. He signified that he had a proposition to make. It was simply an exchange of garments, then and there. The official endeavored to compromise, and offered his coat, and even his vest, but the Indian was obstinate, and must have the whole suit or none of it.

The would-be collector had not burdened himself with a second suit, and, even a hand-me-down establishment being unknown in that locality, he was obliged to decline the offer. The idea of appearing in the dress of the Eagle chief on the streets of the nearest town was insupportable, even to his cupidity.

Thus grows up Fashion, an equivocal semblance,—the most puissant, the most fantastic and frivolous, the most feared and followed, and which morals and violence assault in vain. —*Emerson.*

A fop of fashion is the mercer's friend, the tailor's fool, and his own foe. —*Lavater.*

Change of fashions is the tax which industry imposes on the vanity of the rich. —*Chamfort.*

HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

ELIZABETH LULL COCHRANE.

We had been spending the summer in Paris, and, as the Universal Exposition of '89 was in full swing, had found so much to interest us that it was not till October that we broke away for a flying trip to Northern Switzerland, down the Rhine, through the Netherlands, over to London, and back to our starting point. Of all the flood of memories that comes over me at mention of that happy time, perhaps the brightest is of Heidelberg; and, should some fairy godmother give me opportunity to revisit but one of the places that so charmed me then, the choice would certainly rest on that ancient city of Baden and its exquisite old castle.

Having read Mark Twain's inimitable account of the "Innocents Abroad," we had determined, at the outset, not to permit ourselves to be victimized by guides, but, armed with umbrellas and Baedeker's Guide Books, to see Europe for ourselves. Never but once did we swerve from this resolution, and then only out of pity for our would-be courier, as, though we did not need him, he seemed sorely to need us. It is needless to add that we regretted our good nature.

HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

But once, too, did our "Baedeker" play us false, and that was on our visit to Heidelberg. Having arrived in the afternoon, and divested ourselves of luggage, we read in our trusted volume that there was an inclined railway up to the castle, which could be reached by street cars. So we sallied boldly forth, entered the latter, and rode to the foot of the mountain. There, to our consternation, we found that the inclined railway was simply a project, and, as yet, had no existence in fact whatever. As it was too late to return to the hotel for a carriage, our only plan was to climb the bridle path that zigzags through the forest up the hill. It would take a gifted pen to describe the soul-satisfying beauty of that walk, to which the view that burst upon us when we reached the castle terrace seemed a fitting climax.

Spread out below us lay a smiling valley, with the glistening Neckar winding through it between green fields and under quaint bridges, the roofs and spires of Heidelberg clustering near its banks.

Our interest, however, was soon claimed by the ruined palace of the Electors' Palatine, which we had come so far to see. The surrounding moat, the portcullis, the great round towers, the out-works on every exposed point, made us feel almost a part of the long-gone days of chivalry and tournaments, "robber barons" and feudalism.

Entering the central court, we were struck by the varied character of the architecture, each façade showing itself plainly the work of a different hand and time from its neighbors. The portions to the front and right are the more beautiful and ornate, and all are alike vine-grown, ruined and deserted.

It seems an unspeakable pity that the result of the arduous human labor and endeavor of two or three hundred years should pass into such complete decay; but Heidelberg Castle has suffered, not only from man's hostility, but from heaven's thunderbolts.

The old custodian and his little white-haired wife are in harmony with their surroundings,—a part of the past. Taking a jangling bunch of keys, they solemnly preceded us down an incline into the cellar, and showed us the famous Heidelberg tun, a cask as large as eight hundred hogsheads. It is said to have been filled several times, and, as I climbed the steps and looked down on it, the wonder grew in my mind whether the barons' "retainers" were to be cheered by or drowned in the foaming contents. One reads that people were somewhat given to extreme measures in the olden time.

Subsequently, however, a visit to a German *bier halle*," where men, old and young, women and little children were all drinking beer as if it were the one good thing in life, convinced me that, for a gala occasion, the old tun had probably been none too large.

After re-ascending to the court-yard, we wandered through the castle till we came to a gallery overlooking the river. It was so romantic a spot that we were constrained to wait quietly for the rising of the moon, which soon flooded everything with a silver radiance. Ah! what a rare retreat for lovers! Even we, staid, married people, whose honeymoon was long since passed, were loath to leave.

A little later we climbed through the deepening twilight to the terrace above, where a fine modern hotel rears itself in startling contrast to the scene we had just left. With a last lingering look at the fascinating pile lying below us in the moonlight, we wended our exceedingly weary way toward supper and rest.

There is much else of interest in Heidelberg. It bore an active part in the early struggles of the Protestant faith, and one is still shown the beautiful Gothic church (St. Peter's), on whose doors Jerome of Prague nailed his celebrated *theses*. In the church of the Holy Ghost an amicable arrangement has been made, by which Protestants and Catholics can both worship side by side, divided only by a partition.

Heidelberg University is, of course, world famous, it having been founded during the fourteenth century. The streets throng with students in round caps of white, green, red, yellow or blue, many of whom are permanently disfigured by scars and gashes on the face, of which, strange to say, they seem rather proud than otherwise, as they are the evidence of duels fought.

Another sight that impressed me profoundly was a cart filled with big polished milk cans, a black dog tugging at it bravely on one side of the tongue, and on the other—a woman. Could my dear American sisters, who long for more "rights" than they possess, be transported suddenly from their homes to some European country, and see, as I have seen, women at the plow, digging and hoeing, driving teams, carrying hods of brick, they would realize that nowhere has woman more *rights* than in America to-day, and would be thankful to have escaped the cruel *wrongs* of others.

One of our dailies, some weeks ago, stated that an enterprising individual planned to reproduce Heidelberg Castle at the Midwinter Fair. That he may carry out his intention is at present my most earnest wish.

The University of Heidelberg is the oldest in the German Kingdom. It was founded in 1356 by the Elector Rupert, but it was not until 1386, when it obtained papal sanction, that its real life began. It was constructed after the type of Paris, had four faculties, and possessed numerous privileges.

At the Reformation it became a stronghold of Protestant learning. The famous Heidelberg Catechism was drawn by its theologians.

The students number about five hundred in winter, and from eight hundred to nine hundred in summer.

In 1703 the new library was founded. It has now nearly three hundred thousand volumes, beside many valuable manuscripts. The castle was dismantled by the French in 1689 and in 1693. In 1764 lightning completed its destruction.

THE HIGH SIERRA OF CALIFORNIA.

THEODORE S. SOLOMONS.

The vulgar notion of a great mountain range is that of a steep wall of rock and earth, such as the maps in the geography text-books indicate, with perhaps the idea added of a series of flanking foothills to form a sort of lateral support. The less ignorant, but still popular, conception is substantially the same, but modified by the idea of some intervening lower mountains between the foothills and the wall, and with less faith in the symmetrical extension and abruptness of the crest.

In studying a detailed map of the Sierra Nevada, such a person is apt to search in vain for the "main range." From foothills of the east to foothills of the west there seems to be nothing but ridges on the east, parallel and extending more nearly in the direction of the range, and, toward the west, turning more and more at right angles to its main trend, and then breaking up into low, irregular masses having no predominant direction. The former is the summit region or High Sierra; the latter are the two remaining belts, the forest and the foothill region.

North of the Central Pacific Railroad there is very little true High Sierra. The range is generally dwarfed, and the crest exhibits a tendency to contract into separate high peaks, such as Shasta and the Lassen Buttes, instead of forming a continuous wall. South of Lake Tahoe, for two hundred miles, down to Mount Whitney, where the range again abruptly subsides, the Sierra presents one unbroken chain of summit ridges, each a link dovetailing into the adjacent ones, and with precipitous canyons between, which grow deeper and more forbidding as they turn westward toward the forest belt.

From Placer County to Kern the summit region averages thirty miles in width, and extends from the forest belt on the west to the sagebrush-covered floor of the eastern deserts. This strip, taken as a whole, is called "The High Sierra," a name which was given it nearly thirty years ago by the old State Geological Survey. It contains about six thousand square miles, and not one acre of the whole area is devoid of interest to the traveler and mountaineer. Its great extent, coupled with the remarkable character of its scenery, which it presents without intermission of even occasional deterioration, combine to make the High Sierra one of the most extraordinary scenic regions of the world.

The Yosemite tourist seldom sees the High Sierra, though, if you question him on the subject, he will usually tell you he has "done it thoroughly," and never had such a feast of scenery in his life.

Aside from a distant view of a small portion of it, which he obtains from Clouds Rest or Eagle Point, he really has not seen the High Sierra at all. The Yosemite and Hetch-Hetchy, the Kings River Canyon and the groves of big trees, are no part of this wonderland.

RITTER GROUP.

The vegetable monsters belong to the sugar pine belt of the forest region; the celebrated valleys are included in the upper portion of the same zone, and are distinguished only as being the finest types of that peculiar canyon scenery which is exhibited alike by all the larger streams that flow down the western slope of the range. The High Sierra is the birthplace of these rivers. From a hundred snow-banks and Alpine lakelets the upper stream is collected. Its parent peaks give the little fellow a kiss and a pat, and send him brawling enthusiastically off on his journey. Steadily the river receives one tributary after another; steadily it digs deeper its trench in the shining granite, till, with a mighty roar, it leaps over a Grand Rapid or a Vernal Fall, and enters a Yosemite, where it swims lazily through the Eden that a glacier or an earthquake—the scientists are not agreed as to which—has carved out for it in the very bowels of the earth.

The High Sierra of California has been called the American Alps. Many Alpine travelers have asserted that the summit region east of the Yosemite compares favorably with the Bernese Oberland. Witness the eulogy scrawled over an unpronounceable signature on a slip of paper in the baking-powder can in the monument on the summit of Mount Lyell:

"Oh, magnificent! Far have I among the great mountains of the world traveled. While in the Alps lived for months among great glaciers, and the Matterhorn climbed; but I think this view as good as them."

In a short general description of so extensive a region as the High Sierra it would be impossible to do more than touch upon its principal features.

Beginning at the north, Mount Tallac, overlooking Lake Tahoe, is considered a fine peak, though of rather negative contour. Throughout this locality trees grow much higher upon the slopes of the mountains than farther south; and early in summer the

MOUNT RITTER. *Solomons photo.*

snow is entirely gone. This portion of the High Sierra does not, for these reasons, present that peculiarly desolate aspect so noticeable in the higher regions to the south.

Alpine County, the very name of which suggests its wealth of mountain scenery, is a miniature Switzerland, minus the glaciers. In winter, however, when the whole country is covered with snow, the similarity is very striking. Silver Mountain, a fine mass of metamorphic rock of variegated hue, is its highest peak. Many thousand years ago great volcanic disturbances occurred in the vicinity, and the peaks and canyons are most fantastically fashioned, and do not at all resemble the granitic regions to the north and south.

The High Sierra of Tuolumne County is still largely unexplored. The many forks of Tuolumne River, before traversing the magnificent forests,—by some considered the finest in the range,—head among wildly picturesque summit peaks, of which Castle Peak, Warren Peak, Twin Peaks, and the famous Dana and Conness, are a few which have received names. Over the Sonora Pass, in the very heart of this region, the most southerly wagon-road crosses the range.

The extreme eastern end of Merced County, fitting like a wedge between the Tuolumne and Fresno mountains, is the topographical culmination of the central portion of the High Sierra, with Ritter and Banner peaks, Lyell and McClure, as its crowning pinnacles. Here, in the Yosemite National Park, are found the only glaciers in the range, save those on the slopes of Shasta. Small, indeed, they are,—only the old and shrunken remains of once gigantic rivers of ice, compared with which those of the Alps are as pygmies, and as opposed to whose crushing force the solid granite of the great western slope was like cheese. Fifteen or twenty of these residual ice bodies, which, for many years, were refused scientific recognition as true glaciers, are found picturesquely scattered over about as many miles of Sierra crest. With their crevasses and

RITTER PEAK AND GLACIER.

moraines, their fluted surfaces and fantastically shaped ice pyramids, they form the most attractive and romantic scenic features of the High Sierra.

South of the Yosemite Park, and stretching clear down to the vicinity of Mount Whitney and the Kings River Canyon (a line of crest of nearly a hundred miles), the High Sierra is a veritable *terra incognita*. Glimpses have been had of it here and there: Muir and other travelers have penetrated many of its fastnesses; but, considered as a whole, it is a vast, unknown wilderness brooding in lofty solitude. Here head the San Joaquin and Kings rivers, in far upper gorges, many of which have never been trodden by the foot of white man.

Among its Alpine meadows and more accessible canyons sheep have been pastured for years. Purported surveys have been made of many of the townships; but it remains to-day the greatest unexplored treasure-house of scenic grandeur and beauty within the limits of the United States. Along the seventy-five-mile crest, which is studded with innumerable pinnacles ranging from eleven to fourteen thousand feet in altitude, not ten peaks even bear names. Though unusually difficult of exploration, this lofty region readily yields its treasures to the patient and careful mountaineer.

Of the southerly and most lofty portion of the High Sierra, including Tehipitee Valley and the South Fork Canyon, Williamson, Tyndall, Brewer, Kaweah and Whitney, and the far-famed Canyon of the Kern, volumes might be written, and fail to do the subject justice. Tehipitee, less known even than the comparatively little known Kings River Canyon, is a gorge so deep and narrow as seemingly to cut the strong limb of

CAMPING IN THE HIGH SIERRA.

mother earth to the very bone; and from the eastern desert the mountain bulwark is a granite wall piled two miles straight into the air.

It is a region where Titan Nature has erected her most colossal monuments, and through which pygmy man, the babbler, the braggart, crawls awed and dumb.

FROM PELE TO MAUNA LOA.

LESLIE WARFEL.

The sun, like a great ball of crimson fire, was just rising out of the sea, throwing up his gorgeous shafts of gold to kiss Mauna Loa's snowy summit, which, seen from the Volcano House on Kilauea, presents the appearance of a vast ivory throne under a canopy of purple and gold clouds.

Don and I stood watching the majestic scene, ever varying, ever shifting. Our faithful Joseph, with the patience of a saint, was struggling with those wretched quadrupeds, designated horses. These Hawaiian ponies are not beautiful to look at, nor comfortable to ride, but they are very knowing. They object to everything that is desired of them, and persuasion is utterly lost upon them.

They object to being bridled;
They object to being saddled;
They object to being led;
They object to being straddled;

poetically remarked Don, watching Joseph trying to tighten the saddle on one of them, avoiding, by a dexterous movement of his body, the vicious nips of the beast's teeth on one side and the danger from his heels on the other. But at last they were ready, and stood suspiciously eyeing us with an expression that boded ill for our comfort on that rough way over the jagged lava beds.

We had spent a delightful week in Pele's realm, studying the phenomenon of the "Burning Lake," exploring the sulphur caves and the many other interesting wonders in the vicinity of the Volcano House.

The last night of our stay we had witnessed a solemn sacrificial ceremony in honor of Pele. We had listened to the weird, sepulchral chanting of the votaries; heard the heart-rending squeals of the sacrificial pig, and the lugubrious squawking of the attenuated chickens as they had been hurled into the seething, molten mass—a sacred offering to the fiery goddess.

And now we say good-bye to our genial host, and bracing ourselves in our saddles, we pass out of the confines of Pele's realm, and begin the difficult, not to say dangerous, ascent of Mauna Loa. There is no trail up this side of the mountain, and much of the way must be made on foot.

For the first two hours we made rapid progress, and were congratulating ourselves upon it, when Joseph, who was ahead, stopped and dismounted. When we came up we found he was examining the sides of an opening, which yawned black and deep before us. As far as we could see to the right and left, it stretched.

"What shall be done?" I asked.

"Go around it, of course," said Don.

But Joseph shook his head. "I am afraid we should lose too much time that way," he said. "We must jump over it."

Don looked at the opening, to which there seemed to be no bottom, and measured the distance across it with his eye, and said solemnly:

BASE OF MAUNA LOA.

"George, I have followed your lead in many daredevil adventures, but if you propose to jump over that crack in the ground, and risk going down into the mass of some insatiable heathen god or other, don't reckon on me. I am not so fond of mountain scenery that I am willing to sacrifice myself in that way. Besides, they prefer pigs and chickens and forty-rod whisky."

Joseph laughed, and said, as he always did:

"There is no danger at all, gentlemen. These ponies are accustomed to jumping, and will easily clear that; and you see the other side is solid enough."

"Yes," I replied a little doubtfully, "if you are fortunate enough to reach the other side."

The distance across was not more than twelve or fourteen feet, but knowing, as I did, the perversity of the Hawaiian ponies, I felt it would be just like them to buck us over their heads down into this black abyss. I did not for a moment doubt their ability to take themselves safely over.

"Well, gentlemen, we are losing time," said our guide. "I will go over and show you how easily it can be done."

He sprang into his saddle, and, riding back a few rods, whipped up the pony, and went over without any effort.

"All right, Joseph," I said. "I'll follow. Come on, Don."

Poor Don! He uttered not a word, but held out his hand to me in mute farewell, and climbed onto his "baby rhinoceros," as he called his pony, and prepared to follow me. We dug our spurs into the flanks of the ponies, and went flying over the deadly chasm.

ALAKA FALLS.

The ascent now began in earnest. We toiled up the rugged, lava-paved side of the mountain, slipping, sliding, plunging and leaping over crevices, whose depths we could not even guess, until at last we reached a wide shelf of lava, forming a little bracket-like plain, about two miles from the summit. Here we halted to rest and eat our luncheon.

The air was piercingly cold, and we gathered some dry ferns and made a fire. We were far above the vegetation line,—nothing but the hard, metallic surface made by the great flow of 1881.

The magnificence of the scene that lay beneath us could not be described. Far down below us stretched the green forests, reaching to the sea, which lay like a silver plain, glittering and flashing in the sunlight. Away to the southward we could see the black clouds of smoke that rolled up from burning Kilauea.

"Pele seems to be getting up steam," remarked Don, with his mouth full of cold chicken. "I should like to sacrifice this chicken to her sulphurous majesty. It is too tough for me."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed disgustedly. "How can you rattle on so flippantly with this wonderful picture before us? Have you no soul above chicken? Look there to the right. Was ever anything so magnificent?"

I arose and went to the edge of the shelf-like projection and looked over. It seemed as if we were hanging in mid-air. Hundreds of feet below I could just distinguish the tops of the tall Ohia trees. I uttered a shout of admiration.

The last two miles of the ascent were a trial to one's strength and temper. We left our horses on the little plain where we had stopped to rest, and climbed up

GREEN LAKE, MAUNA LOA.

through the snow, which became each moment deeper and more difficult to get through. The danger became greater now, as the crevices and holes were often covered over with snow, and we were liable at any moment to disappear from mortal view.

But perseverance has its own reward, and at last we stood upon the highest peak of Mauna Loa,—the throne of the fire god. The sea was all around us, far down there, we knew, but we could only catch a glimpse of it now and then through the fleecy clouds that rolled up around us.

If one expects to get a good view from the top of Mauna Loa he is likely to be disappointed. There are always misty clouds hanging around the snowy peak and clinging to its cone-shaped sides.

Joseph warned us that if we wished to reach the place half way down the mountain, where we intended to pass the night, we must lose no time. We got back to our horses, and began the descent, which was much more comfortable than the going up had been, as we now had a good trail to follow. We were going down on the north side, and, as this side has not been subject to the flows from the crater of Mauna Loa, the vegetation is more luxuriant and beautiful. We were plodding along through a wealth of ferns and brakes, when my pony suddenly came to a dead stop, nearly dislocating my neck by the suddenness of the shock. Joseph was far ahead, and Don, as usual, far behind. Neither of my companions was in sight. I looked just over my horse's head, and saw an animal of very forbidding appearance planted fairly in the middle of the path. The pony had laid his ears back almost flat, and was stamping his foot on the hard rocks angrily.

Did the vicious little brute intend to engage in battle with the wild beast, which I decided to be a wild hog?

Meanwhile, the wild beast was erecting his bristles, and giving significant grunts, and the pony was becoming infuriated. I looked back, and, to my relief, I saw Don coming leisurely down the trail, whistling a tune.

"Come on," I called to him, "and get your revolver ready."

My words were cut short. The pony had decided to sweep the obstruction from his path. With a snort of rage, he leaped into the air and came down upon the enemy, his front feet striking wildly, and his hind feet flying in several directions.

I dropped the reins and seized the horn of the saddle, determined not to be "cast before swine." Such gyrating and jolting and savage growling and squealing, for the pony had "downed" the enemy, and was stamping him into the very dust of the earth. And above all the din of warfare I heard the unfeeling laughter of my bosom friend. At this evidence of his utter heartlessness I forgot my grip on the saddle horn, and went rolling down amid the hog and ferns.

When I came to my senses my friend was bending over me, and still laughing.

"Forgive me, old boy. I really cannot help it. Such an exhibition of valiant horsemanship was never seen outside of a circus."

IMPRESSIONS OF THE FAIR.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT.

Over the Nikogawa, in Japan, is the sacred bridge of Nijin Bashi. It was constructed in a single night. Not knowing from whence it came, the natives believe it to have been built by the gods.

Were it possible in these days of pictorial description not to have followed, step by step, the building of what has so aptly been called "The White City," on standing for the first time in that marvelous inclosure, the Court of Honor, amazed at the extraordinary beauty of the scene, the thought would come that such a result was impossible to the unassisted hand of man.

The first impression of the fair was disappointing to the new arrival,—a hurrying mass of people, crowding, jostling. Most of the buildings around the point of entry were filled with families eating luncheons, the floors littered with the resulting debris. The State buildings looked commonplace. On many of them the covering had come away, giving the impression of the shabby genteel.

In contents, at least, these buildings were most all alike,—the products of the soil and mother earth arranged more or less tastefully in innumerable cases. However picturesque the California building, its interior, admirably fitted up for its county-fair-like display, was intensely disappointing to the esthetic sense. While it perhaps fully answered the purpose of attracting the granger element in immense numbers, the same cannot be said for that higher intelligence, the courting of which is just as essential to the advancement of our beloved State. The poverty-stricken art gallery, containing much trash and some gems worthy a better setting, made the true Californian sick at heart; and, bearing in mind the exhibition of good taste in other State buildings, he could not but recall the immense sum of money granted, and then wonder.

The Woman's Building, whatever may be said of the lack of strength in its architecture, was altogether the most distinctly individual of all. Its lessons were many, and could not but have an educational effect upon the crowds which daily thronged it. The interior court was filled with pictures, well selected in the main, all evidencing woman's position and advancement in the domain of art. Kentucky was represented by a reception room in colonial style. Though not expensive in treatment, the effect was elegant and reposeful. Other States had rooms daintily furnished, and evidencing good taste. The library room of the building, containing the literary productions of women only, was an excellent example of harmony and consistency, and a lesson in simple treatment of woodwork. The California room comprised a fine example of what can be done in interior finish with the native redwood. The designing was the work of a man. What part woman took in its conception, and what particular phase of her existence it represented, was not apparent.

However unsatisfactory the appearance of the outer fringe of buildings of the White City by day, at night the effect was changed. Then the streets were comparatively deserted; the unsympathetic crowds and their lunch baskets had disappeared; the outlines of the buildings were softened, and strange beauty was borrowed from the mysticism of shadow-land. The road led past them to the lake shore, where the waves musically churned the pebbled beach; and, following it to the Peristyle, one came suddenly in view of the illuminated Court of Honor. Viewed for the first time, the effect was magical, and fairly startled the beholder with its breadth and grandeur. The waters of the lagoon reflected from stately, classic structures, the countless electric lamps which adorned them, the lines leading up to that architectural gem, the Administration Building. This, too, was illuminated, and round the dome were burning, flaring torches. To this scene of splendor, impossible for pen or brush to describe, was added the uplifting charm of music, until thought soared above material things, and left the mind exalted. Absorbing light from the myriad lights, the Golden Statue of the Republic shone resplendent, and the great search lights, flashing about the heavens as though seeking something, suddenly concentrate upon her, showing her standing triumphant, both arms aloft, announcing Victory, proclaiming Peace.

The lesson of the fair buildings teaches the successful use of simple material to produce artistic effects, as well as grandeur and unity, majesty and harmony; and if the thousands who viewed them learned from them, that beauty consists more in the careful disposition of mass than in the adornment of detail, a great good has been accomplished.

Each structure was suited to its purpose, but in the noble lesson of simplicity the Art Building was supreme. If the figure at the entrance had been endowed with speech it would have said:

"Behold, ye moderns! Is this not worthy to be the home of art? Take further lesson from the Greece of old, for she builded better than she knew."

In the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 it was humiliating to Americans that the art productions of their country ranked so poorly with those of other nations. There was wonderful improvement in the Paris Exposition of 1890; and now, in but the childhood of her national existence, modern American art is abreast of the modern art of Europe! This is our most glorious achievement. The establishment of manufactures springs from necessity; wealth comes from the development of Nature's resources; invention depends upon demand; but art is spontaneous, and comes from the demand of a people for something above material things,—an innate love for the beautiful and a desire for its perpetuation.

Considering that, in the Art Building, there were nearly ten thousand exhibits, careful examination would have taken weeks of study. But even a few days' observation made apparent the gratifying fact that, judging by the work presented, the work of this country's artists excelled.

In point of numbers the home exhibit outnumbered even France by two to one; while at Philadelphia even little Holland outdid us. Nor was Holland backward this time, for, in proportion to the pictures exhibited, hers were the choicest. With a school of their own, with distinct ideas on color and simplicity, her painters are in strong and not unpleasing contrast with the wild desire of the French to individualize their productions,—to do something startling. In the English section the display was academic throughout: clever drawing, hard coloring, and a general lack of spirit. The Germans had here and there a canvas with feeling and breadth, shining out like gems in a vast desert of canvases. The display from Spain showed rich coloring; while that of the Russians was remarkable for the dash and movement of some of the compositions.

In departure from narrow environments in spirit, vigor and color, the painters of America have, by this exhibition, proved that they are capable of establishing a school of their own; and that when men of ability and education follow their own inclinations and paint what they feel, instead of imitating the work of others, success, once attained, will be permanent.

The same evidence of a gradual withdrawal from traditional methods marked the work of many of the American workers in marble. "The Angel of Death and the Sculptor," by French of New York, was entitled to the laurel wreath for conception, poetic feeling and execution. If the art of sculpture has been backward in America, here is an awakening like that of a sleeping giant.

The remarks of those who crowded the art galleries until progression seemed impossible were always interesting, and frequently amusing. They looked for sentiment principally, and canvases suggesting love of home or the severing of family ties, whatever their merits as paintings, did not lack crowds of admirers.

In the French section was the nude figure of a woman lying face downward on a beach, the victim of the sea. It was entitled "Flotsam and Jetsam."

An old lady studied it for awhile, and then remarked:

"Well! I can see Flotsam all right, but where is Jetsam?"

Another sightseer rushed up to a guard and hurriedly queried:

"What's the best picture in the building?"

The admirable trait of the Columbian guard was his readiness to impart information. The guard, in this instance, took his questioner to a canvas called "The Severing of Home Ties," and remarked:

"I guess that's the best, because it always has a crowd in front of it."

The devotee of art looked at the picture, hastily scribbled in his note-book, and hurried out, glad that he could so quickly "do" the art gallery.

The "Loan Collection of Foreign Masterpieces Owned in the United Sates" comprised 123 pictures. An idea of this feast for lovers of art can be gained from a statement, in part, of those most celebrated. There were two canvases by Rosa Bonheur, twelve by Corot, three by Diaz, three by Dupre (Jules), three by Daubigny, one by Israels, two by Meissonier, eight by Millet, four by Rousseau, one by Fortuny, and four by Troyon. The other canvases were by artists of less reputation, but were certainly no less interesting.

There was so much trash in the vast exhibit of bronzes and porcelains contained in the Liberal Arts Building, that one could with difficulty weed out the simple and graceful from the mass of rococo-like statuettes and vases, made (I blush to say it) mainly for the American people. The eye grew weary of the task of looking for simplicity among so many exhibits, in most all of which the object of supposed interest was ornamented until the idea was concealed in the maze of gaudy detail. What a relief it was to go out into the open air, and, if in the early morning, to look across the misty lagoon, with the shadowed buildings in the distance. Here Nature taught the lesson seemingly unlearned by those whose business it seems to be to produce quantities of gaudy Nubian slaves, frippery nymphs and bedecked Venuses.

In the gallery of the Art Building was a collection of drawings by those who have made American book illustrations famous. The work, in the original, of Frost, Abbey, Gibson, Remington, Reinhart, and other old favorites, greeted those readers of the monthlies who happened by. In the Liberal Arts Building the *Century*, *Harper's* and *Scribner's* had charming exhibits, in which were original drawings by Parsons, Sterner, Church and Castaigne, as well as by those already mentioned. Notwithstanding the improvement in the methods of reproduction, these drawings show a refinement, even in the pen-and-ink work, which is lost in the prints with which we, of this Coast, are familiar.

There was also in the Fine Arts Building a collection of "first proofs" from those wood engravers justly known to fame through their unsurpassed work in the magazines. The work of Kingsley, French, Johnson, King and Davidson almost made one regret that the half-tone photograph had ever been discovered; for, on the score of its economy, there is some danger of that process supplanting the work of the wood-cutter. May such a result never happen! The best engravers can even better an original drawing, upon the principle that an artist can always translate an artist; but no process of to-day can secure the finest tones and the spirit of an artist's best effort.

Looking at the distant structures, rising majestically above the water, not yet delivered from the shadows of the night, one wondered if the lesson they presented so beautifully and logically had sunk into the minds of the millions who had viewed them, so that in future the people would demand the simple and the natural, and frown upon ornamentation without mass, detail without dignity.

Walking about the buildings, standing for the hundredth time in that enchanting Court of Honor, then realizing that it must soon go the way of all life, gradually came the thought that such an end were best. Born of American genius, with Science and Art as ever-ready guides, this wondrous production of a period so brief, this market-place for the products of the world, this congress of intelligence, will go as it came, silently; and there will be left only the indelible memory of a glorious achievement.

THE END.

It is evening, and the last day of the great Fair. Back of the Peristyle is a bank of clouds, red from the fire of the setting sun. The buildings about the Court of Honor seemed to have borrowed from the heavens part of their golden coloring. The tinting slowly fades, and there steals over all the coming shadows of the night.

In front of the Administration Building is gathered a great crowd of people listening and intent. From the Government quarters booms the national salute of twenty-one guns, and, as the last echo dies away across the lake, there come the sweet, clear sounds of a bugle, calling for "taps." With the last note the American flag slowly and flutteringly descends from its staff, as though loath to leave its proud station. There is a burst of music; and, as the hitherto silent throng recognizes the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," feelings of pride, sympathy, and love of country move them to one mighty, spontaneous cheer.

The music ceases. The day has closed. The official life of the beautiful White City has come to an end. Softly, from a distant tower, comes a simple melody from a chime of bells, as if in requiem for a spectacle which has challenged and won the unstinted admiration of the poor and the rich, the layman and the critic, and instructed and broadened the minds of millions.

Treat photo.

"As for exhibitions—things shown—" says Walter Besant in *The Cosmopolitan*, "I do not love them. Early in life I was prejudiced against them. It was in this way. I wish, now, that I had been born in the seventies, in which case I should at this moment be delightfully young. Not having been consulted, so far as I remember, I was born in good time for the exhibition of '51. I was taken there as one of a small company of boys. The visit was designed strictly for instruction. Improvement was "rubbed in"—as they say in '93—during the whole of that long, dull, dreary day. We were told not to forget this, and to make a note of that. I remember—it is forty-two years since that day—how wonder and delight quickly gave way to satiety, and that, in its turn, to utter weariness, and that to silent apathy.

"What do I remember out of it all? The Koh-i-noor, because it was so small a thing to have such a fuss made about it; the statue of the Greek Slave, because one of the boys afterward said that, had it not been for an assurance that tea and cakes would begin immediately, he would have hit that Greek Slave over her unprotected head in order to begin a row; and a group of stuffed marmosets playing a game of quoits. That is all I remember about the great Exhibition of 1851.

"Exhibitions thus became, to my youthful mind, collections brought together for the instruction and improvement of youth under the pretense of amusement. I still regard exhibitions with some prejudice, and I still look around I never fail to find them for the family party trailing round the galleries; for the weariness of the children's limbs, the dragging of their feet, the set mouth, and the blazing eye. What I have desired all my life is an exhibition without exhibits, and at Chicago that great and long-felt want is provided. There are, I believe, exhibits provided in the buildings, if you choose to go and look at them. But you need not. For the uncommercial drummer, the bagman without his bags, for one who is not in the least interested in machinery, processes, and the way in which things are made, there need be no exhibits at all; and one can meditate, undisturbed by the intrusion of exhibits, as long as he pleases, about and around and among the buildings and the waters and the walks of the fairy palace beside the lake.

"Next, there are the people at the Fair. It is part of my profession to watch people. As they pass along the street, or as they sit in the tram-car, or in the railway train, it is a never-ending joy to watch them. When they are silent one can read their faces, build up stories out of the sadness, the resignation, the impatience, or the happiness which they cannot choose, but reveal all unconsciously. When they talk, which they do whenever they have companions, they reveal themselves still more. Then one listens to the most curious details and the most astonishing anecdotes. Thus one becomes aware that in our crowded cities there are indeed many other ways of life than we know. Therefore, it goes without saying that next to the buildings the most interesting exhibit in the World's Fair is that of the people who crowd it.

"At present they are all Americans. Once or twice, here and there, one perceives an Englishman; one catches the English accent, thicker of speech, quicker of speech, than the American. Once or twice one hears, not without a sense of incongruity, that intonation of East Essex, which has conquered London and produced the *patois* known as Cockney. Here and there are Germans, but they are American Germans. The great mass of people are Americans, and, as might be expected, people of what in Europe they call the lower class. Perhaps this invidious distinction cannot be admitted in a land of equality. Let us say, then, that the mass of the people are, apparently, of that very large class who do not possess the highest culture, the widest knowledge, the finest education, or the largest fortunes—in a word, the average people. It is for them that this Fair has been designed: every national work must be designed for the average people, not for the few at the top or for the helpless lot in the gutter, but for the average. Therefore I walked with the crowd, and looked on with their eyes, and tried to learn what they were learning.

"Even a small crowd is difficult to follow collectively: one presently has to make a selection. A pair is best, a married pair, not too young, of the average age, appearance, dress and manners. Such a pair I found at the Fair, both of them, to look at, from thirty-five to forty years of age. They had a rustic look, yet not of the rusticity which we find in Great Britain. They came from the country that was certain—but one can hardly explain why it was certain. This pair, at the time when I lit upon them, had been walking about for a long time. The woman was almost overcome with weariness; the man had still some strength and resolution left, but the lines in his face were hardening. He had seen already more than his mind could absorb: the rest of the day, though this he knew not, would be unprofitable. 'See here,' he said, 'I must see this'—he stood before I know not what exhibit in I know not what gallery—'If you must,' his wife murmured patiently. Then she found a bench and sat down waiting. A sudden change fell upon her face; the deep lines vanished; the glazed eye brightened, but with a far-off gaze; she lifted her drooping head and her lips parted. For, you see, though she was sitting all in the midst of marvels, in the spirit she was back again in her own home."

PROSPECTORS AND PROSPECTING.

CHAS. G. YALE.

THE verb prospect is from a Latin word meaning "to look forward," and is a happy derivation, for this is what he who prospects for mines is always doing. The Dictionary confines the use of the word to the United States, and defines it as "to make a search, or to seek, for gold," possibly having in view the present time, when it is not worth while to prospect or seek for silver. But, except in very recent editions, the Dictionary does not recognize the prospector at all, for he is not "in it," though in fact he has been for years an important element in the progress of civilization and in the development of the great States and Territories of the West. Here he is the true pioneer, discovering and opening up new districts, and laying out trails and paths, which others make into traveled roads; starting camps, which others convert into towns and cities; finding locations, which others make into mines; and, while poor himself, laying the foundations of great riches for the more fortunate of mankind.

It should be understood that there is a difference between a miner and a prospector, since, while the prospector is more or less of a miner, the miner is not necessarily a prospector. The prospector finds the ledges or claims; the miner works them when found.

In the early days of California, when the gold resulting from centuries of Nature's work of concentration lay ready to the hand, and men were searching for it in every canyon, ravine, creek, bar, and river bed, they were all both prospectors and miners, for when they found a deposit they worked it. But now, when most of our gold comes from quartz and drift mines, which require capital to operate, the prospector makes it his business to seek for new locations, and leaves their development to the miner, who works for wages under the direction of the superintendent of a company. It is the mission of the true prospector to be in advance,—"to look forward,"—and when a mining camp ceases to be a camp, and becomes a town, he will have none of it.

The true prospector is too nomadic in his instincts and habits to work for wages or to stick to any one claim very long. He is after something new, and an old location has few charms for him. It is his self-chosen mission to discover that which no one has found before, and he is always looking for that rich claim which is to make his fortune. Hard, daily work on the claim itself is not generally to his taste, and its development is usually left to others.

THE PROSPECTOR.

As there is a distinction between a miner and a prospector, so is there between a mine and a prospect. Our liberal laws give "any citizen (or alien, for that matter) the right to locate, take possession of, and work 1,500 feet of any ledge or lode of valuable mineral he may find on public land, and three hundred feet of surface ground on each side." A quartz location is, therefore, 1,500 by six hundred feet.

The "croppings" are those portions of the ledge which are visible above the soil or other rocks, and it is croppings the prospector looks for. "Float," or pieces of rock broken from a ledge near by, are also sought for as indications. The prospector having found his croppings, either by finding them at first or tracing them up by the float, writes out a location notice, nails it on a stake or tree, and, at each corner of his claim, makes a monument out of a pile of rocks. Of course he first satisfies himself that his ledge is worth locating. This he does by pounding up some of the rock and washing it in a horn spoon or pan to see if there is any gold. A very few colors will satisfy him in making the location. If free gold is seen in the rock itself he is so much more encouraged.

The ore in some of the best paying ledges in the State, however, does not show gold to the naked eye; and because none is seen even with a magnifying glass, it is no indication that the ledge is worthless.

If the rock "prospects,"—that is, shows any colors in the horn or pan on being washed down,—the location is made by putting up the notice, etc.

THE PROSPECTOR'S CABIN.

Assays of gold-bearing ore the prospector seldom has made for him, as he can tell all he wants to know by means of his horn or pan. As to the value of the sulphurets, that is another proposition.

The ledge being located and looking promising, the prospector begins to "sink on it" to see if it "goes down" and gives proper indications of permanency. If it does not, and little gold is shown, he quits at once. Hundreds of such abandoned prospect holes are seen all over the mining regions. To sink this prospect-shaft a hand windlass is rigged to hoist the rock, etc., and one man works in the shaft while the other hoists on the surface. Almost every prospector has his partner, or "pard," as he is called. When the hole gets to be ten or fifteen feet deep the claim is a "prospect," and continues to be so considered and called, until sunk to fifty or one hundred feet, or until water-level is reached and the water comes in freely, after which machinery is needed, both for pumping and hoisting.

When a plant of machinery is placed on the claim, and ore enough is produced to be sent to the mill, it ceases to be a prospect, and becomes a mine. A mine, however, does not by any means always mean something which pays a profit. Meantime it has probably changed ownership; for, when it comes to putting up machinery, etc., the aid of capital is necessary, and the prospector steps out to hunt for something else. Of course there are many cases where the prospectors stick to one location for years, in the hope of making it a mine themselves, working it in a desultory manner, and having more faith in its ultimate success than any one else.

How to develop the prospects and make mines of them is one of the most difficult problems connected with the mining industry of California and other mining States. The prospector himself cannot do it for lack of means; and the capitalist will not buy unless the claim is sufficiently developed to prove it of some value. They do not want to develop prospects, because there is too much risk, but want mines. They do not consider that the one who takes the risk is not so much the capitalist as the one who goes into the mountains to seek for the ledges. He risks his time and labor, which is all he has, and may get nothing. He may locate good-looking claims, and work them for years, only to find them worthless.

There are thousands and thousands of such prospects all over this Coast lying idle because the poor man cannot prove their worth, and the rich man will not.

There are, of course, many instances where prospectors make a strike by finding claims so rich on the surface as to command attention and a price at once. But these are the exception.

There are other cases where the prospectors have abiding faith in what they have found, and work it themselves for years.

The writer recalls an instance of this kind in the principal mining county of this State, where two Frenchmen have worked on the same claim for forty-two years. During all this time they have lived together in a little cabin, doing their own cooking, etc., and working on their claim. They located it in the days when it was possible to take up three thousand feet on the ledge. Within this distance they have sunk some dozens of small shafts and run drifts. None of the shafts are over forty-five feet deep,—for at that depth water comes in,—and all their work has been done by hand, without the aid of machinery. They have taken out enough gold to live on and lay something by, but in all those years they have not been able to make a mine out of their prospect because they could not sink deep enough. If a ledge does not "go down" it "goes up," and until it is proven in depth it is not considered a mine.

But it is the nomadic prospector, who roams over the mountains and foothills, who is the Simon pure of his tribe. With a patient little burro to pack his sack of flour, side of bacon, coffee, beans, mining kit, and blankets, he quits the doubtful civilization of a mining camp, and strikes out into the range for his summer work. For months he will wander over the ridges, and down the canyons and ravines, slowly seeking for float or croppings on the rugged sides of the mountains, sleeping out under the stars, and living a free life, which has for him every charm. The search is renewed from day to day, hope constantly buoying up the spirits. At night rock is pounded up, and in the morning it is washed out in the spoon and tested. He may spend days or weeks at one camp trying a promising prospect, or may change his sleeping-place every night. He only returns from his trip when grub or money gives out, or "the snow flies."

On such extended trips men commonly go in couples, and it will often be found that a third partner is working for wages in some mine to keep them going in the field. Other times some country merchant or city man will "grub stake" them,—pay their living expenses, but no wages,—for an interest in anything they may find. These men and the single prospector, who packs his own blankets, and trudges along by himself, are the ones who find claims.

There is nothing in "horseback prospecting," where an organized band or company, with riding animals and pack-horses, go on extended expeditions under a leader, as used to be done in early days on this Coast. With half a dozen or a dozen men riding through a country, they may stop to look at a big boulder or cropping, but they will not dismount often enough for a thorough search, and there are too many to agree amicably. In every mining camp there are some men

who do more or less general prospecting, or who have a little claim of their own, which they are opening on Sundays, holidays, and odd times. Others, again, work for some mining company, until a small stake will permit them to work their own prospects for a month or two at a time.

It is rather a curious fact that, almost without exception, the prospectors and the men who find mines are entirely ignorant of even the elements of geology or mineralogy. In fact they have little or no faith in a "professor," and turn up their noses at the graduate of Freiberg or of other mining schools. They see many successful mining men in positions of trust and emolument having no such knowledge, and set little store by it themselves.

The relations between the geologist and the miner have never been very cordial in this country. There is a tendency on the part of the geologist to regard the miner as an empiric, while the miner is apt to regard the geologist either as one possessing some mysterious knowledge, or one ignorant altogether of practical mining.

Though the geologist may be able, on scientific reasoning, to indicate generally the areas where gold may or may not be found, he may not be able, unless he has had practical experience, to direct the actual detailed search as well as the practical prospector, who empirically depends upon his personal observation, and who has been taught by actual failures or successes to look for it in every conceivable position, regardless of any apparent law that may have been formulated on scientific theory.

Men of education and college training do not commonly become prospectors, looking for something higher; and so to the prospector without geological knowledge is left the work of finding the mines. Few of them know the scientific names of even the common rocks, but they know where among them the gold is apt to be found.

While the mineral fields of this Coast have been narrowed to some extent by various causes, there are still large areas left for the prospector. There is plenty of room for newcomers and for young blood. It is a common saying in a mining-camp, "a greenhorn for luck."

There are possibilities connected with the occupation which men without capital do not find elsewhere. Even in old settled districts mines are frequently found in these days, and in the more remote regions the chances are largely increased.

It seems strange that more young men do not leave the cities and try their luck in the mountains, remembering that hundreds of mines are still annually found, and that there is room for everybody.

No State in the Union possesses the advantages that California does in this respect. The climate is favorable, and men may stay out all summer and sleep in the open air. There is no other place in the United States where gold is so plentiful. California alone produces over one-third of the gold of this country, and turns out every year seven million dollars more than the next State in rank as a gold producer.

The photograph which accompanies this sketch was made a year or so since in the mountains of Sierra County. The old prospector was digging away on the edge of the bank of one of the many forks of the Feather River, with perfect contentment, while the amateur photographer, a friend of the writer, immortalized him. He seemed surprised that any one should want to photograph him, and had some vague idea that he ought to "wash up" first. This particular prospector, it is remembered by the writer, was a veritable "forty-niner," and had not been "down to the bay" for twenty-five years. He had been digging away in the mountains so long that he cared for no other life. He worked when he wanted to, and quit when he wished to rest.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

I don't suppose Joaquin Miller is a saint, and I can't see, from what I know of him, that he is a very great sinner. I suppose he hovers (as everybody does) somewhere between the two extremes.

There is and has been an unfortunate disposition to pry into the private lives of the world's illustrious characters. I suppose that Bobby Burns has been far more blamed than praised by the critics, and I can only recall one essay on the Scottish poet that does not give a large mention of his failings, and that is by his illustrious, yet stern and exacting countryman, Thomas Carlyle.

Miller is a man of great tenderness and gentleness of heart; this was firmly impressed upon me on first making his acquaintance. We were looking over and discussing a pictorial work upon California, when we came across a photogravure of a she bear and two cubs that had been shot in the Sierra, and were lying just as they had fallen, overtaken by the bullet of the hunter.

"That," said Miller indignantly, "was a brutal murder, and no man with any heart could have done it."

A strong evidence of the existence of this trait is in his criticisms of others. They are almost universally of a kindly character.

He is a broad-minded man, and praises his brother singers in a most generous way.

There are but very few persons whom he admits to any great confidence. I doubt, indeed, if there are any. Yet he is always genial and sympathetic; and, if he has any grievances against the outside world, or any of its inhabitants, he has a pleasant faculty of disguising them.

He has a very impressive face, and his broad-brimmed hat covers its most striking and forceful feature—the high, intellectual brow.

His short poem of thirty-eight lines on the discovery of America has more in it than all that has been written on Columbus, etc., during this wondrous year of American bragging over our gigantic, unrivaled, and unprecedented World's Fair.

The best work of Mr. Miller's life has probably not yet been done, for he is just now in the prime of life, and is as full of hope and faith in the world's affairs as a man of twenty-five; and, moreover, he has safely tided over the trying time of a poet's life—his first great triumph.

TO THE KING OF SEQUOIA PARK.

Written for THE TRAVELER.

King of Clouds, thy tent in air is!
  Aye, ten thousand battle tents
  Crowning cloud-curled battlements,
Length and breadth of my Sierras!
Torn Sierra de Nevada,
Tarn, white-chined Sierra Madre—
Tents that top the Oregon
To guard the Orient doors of dawn.

Time hath loved you, tawn Sequoia!
  Lord of all God's three days' toil,
  Time still loves you; yea, the spoil,
Wreck and greed of earth's destroyer
Pass and perish in review,—
Pass as captives chained;—yet you,
Dark-browed, defiant and forlorn,
You dare look down on Time with scorn.

Antique Monarch, bronzed of ages,
  Ere the dawn of story was,
  Ere God's tabulated laws,
Oh, to turn thy leaves and pages!
Oh, to learn thy store of story
When the stars sang in their glory,—
When huge giants, hand in hand,
With their dusk loves strode the land!

Oh, to learn, lone Emperor,
  Something of the dignity
  That robes about thy Majesty,
Where white avalanches whirr!
Oh, to teach how better far,
Companied with thy peak and star,
The soul can grow, the body grow,
Than housed with creeping things below!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

POSING IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

GEORGE STECKEL.

In portraits, the grace, and, we may add, the likeness, consist more in the general air than in the exact similitude of every feature.
—*Reynolds.*

The subject of artistic posing and composition in photography will be found to embrace the greatest number of points composing the truly artistic photograph of to-day.

Photography is yet but an infant art, and we have scarcely crossed the threshold of its possibilities. It is, however, already advanced to such a degree, and so easily mastered, that we are enabled to place its mechanical features on a plane to be secondarily considered in the making of the photograph of the present era.

In the earlier days of the art, the point mainly considered was perfect mechanical results. If, in producing a negative, it was found to be clearly defined, and the chemical effect was good, the photographer considered his duty done, and assumed that his work would be satisfactory to his customer.

Expression, feeling and motive were scarcely regarded at all, as the more complicated methods then employed demanded close attention.

As has previously been said, we have barely crossed the threshold of the possibilities of the art feature of photography. Therefore, at this period, the artistic can be more carefully studied than the scientific.

The mechanical work is so simplified and so easily handled by the advancement made in the manufacture of dry plates and paper, both having reached a standard which enables the photographer to be perfectly sure of mechanical results, that his whole mind may be given up to the artistic branch of his work.

"The devil in the dark-room" was certainly an appropriate title for the various articles written to help smooth the difficulties existing under previous conditions. The many combats and vexatious problems are now overcome, and it remains, if the photographer is an artist, for him to study Nature, and imbue his work with life and vigor.

A real work of art is capable of giving us the utmost pleasure only in proportion to the amount of truth it expresses. The sense of agreeableness and pleasure produced by a picture or a poem is, in a great measure, dependent on the skill and knowledge with which the truth is made evident in the artist's work.

The highest aim of photographic art should be to render Nature truthfully, to be sure, but in its most pleasing aspect.

There are a great many obstacles to overcome, but we are gradually advancing to a point where photography will occupy the place of dignity and honor it deserves.

Reference may properly be made to the late World's Fair. Had we been fitly recognized, a building or department with all proper facilities would have been provided for the world's photographers. By combining all the foreign and American exhibits in connection with the large number of photographers who would have been stimulated to make an exhibit by such a move, the photographic feature of the great exhibition would have been not only of a most striking and picturesque kind, but a tremendous stimulus to the art. As it was, we were huddled away in obscure and out-of-the-way corners in such a fashion that it meant a mountain of labor to find the different exhibits.

Photography has become clearly an artistic feature of the world's advancement, and it should take its place where it belongs.

But to return to the subject more directly under consideration. In our efforts, in regular routine work, to place sitters at ease, we have many perplexities to overcome and many difficulties to encounter. A large percentage of our patrons is so impressed with the early methods of taking photographs, that, ordinarily, it is with the greatest difficulty they are prevented from staring fixedly at one spot, and bracing themselves as though a weight were about to fall on them, or as though the head were about to tumble off. It therefore takes infinite tact, patience and sagacity to bring the sitter to a pliable condition, and infuse ambition into him to aid the artist in bringing out Nature's strongest points.

In order to obtain beautiful and artistic effects it is absolutely essential that the sitter place himself wholly under control of the artist; that he be made to feel and see as he does, and to relax into natural and characteristic attitudes.

Many times after the sitter finds that the negative has been made, and he feels himself relieved from restraint, he drops into poses of perfect beauty in the

composition of lines, because they are free, natural, unconstrained; he forgets. This is the moment for the artist,—the golden opportunity,— and, by strategic maneuvers, oftentimes the results are the most pleasing of the entire sitting.

Thus it will be seen that the greatest point to observe is to prevent the photographic subject from concentrating his entire powers of mind on the situation. Could he but leave all the worry to the photographer, the latter would have none, and neither would the sitter. He should know that he has a part to perform not unlike that of the actor on the stage, which consists in falling into attitudes according with the requirements of the situation. He should forget that he is "having his picture took," and be himself in his most natural and characteristic mood, both of form and feature.

Here, it will be seen, is why an artist finds so much pleasure in posing children. They, in their infantile unconsciousness, secure to the artist those beautiful effects of unconstraint, simplicity, softness and pliability which make the picture at once natural and full of innate grace. The little fellow does not feel the awing stiffness of the adult sitter, but is his own childish self; and thus it is that he gets a picture which is breezy, free, unconventional, and as graceful as a dance of the fairies.

Parents who intend having their children photographed should studiously avoid posing or instructing them in advance, as it raises anticipations in their minds which oftentimes prove disastrous; but, on the other hand, if they are kept in blissful ignorance of what is to take place in the photographer's atelier by the aid of the instantaneous processes, the most exquisite results may be obtained without the young sitter's knowledge or even connivance.

It would not be amiss to apply again this advice to the adult sitter: let him utterly forget himself as a *poseur* for the photographer, and all will be well.

Sarony photo.

With all these observations on posing, the fact must not be lost sight of that the illumination of the subject requires quite as much tact and taste, and, we might say, even more, experimental knowledge.

It is important that proper lighting be employed to gradate the lights and shadows sufficiently to obtain roundness and detail necessary to have the figure stand out with tangible impress in the picture; to illuminate the sitter with strong Rembrandt effects down to that delicate and soft intangibility of lighting which subdues the shadows so difficult to secure.

Let us, however, impress the reader with the fact that he himself must be something of an artist; that it is only by his active and intelligent collaboration with the photographer that really pleasing and triumphant results in this modern art may be obtained.

The subject of posing and illumination in the photographic studio is more nearly related to the artistic than to the scientific part of photography, and, therefore, there will naturally be a wider diversity of thought and opinion on this subject than might be expected concerning the more scientific and, therefore, more exact branches of our profession, such as are practiced more particularly by the dark-room worker or the printer, although there can be no doubt that each of these is successful in accordance with his knowledge of art principles and his ability to apply them in his work.

The successful photographer may well claim to be an artist, for the highest product of his genius must be the exquisite flower of the combination of the purest and most cultivated taste and the highest skill.

The artist, however, they say, is born, not made. Nature must first have endowed him with gifts that would have constituted him an authorative connoisseur in all art matters without having studied either line or rule. The endowment of artistic taste, however, does not carry with it the ability of mechanical expression; taste is of the intellect, inward; mechanical expression is of study and practice, outward.

Taste is God-given. It may be improved by cultivation, but cannot be acquired by study.

Manual skill is only acquired by long and generally painful exertion, and only retained by constant practice.

The artist, therefore, in whatever line (whether as the musician, who charms and enraptures us with heavenly sounds, or the painter, who enchants us with harmonious colors, or the photographer, who delights us with beautiful effects of light and shade), is one who has been impelled to acquire the manual dexterity or skill to give outward expression to the beautiful in sound or color or light, whose origin is from within.

All photographers may not be artists in the highest sense, because art is inherent, not acquired; but that which a man has may be improved by study and observation of the works of artists who have made for themselves a name and reputation as such.

All photographers may and should be students eager to find out for themselves every means that may enhance the beauty or value of their work.

At no time in the history of art has the study of art principles in the beauty of form, color and shade been so easy or the opportunities so numerous as at the present time, the near ending of the century.

Posing and illumination under the photographer's skylight or in the painter's studio must be governed by the same rules; and these rules or laws have so frequently been published, and have been so commonly commented on by eminent photographers for the instruction of their fellow-workers, that it appears unnecessary on this occasion to occupy time by any detailed discussion thereof.

The time is now passed when any photographer poses and illuminates any subject without study and consideration.

If the artist photographer has any appreciation of the line of beauty, he will easily understand that in posing his subject under the skylight he should develop or bring into prominence the curve rather than the angle, and that the center of gravity should fall within the base.

He should understand that symmetry and proportion must characterize his work, whether of the one or of the many, the single figure or the group.

There are many things pertaining to the California Midwinter International Exposition that distinguish it from every previous undertaking of the kind, the principal one being the fact that it is the first exhibition of so great a scope which has been brought into being without municipal, State or governmental aid. It is purely a citizens' World's Fair. The generous contributions of funds to conduct the great undertaking have come almost entirely from people in moderate circumstances.

Another important feature is the brief period between its inception and the date of opening. The Columbian Exposition had been open for months ere a soul dreamed of transporting to the shores of the Pacific a considerable portion of the interesting exhibits gathered at Chicago. A few Californians, meeting in the White City, indorsed the plan proposed by one of the National World's Fair Commissioners, that the exhibits then surrounding the gathering be transported to San Francisco for a display during the winter of 1894. The idea was so stupendous that at first the people of San Francisco feared it could not be accomplished. The persistence of a few individuals finally overcame this feeling, and hundreds began to advocate what, a few days before, they had not dared to hope for.

Enthusiasm grew, and, day by day, as the great enterprise took form, it gained friends.

It is fair to assert that the strongest backing of this work in its earlier days came from those who were in Chicago, beholding the wonders of the world's greatest fair.

Day by day, week by week, the undertaking has grown and expanded. The original estimates of size, scope, cost, and importance have all been eclipsed in a few months.

Another interesting feature that distinguishes this Fair is that it is to be held in the winter; whereas, with but one or two exceptions, all similar ones have taken place at other seasons. The magnificent winter climate of San Francisco alone renders this possible.

Our Fair will then go down to history as an exemplification of the faith and works of a few individuals, and of the equable climate of San Francisco.

This is not a special, but a universal, Exposition. Every avenue of thought, industry, and advancement will be illustrated by numerous exhibits. The civilization, culture, and refinement of the Occident and of the Orient will meet on the shores of the Sunset Sea; and it will most certainly not be a warmed-over dish from the great Chicago Exposition.

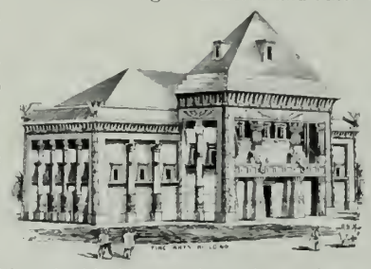
The Golden Gate Park, in which the Exposition is to be held, affords pleasing landscapes; as one approaches the Palm City, the graceful hills and distant mountains make most picturesque backgrounds to the vistas of tower, turret and dome.

The buildings excite comment on account of their architectural beauty, each differing in design from the other, and all blending into a perfect harmony of the builders' art.

Originally, the Exposition was to be housed in four principal buildings, ranged in a quadrangle. As its scope has enlarged, the number has gradually increased to over seventy-five, erected by the Exposition authorities, or by those holding concessions.

The Art Gallery is erected of brick and fire-proof material, in the Egyptian style of architecture, and is designed as a permanent structure, to be left to the Park as a memento of the great Fair.

The Fine Arts and Decorative Arts Building is one hundred and twenty feet long and sixty feet wide. The ground floor has a central rotunda, around which are connecting exhibition rooms. A wide central exhibition corridor extends the length of this building, which also contains a gallery eighteen feet wide. The lighting is entirely from skylights. The system of construction is such as to afford the greatest amount of exhibit space. The art display promises to be very fine, including, as it will, a large part of the best things shown at Chicago, supplemented by a very complete home exhibit.



The Agricultural and Horticultural Hall, with a façade of 300 feet and a width of 125, stands on the west side of the quadrangle. The old Mission style of architecture prevails in this building. There is a twenty-five-foot gallery, and abundant light is secured by skylights. The construction, as in all the other buildings, is strong and durable, although this is one of the structures designed to be removed after it has served its purpose of housing the excellent agricultural and horticultural displays from the State and elsewhere, which are to be gathered within its staff-covered walls.

The Mechanical Arts Building is 275 by 175 feet. Strength is emphasized in this structure, that it may stand the jar of numerous machinery exhibits. The floor is of artificial stone. The applications for space have far exceeded the expectations of the Executive Committee, so that an annex, the entire length of the building, and seventy-five feet wide, has been constructed. The boiler-house, twenty-five by sixty feet, forms another annex. Large pumps will be one of the interesting features in this building; and an immense tank has been constructed, into which will be poured great streams of water, which will serve to illustrate (among other things) deep mining and its greatest drawback.

The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, which is the main building of the Exposition, is 450 feet long and 200 wide. In addition to the floor space there is a thirty-foot gallery. The style of architecture is Moorish, and the effect is very pleasing.

One of the handsomest buildings is that devoted to the offices of administration. This is sixty feet long and forty feet wide. Especial attention has been bestowed upon the decoration of this structure.

We have described only the chief buildings erected by the Exposition authorities. There is a bewildering array of other structures, to be used for club-houses, entertainment and refreshment and exhibit purposes. A number of counties, desiring more space than could be spared in the main buildings, have erected large and handsome structures, wherein to display their varied resources. In addition, several of the Pacific States will have buildings of their own.

Hawaii, in addition to other features, exhibits her great volcano in cycloramic form.

Japan makes large and costly displays, and, selecting a favorable part of the grounds, engages the attention by her quaint structures and landscape gardening.

The Chinese have erected a large building in their peculiar style of architecture.

But space forbids a detailed account of all the various and varied structures. The architectural features of the far East and of the far West are in close juxtaposition; while along the well-made paths natives of every clime will be met, as one wanders among the treasures of art and industries gathered from all quarters of the globe.

The first estimated cost of the Exposition was three hundred thousand dollars, and many wondered how it could be so much. The cost of structures has increased, until an outlay of at least a million and a half has been made. This does not include the cost and value of exhibits—simply the structures in which to house them.

The effects on California of the Midwinter Fair will be varied and far-reaching. The displays of machinery and products will suggest many new avenues of industry, which will develop industrial resources now scarcely known to exist. The displays will show to Eastern and other visitors what has already been accomplished, and will familiarize them with California products.

The different counties will make large and interesting exhibits of their natural resources, and the visitor will be astounded with the fact that there is scarcely a county in California that does not possess a greater range of productive resources than old-established States and European countries. The visitor will be shown where he can get lands that will yield the products he sees displayed, and he will be convinced that these lands are sold at reasonable prices.

There is another phase of this Exposition, and that is the trade relations it will inaugurate. California is most advantageously situated for engaging in great commercial ventures.

The rich countries of the Orient, the fertile islands of the Pacific, the Australian Colonies, and the great regions of Mexico, Central and South America, are tributary to the seaports of the State.

California produces in abundance articles of export required in these different countries; she can utilize much of their produce.

The bringing together of the peoples of these widely-scattered lands will do much toward making the extension of the broadest commercial relations possible. Energy and enterprise will do the rest.

As a recapitulation and brief history of this project, the following will be of interest to our readers:

It was first promulgated in June, 1893, in Chicago. Officers were selected in July; but little faith, however, was placed in the enterprise until the ground was

broken on August 24th. From that time on money has been steadily pouring in, until, instead of about a dozen buildings, there are now (December 20th) about seventy-five buildings in process of erection, the most of which are approaching completion.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

The Royal Bath Hotel at Bournemouth is certainly the most surprising hotel in the world. Apart from its standing as one of the leading first-class family hotels of the country, it is absolutely pre-eminent in possessing the finest works of art, and of having the most artistic decoration of any existing hotel.

Perhaps no more delightful health resort than El Paso de Robles Hot Springs can be found in the State. It is only eight hours' ride from San Francisco through the beautiful Salinas Valley; and the splendid big hotel, three stories high, affords every comfort and convenience one could desire. The mineral baths at Paso Robles are famous for their remarkable curative properties, and are even said to rival, if not excel, those of the celebrated Hot Springs of Arkansas. Mr. Burns is a genial and popular manager, and loses no opportunity to please his guests.

The Hotel Brewster at San Diego has made many alterations and improvements this season, and it is now in a position to give every comfort, convenience and luxury to its many patrons. Its splendid new billiard parlors are unquestionably the finest south of San Francisco; and an innovation has been adopted in the shape of a fine *cafe*, where one can obtain all the delicacies of the season *a la carte*. The Brewster ranks high in popular favor, and, with the untiring energy and affability of its Manager, Mr. J. E. O'Brien, it will have all the patronage it can handle during the coming winter and spring.

Located in the beautiful city of Riverside, California, is the Hotel Rowell, one of the most popular in Southern California. Although the rates charged at this hotel are no greater than at second-class hostelries, the appointments are of the finest, and the general service throughout is strictly first-class. The Rowell is conveniently located, and strangers visiting Riverside will find it by far more desirable than any one of the hotels in the city. Mr. E. J. Davis is its popular proprietor, and is fortunate in having the services of Mr. E. H. Hess, a most courteous and obliging chief clerk.

Southern California is being rapidly filled with Eastern tourists, and the outlook for a lively winter is most encouraging. At San Diego they find certain horticultural and natural wonders such as cannot be found beyond the Mississippi. The Hotel Florence is the headquarters for these visitors from abroad. Manager Kennedy has been entertaining a number of foreign tourists, and further applications from the East are pouring in. Through its home-like appearance, comfortable surroundings, central location, and general good service, the Florence captures much of the cream that goes to Coronado; and, not only that, but, for some reason, retains its guests for extended visits. Now that the big hotel on the beach has come to be regarded but little more than a real curiosity, the San Diego hotels are reaping the actual benefits from the large numbers of sightseers who seek the southern extremity of the State.

HOTEL FLORENCE INTERIORS.

The Brown Palace Hotel at Denver is very highly commended by the traveling public. This hotel is in every way superior. It is absolutely fire-proof, there being no wood used in the construction except for doors and windows, all of the floors being of cement and encaustic tile. It is conducted on the American plan, and has four hundred rooms, the rates for which are from $3.00 to $5.00 per day. We cannot too highly commend it to the traveling public.

The Horton House, San Diego, is at present doing a good business, many families from the East having engaged rooms for the winter. The Horton is the oldest hotel in San Diego, but, like old wine, its service and general equipment have improved with age.

We wish to impress upon the minds of strangers visiting the Midwinter Fair the fact that Oakland is in all respects one of the most desirable places to stay. The hotel accommodations are unsurpassed, there being no less than twelve good-sized and well-kept hotels. Especially would we speak of the Hotel Crellin, which is equal, if not superior, to any $2.50-per-day house on either side of the bay. It is located on the corner of Tenth and Washington streets, and is within three blocks of the local ferry service, which takes you across the bay for ten cents every fifteen minutes.

La Jolla Park Hotel, San Diego, is rapidly filling up with Eastern visitors, who express themselves as delighted with this famous seaside resort. The wonderful caves, rocks, and beaches abounding with all descriptions of beautiful shells and mosses, together with its warm, even climate, have made this spot justly popular. The fish meals and general excellency of its cuisine have been kept up to their former standard, and the fine mountain drives and walks, together with the fishing, shooting, boating, and surf-bathing, are a source of entertainment to its guests. Situated only fourteen miles from San Diego, it is quickly reached by the S. D. O. T. & P. B. Motor, and, as a part of the trip is by the oceanside, it is a very pleasant journey. A trip to San Diego would not be complete without a visit to this favored spot.

The Painter Hotel of Pasadena seems to be having quite a boom in the line of bridal parties this season, several having already visited the house. In connection with the foregoing, it might be well to add that the young men are generally in the ascendency (in point of numbers) at this popular resort.

The hospitable doors of Cazadero are not closed this winter, and a knowing few are enjoying the freshness of the redwood forests after the dust-cleansing rains. Salmon are running up Austin Creek in great profusion, and a few hours after this noble game, punctuated with a short tramp over the hills for quail, squirrels and doves, make up a sportsman's day that is complete to satiety when discussed at night before roaring logs in the great fireplace. Hart, Hart & Hart have a number of men at work making improvements for the gay summer season, but, in their opinion, the chief glories of the beautiful place are exhibited in the late winter or early spring.

Paraiso Springs is one of the few resorts easily accessible from San Francisco, and the curative properties of its waters are well advertised by those who have tried them. Improvements with a view to comfort and pleasant surroundings are being made from time to time.

While our Eastern friends are brushing the snow from their feet, the guests of the Hotel del Monte are picking flowers from the beautiful grounds surrounding, or walking *sans chapeau* through the groves of ancient oaks and pines, whose great, outstretched arms pose benignantly as Nature's grand protectorate over the splendid edifice beneath. What a romantic and soul-stirring place Del Monte is! Nature supplied the conditions, and Art perfected them; and, when other Meccas lose their bloom and brilliancy, and fade into the burial-grounds of the happy past, Del Monte still will shine in all her glory, majesty and beauty, and irresistibly will lure the admiring throngs to pay homage at her feet.

The Hotel Pleasanton is quite full, and doing an excellent business. Proprietor Hedge will undoubtedly have his house full during the Midwinter Fair.

Manager Kinzler of the California Hotel, San Francisco, is enthusiastic over the outlook for the Midwinter Fair, and wears a more cheerful smile than he has for many months during the unprecedented dull season experienced by the hotels. The California already has a large number of guests, and Mr. Kinzler has a number of orders booked from the first of the year. He is making preparations for the rush, and is turning several of his private parlors into bedrooms. Mr. Kinzler assures us that there will be no increase in rates during the Fair, either for rooms or in the *cafe*.

THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL.

One of the greatest drawbacks to some of our resorts, and the chief cause of the lack of their success, is the tendency to advertise attractions which do not exist in fact. A case in point is the Hotel del Coronado, whose management have for years made a specialty of advertising "the finest surf-bathing on the Coast." As a matter of fact it is absolutely dangerous for one to go into the surf at Coronado Beach for two reasons: one, because of the large number of the dreaded stingaree, which infest the waters at this point; and the other, because of a dangerous undertow. Not long ago a venturesome bather was severely stung by one of those poisonous flat fishes, and the bathing is necessarily greatly confined to the bath-house. If any one goes to Coronado to enjoy its "delightful surf-bathing," he can make up his mind to be disappointed.

Mr. A. C. Bilicke, Proprietor of the Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, visited San Francisco last week, and reports that his hotel is doing twenty-five per cent more business at the present time than it has for corresponding periods during the past three years. This speaks well, not only for the general outlook, but for the high estimation in which the hotel is held by the public.

Manager Lynch of the Redondo Hotel was in San Francisco during the past week, and is taking the active initiative in the establishment of a bureau at the Midwinter Fair for Southern California resorts. Mr. Lynch is President of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association, and is energetically working for its interests. In his ideas he is broad-minded, original, and fertile, and believes that there are other resorts worth stopping at besides his own beautiful caravansary by the sea. The new bath-house about completed at Redondo Beach will be the finest west of Chicago, and no expense has been spared in its equipment. If some of our other hotel proprietors would study to attract and please their guests, there would be fewer inexplicable reasons why they cannot keep their patronage when they once obtain it.

ITEMS.

Time works many changes, the most remarkable of which are, perhaps, the vast improvements in steamer service across the Pacific. It is a credit to the Coast that the service of the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company is unquestionably fully equal to that of the Atlantic lines. Their splendid steamers fall short only in point of speed, but it is only because the traffic does not require it. The run between Yokohama and San Francisco is now made in less than fourteen days by the Occidental & Oriental steamers. The table service is beyond criticism; and both for speed and service the Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company is far superior to any other competitor. Traveling by this line to the Orient you can be assured of arriving on time, and in fact it is only within the past year that their rivals awoke to the necessity of putting on a little more steam.

Clabrough, Golcher & Co., at 605 Market Street, are wholesale and retail dealers in all the different makes of modern firearms, high-class fishing-tackle and sporting goods of every description. They have also recently added to their large and well-assorted stock a full line of photographic supplies. This department, like all others in their business, is complete in every detail. We take great pleasure in recommending our subscribers to the above firm.

Messrs. C. Herrmann & Co., one of the oldest established hat firms of San Francisco, have recently moved into their new building at 328 Kearny Street, where they will occupy four floors, devoted entirely to stock. The factory will likewise be in the same building. Messrs. Herrmann & Co. have now every facility for turning out the finest and most varied assortment of headgear, and their's being strictly a California enterprise should receive every encouragement. A handsomely illustrated catalogue will be mailed free on application.

Largest collection of flowers at Carbone & Co., 343 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

The very best evidence that printing is one of the fine arts is embodied in the make-up and general appearance of this issue of THE TRAVELER. Such faultless printing requires the highest order of skill, both in the composition and presswork, which can only be acquired after many years of patient study and wide and long-continued experience. The great house of the H. S. Crocker Company, which has printed THE TRAVELER from its first number, maintains its reputation of ranking with the few leading printing houses of the country.

The visitor coming from the far East to the Midwinter Fair will naturally cast about for a sea trip. The islands of the Pacific and the shores of the Antipodes—Samoa, New Zealand and Australia—will no doubt attract him to see for himself some of the wonders of the Pacific Antipodean world, the conditions of which present such a contrast to our own. Hawaii, so much talked of at present in a political way, has more that is attractive and entertaining to the traveler than any pleasure-spot whatsoever. Thousands make the trip over there yearly, and no month passes without large numbers of visitors to not only Honolulu, but Apia, Auckland and Sydney as well. The advantages of a sea voyage are succinctly expressed by Anthony Froude: "When we are weary with hard work, a sea voyage is our most congenial 'retreat.' * * The sea breezes carry health upon their wings, and fan us at night into sweet, dreamless sleep. * * For the time we are beyond the reach of change, * * and the uniformity of life on board ship leaves us leisure for reflection. * * "

We wish to call the attention of visitors to the Midwinter Fair, and, indeed, all others who have not seen the Yosemite, to the cyclorama of this wonderful valley on exhibit at the corner of Tenth and Market streets, San Francisco. It is simply marvelous, and conveys to the mind as broad and comprehensive a conception of the subject as can possibly be made outside of seeing it for one's self. Yosemite being closed during the winter months forbids visitors to our Fair the opportunity of taking in its wonders. We therefore strongly urge every one who is at all interested in our scenic masterpiece (and who is not?) to visit this cyclorama.

The largest and best-equipped printing office, bookbindery and blank-book establishment on the Pacific Coast is conducted by the Hicks-Judd Company at No. 23 First Street, San Francisco. Four floors in the Sacramento Building are devoted to their business. The high standard and quality of their work command the attention of every one who is contemplating having work in their line to do. Half-tone printing is a specialty with this firm.

For a nice bouquet you cannot do better than at 343 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

"Eclipse Extra Dry" is the only California champagne produced by fermentation in the bottle, and excels all others. It has a rich, pungent flavor, and is so rapidly gaining favor throughout the country, alike in clubs, *cafes*, and private homes, that it is acknowledged to be the leading and most popular brand.

Tourists visiting San Francisco should not fail to make a trip through Chinatown, and inspect the points of interest and strange and unusual sights. The Pioneer Tourist Agency at 620 Dupont Street is a perfectly reliable concern, and parties placing themselves in their hands will be sure of good treatment.

California Glace Fruits, fifty cents per pound, in Japanese baskets. Refer to all tourists. Townsend's, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

"Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks," says Garrick. The man who drinks inferior whisky injures his health and shortens his life. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is another familiar quotation that suggests as a sequence the question: "What shall we drink?" If the interrogatory related to alcoholic beverages, we should say: "By all means drink the pure old Jesse Moore Whisky—the best on earth. Should be sold everywhere. Ask for it. Moore, Hunt & Co., agents for the Pacific Coast, 404 Front Street."

A prominent society and literary woman of Minneapolis, writing of the advances made by the railways of America in train equipment in recent years, from woman's standpoint, thus writes: "The nightly 'Northwestern Limited' from Minneapolis and St. Paul for Chicago is perfection itself! I never saw or rode in any train in my life as luxurious, beautiful, comfortable, and complete. * * Each compartment is a room dainty enough for a queen. I never slept in a prettier room. I have traveled extensively in Europe and all over this country, and have never seen anything approaching the famous private compartment cars on the 'Northwestern Limited.' * * The compartments are finished in six different woods, and upholstered, carpeted, and decorated in colors to harmonize—russet, terra cotta, Nile green, etc. The 'Northwestern Limited' being vestibuled and the windows double, a lady can leave it as fresh and clean as she entered it. What an advance over a very short time ago, when one issued from a short trip looking like a coal miner and feeling like a Digger Indian! * * * *"

The St. James Hotel at San Jose keeps up to its acquired standard, and all visitors to the Garden City will find this a most convenient and desirable place at which to stop.

The Waldeck, the popular hotel for invalids, is enjoying a well-deserved prosperity, as it fills a long-felt want. We hear none but words of praise for it, and, on inspection, it proves to be strictly first-class in all its appointments. For Eastern tourists wishing to enjoy our genial climate, and seeking to build up shattered constitutions, there is no better place. We understand that patients may have their own physicians to attend them, if they so choose. Located at 404 Eddy Street, it is on one of the direct lines of transportation to the Fair grounds, and still within five minutes' ride of the center of town. The Waldeck is open for inspection, and is well worth a visit. It is under the management of Dr. C. E. Cooper, whose office is in the Crocker Building.

Rare plants and flowers can be obtained of Carbone & Co., 343 Kearny Street.

The *Home Journal* of New York is the exponent of that literary and art culture which gives grace and refinement to social intercourse,—a society journal in the best sense of the term. Out-of-town readers will find the best life of the Metropolis reflected in its pages. It is an international journal, and, by its foreign correspondence and essays, brings its readers *en rapport* with the social life of the great European centers. The *Home Journal* addresses its editorial and advertising columns to people of culture and fashion. It is essentially a paper for the home, a home journal, and the only *Home Journal*.

The Hotel Terracina at Redlands is rapidly filling up, and many guests are booked for the winter at this popular resort.

The very interesting article on "Posing in Photography," appearing in this issue, is from the pen of Mr. Geo. Steckel of Los Angeles. Mr. Steckel has made rapid strides in his profession, and is certainly approaching the acme of his art, as his many valuable testimonials will prove. The various diplomas he has received are as follows: by the Photographic Association of America, Diploma for Excellence, Boston, '89; Bronze Medal and Diploma, Buffalo, '91; four Silver Medals [out of a possible four], Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, February, '93; two Gold First-prize Medals, World's Fair Convention Photo Association of America; Medal and Diploma, World's Fair.

The Hollenbeck Hotel at Los Angeles has its hands full; and Proprietor Bilicke is relentless in his endeavors to make it the most popular hostelry in the south.

Although business is generally dull in the Northwest, the Hotel Tacoma at Seattle is doing well, and Mr. H. C. Bowers, the manager, is satisfied with the outlook.

The alluring charms of beautiful Pasadena still continue to attract the traveler. Her fine drives, splendid citrus groves, and the Mount Lowe Railway, are sufficient to invite the most critical. None the less attractive is the Hotel Green, undoubtedly the finest structure in Southern California. Spend a week or so at this handsome caravansary and be convinced.

The outlook for the winter season at Santa Barbara is encouraging. Its delightful drives, surf-bathing and wonderful climate are enough to attract a goodly share of the tourist trade, and the Arlington Hotel, newly renovated throughout, will be well able to take care of them.

The Hotel Windsor, Redlands, is catching considerable of the tourist trade since the addition to the house.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have just received a copy of the "Official Guide to the Golden Gate Park," published by F. F. Byington, 602 Market Street. It is handsomely illustrated with views of the Park and the Midwinter Fair, and contains an excellent colored map of the Park. Forty-eight pages, cloth bound. Twenty cents postpaid.

We recently received a copy of the souvenir number of the Coronado *Mercury*, containing sixteen pages, over fifty photo-engravings, and a complete history of Coronado. It is a very creditable number, and the publishers are to be complimented upon its publication.

We have just received Sunset Seed & Plant Company's 1894 Illustrated Catalogue. It is one of the most beautiful and useful publications of its kind we have ever seen.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by

W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.

650 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

THAT REMINDS ME!

Another philanthropic lady recommends a young woman as "under-housekeeper, aged twenty-two, energetic, domesticated, thoroughly trustworthy, great misfortune in losing right arm, but good artificial one."

This, too, is very honest; for, if the artificial one is so excellent, the substitution might never have been discovered. It is always most right and proper that any little loss of this kind should be confessed to. In one, I think, of Theodore Hook's stories, reticence upon this point ruined the happiness of a married couple from the first.

The bridegroom, departing with his bride for their honeymoon, is disturbed by a continual tapping on the floor of the post-chaise. It begins to bother him exceedingly, though he ought to have been thinking of other things.

"What the deuce is that noise?" at last he mutters.

"It is nothing, darling," answers the bride sweetly; "it is only my wooden leg."

Only that, and nothing more. She had got accustomed to it from long use; but the information put him out exceedingly, and caused a coolness which was permanent. —*London Illustrated News.*

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!"
Was written of an oak,
But—it's a chestnut now. —*Life.*

"Sleep?" echoed the portly gentleman, to a question the man in the next seat had put to him. "Sleep? I sleep all night, like a baby."

"Whose baby?" queried a nervous, harassed-looking fellow, with a strange glitter in his eyes. "Whose baby, I say?" he repeated in harsh, grating tones. —*Life.*

"I wonder," said Sandy, "why they always tax whisky so high?"

"Why, because it's a luxury, and not a necessity, of course."

"I say, Jock," said Sandy, "here's a man who calls whisky a luxury."

The Nomad chieftain gloomily contemplated the dreary Syrian landscape.

The wedding guests were long departed. He had but a moment since beheld his bride of a few hours remove her teeth and put them in a cup of water to soak.

"Dismiss from thy heart, my good lord," the damsel murmured, "thy vain regrets."

Upon the word the pious Moslem extended his clasped hands toward the heavens.

"Allah be praised!" he cried. "If I mistake not, her old man must have ere this discovered that the horse I gave him for his daughter is balky."

Tears of joy welled unheeded from his eyes as he gave thanks. —*Truth.*

He (of Chicago)—My dear, I smell something burning. I do believe the house is on fire, Priscilla. For heaven's sake lay aside your Boston serenity and help me see what is wrong.

She (formerly of Beacon Hill)—My dear husband, lay aside your Western fidgetiness and be composed. It is bad form to be so demonstrative. The odor you detect is caused by the cook burning some rags.

[Ten minutes later.]

He—Priscilla, permit me to ask, with true Boston composure, was it a rat or only a mouse that disappeared under your skirts a moment ago?

She (wildly)—! ? ! ? ! ! ! —*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. "The two Crogans were one, myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who was four? Let me see," counting on his fingers. "The two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, myself was three, and bedad! there was four of us, but I couldn't tell the name of the other. Now, it's meself that has it. Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two, myself was three—and—by my soul, I think there was but three of us after all."

Callo has a son at college. The other day he wrote him a long letter, in which he took him severely to task for his foolish extravagance, and wound up as follows:

"Your mother incloses £5 without my knowledge."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish manager to his audience of three, "as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated to-morrow evening."

"There's wan t'ing," said Mr. Dolan, reflectively, as he glanced at a laundry sign, "thot Oi must rishpect the Choinase fur."

"Phwat's that?" asked his companion.

"Fur learnin' to spake their own language." —*Washington Star.*

"I never in my life," said a clergyman to his wife, after a sermon in Westminster Abbey, "so touched the congregation. They were entranced; every eye was upon me from the first word to the last."

"No wonder," said his wife; "your gloves were inside your hat, and when you took it off they remained on the top of your head all through the sermon." —*Exchange.*

He (thoughtfully)—When a man marries twice, which wife does he take when he gets to heaven?

She (who loves him, dreamily)—Neither. A man who marries twice doesn't go to heaven.

Mr. Putancall—Jack Dashing has just wired me to ask if he has our consent to marry Ethel.

Mrs. Putancall—What had we better do about it?

Mr. Putancall—Well, he seems a business-like young fellow, so I think we had better unload before the market breaks.

An Irishman, having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland, was asked, on his return, how he liked that country, and replied:

"I was sick all the while I was there; and if I had lived there till this time I'd been dead a year ago."

FORTY YEARS IN BUSINESS.

Coming to this Coast when but a youth of eighteen years of age, Henry S. Crocker, the founder of the H. S. Crocker Company, is essentially a self-made man. Genial, affable, widely known and respected, his rule of conduct, "to do as he would be done by," has given him the most pronounced success in the particular line of business to which, in 1856, he devoted himself. As the head of this corporation, which carries on an enormous business at 215, 217, 219 Bush Street, in this city, and at 208 and 210 J Street, Sacramento, as importers and manufacturers of all kinds of printers' materials, wholesale stationers, printers, lithographers, blank book manufacturers, bookbinders, etc., he is essentially a man of affairs, who has no superior in the point of integrity and business capacity on the Coast.

The San Francisco business was first started on Sacramento and Sansome streets, the building being four stories high, which was occupied from floor to ceiling with the firm's busy operations. Success followed their footsteps. Square dealing and business aptitude commended them to all, until they distanced all competitors, and were compelled to seek for more room, double the space being required. At last the Cosmopolitan Hotel and adjoining building on the corner of Bush and Sansome streets were purchased by Charles Crocker in 1880, and completely remodeled to suit the requirements.

On the morning of October 8, 1885, this building, with its entire contents, was destroyed by fire, the loss amounting to over half a million dollars, with insurance but slightly in excess of two hundred thousand dollars.

The firm determined to renew operations immediately, and before noon of the same day had opened up an

H. S. CROCKER COMPANY BUILDING.

office for the transaction of business across the street from where the ruins were still burning. Exactly one year to a day from the date of the fire, the firm opened up in its new quarters on the same site, especially erected for its accommodation, in a building that, at the time of its erection, was considered the finest in the city for its purpose. Shortly after the fire, Charles H. Crocker, a son, and H. J. Crocker, a nephew, of H. S. Crocker, were admitted as members of the firm.

H. S. CROCKER.

In January, 1891, the firm incorporated with a capital of $750,000, H. S. Crocker becoming President of the corporation.

The present store and printing establishment of the H. S. Crocker Company is a brick building of five stories and basement, with some pretensions to architectural effect, and which covers a lot seventy by one hundred and fifty feet in dimensions. Its erection was commenced immediately after the fire referred to. Just a year after that event it was occupied by the several departments of their business, and was furnished with the best and most modern design of printing, engraving and lithographing machinery. The stock was collected from the greatest houses in their several lines, and, when opened for business, no publishing, printing and stationery house in America was its superior.

The building is large, commodious and well arranged for the purpose for which it was designed, and is well lighted, thus affording ample space and light to display goods, and to do the work incident to their business.

The power necessary to run the complicated machinery, presses, etc., is obtained from their own steam plant, located in the rear of the basement, which consists of a seventy-five horse-power engine, three boilers and six furnaces. The surplus power from this plant is furnished to about a dozen large houses in the neighborhood for heating, elevator and other purposes. Four hydraulic elevators are used,—one for visitors to the different departments and for the employees, a freight elevator, a sidewalk hoist, and a dummy elevator for small parcels. The elevator system is entirely separate from the other machinery. The five floors of the building, which are each fourteen feet in height, are used by the different departments, which, while they include a number of minor departments and subdivisions, may be said to be five in number: The printing, which takes the entire fourth and part of the second floor; the stationery, both standard and fancy, leather and other goods and office supplies, which are displayed on the lower floor and part of the second, and are stored in the basement; the engraving and lithographing, to whose exclusive use is assigned the third floor; the bookbinding, located on the fifth; and the steel and copperplate engraving, whose office and specimen showcases share the first floor with the stationery department.

This is the age of printing, and many a modern author owes his success, indeed, not to the fancied creations of his brain, but to the many skilled artificers, whose patient labor produced the work in such a fashion that the eye observed binding, paper, letter-press, photogravure, etching or lithographing of such absolutely artistic elegance that it was constrained to read.

The printing department of the H. S. Crocker Company, under the careful supervision of S. H. Wade, has attained a height of perfection that has more than made them a standard of comparison on the Coast; and "almost as good as Crocker's" is often heard regarding high-class work.

In this department one hundred and forty workmen are employed, among them the most skillful compositors, pressmen and others that can be procured. Thirty presses, several being of an expensive pattern not in use elsewhere on the Coast, from which some of the best samples of illustrated work have been turned out during the past year, are constantly in use.

Within the past few years they have added all the convenient and time-saving appliances, beautiful faces of printing types, fine inks and papers, elegant and perfectly adapted machinery that go to make a complete outfit in the modern end-of-the-century, high-art and strictly first-class printing establishment. Every conceivable form of printing is done here, from the cheapest to the most elaborate; and it would be hard, indeed, to suggest any work that, after the other departments had done their share, would not come from their press the peer of any work done in any of the world-renowned establishments.

The stationery department, which is located on the first and part of the second floors, and overflows into the basement, is divided into retail and wholesale.

The lithographic department possesses a very complete plant, having five steam presses, numerous hand presses and machinery of every description pertaining to lithography, making the establishment one to equal any. The work done in this department is principally in color;—chromos, calendars, show cards, show bills of any size and character; maps in their various forms and sizes, by engraving, drawing on stone or photo process; labels, a specialty being made of high-art raisin labels; and commercial and bankers' outfits in stationery, such as drafts, checks, notes, letter-heads and similar work. This department employs over forty workmen, principally high-priced and skilled men.

The bookbindery is situated on the fifth floor, and has complete appliances for all work in its line. It has the latest and most improved machinery for all kinds

SACRAMENTO HOUSE.

of binding, particularly county, mercantile and publishing matter. The bindery plant consists of eight ruling machines, four steam cutters, seven standing presses, three folding machines, six numbering machines, three steam embossing machines, two heavy board cutters and sewing machines, three wire stretchers for pamphlets and other light work, and five machines for sewing the celebrated Miller-Megee patent flat-opening blank books, whose Pacific Slope trade they control.

The steel and copperplate engraving department is under the charge of a manager particularly experienced in the requirements of the best Pacific Coast trade, who has under his charge two of the best copperplate engravers on the Coast.

These several departments and their subdivisions in this general arrangement make a combination of facilities for the execution of all classes of work connected with their business, superior to anything of the kind on the Pacific Slope, and unsurpassed in the whole country.

T. H. GOODMAN.

Mr. T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company, is a native of New York State, but he has made his home and his fine reputation in California, where he has been in active business life for over twenty-five years.

His life's work has been devoted to railroading, with so great a measure of success that in railroad circles, from one end of the country to the other, his ability in his special line has been fully recognized.

T. H. GOODMAN.

In addition to his regular business duties he has been prominently identified with many important enterprises in connection with the development of California. He has, as one would readily judge from his portrait, a broad and comprehensive idea of affairs. In fact there is nothing narrow gauge in his make-up. He grasps problems quickly, and decides promptly. His theory is, if a thing is worth doing, and can be done, let it be done as expeditiously and thoroughly as possible, so as to be ready for something else.

Strangers might at first consider him austere, but those who know him best, especially the assistants and employees of his department, know what a large, warm heart he has, even though sometimes he may seem severe. In fact down to the smallest boy in the office there is an unswerving loyalty to him, and it is doubtful whether any other official of this great system is more universally beloved and respected.

The phrase, "a gentleman of the old school," may be somewhat obscure, but we take it to mean that such an one should be dignified, courteous, elegant in his tastes, kindly and affable in his manners, honorable to a hair's breadth, charitable and generous to a fault, etc.; and of such is the subject of this sketch.

A PECULIAR CALIFORNIA INDUSTRY.

Perhaps nothing causes mankind more irritation, considering the diversity and wide scope of their operations and their countless modes of attack, than insect pests. Whether our sleep be disturbed by the ubiquitous and gluttonous flea, or our flower gardens and orchards be devastated by aphides; whether the phylloxera destroy our vines, or flies render our meat uneatable; or a predatory incursion of ants causes us to empty our sugar basin into the ash barrel; or vermin harass our domestic animals, the annoyances and losses proceed from members of an infinite host of independent armies of *hostiles*—visible and invisible—that wage eternal war on man's necessities and comforts. Against such persistent foes invention, discovery and enterprise must be brought into operation, and Science must lend her aid.

To the Persians is due the credit of having first discovered the insecticide properties of a plant, a native of their country, and related to the camomile. Its botanical name is *Pyrethrum*, and in all probability it will prove eventually to be one of the greatest blessings which discovery has conferred upon mankind, since its possibilities as a contributor to successful agriculture in all its varied branches, to the comfort, happiness and welfare of all classes, are beyond speculation. From Persia the plant was introduced into Dalmatia, Herzegovina and Montenegro.

To the Dalmatian plant was given the name of *Pyrethrum cinerariæ-folium*. The demand for Persian or Dalmatian insect powder has yearly increased. A single house in New York has imported during the last thirteen years one hundred and fifty tons of the flowers and powder annually.

Of Dalmatia, one of the few homes of the plant, Mr. G. N. Milco, late of Stockton, was a native, and to him Californians are indebted for the introduction of it into their State.

His perseverance, determination and enterprise overcame all obstacles, and, in spite of the watchful opposition of officials, he finally succeeded in getting a small quantity of the seeds of the *Pyrethrum* smuggled from Gravosa. This was about 1876.

After three years of patient experiment, Mr. Milco found at last the proper conditions for the *Pyrethrum's* growth, and associated himself with Mr. J. D. Peters and Mr. A. C. Paulsell, under the business name of the Buhach Producing & Manufacturing Company, Buhach being the trade-mark name under which Mr. Milco introduced the insect powder into this State.

Eight hundred acres of suitable land in San Joaquin Valley were procured, and a Buhach plantation on a large scale was started. The tract of land is situated near Atwater, Merced County.

Mr. Paulsell soon retired from the association, but Mr. Milco and Mr. Peters had perfect confidence in the undertaking, and continued the business together until the death of the former in 1886, from which time Mr. Peters has conducted it.

While we are indebted to Mr. Milco for the introduction into California of the *Pyrethrum*, and his untiring perseverance in acclimatizing it, praise and gratitude should be extended to Mr. Peters for his unfaltering confidence in a new undertaking, and for supplying the capital necessary for the inauguration of a new industry.

Since 1888 the area of this Buhach plantation has been annually increased; and during the busy months of the year from one hundred to two hundred men are employed thereon in the work of gathering, preparing and shipping the flowers to Stockton.

The harvesting time is generally the end of May, when the stalks are cut off at the roots of the plant with a sickle. The flowers are then stripped off by passing the stems through a coarse kind of comb, which detaches them, and allows them to drop into a box in front of the gatherer. As each box is filled its contents are carried to the drying ground, where the flowers are spread upon sheets, and exposed to the rays of the sun, being frequently turned over. At night they are carefully covered to prevent them from absorbing moisture. The volatile oil which gives the powder its insecticide properties is then retained as fully as possible. When the flowers have been thoroughly dried they are shipped to the mill at Stockton, where they are reduced to powder.

USES OF BUHACH.

For household purposes, where the fly and the flea are the most frequent insect annoyances, the dry powder ejected from an insufflator will be found convenient. But this mode of application is by no means confined to the narrow limits of the kitchen and the bed-chamber. It has been proved to be equally serviceable in the garden and the greenhouse.

The museum is another place where Buhach administered in this way will be found to do its duty. Insects which make their homes in the skin of a stuffed lion, or in rare specimens of the avifauna of a country, and proceed to increase and multiply, eating everything they can devour, can be exterminated by Buhach.

Other places where the "powder-gun" is successfully used are the merchant's warehouse, the retailer's shop, and private shelves and wardrobes. The lady can preserve her sealskin sack; the tailor and the storekeeper their woolen goods and furs and feathers; and the wholesale merchant his wheat and hides and other articles of commerce.

The second method of administering this insecticide is by fumigation. Buhach, burned or roasted on a saucer, fire-shovel, or any convenient vessel, emits fumes deadly to insect life. In a room they penetrate crevices and hiding-places which the powder may fail to reach; and lurking bedbugs, ants and spiders, roaches and moths cannot escape. This plan is the best way of getting rid of mosquitoes and gnats.

The active insecticide substance is a volatile oil or "essence." It is this volatile oil that is death to insects. It kills the scorpion with the same certainty as it does the tiny aphis; and the deadly tarantula dies in convulsions under its action as readily as the diminutive red spider that infests the hothouse. So thoroughly impartial is it in its treatment of every species of the class that its fumes may be made to reach even the microbe.

But the most remarkable thing in connection with the properties of this wonderful plant is the fact that, while it is death to insect life, to animal life it is entirely harmless. Indeed, it causes no inconvenience, and even when roasted its fumes are not disagreeable.

The production of this important article, which is now generally used throughout the United States, is particularly a California industry, as the *Pyrethrum cinerariæ-folium* has never been extensively grown in any other portion of the Union.

EDWARD E. HOLTON.

Edward E. Holton is a Canadian by birth, having been born at Hamilton, Ontario, in 1853. He entered the employ of the Central Pacific Railroad as clerk in the Freight Auditor's office at Sacramento in May, 1872, and in August of the same year was transferred to the Ticket Auditor's office, under the late A. D. W. McCullough. He left the service in 1874 on account of ill-health, and returned in March, 1877.

EDWARD E. HOLTON.

In May, 1891, he was appointed Assistant Ticket Auditor; and on July 1st of the same year he became Ticket Auditor of the Southern Pacific Company upon the resignation of Mr. McCullough. This important position he still holds.

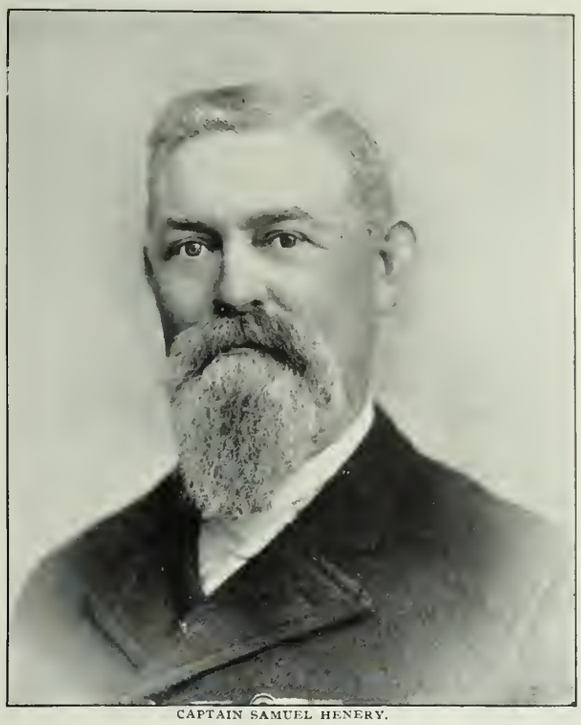
Personally, Mr. Holton is engaging in manner, and his consideration of his large office force has won for him their universal esteem and goodwill.

The position he holds he won by perseverance, integrity and unusual ability, for, under the ruling *regime* of the Southern Pacific, positions of responsibility are obtained only under these qualifications.

Mr. Holton's youth and experience, and his peculiar aptitude for details, will stand him in well for further advancement in the railroad world.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL HENERY.

Captain Samuel Henery, the present Chief of Police of the city of Stockton, and Ex-Chief Engineer of the California Navigation & Improvement Company, was born in Steubenville, Ohio, June 24, 1842, and there learned the machinists' trade.


CAPTAIN SAMUEL HENERY.

He served with distinction during the war, in both army and navy, and came to California in the year following the surrender. After two months' residence in Napa he was engaged to put the engines in the *Cora*, a boat built at Stockton.

Soon afterward he was the engineer of the *Washoe*, a ferry-boat plying between San Francisco and Oakland. Leaving this position he passed the next six years and a half as chief engineer for the company navigating the Colorado River between Fort Mojave and Point Isabel on the Gulf of California.

Returning at length to San Francisco he became interested in the California Navigation & Improvement Company, and acted for a time as engineer for the company.

Captain Henery was elected Superintendent of Streets for the city of Stockton in May, 1891. His term of office expired in May, 1893. It is said by reasonable men of all parties that Sam Henery was the best and most energetic Superintendent the city ever had.

AN EASTERN GIRL'S LETTER.

It is said that "the way to a man's heart lies through his stomach;" but, if that isn't equally true of a woman, then I don't know my own sex. Life is an odd existence, isn't it? Eat, sleep and toil comprise its formula, with a very large percentage in favor of the former; for, my goodness, how unhappy and irritable we are when we don't get well fed.

But now you wonder just what I am talking about, don't you? Well, I'll tell you.

By residence I'm an Eastern young lady, and of all the traveling I have done this is my first visit to San Francisco. Dear me, such a time as one has getting settled in a new place; but mamma and I have traveled together so much that we can stand inconveniences and vexations about as well as anybody. However, we are comfortably situated now at a good hotel, and are enjoying the sights immensely.

What a city for restaurants San Francisco is,—and fine ones, too. The second night we arrived here I said to mamma:

"I do wish we could find some nice restaurant where we could be sure of respectability and good service."

"Yes," answered mamma; "and where we would feel perfectly comfortable without an escort."

Upon inquiry we were unanimously recommended to Swain's, at No. 213 Sutter Street, just above Kearny, and in half an hour we were there.

"Isn't this perfectly lovely, mamma?" I ejaculated as we were seated. "There is such an air of refinement, elegance, and, above all, cleanliness, that strikes you at once."

"Indeed it is, Edith; but wait till we finish dinner, and you may change your mind."

Dear, matter-of-fact mamma! But I didn't change my mind; and, what's more, we have dined there regularly ever since. Mamma is equally charmed, too. For the reason that vicious people stay away from church, so do undesirable characters evade Swain's Restaurant.

I verily believe I could eat my dinner off the floor, so clean did it look; and the tablecloths and napkins white as snow; the dishes and ware of all kinds rich and substantial as one could wish. Service and cuisine? Well, I'm afraid if I say much more you will think I own an interest in the place; but still I am so very pleased that I want to tell you all about it. The cooking would suit the crankiest epicure that ever lived; and as for variety—well, I believe they have everything I ever heard of.

You know I am pretty observing, and I've noticed that the class of people who patronize Swain's Restaurant are of the refined and thoroughly respectable order; and a lady can go in there alone at any time of day or night, and feel just as comfortable as though she were in her own home. Now, that's saying a good deal, but it's true; and there are very few restaurants where a young lady can go alone and not run the risk of being "talked about." This you *can* do at Swain's.

The tables there are arranged in two large rooms connected by an archway. The walls are liberally decorated with mirrors, paintings, sculpture and other ornaments. The ceiling is beautifully embossed and harmoniously colored; and, when you sit down to dinner with the incandescent lights aglow over each table, the effect in looking from one room to another is really delightful, and reminds one of the superb *cafes* that we used to rave over so in Paris.

Now, then, you'll naturally suppose that all this comes high, but it doesn't. I tell you these people thoroughly understand their business, and, with their many years of experience, they have gotten this catering down to such a fine point that it's really wonderful now they can serve the choicest delicacies of the market at such reasonable rates.

Swain's is just such a place as many people look for but never find, and mamma and I are writing to all our friends who are coming to San Francisco advising them of the wonderful *cafes* they have here, and telling them above all things to be sure and go to Swain's Restaurant, 213 Sutter Street, where they will be sure to enjoy comfort, palatable viands and faultless attention,

THE STORY OF TWO FAMOUS EPICURES.

The Marquis and Marquise de Bechamel were famous epicures in the days of the old monarchy in France. He married a young woman named Valentine de Rochemont, who attracted him purely because she was a wonderfully good cook, and had a remarkable appetite. The marquis and marquise cooked and ate together for fifty years, in perfect accord and perfect health.

They had a famous feast at their golden wedding. For many years the marquis had been saving for this occasion a bottle of priceless Constance wine from the Cape of Good Hope, and every guest was to have a drop or two of it. Just as the bottle was being brought out, the marquise sank dying to the floor.

The devoted marquis was inconsolable. His physician having informed him that his end was surely near, he called for the bottle of Constance wine. With a sinking, dying voice, the old man said:

"When I meet my beloved Valentine on the other side she will say: 'What is that perfume, my dear, which I detect upon thy lips?' And I will answer: 'It is the Constance wine, my beloved, that we had saved for our golden wedding!'"

Bechamel drank of the wine, and his livid head fell back upon the pillow. All supposed that he was dead; but he was merely asleep. An hour afterward he called his nephew, and sent him, with a key, to open a drawer in a secretary and bring from it a box.

To the boy's astonishment, it was found to contain a pie,—a wonderful Perigord pie,—dressed with truffles of Sarlat. The marquis ate freely of it, and sank back upon his pillow.

"Hark!" said the doctor, "I hear the fatal rattle in his throat! It will soon be over!"

But the "rattle" turned out to be a snore. The marquis was asleep. And though he was then seventy-five years old, he lived fifteen years longer, and invented several more famous dishes.

—*The Argonaut, S. F.*

HON. W. R. CLARK.

Hon. W. R. Clark, Mayor of Stockton, is a native of Glengory County, Canada, and is but thirty-nine years of age. He has been a resident of Stockton for the past fifteen years, and through his occupation as contractor has erected many of Stockton's handsomest edifices.

HON. W. R. CLARK.

Mr. Clark was identified with the City Council for two terms, and became Mayor in 1891. He was re-elected May 16, 1893, by a handsome majority, his public acts reflecting the highest credit upon both his sagacity and uprightness.

He is a good financier and is possessed of large property interests in the city of Stockton. Mayor Clark's administration has been characterized by a somewhat liberal but careful exercise of the veto power, which has met with the co-operation and approval of the conservative people of the community. Mayor Clark is quick to grasp an idea, but deliberate in taking action on important matters.

It is his cool and well-balanced judgment in municipal affairs that has won for him the confidence and esteem of his fellow-men.

J. J. CRAWFORD.

STATE MINING BUREAU.

As a matter of statistics the State of California has produced more gold than any country of the same size in the world. It has for the past forty-five years occupied so prominent a place among the precious metal producing States that it finally became necessary to establish an institute to aid the miner, preserve specimens and samples of rocks, collect literature of interest on mining subjects, and in general to promote the industry of mining.

The result was the organization of the California State Mining Bureau nearly thirteen years ago, and to-day it stands as one of the most attractive and interesting exhibits in the city of San Francisco. It is located near the corner of Fourth and Market streets, and is open to the public daily. In connection with it is a well-equipped library bearing on mining subjects. No visitor to the city should fail to make a visit to this exhibit, and requests for samples of nickel, antimony, zinc, tin, kaolin, etc., are always complied with when possible.

The managing Board are men of retiring dispositions, carrying on their work with care and zeal, and it is due to their efforts that the institution has gained the prominence and importance it has to-day. As it must be of interest to know to whom we are indebted for the conduct of this laudable enterprise, we have obtained reluctant permission to present a brief sketch of the managing Board.

Mr. J. J. Crawford, State Mineralogist, is a native of Pennsylvania, and studied mining engineering and metallurgy in the State Polytechnic College, graduating first in his class. He pursued his studies in Europe, and latterly held several important positions in mining industries. Mr. Crawford has been prominently identified with politics, and in February, 1893, was appointed State Mineralogist, which position he has filled with marked credit and ability.

Jacob Z. Davis, President of the State Mining Bureau, is a native of Philadelphia, and comes from one of the oldest families. He came to California in 1849, and, after experimenting in the mines, went into the real estate business, wherein he has been most successful. He is a member of the Society of California Pioneers, Director of the California Academy of Sciences, and President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He is likewise a thirty-second-degree Mason. He is untiring in his efforts to promote the interests of the Mining Bureau, and his public services have been rendered so quietly that few realize their value and importance.

Wm. S. Lyle is a native of Machias, Maine. He came here when a boy, and received his education at our public schools. He is practically a Native Son.

PIONEER BUILDING.

Mr. Lyle is Trustee of the Mining Bureau, and is a thoroughly practical as well as theoretical miner. About twenty-five years ago he engaged in mining, and in a short time was considered one of the best experts on the Coast. Mr. Lyle has visited all the mining sections of the Coast, and has spent thousands of dollars in experting mining properties. He has been associated with Mackay and Flood in many enterprises; and, through his judgment and tact, accomplished much of the great success of the well-known combination. As a Trustee of the State Mining Bureau no better selection could have been made, for Mr. Lyle has given satisfaction to all.

J. E. Doolittle is a representative miner, and a "chip of the old block." He became Trustee of the Mining Bureau in 1892, and, through his mining practice and knowledge of miners' requirements, his services as a member of the Board are invaluable. Mr. Doolittle belongs to the well-known Alta Club at Alta, Cal., and when in San Francisco he makes his headquarters at the Palace Hotel.

Thomas B. Bishop is an active member of the Board, and is a relative of the well-known lawyers, W. D. Bishop of Connecticut and H. W. Bishop of Massachusetts. He completed his college education at Brown University, and afterward attended the Albany Law School, where he graduated in 1864. He was admitted to practice, and, after holding several prominent positions, associated himself with the present law firm of Garber, Boalt & Bishop. Mr. Bishop has a splendid collection of mineral and geological specimens in his office, with which he is thoroughly versed. He is a hard worker, a clear and ready thinker, and occupies an enviable position among his colleagues.

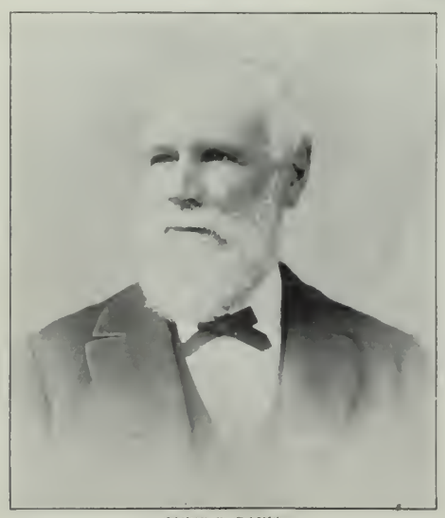
THOS B. BISHOP.

Mr. W. S. Keyes, one of the Directors of the Mining Bureau, is fully conversant with its requirements, and has received a practical education in metallurgy. He is also deeply versed in mining law and its interpretation, and latterly the greater part of his time has been given to the interests of the California Bureau. He completed his studies in Europe, at the Royal School of Mines, Freiberg, Saxony, where he became thoroughly versed in theory, and has since, through his knowledge of the science, attained one of the foremost positions among mining engineers and metallurgists.

So it will be seen that what this important institution is to-day is due to the activity and push of its managememt; and it occupies a foremost position among the scientific depositories of the Coast.

A better idea of the purposes of the Bureau is shown in an extract from the act of the Legislature approved April 16, 1880, reading as follows:

"There shall be and is hereby established in this State a Mining Bureau, the principal office of which shall be maintained in the city of San Francisco, at which place there



JACOB Z. DAVIS.

WM S. LYLE.

shall be collected by the State Mineralogist, and preserved for study and reference, specimens of all the zoological and mineralogical substances, including mineral waters, found in the State, especially those possessing economic or commercial value, which specimens

J. I. DOOLITTLE.

shall be marked, arranged, classified and described, and a record thereof preserved, showing the character thereof and the place whence obtained. The State Mineralogist shall also, as he has opportunity and means, collect and, in like manner, preserve at said office, minerals, rocks and fossils of other States, Territories and countries; and the collections so made shall, at all reasonable hours, be open to public inspection, examination and study."

Some idea may be gained of the vastness of the mineral wealth of the Pacific Coast when it is said that the celebrated Comstock lode of Nevada has yielded nearly $350,000,000 worth of bullion, and yet the State of California exceeds the Nevada output by many millions. Statistics prove that the value of the mining industry in the United States exceeds that of any other country in the world, producing thirty-three per cent of the gold yield, and about fifty per cent of the silver.

FREDERICK C. CLIFT.

One of the most popular young men in Alameda County is Frederick C. Clift, now Justice of the Peace of Oakland Township. He was born in Grass Valley July 20, 1867, his father being the well-known pioneer mining expert, William Clift.

Judge Clift's parents removed to Alameda County while he was yet a lad, and he received his education in the Oakland public schools.

Having a decided taste for legal studies, he adopted law as his profession, and studied Blackstone, Kent, etc., under the guidance of Judge Nathaniel Bennet, a member of the first California Supreme Court, and P. D. Wigginton, formerly a Member of Congress.

These studies were supplemented by a course at the Hastings College of the Law of the University of California.

He was admitted to the bar May 6, 1890, by the Supreme Court, then in session in Sacramento. After a trip to Europe, in company with his father, Mr. Clift entered upon the practice of his profession in Oakland, where he has built up a respectable practice, and is already regarded as one of the rising members of the Alameda County bar.

In 1892 he was nominated by acclamation at the Republican Convention for the office of Justice of the Peace, and was elected by a plurality of 4,708.

Judge Clift is a popular member of Oakland Parlor, No. 50, Native Sons of the Golden West, and is also prominent in Masonic circles, being a member of Oakland Lodge, Oakland Chapter and Oakland Commandery, Knights Templar.

As a magistrate Judge Clift has made a record of which he may well be proud, and which his constituents regard with unqualified satisfaction.

JAMES GILLIS.

The subject of this sketch, James Gillis, now President of the Union Transportation Company, Stockton, was born in Franklin County, New York, on January

10, 1828, making him, at the present time, a well-preserved gentlemen of sixty-five years. He was originally of sturdy Scotch descent.

Like many of the old pioneers of California, he was actuated by ambition and love of adventure, and the month of July, 1851, found him in the land of promise. On his arrival here he at once set out for the mines, and, believing that Tuolumne County offered the best prospects of success, he directed his steps thither.

Here he pursued not only mining industries, but several other occupations, with varying success, for the period of fourteen years, when he moved to San Joaquin County. Here he has remained ever since, being engaged in various enterprises during that period.

Eight years ago he became interested in steamboating, which finally resulted in the birth of the Union Transportation Company on June 8, 1892, on which date their first steamer was put into service on the San Joaquin River between Stockton and San Francisco. It was known as the "opposition line," and materialized under very pressing demands from the people of Stockton and San Francisco.

Although no stone was left unturned by their wealthy competitors to force them out of the field, the Union still exists and flourishes, and has become a permanent monument to the enterprise of its promoters.

A LIVING BAROMETER.

Here is a description given in an exchange of a unique barometer, which is said to be reliable:

A half-pint glass half filled with water, a leech and a piece of muslin are all that is required. The leech is put into the water, and the muslin is tied over the top of the glass, so that the little creature cannot escape. When the weather is to be fine the leech will remain coiled up and motionless at the bottom of the glass, under the water. When it leaves the water and crawls to the top of the glass, rain may be expected, and wet weather will continue as long as the leech remains there. If there is to be a heavy wind the little creature will contort itself violently, and squirm about in the liveliest fashion; and a thunder-storm may be looked for when he seems to be in convulsions.

JUDGE F. T. BALDWIN.

Judge F. T. Baldwin was born in Rockville, Lake County, Indiana, on July 24, 1838. After the death of his father, who was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of that county for a number of years, he went to Illinois to reside with his uncle, who was also his guardian, and received his education at Jubilee College and the St. Louis University.

In 1861 he drove a team across the plains to California in company with Capt. W. L. Moss, arriving in Stockton in September of that year. Settling there, he at once became prominently identified with the public interests of the then young and enterprising community. He has held various offices in the county, both elective and appointive, having been in office for nearly thirty years. At the age of twenty-three he was elected Justice of the Peace, and, as such, frequently presided as one of the Justices of the Court of Sessions.

In 1867 he resigned his office and began practicing law in the office of Judge Budd, which profession he pursued with success.

In 1876 he was nominated at a citizens' mass meeting for the office of Mayor of Stockton, and was elected without opposition, serving one term, before the expiration of which he was appointed Director of the State Insane Asylum by Governor Irwin, holding the position four years, and acting as President of the Board for two years. He was also sent as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention which nominated Tilden for the Presidency.

Judge Baldwin was nominated by the Democratic party in 1882, and was elected to the State Senate from San Joaquin County, and did faithful work through four sessions of the Legislature. After the expiration

of his term as Senator he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court by Governor Stoneman. But, at the end of two years' incumbency of this important position, he voluntarily retired to resume the practice of law. The Judge has a wife, and they reside in Stockton.

STOCKTON'S SANITARIUM.

Perhaps there is no institution of its kind on the Coast so widely and favorably known as the Pacific Hospital at Stockton, California. It was established nearly twenty-four years ago by Dr. Asa Clark, who foresaw the requirement of an enterprise that should be devoted to the care and cure of those mental ailments arising from overwork, nervous prostration and other kindred causes.

It was his theory (and it has proven to be a correct one) that brain troubles require the essential elements of fresh air, light, comfort and congenial surroundings. With a view of securing the first two requisites he studied the desirability of a location, and built his hospital in the southwestern section of the city of Stockton. The pleasing of the eye as well as the peace and comfort to mind and body has not been overlooked, as the entire grounds, comprising forty acres in extent, have been beautified by exquisite gardens and splendid shade trees, through which have been set out a picturesque sinuosity of walks: so that one unacquainted with the character of the institution would assuredly believe it to be the private residence of some wealthy citizen.

The buildings themselves are two stories in height, and cover about half an acre. The interior is quite as cheerful as without, perhaps the most striking feature being the great wide corridors, light and well ventilated, thereby affording the patients who cannot be permitted out in the grounds ample facilities for such exercise as they may require. It also becomes advantageous for all on rainy days.

Every chamber in the hospital is supplied with Brussels or tapestry carpet, and otherwise accoutred in a style equally as elegant as any first-class hotel in the country. The table, too, is an essential feature of the equipment and could not be improved upon.

In a word, the Pacific Hospital combines the attentions, conveniences and luxuries of a first-class hotel, the comforts of a home, and the medical advice and restraint essential for the well-being of the patients; and no similar organization in the country can show a greater percentage of permanent cures than the one so long under the management of Dr. Clark and his sons.

With all these advantages the cost of enteringthe hospital is reasonable, and within the reach of all.

Dr. Asa Clark, the founder, was born in Essex County, New York, in 1824, and has therefore almost reached the ripe old age of seventy years. He came to California in '49, at the age of twenty-five, and, like all the early pioneers, turned his hand to various occupations.

Ten years prior to the founding of the hospital Dr. Clark acted as Superintendent of the State Insane Asylum at Stockton. He subsequently officiated in the same capacity in Nevada, and in October, 1892, was again appointed to the Stockton Asylum, which position he still holds; and unquestionably the asylum has never been so well kept, managed and conducted as under his direction.

The Pacific Hospital is under the direct charge of Dr. Fred P. Clark, a young man of but thirty years, and a native of Stockton. He received his early training at the public schools, graduating from the High School, and shortly afterward began his medical studies under the able direction of the faculty at the Cooper Medical College, where he graduated after a thorough course of three years. Personally Dr. Clark is bright, engaging and gentlemanly, and has won an enviable reputation among his clients, not only for his marked ability in his profession, but for his consideration and careful attention to his patients. He is in no sense wedded to the old school of medical ethics, is not conservative, and takes special pride in advancing with the great tide of modern progressiveness in the world of physics.

ASA CLARK HOSPITAL.

Taking it altogether the advantages of a private hospital are much greater than those afforded in public institutions, for the reason that they are more quiet and secluded; and the field of competition into which they naturally enter demands not only the highest quality of medical skill, but the utmost care and attention and good service. It is for these reasons that the Stockton institution has gained the standing and confidence it enjoys to-day among the better classes of people.

Again, the Pacific Hospital is fortunately situated in the country, so that the entire aim of its management has been to obtain every advantage accorded by Nature, and surely this is half the battle. By far the best advertisement of the place is the unvarying testimony of those who have been there.

EL PINAL VINEYARD.

El Pinal Vineyard, owned by Messrs. Geo. West & Son, situated just north of the city of Stockton, is the oldest and largest in San Joaquin County. This vineyard was founded in 1852 by William B. and George West, and wine-making was commenced in 1858. The business is now conducted by the firm of Geo. West & Son, who produce annually more pure, sweet wine than any other firm in the United States.

The quality of the product is of the highest grade, and at the last Trade Exhibition at Dublin, Ireland, a gold medal was awarded to the cognacs produced at El Pinal Vineyard, the committee reporting these brandies as of the same type as of the famous cognacs of France.

At the last California exhibit the highest awards were taken by the brandies of Messrs. Geo. West & Son, the report of the committee being equally flattering.

The distilleries of this firm are by far the largest in California, and special attention is paid to this branch of the business.

The winery is conveniently located on the line of the Southern Pacific Company, and has a capacity for handling from five to six thousand tons of grapes annually. The wines and brandies produced are readily disposed of in the Eastern markets.

The firm is now producing a high grade of claret and sauterne, which is giving universal satisfaction.

Messrs. Geo. West & Son are also interested in the large vineyard properties at Minturn, Fresno County, comprising more than one thousand acres of vines planted exclusively to the choicest varieties of grapes for the production of the highest grades of port and sherry.

The cultivation of the vine has made rapid progress in California of late years, and the domestic wines are steadily taking the place of the foreign product. The soil and climate of this State, and particularly at Stockton, seem best adapted to the growth of the vine, and the location of El Pinal Vineyard is only an evidence of the foresight of its projectors.

EL PINAL VINEYARD.

Their vines, in some respects, resemble the leading European types, and the technical knowledge of Messrs. West & Son is serving to increase their standing every year. It is only a question of time when California wines will rank foremost among the products of the world, the only obstacle to overcome being the unwarranted prejudice, which, in many cases, demands the imported article.

The ravages of the phylloxera is one of the principal obstacles in the way of vine cultivation in certain localities of California, but they are not so extensive as in France, and, indeed, certain varieties of vine are entirely free from them.

The wines produced from the El Pinal Vineyard have not the undesirable pungent acid and sharp flavor, but rather the milder and sweeter character, resembling the famous wines of Spain.

From the remarkable progress they have made, both in the quality of their vintage and the extent of their interests in this direction, they occupy a most prominent position among the grape-growers of the Pacific Coast.

GEORGE E. DE GOLIA.

George E. De Golia, a native of California, was born at Placerville in 1857. He served as page in the Legislature at the age of fourteen, and from his earnings he was enabled to attend college. He graduated from the University in 1877, ranking high in his class, and in the following year became managing editor of the Oakland *Daily Transcript*. In 1879 he was admitted to

the bar and conducted a law office in Oakland until 1883, when he was appointed deputy district attorney, holding the position for six years. On Mr. Vrooman's death, Mr. De Golia succeeded to his law practice, and since that time has followed his profession with marked success, attaining a high position at the Oakland bar.

JAMES D. PHELAN.

Jas. D. Phelan was born in San Francisco April 20, 1861, and was here educated, graduating from St. Ignatius College with the degree of B. A. He studied law at the State University, and after an extended European tour assumed the junior partnership of the firm of James Phelan, and has devoted himself mainly to banking interests. He is Director of the First National Bank, both of San Francisco and San Jose; of the Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco; the Bank of Santa Cruz County; the Sun Insurance Company of San Francisco; and the Natoma Vineyard Company.

Mr. Phelan likewise ranks high with the first clubs of San Francisco, being connected with the Pacific-Union, University and Bohemian clubs, of which latter he is an Ex-President.

He is a zealous patron of fine art, served as Lieutenant-Colonel on the Governor's staff, and only recently returned from Chicago, where he acted as

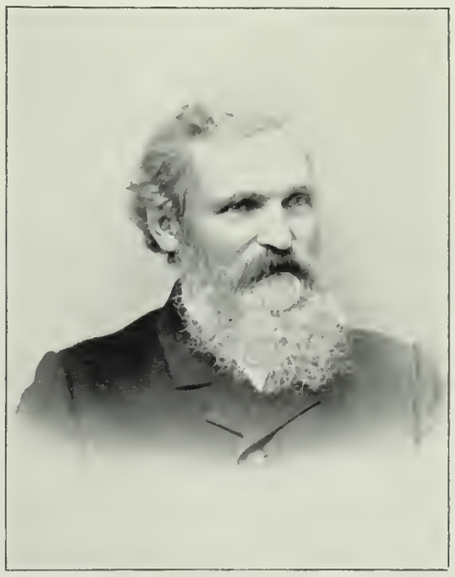
World's Fair Commissioner from the Fifth Congressional District of California. He served during the Fair as Vice-President of the Commission, and officiated on the many ceremonial occasions. As Chairman of the Building Committee he was largely responsible for the beautiful design of the California Building.

CHARLES N. FOX.

The world is advancing in rapid strides, and the signs of the times is progress. The young man at the outset of his career is naturally progressive, and cries loudly for reforms and changes, but is too apt to slacken his speed when his own personal desires are accomplished, his own ends attained; and just at the time when his experiences would be invaluable, and his advice the most practicable, he retires to leave to younger men the task of carrying on the good work. An exception to this almost general rule is Justice Charles N. Fox.

Justice Fox was born in Redford, Wayne County, Michigan, in the spring of 1829. He was obliged to depend largely upon his own exertions as a boy, and his early education was such as was afforded in the "deestrict school." A love for literature and books was inherent in him, and despite all obstacles he was determined to improve himself, and acquire a collegiate education. He was desirous of entering Ann Arbor University, but as a classical course was the only one open he was forced to abandon the idea, and sought employment in a printing office. He became known, and made a record as a country editor, and after a period of activity in politics took up the study of the law, and was admitted to practice in 1856.

In 1857 he came to California, and settled in San Mateo. His geniality and courteous manners, and his



learning and ability, made him popular, and he was elected District Attorney of that county, which office he filled for five years. Other positions were offered for his acceptance, which he declined, with the exception of a nomination on the legislative ticket in 1879. In July, 1889, he was appointed to the Supreme Bench to fill the unexpired term of Justice Temple. He filled this position to the entire satisfaction of all, and was an honor to the bench.

As Justice Fox's life in his youth showed his determination and ambition to advance himself in the face of obstacles which would daunt most people, so now, at the ripe age of sixty-four, he has not lost that spirit of progress that has carried him over intervening objects, and on to honor and fame. He is essentially a progressive man, in sympathy with all movements that enhance the prosperity and welfare of the city and community, and, with his cultivated intelligence, active brain and practical ideas, is an acquisition and an honor to this State.

As a man of native intellect, broad and progressive views, whose years of advancing maturity have only tended to enlarge his mind, Justice C. N. Fox is one of the few men of the day, who, in advanced life, combine the activity of youth with the solidity, wisdom and experience of age.

He is a man of fine physique, with a noble head crowned with thick, wavy, silver hair. His manners are kindly, genial and courteous, and well merit the esteem in which he is universally held.

HENRY C. SCHAERTZER.

Henry C. Schaertzer is one of the best-known attorneys in San Francisco, his native city, and where most of his life has been spent. He conducted his law

studies under the most favorable auspices in the offices of Ex-Senator C. W. Cross and Ex-Judge S. C. Denson, where he officiated as chief clerk.

In 1890 he was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court, and subsequently by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, United States Circuit Court, and the United States District Court. His connection with the profession of law covers a period of ten years, during two years of which he attended lectures at the Hastings College of the Law.

Mr. Schaertzer is likewise a popular and prominent member of the Native Sons of the Golden West, and withal is a musician of rare merit.

JACOB ROSWELL KOCH.

Jacob Roswell Koch was born in San Joaquin County in 1867, and graduated from the Stockton Business College in 1884. He has been successively connected with the late Geo. Hart, the grain merchant; J. D. Peters of Buhach Plantation; and with the Crown Milling Com-

pany in 1890, where he now holds the important position of superintendent. He is likewise a member of the Stockton City Council, being elected on the Republican ticket by a handsome majority from a strong Democratic district. Mr. Koch is a property owner, and a man of family, and bears an enviable reputation for character and fine business ability among his townsmen.

W. H. H. HART.

W. H. H. Hart, the Attorney-General of the State of California, and the subject of this sketch, was born in Yorkshire, England, on January 25, 1848, of English stock, and neither mentally nor physically does he belie his ancestry. Twenty-five years spent in hard and unflagging attention to his large legal practice, together with his political, social and business connections, seem to have weighed so lightly upon him that to-day his physical and mental equilibrium is the envy of his compeers.

In 1852 the family immigrated to the United States and settled in Little Rock, Illinois, where his early years were passed. In 1861, incited by the talk of war, and filled with loyalty to his adopted country,

he was anxious to enlist, and on January 23d of the following year, when lacking but two days of being fourteen years of age, he joined Hinckley's Scouts. Then followed four years of service until 1866, when he was honorably discharged.

General Hart's law studies actually commenced in 1865, a volume of Blackstone presented to him by Judge Russell of Dawson, Georgia, actuating him to become a lawyer. After leaving the army he studied in the public schools; at the same time he read law at night; and in September, 1868, was admitted to practice in the Iowa county courts. In the following year he was admitted to the Supreme Court of that State, and, on removing to California in 1873, gained access to the Supreme Court, and to the United States Supreme Court in 1874.

Mr. Hart was elected Attorney-General in 1890, and assumed the duties of his office on January 5, 1891. During his incumbency the duties of the office have been more than double that usually required, and the cases in which the State at large has been concerned have been greater in number and more vital to its interests, and General Hart, as custodian of its rights and privileges, has handled them uniformly to success. The principal cases involved have been: The railroad tax cases; that of McNulty vs. the State; the case of McNulty vs. the State on writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States; the power of the Bank Commissioners to control the liquidation of banks. His action in this matter materially prevented panic and any appreciable run on the State Banks. He even went so far as to enjoin the sheriff from levying attachments on any bank. Another great case was the filing of an original suit in the Supreme Court of the United States by bill in equity in the name of the State against the Southern Pacific Company of Kentucky, to determine the title to the Oakland water front, which was the first case of the kind ever brought in the United States Supreme Court. His position in this matter was fully sustained by that august body.

General Hart is a member of Geo. H. Thomas Post, No. 2, G. A. R.; of the Masonic fraternity; of Golden Gate Commandery, Knights Templar, and other fraternal orders; and a Director of the Veterans' Home. And while his arduous public duties engross the major portion of his time, in the circle of his friends he is known as a genial, whole-souled gentleman, popular with all, affable and courteous.

EUGENE BUELL.

It is quite well known to the suffering public that there is a deal of quacking to be met with in this country; and it is also well known that in many cases the greater the quack the more money he expends in advertising.

There are honorable exceptions to this, however, as is instanced in the case of Dr. Eugene Buell's San Francisco Cancer Institute, Room 57 Supreme Court Building, corner of McAllister and Larkin streets, San Francisco.

This insidious and terrible disease has been dreaded almost as much as cholera or leprosy, and, until of late years, it has been considered as practically incurable; but, thanks to modern medical skill, this view of the case is no longer held.

Dr. H. P. Dunn of London, England, Dr. Nagel of the Bureau of Vital Statistics, New York, and Dr. Eugene Buell, now of San Francisco, recognized authorities in this branch of medical science, unite in the conclusion that the proportion of deaths from cancer to those from other causes has so increased with the growth of modern cities as to mark it as one of the accompaniments of modern civilization.

That this disease is on the increase is proved by the fact that the mortality in this connection in the last three generations has been four times greater in the United States than it was during the last century; and so little advancement has been made, until late years, that physicians, to justify the failure of their efforts, united in pronouncing it an incurable and inherently fatal scourge; but, in the light of many remarkable modern cases of clearly defined cancers, which have been radically and permanently cured, it is certainly proved that the healers of the past were very far from infallible in this as well as many other directions. Not that we have isolated cases, here and there a marvelous, phenomenal instance, but that the scourge in all its malignity is being regularly and systematically conquered and eliminated from the system like pneumonia or malaria.

Perhaps the strongest argument lately advanced against the curability of cancer has been in citing several instances of famous personages, who, though in a position to avail themselves of the services of the most skillful men of the age, yet succumbed to its ravages. This may be true, and there may be incurable cases of this malady, but the point we make is that, generally speaking, cancer is curable.

The causes of cancer, briefly considered, have been set down by some as an entirely local affection, due to some alteration in the nutrition of the part affected. Others claim that a certain constitutional condition, either as regards the blood or some of the tissues of the body, must exist prior to the development of the disease to which it gives rise; and a third view is that the concurrence of a constitutional and a local cause is necessary for the production of cancer; but however all this may be, the fact remains that it does exist, and it is painful to think how many of the unfortunate sufferers from this malady place themselves in the hands of unprofessional and ignorant persons, who pretend to be able to effect cures, but whose violent remedies, if they do not actually destroy life, as has often been the case, only aggravate suffering and entail disappointment.

Great skill is necessary in the treatment of all skin diseases. The disfiguring and unsightly eruptions incident to diseases of the skin are a source of great misery and mortification to their victims.

We make a specialty of curing these troubles, and will cheerfully answer any correspondence on the subject, as patients may be successfully treated in this way, and such inquiries will be treated with strict confidence. Send for question blank.

Many people are very sensitive about the diseases with which they are afflicted, and instinctively shrink from any publicity. Others do not wish to come in contact with those who are suffering from disease. Appreciating this very natural feeling, we have specially guarded against anything that might disturb in the least even the most sensitive.

Dr. Buell is a regular graduate in medicine, and has practiced in the large cities of the East, Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City. The doctor has, however, chosen San Francisco as the future residence of himself and family, where, by a faithful devotion to the wishes and requirements of his patients, he expects to establish such an institute as will be a credit both to himself and to the State.

The rooms in the Institute for ladies and gentlemen are elegantly appointed, the supervision of the former being under the care of Mrs. Buell.

Dr. Buell will give consultation without charge, and if you cannot be cured he will tell you so. Summing the whole matter up, it would be about as follows:

At the San Francisco Cancer Institute the patient will be skillfully treated and not overcharged. Each patient is treated separately, privately and personally. All correspondence or consultations are strictly confidential. No publicity will be given any case unless with the full consent of the parties concerned.

There are no medicines sold by the bottle or shipped in that way by the Institute. Prescriptions are personally put up, and there are no quack nostrums on sale.

The charges for treatment are not exorbitant, and are not all demanded in advance. Cancers cured without the use of the knife.

Dr. Buell will have a large exhibit of pathological specimens at the Midwinter Fair, which will in all probability attract a great deal of attention.

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ.

Clara Foltz, though but a brief period before the public stage, has made an impression upon her great audience that indexes her brilliant future. Personally she is well-proportioned, graceful in pose, artistic in attire, and strikingly intelligent in features.

But a few years of active life at the bar have won for her admiration, confidence, and an enviable reputation. As a lawyer she ranks foremost among her sex; and, owing to the combination of what we call female intuition and tact, and her wonderful ability to reason and dilate upon stubborn facts, she holds a position in the profession that may well be envied by all her compeers.

The salient points to which her success is mainly due are: her quick insight into the very bottom of a case;

her ready perception of its essence; her tacit handling of disagreeable facts; her ready repartee, grace and eloquence.

These accomplishments, and her phenomenal success in all her cases, have won for her the definitive phrase of "The Portia of the Pacific."

In 1879 she was admitted to practice in the District Court, and in December of the same year to the Supreme Court of the State. In 1880 she became Clerk of the Judiciary Committee of the Assembly; and the years 1884, 1886 and 1888 saw her taking place with the leading orators in the political campaigns.

After successfully conducting the San Diego *Daily Bee*, she resumed practice in San Diego, and in 1890 removed to San Francisco, where she now pursues her profession, and has a large and increasing clientage.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. FEBRUARY, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE GATHERING STORM.

Col. Stuart Wortley photo.

Glimpses of Del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate some interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, bath-house and beach, there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME III. SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY, 1894. NUMBER 2.

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E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

E. T. BROWN, MANAGER ADVERTISING DEPT.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
IN
State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Eastern Office, - - - 23 Park Row, New York, N. Y.
KIRKE WHITE, Agent.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES $1.25.
SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

Advertising Rates: Thirty-five cents per agate line, fourteen lines to the inch. Discounts for space and time contracts furnished upon application. READING NOTICES: Seventy-five cents per line brevier type, and fifty cents per line nonpareil type, each insertion.

THE TRAVELER'S
BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

WHAT is recreation anyway? Webster says it means "to give fresh life to; to reanimate; to revive, especially to revive the exhausted strength or spirits; to refresh from weariness; to relieve; to cheer; to divert; to amuse; to gratify."

Physicians say that objectless exercise is little better than none; that there should be some object or purpose in all exercise. The glorious panorama from some grand Sierra height may be one man's object in tramping; an abhorrence of physical fatigue from manual labor, another's. The capture of a particularly ugly and uncommon specimen of the bug family may be one man's object in tramping; to get comfortably beyond the extradition lines of Canada, another's. And so it goes. There should always be some ennobling incentive to activity in the matter of exercise.

To reanimate, to revive, and infuse fresh life are some of the meanings of recreation. It is said that the eye needs a change; the same objects being impressed day after day upon the retina tire that organ, and it needs a change of scene. The ear gets drummed to death on old chestnuts and bad music, and longs for the babbling of brooks or the music of pine harps upon the mountains. It needs a change of sound. The nose tires of being tweaked by sewer gases and ancient forms of perfumery, and sighs for the crisp and rejuvenating ozone of the hills. It needs a change of smell. The tongue tires of lying and the taste of one person's cooking. It needs a change of taste. The hand tires of the pen and the shuttle and the needle. It needs to change the pen for the alpen-stock once in a while. And so it comes about that a thorough change is necessary in the matter of recreation.

To amuse, to divert, to cheer are forms of recreation of great importance, and the sundry mild and harmless forms of amusement and diversion to be found at the "springs" and elsewhere in California are all helpful to these ends. There is that eminently respectable old game of shuffle-board, safe to take into any family. It does not require any large degree of intellectual acumen to push scale weights along a sanded plank, but most any one at the springs will acknowledge having gotten a heap of joy out of it. Shuffle-board occurs quite promiscuously at "the resorts." Croquet has not quite gone out yet, but has become somewhat superannuated on account of lawn tennis having taken its place, but it is conceded that the latter game has not half the possibilities for quarreling in it that the former has. Then there will be a piano in the parlor, and Moody and Sanky hymnals mixed up with "One More River to Cross," and perhaps "One-eyed Riley." There will be a dance on Saturday nights, and the mildest possible form of flirting on Sundays.

Ten-pins, billiards, charades, private theatricals, the arrival of the stage and the mail, chewing gum, writing to Fred, rowing, bathing, walking up lovers' lane (nearly every place has a lovers' retreat of some sort), picnicking, driving, fishing, flirting, etc.; so that there should be no lack of divertisement, and it certainly is all very lovely: "A run into the country for a month," and very soon again it will be the thing to do.

Unicus spectator coeli siderumque mirabilior tamen inventor ac machinator bellicorum tormentorum.

ARCHIMEDES was born at Syracuse 287 years before the Christian era, and is noted for two things, namely, as being the originator of a motto for the coat-of-arms of California, and that wondrous mechanical and political machine, the lever.

As regards the first-named feat there is a story going about which reflects upon this great man's sense of propriety. It represents Archy as having suddenly evolved an idea while taking a bath (the scarcity of ideas at that time is easily understood), and, being of an eccentric turn, with an impulsive spirit, he rushed

out into the street in what Artemus Ward would have called "the scandalous garb of the Greek slave," crying Eureka! Eureka! Eureka! Such is one version of this incident. The following is another:

Returning home one day, after he had been exhibiting to Hiero his little trick of picking up war vessels and letting them fall *kerchug* into the Adriatic, he found Mrs. A. looking around the floor for a tack. She knew she had dropped one, and her husband only remarked that he supposed she wanted it to make another big hole in the plaster in the front room.

Our mathematician, after removing his sandals in an abstracted manner, was about to reach up to the top shelf for a lately written paper on "Equiponderants and Centers of Gravity," when he suddenly grabbed his right foot and exclaimed: "I have found it, and —— —— —— ——." The best translators either don't know what hidden meaning there is in these dashes, or have found it expedient to keep mum about it; hence the sawed-off appearance of our escutcheon's motto as compared with those of other States.

This motto, Eureka (I have found it), is a trifle obscure, it being uncertain as to who found it, or who lost it, what it was that was lost, or what was done with it after it was found; but no one can examine the design of our seal without having a fit of admiration.

The foreground is occupied by a war-caparisoned Amazon, a bear, a plow and a sheaf of wheat. In the middle distance there are several miners digging, presumably for gold. Then there is a body of water with ships sailing through it, and a background of mountains, with an elaborate sunset taking place behind them.

No one can complain that there is not life enough in the subject of our great seal. It bristles with life; allegorical representations generally do. But when the subject is given to the woodcutter's student for enlargement, and that patriotic amateur tangles up the young woman, the sunset hills, the ships, bear, shield and plow without reference to foreground, hereafter, middle distance or previous condition, and has it printed in colors, then we sigh to introduce into this State the sepoy-send-off and guillotine modes of assassination.

The dress pattern of Eureka is somewhat like that of the Goddess of Liberty, and, if Mr. Comstock's lately proposed dress reform travels west, we will have to get our Eureka some more clothes, and, perhaps, while we are about it, we might just as well have a suit made for the other,—that is, the bear.

The men working out in the middle distance are anywhere from two to twenty feet high, according to the artist's idea of perspective, but they are always busy: The old story,—the old man working hard in the field, while the madame wears spectacular clothes and strikes imposing attitudes for pictures.

SO MANY of our readers have urged upon us the necessity of a "ladies' department" that we have yielded to their request and have established it, beginning with this number.

We have fortunately secured the services of Miss Eliza D. Keith (Di Vernon) as editor of this branch, and we hardly believe she needs any introduction to our readers.

Miss Keith will handle current topics in a bright, spicy style, and, while her opinions are necessarily autocratic, she will nevertheless invite criticism or queries on any subjects appropriate to her department, and the same will receive just recognition at her hands.

THE YAVA-SUPAI INDIANS.

G. WHARTON JAMES, F. R. A. S.

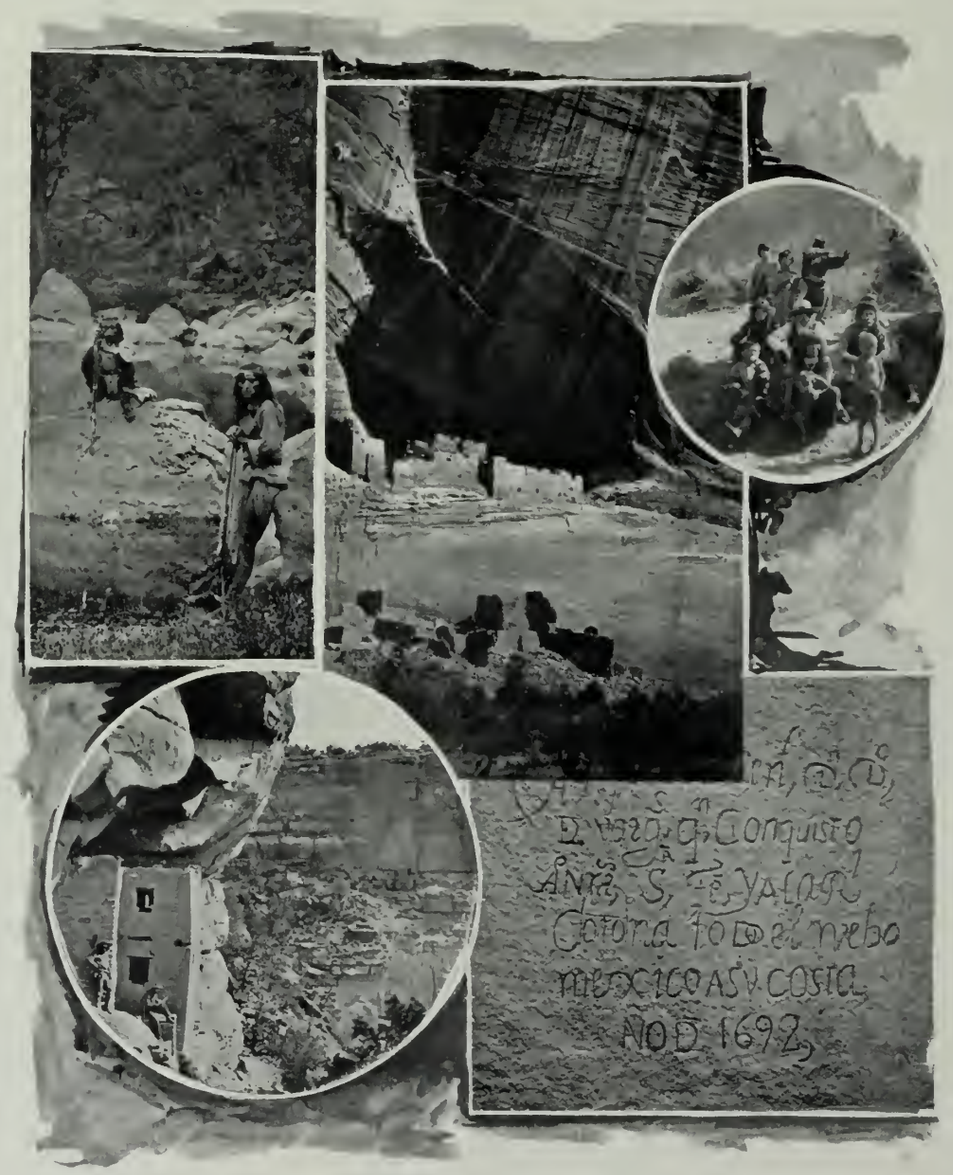
ACCORDING to a friend of mine, who is somewhat of a wag, the Indians of Arizona comprise several species, the Hualpais (pronounced wal-pies), the apple pies, the pumpkin pies and the soup pies. The Supais are a race of which very little indeed was known until a few years ago.

When Cushing descended the perilous trail which leads from the cedars and junipers of the upper western portion of the Coconino Basin to To-po-co-ba Springs, where John D. Lee of Mountain Meadow massacre fame was found by the Indians, he felt that he was making a great discovery. And so, indeed, he was. The wild fastness of Cataract Canyon was so hard to penetrate that, had it not been for the friendliness of one or two of the most prominent Indians of the tribe, it is very improbable that their villages would ever have been discovered and reached, except by that *rara avis*,—the scientific Indian historian and antiquarian.

The visitor to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River may, if he take the Cataract route, visit the Yava-Supais in their native homes. Leaving the line of the Santa Fe route (the Atlantic & Pacific) at Ash Forks, a sixty-mile drive to the head of Supai Canyon will bring him to the thrillingly precipitous trail before referred to. I have walked and ridden over many trails, but, on first sight, I never saw one so "scaring" as this. It zigzags absolutely on the face of a rock wall nearly a thousand feet deep, and, as one stands and looks at it, he thinks it impossible to make the descent. But I have made it a number of times in perfect safety. Then, for about eleven miles, one can ride horseback through a deep box canyon, up and down steps made naturally by the laminated stone, on ledges of sandstone two or three hundred feet above the floor of the canyon, until at last a beautiful grove of immense cottonwoods is reached. From the roots of two or three of these trees flows the Cataract Creek, which, a hundred miles or so away, disappears,—sinks into the earth,—to reappear at this spot. This is the commencement of the Supai villages. The canyon widens at this spot, and an area of several thousand acres is covered with a deep, rich soil, which produces fruit and vegetables as well as any soil on earth. Large groves of peach trees, patches of corn, pumpkins, squashes, etc., hold their own with the wild tangle of willows which grow luxuriantly on this fine soil. Here and there are the wickiups of the Indians. On the canyon walls, in places, some of them have made their homes, and they look almost like swallows' nests stuck on to inaccessible ledges.

Navajo, the chief of the tribe, is a fine-looking, slow-going, stalwart old fellow, sixty to seventy years of age evidently, and now blessed with three wives. Most of the warriors of the tribe have two or more wives, but the chief only is permitted, when he grows tired of a wife, to send her back to her friends and take a new "squaw" in her stead. Navajo has done this in several instances.

I was present at a "pow-wow" held between a special agent of the Government and the Supais,—the only one ever held with this tribe. The agent was endeavoring, through an interpreter, to persuade them to send their children to the Indian school at Mojave, and offered beef, seeds, farming implements, wagons, flour, etc., in return. Dramatically, after a long consultation, the offer was refused. Navajo, making tiny heaps of dirt, named each one as he scraped it together with his hands, and to the flour, seeds, wagons, etc., he gave an emphatic "harnegie" (good); but as soon as he made one representing the school he shouted, "no harnegie." With one wave of his hand he swept the dirt piles away. He then arose, the "pow-wow" was at an end, and little or no good was accomplished.



It had been my "good fortune" to be regarded with a favorable eye by the tribe, and to this fact is owing the following experience. It is only fair to state, and I do so with pleasure, that my good standing with the Supais is owing to the fact that I was introduced to them by Mr. W. W. Bass of Ash Forks, Arizona, the gentleman who has made their canyon and village accessible by his easy Cataract route to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River.

Being fortunate enough to reach the canyon once during their annual celebration of the "Peach Dance," I said, more in fun than in earnest, to Tom, Navajo's son, the second chief of the tribe: "Tom, why I no dance, all same Supai? I like to dance!"

To my surprise, my "fun" was taken in serious earnest, and, after a consultation with the heads of the tribe, I was solemnly informed by Tom that the Supais liked me, and had given me permission to dance. Having gone so far, I determined to finish it up, and accept the inevitable with a good grace. So, putting myself in Tom's hands, he and his squaw "fixed me up" for the ceremony.

"You catch em white shirt?" asked he.

Yes; I could, but it was an old, soiled night-shirt that I had taken down in my saddle-bags with the intention of using it to wrap up specimens in. But I hauled it forth, and, after putting it on, Tom placed a fine belt around me, then an elegant, jeweled and laced regalia,—a present to him at some time or other, and only worn by him on solemn, state occasions. As I was to be formally received by the tribe, and inducted into chieftainship, an eagle's plume was tied into my hair, on the crown, and my face properly painted with the signs of supremacy. As we walked down to the dancing ground Tom gave me some good counsel. He advised me: "You no laugh. Him Supai like em you, but he no like em you laugh!" I promised him I would "no laugh."

"You dance heap good; maybe so, by em by, you catch em one squaw," said he.

I began to feel "queer." What would I do with a squaw if I did catch one? when I was made to feel worse by Tom's solemn voice. "Maybe so, by em by, you catch em two squaw. She come so" (showing me how she would come into the circle, making a place for herself at my side), "and she catch em your hand. You catch em hers so, but" (and he stopped, turned toward me, and gravely looked me straight in the eyes before he continued) "you no 'nip.' She no like em nip. You take em little bit, so,—no squeeze."

I thought to myself the Supai maidens were different from some maidens I had heard of, who rather enjoyed being "nipped" or "squeezed."

Arrived at the ground, I was gravely introduced, and shook hands with all the men of the tribe, and was subjected to the laughing criticism of the squaws and girls. Then the dancing began. Taking hold of hands, with fingers slightly interlocked, standing shoulder to shoulder, perfectly upright, a circle was soon formed, and the dance in full swing. It consisted merely of a slight shuffle of the feet sideways, all in harmonious motion; and thus, shuffling and singing a peculiar minor strain, which I have not space here to reproduce, we "swung round the circle," until I was tired and dropped out. But, before I "dropped out," Tom's prognostications were fulfilled, and I caught—not only one, but two, squaws.

They came and separated me from Navajo, who was on my left, and Chick-a-pan-a-gay, who was on my right, and, growing somewhat hilarious at their daring in choosing a paleface, began to chat very loudly and laughingly to one another, carrying on their conversation with me between them. This aroused the ire of Navajo, and he stopped the dance and gave the girls a good talking to. For three days and nights this dancing continued, and then the gods were propitiated.

THE BREADFRUIT AND THE COCOANUT.

REV. J. W. HENRY.

THE breadfruit, *artocarpusincisa*, of the tropical islands of the Pacific, is one of the most remarkable specimens of earth's flora. Perhaps in no part of the world is there a greater variety of this fruit-bearing tree than in the South Sea Islands; and possibly it has never been more carefully cultivated than in Tahiti and the Society Islands. There are about thirty varieties, for which the natives have distinct names.

The tree is large and umbrageous, and its outlines are strikingly beautiful. Its leaves are from twelve to twenty inches long, of a dark-green color, with a glossy surface, and deeply indented like the fig leaf. It is an evergreen, and bears two or three crops a year. The fruit is highly nutritive, and is used as vegetable or bread.

To the natives it is indeed the "staff of life." Two or three trees are sufficient to supply a family with "bread" during each fruit season.

The several varieties ripen at different times, and the same kinds also come to perfection at an earlier period in one part of Tahiti than in another; so that there are but few months in the year in which ripe fruit may not be found in the several parts of the island.

The tree is propagated by shoots from the roots, bears in three or four years, and remains in vigor fifty or sixty years. There is nothing very pleasing in the blossoms; but a stately tree clothed with large, shining leaves, and loaded with many hundreds of massive green and yellowish fruit, is one of the most admirable objects that meets the eye among the rich and diversified scenery of a Tahitian landscape.

The fruit is circular or oval, and averages six inches in diameter. It is covered with a rough rind resembling the surface of an osage orange, and, as it approaches ripeness, it exudes a white gum, and assumes a rich, golden tinge when fully ripe. It hangs either singly or in clusters of two or three together. This interesting fruit may be described as passing through two states of ripeness,—a hard ripe state and a soft ripe state. It is gathered in the hard, and then allowed to ripen into softness, if desired. It is never eaten raw, as the natives have various methods of cooking and preparing it for the table. The first and most popular is to bake it in an oven of heated stones, after the rind has been carefully removed by means of a shell trimmed or edged for the purpose.

The native oven is a unique institution. A saucer-shaped depression is made in the ground six or eight inches deep, and from three to six feet in diameter. A wood fire is kindled, and volcanic stones or rocks two or three inches in diameter are heaped upon the burning mass, and, when the wood has been consumed and the stones red hot, they are leveled down so as to cover the entire concave surface of the oven. The food is then carefully laid upon the stones, which have received a layer of the green banana stalk torn into strips to prevent scorching and to produce steam. The whole is then neatly and securely covered with banana and breadfruit leaves, layer after layer several inches in thickness, when a huge tortoise shell, a thick matting or some other suitable object is placed over the whole to confine the heat and steam. In this state the oven remains for half an hour or longer, when the covering is removed, and a wholesome bake has been attained.

As simple and as primitive as this mode of cooking may seem, it is the way to bake the breadfruit. It is never so good when baked in any other way. To appreciate the breadfruit one must eat it as it comes steaming from a Polynesian oven. When thus baked, it is nicely browned on the outside, while the inside is white or yellowish, and resembles somewhat the crumb of a wheat loaf. It has a taste peculiar to itself.

But when allowed to ripen into the soft state it gradually turns sweet, resembling at first a sweet potato, and, when perfectly soft, the sweet, yellow, pliable pulp is carefully wrapped in leaves and baked. This is *pepe* (pronounced as if spelled papa), or native sweet-cake, and, when mixed with other fruit and cocoanut cream, it is *poe*,—pudding.

Thus the South Sea Island housewife is never concerned about sponging her bread. She cares not for yeast, for baking powder, soda, nor cream of tartar, for her loaf is already raised, fresh from Nature's hand, and her cake-batter already mixed, sugar and eggs included;—Nature furnishes all. She only has to pick and bake, and is never mortified by the discovery that her bread has fallen or soured.

The breadfruit may also be roasted whole in the flames or embers of a wood fire, and those who have acquired a taste for this natural bread of the South Sea Islands are quite sure that it compares favorably with the finest cream biscuit. There are various other ways of preparing the breadfruit for the table, known and practiced by the South Sea Islanders. It may even be cut up in squares and boiled as dumplings, or dried and ground into flour.

It is a perishable fruit, and the plant is exceedingly sensitive to cold; hence neither the fruit nor the plant will bear transportation. It has, however, been introduced into the West India Islands and other lands lying within the tropics.

When tapped, the bark will pour forth a white, unguent sap, which hardens into gum or resin, valued by the natives for rendering water-tight the seams of their boats or canoes. The bark of the young branches furnishes material for the most durable bark cloth, for which the Tahitians and South Sea Islanders distinguished themselves in former times.

The trunk may be converted into excellent timber for building and manufacturing purposes. Varying with the age, it is either a rich yellow or a light mahogany color, light, not very tough, but durable when not exposed to the weather. Such, in brief, is the breadfruit as it is to be found in the islands of the Southern Seas.

Many are familiar with the history of the ship *Bounty*, which visited Tahiti in 1789, when the first attempt was made to transplant the breadfruit into the West Indies.

The cocoanut, *coccos nucifera*, is one of the most wonderful and useful trees in the world. It flourishes between the parallel degree of twenty-five north and south latitudes, and attains the greatest perfection in the islands of the Pacific. It appears to be as much at home among fragments of coral on the seashore, where its roots are washed by every tide, or on the barren hilltops, as in the rich, alluvial soil of the valleys.

There are many varieties of the cocoanut, and it is propagated by seed only. It is a perpetual bearer, presenting its blossoms and fruit in all stages of development at one and the same time the year round. The young tree will bear in four years, some varieties requiring seven years, and the fruit may be reached from the ground.

The cocoanut palm, when full grown, varies from seventy to eighty feet in height, and sometimes, in extreme old age, lifts its plumed top in stately majesty above all the trees of the forest in almost conscious triumph, while its branches wave gracefully in the passing breeze.

It bears freely for sixty or seventy years. The fruit forms in clusters of ten, and even thirty, in a bunch, and a vigorous tree will often sustain six or seven bunches of grown fruit at a time, each nut weighing from four to eight pounds.

The cocoanut palm is the source of two kinds of water: first, that which is contained in the concavity of the nut itself; and, second, the sap of the tree. The latter is obtained only by cutting off the tip end of the fruit bud when about one-third developed, and, by suitably adjusting a cup or pail to receive the flowing sap, half a gallon a day may be collected from a single stalk or bud,—a quart in the morning and a quart in the evening. It has a milky color, sweet and pleasant to the taste, wholesome and nourishing.

This might more appropriately be called cocoanut milk instead of the water furnished by the nut.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DIVING LOGS.

CHAS. G. YALE.

THE main belt of redwood timber in California lies in the counties of Mendocino and Humboldt, both of which, fortunately for the interests of cheap transportation, have extensive seacoasts. Good harbors are few, however, and the lumber trade is necessarily carried on with small coasting vessels, either sailing or steam schooners, which load at the numerous "chute landings" near the mills.

Almost without exception these mills, some of them very large ones, are located at the mouths of the rivers or small streams, which, rising in the Coast Range, empty into the ocean.

Very few of these streams are at all navigable, and these few have bars at their mouths, which render navigation difficult and more or less dangerous. The only bay in these two counties is that of Humboldt, and here there is a very bad bar.

The rivers or creeks, however, though small, are numerous. In traveling up the coast by road, from Russian River north, there is a constant succession of hills and canyons, and in each of the latter is a stream. These hills are spurs or ridges running transverse to the main range and to the coast line. On all of the streams of any size is to be found a sawmill in operation, or the ruins of one which has been abandoned. Near by is a dam across the stream, by which a body of water is formed to float the logs from which the lumber is made.

In some places, where the stream has sufficient volume, the logs cut back in the hills in summer are floated down to the mill during the spring freshets; but in the case of the large milling enterprises there are now railroads for bringing the logs from the woods.

When they first commenced logging in the woods on the upper coast there was plenty of timber right down to the edge of the ocean; but, as the years passed on, the millmen were compelled to go farther and farther back for their supply, until now the railroads are a necessity. Each large mill has its own logging road, and, in some cases, the logs are brought by rail ten or fifteen miles. This is a better plan than floating them down with the freshet, since few logs are lost or broken, and the supply to the mill can be kept continuous. Moreover, the railroads can be carried to a distance away from the stream, saving long hauls by skid-road with oxen.

When the train of logs reaches its destination near the mill, the load is discharged, log by log, down a long chute into the dam; and at this point is usually seen the most picturesque feature of the logging business. The roads come in at a greater or less elevation above the river and mill-dam. In some instances the road runs along the top of the ridge, while the mill itself is down just above the level of the water, behind the dam. The saw-logs are not tumbled indiscriminately down the bank into the pool, but each one goes by itself down the chute, and each has its individuality in making the trip.

Down the side of the hill, from the crest of the ridge to the water, is constructed a chute made of heavy logs, laid end to end, and buried in the ground. The raised sides are also of stout logs, so that the chute is a sort of long box without any top: and a log once started down must keep within it until it dashes into the water below. The logs do not roll, but slide endwise, and keep pretty well in the center of the chute, which is generally depressed below the sides for this purpose. There is no necessity for greasing or oiling the chute, for the logs, once started, gradually increase their speed, until they attain a wonderful velocity.

The immense saw logs are handled more readily than one would suppose possible from their size and weight. When very large, only one is put on each car, though several small ones may be carried. Back in the woods the logs are hauled to a loading platform, or "landing," inclined toward the cars, and with the lower end just even with the top of the car. The train runs alongside the platform, and the logs are rolled or slid aboard. Hydraulic jacks, cant-hooks, levers, etc., are used to handle them, but it is hard work even then. Two or three raised timbers or skids shod with iron extend across each car, and on them the logs rest. They are greased so the logs may be slid into position if they will not roll. The logs are then chained in position, lengthwise of the cars.

When the train reaches its destination at the head of the chute the first car is brought opposite it in the right position, and unloading begins. At this particular point the rail nearest the chute is usually placed lower than the outside one, so that the car inclines to some extent toward the chute. Then, when the chain is released, the big log will slide sidewise on the greased skids off the car. If it will not move by gravity, a cant-hook or jack soon starts it. The upper end of the chute is widened in fan shape, and at one side is a stout, upright timber or post designed to come in contact with one end of the saw-log as it rolls or slides off the car. This cants the log, the other end swinging around, so that, from lying on the car at right angles to the chute, it swings parallel with it, and commences its journey downward, going endwise. At the lower end of the chute, floating in the water, but chained in position, are two or three heavy logs, upon which the sliding log strikes, its angle of motion being thus changed from the inclined to the horizontal, so that it will not plunge into the mud. When a heavy log comes, this short, heavy raft is forced downward, but immediately rises, ready for the next one.

A typical chute of the kind described is that at Caspar Creek, above Mendocino City, where the railroad comes in on top of a high ridge, and the logs slide downward a thousand feet or more before plunging into the mill-pond. The heavy log starts slowly and sullenly, as if reluctant to make the journey, but gradually increases its speed, until, when near the end, the eye can scarcely follow it; and its final progress is mainly known by a streak of smoke and dust suddenly changed to a mass of foam and spray as the water is struck. The broad, round end of the log, when it makes its plunge into the still pool, plows up a massive wave of solid water, and high above this is thrown a great sheet of spray, which assumes all sorts of fantastic shapes in its progress.

Sometimes the water will form a great curved arch, rounded on its interior, and reaching fifty or sixty feet in height. Again, a splendid vertical spout is thrown skyward, such as one might imagine from a leviathan of the deep in his death throes. Then a wide-spreading, thin veil of water will arise, surmounted by millions of sparkling drops, and fringed with finest spray, through which evanescent rainbow colors wander in the sunlight. Sometimes the water is forced into what appears to be a reversed waterfall, standing in midair for a brief moment, before cascading back. At other times broad masses and long streaks will shoot out sidewise and in every direction, as if the water were in angry mood, and in search of the enemy which had disturbed its peace.

Every log which comes may bring some new and picturesque aspect to the water which it disturbs, and one unaccustomed to the sight will find many varied features that will interest him for hours.

FOOTBALL.

R. L. PORTER.

THE past year has seen much adverse criticism directed against the game of football, invariably by persons who have not seen the game, or who have not intelligently followed its development. The daily papers have unwittingly wrought a great injury to the game by writing it up sometimes in a humorously exaggerated way, and at other times by assigning football stories to men ignorant of the principles of the game.

In this way the public get an entirely untrue impression of the game. Then, too, the deplorable practice indulged in by too many colleges of spreading reports of fictitious injuries, in order to stimulate in rivals over-confidence, has probably done as much to injure the reputation of the game as the slipshod reporting.

To my mind the only objections offered against football which are worthy of consideration are brutality, absolute danger to life or limb, and the fact that it often interferes with the work of men at college.

The claim that the game is brutal is preposterous; that it is animal is certain; also that it can be abused into brutality; but by football players it never is. The game is too absorbing for a good player to waste time or energy on fighting.

If strict umpires are chosen for the games, and the rules strictly enforced, the "slugging" is never heard of,—witness the Princeton-Yale game, in which college and personal feeling are at their highest pitch.

As to the element of danger to life, I think I am safe in saying that it is not so great as in either riding or driving, and the majority of the injuries are sustained through some one's carelessness.

The game should not be played haphazard. It is necessary that the players be in perfect physical condition before attempting to enter fully into the game. It is necessary that they be properly instructed in the primal elements of the game: how to fall; how to avoid the shock of an oncoming runner, and, at the same time, to grasp him and bring him to a standstill.

The public who read the papers, and even many of those who see the games, forget that the men who are on these teams have undergone a rigorous course of instruction in the A B C's of the game; that they have resources to meet the emergencies that rise; that their muscles are so firm and bones so well protected that they can put forth efforts that seem impossible to any one who has never been in training.

During the past two seasons there have been evolved a series of plays generally known as momentum plays, which every true lover of the game hopes will be legislated against. They depend for efficiency on bull-like rushes of a mass of men directed at some one opponent.

Besides being ineffective, these plays are real elements of danger to the players, and so a decided injury to the game. However, a rule will undoubtedly be passed by the Intercollegiate Association which will remove these evils from the game.

People have unthinkingly confused these momentum plays with mass plays, and a clamor has been made about the brutality and danger of wedges. Really the revolving wedge and "fake" V's represent a very good feature of the game.

I have never heard of a player being injured in such a play; in fact injury is well nigh impossible, so close are the players when the ball begins to move.

There is no crash of men against men that renders the momentum plays so objectionable. The real object is to hide the holder of the ball behind the mass of his team, and deceive the opponents as to the point

where he will emerge. In these plays really the most clever football strategy is manifested, although many who do not watch the military manner in which these plays are performed cry out, "Give us the old, long, passing, open game, where a man made twenty-five yards at a run." A long run is a beautiful and effective factor of the games, and too much attention may have been paid to close play, but it cannot afford to be lost.

As to the claim that football detracts from the college work of a man: Well, to a degree, it is true; but in its own educating value it more than renders return. Men go to college to study or because it is a fad. The first class will do their work, football or not, and the others would find some more harmful diversion.

That the game has raised the standard of morals in our colleges cannot be gainsaid. A few decades ago men of animal spirits found an outlet in drinking and libertinism. Now athletics afford a clean avenue for the escape of superfluous energy, and, at the same time, offers an educative return,—mental, moral and physical. The game of football demands from its devotees subordination of self in two ways: in the self-denial necessary to bring a man's body to good condition, and in the absolute obedience to and confidence in the captain and coach of the team.

I know of nothing else that is of so much value in training a man to meet an emergency. Quickness of apprehension and instantaneousness of action are the requisites of a good player; and every game played adds development to these qualities.

The possibility of injury is in itself an education. It cultivates that contempt of petty injuries as abrasions and bruises, and adds to that sturdy ruggedness that is all too lacking in young men. It is of inestimable value to us to maintain those sterling qualities of manhood that made our Saxon ancestors the men they were; and football certainly fosters those qualities.

During the year I have had charge of the athletic interests of St. Matthew's School, and have experimented with the game, teaching the boys' team to play, and avoiding the things I felt objectionable, where it was possible.

The result was highly satisfactory. During the season not a player was injured, and a decided improvement was manifest in almost every one, not only in physique, but in character as well.

I would suggest that the teams of the Pacific Coast should call a convention, each team sending delegates, and discuss the matter of rules, putting any proposed changes into form, and submit them to the Advisory Board of the Intercollegiate Association as suggestions.

It would be well, I think, if the Association would alter and create rules to cover many points that now are detrimental to the best interests of the game.

I would suggest two umpires, the elimination of momentum plays, the limiting of mass plays by increasing the distance to be gained on downs; also a rule that the ball *must* be kicked, say once, during four downs.

Then a player trying for a fair catch should be protected by penalizing any interference to the extent of twenty-five yards. Then, too, if a player is disqualified from a game for slugging, he should be disbarred from playing for the rest of the season.

In my opinion these alterations would make the game more interesting to the spectators, and make it even more valuable to the players than it now is.

With these changes, and proper care taken by those responsible for condition of players, the care of grounds and supplying of outfits, we will soon hear no more of the lamentable outcry against the most valuable and manly game that has ever been played.

While we agree in the main with Mr. Porter's views of football, we must take issue with him when he urges that this pastime "fosters the sterling qualities of manhood that made our Saxon ancestors the men they were." We are inclined to think that our robust forefathers developed a considerable degree of muscle by chasing one another up and down the mountains for the purpose of discovering which was the best fellow. However that may be, the writer has hit the nail on the head when he points out the fact that it is the abuse of football and not the game itself that should be deprecated.

Facts, Fancies and Foibles.

APROPOS of the first appearance in this issue of THE TRAVELER, of the "Woman's Page," it may not be out of place to state that there has been a great deal of ridicule heaped upon these special pages in the periodicals of the day by those who have proclaimed their fitness for the office of critic by stating at the outset that they never read such "stuff," they being upon too high an intellectual plane to stoop so low. Such criticisms are generally the expression of ignorance or of hypocrisy. Many of us like the woman's page in the papers, where are often bits of information, a helpful suggestion, a happy thought for us.

The day has forever gone for the popularity of the "Lady's Book" of our grandmother's girlhood. No one now would care for its improbable love stories, its wasp-waisted fashion-plates, its wishy-washy poetry and its minute directions how to make a set of parlor furniture out of a dozen sugar barrels and two packing boxes. To-day the very fashion magazines consider more than the mere subject of dress, and seek to instruct their readers upon scientific, sanitary and literary subjects. In fact no publication which seeks to interest the general public can hope to build up a wide circulation without addressing itself to the women of the office, the school and the home.

In assuming the editorship of the woman's page in THE TRAVELER, I look forward with pleasure to an interchange of ideas with my readers, and trust that they will respond to a hearty invitation to enter into correspondence with the editor, to ask questions, to make suggestions and to engage in discussions concerning current topics or matters of general interest to women.

Is it right for a girl to allow the consideration of the money problem to affect her decision in regard to marriage? That is a question too frequently debated. It seems to me that there is but one answer to the question. When a girl who is about to marry concerns herself about her prospective husband's finances, about his "steadiness," or his lack of that most desirable quality, the world is apt to call her mercenary; and Mrs. Grundy does not hesitate to say that she is marrying for money.

Now, no one so well knows the value of money as the woman who has earned it. To any self-supporting woman whose marriage will cut her off from her former source of income, there must come these questions: "Is the man I am about to marry able to support me, in addition to himself?" "Is he prompt in discharging his business obligations?" "Can I depend upon his word?"

If the woman cannot answer these questions to her complete satisfaction she had better pause.

Is it dishonorable in a woman to recall her word when once it has been given in good faith? Ought she not to think of the man and of how his life may be affected by her action? Certainly. A woman who meditates breaking an engagement should not take the decisive step until she has carefully considered the subject in all its aspects. But when she cannot think of her approaching marriage without a shudder, when, by any chance, the man stands forth proven or self-confessed to be other than what he seemed, let no woman hesitate to break an engagement, to keep which would be the profanation of her whole nature. To break an engagement is, after all, about the only privilege that belongs undeniably to the woman. She must wait for the man to propose, but she can take the initiative in sending him adritt, and by all means let her do so, if she wants to.

Is a low-cut dress immodest? Modesty and morality are largely matters of conventionality. It long has been a question fiercely, and often vituperatively, debated as to how much or how little of a woman's figure it is proper for her to show. With his usual readiness to say, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," man has attempted to define what a woman may or may not wear, with somewhat incongruous results when the customs of different lands are compared and contrasted. The Turk ties the women of his harem up in bags, while the occidental lord of creation prefers to see his womenkind dressed to look like animated tassels; and the most Christian court in Christendom has long since decreed that the low-cut corsage is the only proper covering, nay, the only proper *un*covering, for maids, wives and widows on state occasions. As to the style, fashion, amount and degree of the uncovering, opinions differ.

I have seen women redeemed from the stamp of vulgarity, of deadly commonplace, by a V corsage. It adds height and dignity to a short, fat woman, and takes away from the otherwise helpless roundness of a full face. I have seen the grace of a dowager duchess conferred upon a woman of the people by a dress that was *decollete*.

Who may wear these low-cut gowns? Only those who are young, fresh, fair or finely formed, clear skinned and perfectly healthy. The appropriateness of a low-cut dress depends not so much upon age as upon appearance. When flesh ceases to look like human flesh, when it looks like meat, and is suggestive of the butcher's shop, by all means let it be covered up. Fine laces, soft illusions,—let them not be despised by the woman who cannot wear an open, low-cut corsage.

Even the best of us are inconsistent at times. But we never fail to marvel at the inconsistencies of others, and to ask the reason for what has shocked our sense of right and wrong,—in others. For instance, Queen Victoria has ordered the cruel and unnecessary check-rein to be abolished, but she still continues to approve of the mutilating cruelty of "docking," which deprives the horse of one of the members of its body, given to it for a most useful purpose, and without which the animal is subjected to attacks by insect pests, without ability to resist. What duty have American women in the premises? To spread the cause of humane education by voice and pen, and by force of persuasion and by virtue of example, until both check-reins and "docking" shall have become things of the past.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton is always worth quoting, but never more so than where she has recorded her protest against the present way of exchanging Christmas gifts. "The present of an elaborate piece of worsted work, over which a dear friend had strained her eyes for a week, would give me no pleasure. On the contrary, it would be a source of sorrow every time I looked at it. I would not work a cat on the toe of a slipper for the one I love best on earth. I would rather give or take a live cat." So would I.

Wood-carving is said to be an art especially adapted for the skillful hand, the light and delicate touch of women. In the East more than one woman has made it her profession and means of a good livelihood.

How to govern and control children is a subject which must ever engage the serious attention of thoughtful minds, for upon the proper training of the child depends the future of our great republic. No self-willed, undisciplined nature can make a worthy citizen. "As the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined."

A recent writer on this subject broadly defines the two objects to be kept constantly in view in the disciplining and controlling and governing of children. First, to protect other people and property from their ravages, and, in the second place, to develop in them the power of self-government.

Children must be helped to do that which is right beause it is right, and not merely because it is in obedience to a command. At the same time the element of authority, of respect for the powers that be, must never be allowed to slide into the background. Too many children are allowed to become the highest law unto themselves. There are moments when a parent, in stopping to reason with a child, acts as a benefactor; at other times such an act is no less than a positive crime.

Another thinker on kindred subjects declares that it is unwise to teach false morality. "How exquisitely absurd," says this wise man, or, most likely, it was a wise woman, "to tell a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use. Beauty *is* of value. Her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet."

The great thing is to teach a girl the true value of just such things, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. Too much of this sort of talk, in descrying the value of good clothes and of good looks, is like the worn-out repetition of the adage that "Virtue is its own reward." Be careful lest you are confronted with the retort, "and very often its only reward."

Poverty and crime go hand in hand. Lessen the one and you lessen the other. The crowded tenement houses of a great city are the breeding-places for sin, poverty and disease. It has been suggested that the best way to improve the condition of the poor in great cities is to find out who own the tumble-down rookeries and back-alley tenements, the rents of which are exorbitant, and advertise them to the world. To be sure, these men are usually represented by agents, from whom it is impossible to discover their identity. But it is common talk that some of the worst places in San Francisco, both in Tar Flat and Chinatown, are owned by church members in "good and regular standing." Perhaps a little publicity as to their possessions and sources of revenue might work wonders in the way of reform. The attempt is worth making at all events.

"A man is as old as he feels, and a woman as she looks," says the old proverb. No woman wants to be old, or, what is as bad, to be thought old. How can a woman keep young? By the use of cosmetics? No! Never was there a greater mistake. The mind must be pressed into the service. An intelligent, broad-minded and liberal interest in the affairs of the world at large, in place of the narrow, mean, little, dwarfing, gossipy re-hash of a neighborhood's tittle-tattle, will stave off the signs of many years from a woman's countenance. Let a woman cultivate a cheerful disposition, and, from looking on the bright side of life, her face must catch and reflect some of the rosy light of anticipation. A woman who wants to look young must forget herself, must be unselfish, truthful, sympathetic. To be young in heart and soul is to be beautiful, and to be beautiful of expression is to be young forever.

European scientists are studying an interesting psychological question relating to woman and her mental development. Sir James Crichton Browne, an eminent physician of London, has laid down the law that any attempt to change the brain of woman by education will be at the expense of her physical beauty. Masculine women are always ugly. Dr. Browne bolsters up his theory with plenty of facts. How dreadful to comtemplate, if true.

Authorities seem to agree that a woman should know how to perform her household duties, that a girl should be taught to know when a dinner is properly cooked, and when a bed is well made. She must also know how to teach others, her servants, for instance, how to do these things. She should know how to keep accounts. She also should know something of English literature, history and the elementary branches of mathematics, beside the rudiments of such sciences as botany, medicine, physics and natural history.

Our girls waste a sad lot of time over music which they cannot play, over languages which they neither can speak nor understand, and over "art" paintings that they could not sell, and which no one wants as a gift.

The ability to converse fluently and intelligently, to entertain with ease and grace, to write a letter with clearness, elegance and grammatical correctness, is not as general as it should be. Whose fault is it?

Will women ever abandon their present cumbersome style of dress for something that is more sensible, comfortable and convenient? The enthusiastic adoption of athletic sports by the women of this end of the century has led to many acceptable modifications of the feminine costume. But, just as we are beginning to congratulate ourselves upon the snug neatness of the tailor-made girl, and the muscular freedom of our girls who walk and row and play lawn tennis, we are crushed by decrees of fashion that impose upon her vassals such abominations as long skirts in the street, and such absurdities as leg o' mutton sleeves. There are not lacking strong-minded women who are willing to sacrifice themselves and their looks for the good of their sex. But the majority of women hate to be guyed, or to look like a guy. So they follow the fashion whatever it may be.

There is one thing, however, to encourage those who wish to see women emancipated from the weight of her superfluous clothing, and that is this;—"reform garments," as they must all be called as a class, have been improving in style and general attractiveness with each attempt to break away from the follies of fashion. It is a wide stretch from the hideous "Bloomers" of past decades to the graceful, altho' abbreviated, special costumes for women of our day as equestriennes, riders of bicycles, or Dianas of the forest.

There is an intimate relation between a woman's garments and her state of health. Remove some of the weight from a woman's waist and hips, some of the compression from her ribs and chest, and the tight fits from her hands and feet, and she will be a better, healthier, happier creature.

Shall we ever reach the point where going to the play will not result in merely a sight of the bonnets in front of us? Could not managers insist upon less display of millinery? Yes, if they would all unite upon a line of action.

Here comes Bernhardt in the front ranks of reform. She has now had written into her contracts with managers that, when she plays, hats shall not be worn by women occupying orchestra seats. Bernhardt has an eye to business, for, since the fact of her resolution has been made, orchestra seats for her performances have commanded a high premium. May the same practice soon obtain here.

A sportsman says: "To clean a dozen quail in six minutes, and to do it without soiling your fingers, use a pair of long-handled, short-bladed taxidermists' scissors. With these cut off head, wings and feet. Tear the skin off the breast, roll it back from the sides and strip it off down the back. This will leave but a few feathers to be plucked by hand. With the scissors the bird can be cut open, the ligaments which hold the entrails in place cut with one neat clip, and the deed is done."

A farmer's wife declares that cider can be kept sweet by inserting a bent tube air-tight into the bung of a barrel of fresh cider that is beginning to ferment, with the other end of the tube in a pail of water to allow the carbonic acid gas evolved to pass off without admitting any air into the barrel. After the water ceases to bubble, the cider may be bottled and stored away.

The Bible has it, "Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

All agree that cheerfulness and good nature are the best garnishments with which a table can be furnished. And yet there are people who save up all their petty annoyances and mean sayings for the dinner table. It is then, as some one has aptly expressed it, they make the grand effort of their lives to be disagreeable. They attack directly, or, what is infinitely worse, they make irritating insinuations that rankle all the more because of their very indefiniteness and the impossibility of refuting or combating that which is not openly stated, but nevertheless plainly understood.

Some men bring home with them the accumulation of the day's worries and vent it upon their helpless household. Or they go away cross in the morning and return at night, forgetting their earlier annoyance in the rush of a busy day, and then they wonder why the women folk look so blue and dolorous.

Oh, it is a pity to go to the table to fight, to worry or to nag. Above all things don't nag.

Among the good things that are promised us in connection with the California Midwinter Fair are the ceremonies that will take place on April 10th, when the Daughters of the American Revolution of San Francisco will plant a liberty tree in Golden Gate Park, in accordance with the plan already outlined by the Society. The ceremonies attending the event will be patriotic in character. The French Consul and the local branch of the Sons of the American Revolution will be invited to participate. Soil with which to surround the tree has been received from the tombs and the graves of General Washington, his wife and of the patriots of our country, also from different places made historic by the war for independence. Depend upon it, women, ever since the days of Miriam and of Deborah, were the true patroits of their country.

We should do more to encourage tree-planting. It is a grand idea to plant a tree to commemorate some special occasion, or in memory of some heroic soul who did battle for the cause of humanity. But we should not stop here. In many of our States Arbor Day is observed with increasing importance. We do not make enough of it in California. We have so many trees that we cut them down in sheer wantonness, with never a thought of the great loss that we are entailing upon the country for the years to come.

I would make a suggestion. Let all the nurserymen in the country decide among themselves how many thousand small trees they will donate to the public schools of the State. Let local boards of education grant permission to the different schools in their districts to accept these trees. Let the city fathers set apart or designate tracts of land whereon the different schools may plant their groves of trees. Let some public-minded citizens or some liberal-minded newspapers offer cash prizes in arboriculture, the money to be used for the purchase of books for the school library, or for materials and instruments and apparatus for school laboratories.

The prizes should be given, not on a competition basis, but as a bonus for every tree that is alive and growing at the end of each year. In this way parks and roads and localities could be beautified, and an interest implanted in the minds and hearts of the young for the green things growing. Will not the women of the country take up this idea and make it go?

(DI VERNON)

ITEMS.

Largest collection of flowers at Carbone & Co., 343 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

In this epoch of progress and enlightenment "time is money," and is no more strongly emphasized than in the telegraph service of the country to-day. The most rapid strides in this respect have been made by the Pacific Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, and their watchword has always been "Promptness and Accuracy." The service is certainly almost faultless, and the courtesy and affability of its officials have pervaded the entire army of employees. To these facts is due the secret of their phenomenal success.

For a nice bouquet you cannot do better than at 343 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

Maj. B. F. Eakle, Superintendent of the celebrated White Sulphur Springs of West Virginia, paid us a visit a few days since. Major Eakle is making a brief tour of California, and expresses himself as delighted with its attractions. Under the chaperonage of Manager Kinzler of the California Hotel, where he made his headquarters, his impressions could not have been otherwise than pleasant.

The daily papers have recently endeavored to make something of a stir over the temporary financial embarrassment of Mr. C. T. Hedge, Proprietor of the Hotel Pleasanton. The simple facts of the matter are that Mr. Hedge has been somewhat cramped because of slow collections, etc.; but the matter has been successfully tided over, and Mr. Hedge still assumes his active duties. Some little changes have been made in the *personnel* of the office force, by which Mr. M. Clark, chief clerk, retires, together with Mr. De Wolff, night clerk. Mr. Hedge will be assisted in his work by Mr. H. R. Warner, well known as Manager of Bartlett Springs and the Hotel San Gabriel, and Mr. De Wolff's position will be taken by Mr. Breed, Jr.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10.
Entrance 806 Market Street.

Rare plants and flowers can be obtained of Carbone & Co., 343 Kearny Street.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TRAVELER has just published for Mr. Jno. T. Sullivan, Proprietor of the Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz, Cal., a handsome souvenir of twenty-four pages, illustrated with twelve different views of this ever-charming city by the sea. Its reading matter contains much of general interest concerning the attractions of this resort, and will aid the prospective visitor greatly. Copies will be mailed free of charge by addressing Mr. Sullivan.

Another new publication, also by THE TRAVELER, is entitled "Yosemite," and was compiled for the California Panorama Company, corner Market and Tenth streets, San Francisco, Cal. It is one of the most attractive pamphlets of its kind ever issued, contains sixteen pages and eight new engravings of the most striking scenes in Yosemite Valley, with appropriate descriptions of each subject. At the Panorama itself may be seen a faithful reproduction of this celebrated wonder of the world. The California Panorama Company will take pleasure in mailing a copy to any one taking the trouble to ask for it.

Mr. J. Craig, Manager of Highland Springs, Lake County, Cal., has just issued a pretty eight-page pamphlet descriptive of this popular resort. As this really beautiful county is comparatively little known, any literature bearing upon its attractions for the tourist is much sought after. Copies of the pamphlet mailed free to any address by writing to Mr. Craig.

We have just received from F. G. Barry, publisher of *The Tourist*, an elaborate and handsome little pamphlet, entitled "Advertisers' Edition to The Tourist." It is beautifully compiled, and contains a fund of good reasons why advertisers should patronize *The Tourist* and *The News Series*. Mr. Barry has very kindly given prominent mention of THE TRAVELER in his booklet, and says many good things of us, for which we are truly thankful. We have no doubt that Mr. Barry will be glad to forward a copy of this valuable work to any advertisers who may be interested in bringing their resort before the traveling public.

"The Art Gallery Illustrated" of the World's Columbian Exposition is the title of an elaborate and handsome work issued by the well-known art publisher, Mr. George Barrie of Philadelphia, who secured the exclusive right to publish and sell all official illustrated works of the departments of fine and liberal arts. The beautiful plates are reproduced from photographs of all the celebrated subjects on exhibition. A prospectus, stating terms and general character of the work, can be obtained by writing to Mr. Barrie.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by

W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.
650 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

OLD GOLD.

THE RAIN THAT COMES OVER THE HILL.

The rain that comes over the hill,—the rain!—
The musical, mystical rain,
Borne on from the stretch of the temperate skies,—
The skies that are gray as are my love's eyes.
Oh, the rain!—
With the smell of young wheat from the upland plain,—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill,—the rain!—
The mighty and measureless rain,
That drenches the green, shaking woodland, and sweeps
Like an avalanche over the dim, tossing steeps.
Oh, the rain!—
That falls with a roar on the vale's grassy floor,—
The rain that comes over the hill.

* * * * * * * * *

The rain that comes over the hill,—the rain!—
The tearful and tremulous rain,
That sobs by the wide-open window at dawn,
Where the grieving trees weep on the noiseless lawn.
Oh, the rain!—
Falling softly, like shadows of hope that are gone,—
The rain that comes over the hill.

—*Robert Burns Wilson.*

Where tides of time swift ebb and flow,
With sea-song rhythm as they go
In measured reach and round sublime,
Stealing up along the shores of Time,
'Mid gathered smiles and treasured tears,
As days grow into months and years,
Eternal tides rich harvests reap,
In fields where "Some Have Fallen Asleep."

We garner memories rich and rare,
Find wayside flowers, fresh and fair;
We pluck and twine in clustered wreaths,
Where fragrant memory sweetly breathes.
But, ah, too soon these droop and fade,
And low by Time's sere frosts are laid;
In cadence solemn, low and deep,
We hear that "Some Have Fallen Asleep."

Asleep till resurrection's sun
Shall tell of a new life begun,
When our frail craft, in turn, shall glide
Down Time's swift stream on flowing tide.
Then may we meet our loved anew,
To part no more with sad adieu;
No more to weary vigils keep,
And mourn that "Some Have Fallen Asleep."

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine!
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Within the woods, rust-brown and bare,
Lingers alone upon the bough
But one poor leaf, forgotten there,—
Only one leaf and one bird now.

Within my soul is left no more
Than one last love therein to sing;
But autumn winds, which bay and roar,
Do not permit my listening.

The lone bird flies; the leaf is shed;
The love dies out, for winter's keen.
Come, little bird, o'er my last bed
To sing when trees again are green.

AUTUMNAL HUES.

There was an undergrad. of Yale,
And he was void of fears.
He rushed into a football game
And scraped off both his ears.

And when he found his ears were off,
His grief was passing great.
He threw him down upon the grass
And loud bewailed his fate.

"It is not that my ears are gone,
Though shapely they and pink;
And 'tis not fear how I shall look
That makes my heart to sink.

My family dates from Plymouth Rock;
My lineage is true;
And, till this sad experience,
I thought my blood was blue.

But now, while over all the field
Yale's glory fills the air,
My cruel fate decrees, alas!
That I must crimson wear."

—*J. A. Loring in Life.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

Ed. Schwerin photo.

A New York politician, in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of a late member of the Legislature, said:

"I cannot tell how pained I was to hear your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

Paddy, on being told that a certain kind of stove would save half the coal, said:

"Faith, thin, I'll take two av thim, and save it all."

—*Bulls and Blunders.*

"Gentlemen, is not one man as good as another?"

"Uv course he is," shouted an excited Irish chartist, "and a great deal betther."

"Pat, who is this Lily Kilarney they do be talkin' so much about?"

"Sure, I hear it's the lady that doles out sandwiches at the Midwinter Fair."

Woman—Got any dried currants?

Cultured Youth—We have very small, sweet dried grapes or raisins from Corinth, Greece, formerly called "Corinths," but since corrupted to "currants."

Woman (switching out)—I don't want any corrupted goods.

Hark! and oh, hear, the piano is banging
(Sonnet and canticle, chant and glee);
The fellow upstairs his guitar is atwanging;
The children are singing a jubilee.
Just over the way there's a banjo, I think,
With its "pink-a-punk-pank, punk, pink, pank, pink;"
And down at the corner the man with the flute
Is rending the night with a tootle-too-toot;
And oom pah-pah, oom, pah-pah, bra-a, bra-a, boom!
The brass band is practicing up in its room. —*Burdette.*

Wife—I am afraid that gas stove in the kitchen will be a source of great expense to us.

Husband—Why, we never use it.

Wife—No; but to-day when the gas collector called he saw it.

Sweet Girl—The man I marry must be both brave and brainy.

Adoring Youth—When we were out sailing and upset I saved you from a watery grave.

Sweet Girl—That was brave, I admit, but it was not brainy.

Adoring Youth—Yes, it was. I upset the boat on purpose.

—*Good News.*

Blimmer—I want to advertise about my wife's debts, but don't know just how to word it.

Country Editor—Oh, that's easy enough. "Whereas," and "left my bed and board," etc., etc. I can tix it.

Blimmer—But that won't do. You see, she bought our furniture on the installment plan and took it with her. —*Truth.*

It is told of Sir Walter Scott that he was sitting in his library one day when a tall Highlander, who had been building an inn near by, came in and said:

"May it please you, Sir Walter, I am going to call my place 'The Flodden Inn,' and, as ye've writ a poem on Flodden Field, it struck me and the guid wife that you might gie us a line for a motto."

"Have you read the poem?" asked Sir Walter.

"No, sir. I'm na a reader."

"Then you know nothing about it?"

"Nothin', but I've heert them say as knows that it's a vera fine thing."

"Well, I would advise you to take a verse from the poem itself."

"And what'll that be?"

"'Drink, weary traveler,—drink and pray.'"

"But my inn wull na be a kirk," said the man; "and the more prayin' there is the less drinking there'll be, and I na want that."

"Oh," laughed Sir Walter," 'I think I can fix the verse by leaving out one letter, an r.'"

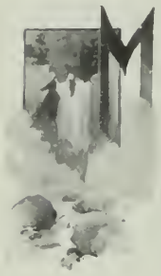
"How will it be then?"

"'Drink, weary traveler,—drink and pay.'"

"Be Ailsie Craig, that's just the thing!" shouted the man, and he went away delighted.

FALLEN LEAF AND OTHER LAKES.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE.



MANY of the legends of the aborigines of the Pacific Coast are now but a matter of tradition, and just how the fanciful title of "Fallen Leaf" was given to one of California's most charming lakes is largely a matter of conjecture; but the legend-vender informs us that it occurred in this way. It is customary, upon the birth of an Indian child, for the mother to name it for the first object that attracts her attention after its birth; and, so it is stated, there was once an Indian wigwam situated on the west shore of the lake, almost directly under the shadow of Mount Tallac. Upon the arrival of the first little dusky aborigine the mother noticed a maple leaf flutter down from a tall tree and alight on the placid margin of the waters; and so it was that the child and the lake were named "Fallen Leaf."

It is situated about a mile and a half southwest of the southern end of Lake Tahoe, with an altitude of two hundred feet greater than the larger lake.

The waters of Tahoe and Fallen Leaf lakes have been pronounced among the purest in the world, and many a yarn of a toughish flavor has been told of the depths to which objects may be clearly discerned. It is sure that the bottom may be seen at a depth of from eighty to one hundred feet.

On a clear, calm day the trip from the shores of these lakes to deep water is of wonderful interest. Upon leaning over the bow of the boat one can easily imagine that he is traveling through the air, so perfectly clear and well lighted are the waters.

In this high, clear atmosphere (Fallen Leaf is 6,450 feet above the sea), where the sunlight is so brilliant, it is not wonderful that superb reflection effects are to be had which make glad the heart of the photographic artist, as well as other people.

The photograph from which the accompanying cut was made in the early spring, just after a storm, when the air was clear of all moisture, and almost strangely serene and opalescent, was taken in the early part of the day, so as to avoid the afternoon breezes, and obtain the advantages of low shadow lights.

And such a morning as it was! and such a picture as it made! the reproduction of which is so utterly inadequate and incompetent.

The waters that upon the previous day had been wild and tempestuous were now as tranquil as a midsummer night. There was "no sound or motion or voice of them that slept" under its azure breast. A very faint rustle as of silk washed the pebbles along the beach; and the booming of the grouse on the wooded ridges across the lake was the only other sound to disturb the ear. It was a superb morning.

But we knew that this now serene mountain tarn had no longer than yesterday been a turbulent, boisterous, froth-capped miniature sea.

Having been greatly interested in the sudden storms (of wind especially) that swoop unexpectedly down upon these high mountain lakes, the writer at one time corresponded with Prof. John Le Conte, then of the University of California, since deceased, receiving the following as a response:

"In reply to your favor of a recent date in relation to the cause of the sudden gusts of wind which prevail on Lake Tahoe and surrounding lakes, I beg leave to say that, in a general way, the explanation suggested by you, in so far as it ascribes the phenomena to the contrast of temperature between the air resting on the lake and that resting on the adjacent cold mountain sides, is beyond doubt correct; but you are mistaken in supposing that the air near the surface of the lake becomes 'heated in spots.' It is the air resting on the sides of the cold and partially snow-clad mountain gorges that becomes 'cooled in spots,' or locally cooled.

"The heavier cold air on the adjacent mountain slopes falls down like a cataract, and spreads out over the surface of the lake.

"That this is the true cause of these sudden wind gusts is proved by several circumstances. They are usually encountered by boats when they are opposite the mountain gorges which debouch into the lake. They do not occur on cloudy days, but only on clear days, when the solar radiation brings about the contrast of temperature.

"They are not encountered at night, because the contrast of temperature due to the influence of the sun does not obtain."

The fact that these whirl blasts pounce down upon these lakes with disastrous effects to sail-boats is apparent to any close observer; and the main danger, especially near shore, is the fact that frequently no notice of their approach is apparent on the surface of the water.

Should any one care to make a study of this problem, let him make the ascent of Tallac around the west shore of Fallen Leaf Lake on a windy afternoon. Upon attaining an elevation of a few hundred feet above and near the lake, an excellent opportunity is afforded of observing this phenomena.

At times the wind descends upon the surface of the lake as though it came directly out of the sky. It then spreads out in all directions from the central point of activity, and woe betide any unwary boat-sailer who is caught napping.

It is therefore safe to say that boat-sailing on these lakes is a questionable pastime, for, when there is any wind at all to speak of, there is a liability of sudden and unexpected squalls at any moment.

Fallen Leaf Lake lies at the mouth of Glen Alpine Canyon, and receives the water of an apparently enormous water-shed; but, strangely enough, the stream that connects it with Tahoe is of comparatively small dimensions, which seems conclusive evidence that the waters of the great lake come from artesian sources. Its main feeder must come from this direction, for all the way from Tahoe to the crest of the Sierra on the west, fifteen miles away, there is scattered a chain of lakes, possibly either glacier cups or volcanic craters, into which pours a mighty volume of water from the melting snows of a hundred and one lofty and imposing granite peaks that rear their great summits to an elevation of nine thousand to ten thousand feet above sea-level, and which, with their vast slopes, collect enormous quantities of snow.

Following up this great glacial depression from Fallen Leaf Lake, the country assumes a rugged grandeur that is startling in the extreme. It is one of the wildest and, in many cases, the most desolate sections of the Sierra; yet there is an indescribable charm to the lover of Nature, for even in her sternest moods, where the scrunching ice-mills have torn and ground and scarred the country, there are bits of beauty that are made doubly interesting by their surroundings.

Prominent among these bits are the scores of exquisite mountain lakes of sapphire and azurite that sparkle in the glacier hollows clear up to the crest of the divide.

The heather-lined shores of these lakes, or lakelets, as they might more appropriately be called, the broad-leafed lilies that mottle their margins, and the mirrored reflections of vast snow peaks that shine in their faces, render these scenes unsurpassable and unforgetable.

The larger of these tarns are free from vegetation, and afford the finest angling. The trout are not so large as those of Tahoe, but are gamier and harder in flesh, and certainly afford much better sport. In size they will average probably from three-quarters of a pound to two and a half and three pounds. Spoon-trolling is fashionable in Fallen Leaf and Tahoe, but fly or bait fishing, either along the shore or from rafts or crude boats, prevails in the small lakes higher up.

It may be safely said that good sport may be counted upon from the middle of June until the middle of September; but, angling out of the question, the seeker after recreation will find here enough to engage his interest for many weeks and for many seasons.

After exploring the country around Glen Alpine Soda Springs, where there is a neat, comfortable hotel open through the summer season, say from May 1st to October 1st, one may make excursions to almost all

points of the compass. Of course the most important one is to the summit of Tallac, which is reached by an easy trail in between two and three hours. The distance is about three and a half miles, and there is a half-way resting-place at Gilmore's Lake, one of the highest and most charming sheets of water in the Sierra.

On account of its isolated position and great altitude (9,715 feet), Tallac offers a broad and far-reaching panorama of grandeur. The entire extent of Tahoe, twenty-five miles long by twelve miles wide, lies spread out at your feet, thousands of feet below. Snuggling against its precipitous eastern slopes, half hidden in their coniferous forests, sparkle Floating Island and Castle lakes, but the loveliest body of water of all to be seen from here is Fallen Leaf Lake. It seems so near, yet it is so far, it being an almost perpendicular three-quarters of a mile.

No one who has not gazed down into one of these mountain lakes from a great height can ever realize the dazzling colors of their waters, the brilliant hues, especially of greens and blues, that spread in delicate gradations from shallow to deep water, and the utterly inexpressible and indescribable color of the deepest waters, unlike any other tint in creation.

The ascent of Tallac is so easily accomplished, and can be made with so small a measure of fatigue, that it seems almost a misdemeanor to visit this region without visiting the one point where the entire country lies like an open book before you. Scenes like these give one a strange feeling of exaltation and delight that a continual dweller in the plains never experiences.

As Tallac does not belong to the main chain of the Sierra, but is rather a side issue, it is a much more favorable point from which to study the great saw-tooth range from, than though it belonged to the family; and it is a scene of wild desolation that is spread out along the western horizon. Sharp granite needles, where the snow cannot rest, stand out in a rugged, dark relief against the blue sky beyond, and from the extreme limit of vision far down toward Yosemite on the south, clear along the range to Lassen's Butte on the north, a grand sweep of three hundred miles in extent.

Beside this trip to the summit of Tallac there are a great number of "one-day outings" from Gilmore's, and many more of as many days as one has the time, opportunity or disposition to take.

The short trips from the springs, or base of supplies, for there is no living human creature—not even a prospector—within seventy-five miles to the south, west or north, are made to Grass, Susie, Halfmoon or Heather lakes; and, if one is a bit ambitious, and makes an early start, the summit of Pyramid Peak may be made in a day, but it is a hard tramp, really much too arduous for one day; though, if a camping-place should be made for one night near Heather Lake, it would be a pleasant and profitable outing.

At this stopping-place, which is near the snow and timber line, the real High Sierra scenery obtains. To the south of Pyramid Peak there is a depression in the range through which the gales from the south and west plunge with terrific violence, as appears from the scant vegetation that makes a vigorous protest for existence along its storm-beaten track clear up to and over the flanks of Tallac.

These low-crouching trees in the upper heights have in many instances been compelled to "get down and crawl along the ground," so fierce has their battle been for life. There are to be seen here trees one foot in diameter less than ten feet in height. To the leeward side their limbs are sometimes twenty-five feet in length, while on the windward they are either entirely wanting or perhaps a foot or so in length. The manzanita, that grows to a height of fifteen feet in the lower levels is here a scrawny low-lying shrub, rising but a few inches above the ground.

From Pyramid, or any of the high peaks of the main Sierra's crest, the view on a clear day is comprehensive and sublime. The capitol building at Sacramento, ninety miles away, is visible, and the dim outline of the Coast Range, fifty miles farther off, looms up from the mists of the great western ocean; and spread out between these vast extremes, and stretching apparently to the ends of the earth to the north and south, bounded by the rotundity of the earth, lies the great basin of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento. One gazes down from this Pisgah height upon that portion of California that embraces three-quarters of its population and possibly three-quarters of its great wealth.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

Perhaps there is no branch or profession in which one can so *modestly* "toot his own horn" as in the journalistic. Egotism is egotism only so far as it concerns personal aggrandizement, but, when you come down to talking about your own paper, the word loses its Websterian definition, and comes under the head of "usage," and we all know that usage is authority.

To be frank, we do feel somewhat proud, because we believe we know art when we see it, and our belief is confirmed by a number of voluntary expressions from those whose opinions are not questioned. From the large number of letters we have received regarding the handsome holiday edition of THE TRAVELER, we quote expressions from some of them as follows:

January 4, 1894.

It is beautifully illustrated, and its letter-press is quite as perfect I wish for it what I wish for all *deserving* things,—success.

C. P. HUNTINGTON,
President Southern Pacific Company.

December 26, 1893.

It is a beautiful souvenir, and reflects much credit upon your management.

CHAS. F. CROCKER,
Vice-President Southern Pacific Company.

January 8, 1894.

THE TRAVELER is a very creditable journal, the work being artistic and attractive in every respect.

J. C. STUBBS,
Vice-President Southern Pacific Company.

December 28, 1893.

To me it is a very interesting periodical.

H. E. HUNTINGTON,
Assistant to President Southern Pacific Company.

December 26, 1893.

It is indeed a revelation of press-work, and shows that the art of printing has not been behind in the march of progress.

RICHARD GRAY,
General Traffic Manager Southern Pacific Company.

December 28, 1893.

THE TRAVELER is an exceptionally high-class journal.

T. H. GOODMAN,
General Passenger Agent Southern Pacific Company.

December 28, 1893.

If I expressed all my sentiments in regard to every part of this beautiful issue I could fill a volume. I content myself by saying that it excels *anything* in the newspaper line that I have ever seen.

GEO. W. LYNCH,
Manager Redondo Hotel.

December 26, 1893.

In its general appearance, style and get-up it is certainly ahead of anything ever published on the Pacific Coast, and it is by all means the handsomest Christmas number of any periodical I have ever seen The subjects of the various illustrations are of great interest, the several articles excellently written, and the half-tones are beautiful. You have every reason to be proud of this number.

A. C. BILICKE,
Proprietor Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles.

December 27, 1893.

Your paper is matchless in workmanship and design.

GEO. P. SNELL,
Manager Vendome Hotel.

January 9, 1894.

Your holiday number is the finest I have ever seen.

STUART KENNEDY,
Manager Hotel Florence, San Diego.

December 30, 1893.

Your holiday number is the neatest piece of work that has reached our reading-room for years.

L. J. DAVIS,
Proprietor Hotel Rowell, Riverside.

December 21, 1893.

Your admirable paper pleases me from start to finish. The high character of the illustrations, the choice literary features, and the taste displayed in the advertising pages, all commend it as a superior publication.

CHAS. A. SWEETLAND,
Business Manager Midwinter Fair Hotel & Boarding Bureau.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

The Tacoma Hotel at Tacoma, Wash., is getting its share of the business of the Northwest. Its unique and charming situation, together with its faultless management, has secured for it a high rank among its many patrons.

The Rowell Hotel is having an excellent trade, and secures the cream of the travel that goes to the delightful town of Riverside. It is the most desirable hotel in Riverside at which to stop, and is one of the few institutions that charges second-class rates for strictly first-class service. Mr. Davis, the proprietor, is a member of the newly established Southern California Hotel Men's Association, and is broad-minded in his views.

When we are afflicted with one of "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," we would give almost anything for relief, and if we will only bear in mind that the famous hot springs at Byron are almost a panacea we will not suffer long. This health resort always does a good business, and its best advertisement has been the testimony of its many patrons.

El Paso de Robles Springs enjoys the advantage of being an all-the-year-round resort, and as in winter the climate is mild and equable, invalids or pleasure-seekers need not be deterred from making a visit there through fear of inclement weather. There is no pleasanter day's ride than this out of San Francisco; twice the ocean is sighted, and a glimpse of the Leland Stanford Junior University and the Lick Observatory is to be had *en route*.

The Palace Hotel is feeling a healthy increase in the tourist trade, and Manager Kirkpatrick expects to fill every room in the big seven-story structure before the Midwinter Fair season is very far along.

The St. James Hotel at San Jose is losing none of its popularity, and will have a goodly share of the travel during the coming spring and summer, when the Mount Hamilton traffic will be unusually brisk. Stages run direct from the St. James to the Observatory.

What Jersey City and Orange are to New York, Oakland is to San Francisco. There are many tourists that come to San Francisco for an extended period who would be delighted to make a pleasant half-hour morning trip to be out of the bustle and excitement of a crowded thoroughfare. To accommodate people of this class the Hotel Crellin was built. It is located on the corner of Tenth and Washington streets, Oakland, within five minutes' walk of the cars. It is quiet, refined and beautifully furnished, and Mr. E. R. Lewman, the manager, never loses an opportunity to make his guests comfortable and contented. Those of our visitors who wish such an arrangement will find the Hotel Crellin suitable and desirable in every respect.

Travel in the Northwest is picking up, and the Hotel Northern at Seattle is experiencing a healthy influx. Mr. J. W. Dodge has the whole of this popular hotel on his own shoulders now, and he is modest enough to simply say that it will be maintained at its former standard. For those who have ever stopped at the Northern this is all the assurance they could ask for.

The Painter Hotel at Pasadena is rapidly filling up with tourists. Situated, as it is, upon an eminence overlooking the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, it is one of the most delightful resorts in the State. Mr. M. D. Painter, the proprietor, owns the hotel and property, and his whole pride is displayed in the conduct of his lovely resort and surroundings. If any one wishes to enjoy rest, quiet, comfort, attention, and the real charm of Southern California, he will not miss it by going to the Painter.

The Hotel Green, Pasadena, is rapidly filling up, and will shortly reach the extent of its increased accommodations, which provide for four hundred guests. Manager Holmes is not losing a single point to make his magnificent hostelry one of the finest in the State, and when it is known that he actually has the tact and diplomacy to prevent even the acknowledged "cranks" from finding fault some idea may be gained from the care and system of the management.

Manager Kennedy of the Hotel Florence, San Diego, writes us that he is "turning away guests." This certainly not only speaks well for the Florence, but for the prospects of a lively winter in all Southern California.

The Galindo Hotel, Oakland, is entertaining Mrs. L. G. Ballantine, wife of the American Consul at Bombay, and Miss Lulixa Sarabje, a native of India. Both ladies are lecturing on the interesting features of the Orient.

The many friends and patrons of Mr. Jno. S. Matheson, assistant manager of Paraiso Springs, will regret to learn of his resignation, taking effect February 1st. His successor has not yet been announced. Although Mr. Matheson has been connected with the Springs but little over a year he has been an energetic, capable and conscientious worker, and has added greatly to the popularity of that beautiful resort.

The Hotel Fairmount, San Francisco, is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest and most comfortable family and tourist hotels in the city, and is especially convenient for visitors to the Fair. Since its change in management many improvements have been added.

Generally speaking, all the summer resorts will open their doors to the public much earlier this year than usual, owing to the large number of Eastern visitors to the Fair; and in this connection we have no personal ax to grind in advising the proprietors to begin their announcements correspondingly early if they expect to be benefited by the increased patronage. It is a common error to delay advertising until many have made up their minds where they are going. We hope our resort friends will not be behind in this regard.

SEA BEACH HOTEL, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The Windsor Hotel at Redlands is doing an excellent business, and, since the large addition made to the main hotel, Mr. A. H. Pratt, the manager, has been in a position to make a more forcible bid for trade. It is only three minutes' walk from the depot, and convenience nowadays is a telling argument.

Now that the Midwinter Fair has been officially opened, and the anticipated travel is beginning to be felt, tourists should bear in mind the fact that the Midwinter Fair Hotel and Boarding Bureau has been established here for their special benefit and comfort.

We can fully indorse the Bureau as to its reliability and value. The promoters have received the unqualified indorsement of the Southern Pacific Company, and have also secured the exclusive right to solicit trade on their trains. Their men will be in uniform and will canvass all trains coming into San Francisco.

Visitors to the Fair are strongly urged to intrust themselves to the care of this Bureau, as they will know just exactly what they are going to pay at any hotel, and there is no possible need of dissatisfaction on that account.

Further, all details and annoyances incident to arrival in large cities are avoided through the courtesy of the Bureau. Visitors will also bear in mind that there is no charge whatever for the service rendered.

It is a trite saying that one must go away from home to learn the news. It is equally true that those at home are often blind to the beauties that lie at their very door. We Californians are phenomenally proud of our glorious climate and our Golden State; but it has remained for strangers to teach us appreciation of many of our wonders of Nature, or even the achievements of man.

Kate Sanborn, whose "Story of an Abandoned Farm" was so favorably received by the critics and by the reading public, is collecting facts for a new book to be called "Unknown California."

Where does this region lie? Not far from San Jose. Old Californians know all about San Jose; so do more recent comers to our State; so do the tourists; but not one of them has any idea of all the wealth of climate and natural beauties that the Santa Clara Valley holds out for those who will come and enjoy what is so close at hand.

Rightly has San Jose been called the "Garden City of the Pacific." Its profusion of trees is tropical, but for variety and beauty the trees are not to be equaled anywhere in California. The hardy, rugged oak of the north, the graceful poplars of Lombardy, the towering eucalyptus of Australia, the banana tree of the South Sea Islands, the date palm, the fan palm, fern trees, pepper trees, magnolia trees, maples, walnut trees, cork trees, ornamental trees of every sort, grow side by side, and throw their protecting shade or wave a leafy benediction over roses, cacti, geraniums: in brief, over all the flowers known to the floriculturist in many a widely different zone.

The Hotel Vendome stands in the very heart of such a leafy forest, with a fruitful orchard on one side, grassy lawns extending to the street, and flowers blooming all the year round. Nature and skill have combined to make the Vendome grounds an ideal spot. Years ago it was the country home of Judge Belden.

In 1888 the Hotel Vendome was erected, and proved an instantaneous success. It is a beautiful specimen of hotel architecture, perfect in all its appointments, and, under the management of Mr. George P. Snell, has attained a leading position among the hotels of the country. Its cuisine and its service are absolutely unsurpassed.

How many San Franciscans have made the trip to Mount Hamilton? Look at the hotel register; count the names of those who have come from foreign lands to look through the largest telescope in the world. How many lately? Forty-five in less than three weeks. That is a good showing, isn't it?

Chicago may boast that her university will soon surpass our great telescope of a thirty-six-inch glass by one of forty inches in diameter. But what will Chicago do with her elephant when she gets it? She has no Mount Hamilton on which to mount it. There is no other Mount Hamilton on the globe; neither are the opportunities for continued study of the heavens, nor the same wonderful facilities to the astronomical student, offered elsewhere.

The Hotel Vendome is the center of all trips to the Lick Observatory, being the headquarters of the Mount Hamilton Stage Company, owned by Mr. Ross, an old Yosemite stage-driver, and his five sons. The ascent is made every day, but only on Saturday evenings are the public permitted to look through the great telescope.

The fascination of the great dome, the telescope, the observatory itself, the descent by moonlight, the mirth, the merriment and the songs of a party,—all combine to make the occasion one long to be remembered.

Let no one think that the Mount Hamilton trip has exhausted all the possibilities of San Jose. The splendid turn-pike roads of the city are boulevards that extend far out into the suburban parts of the city. One may also drive out to Alum Rock, Saratoga Mineral Springs, or New Almaden Quicksilver Mines.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. MARCH, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND.

Dewey photo.

Glimpses of Del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate some interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, bath-house and beach, there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME III. SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1894. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
IN
State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES $1.50.
SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

Advertising Rates: Forty cents per agate line, fourteen lines to the inch. Discounts for space and time contracts furnished upon application. READING NOTICES: Seventy-five cents per line brevier type, and fifty cents per line nonpareil type, each insertion.

THE TRAVELER'S
BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

SPRING is coming. The voices of the turtle and of him that crieth, "Strawberries ripe!" are heard in the land, likewise that of the poet. Timid Eschscholtzias are modestly pushing their young buds up through the grass. The robins are congregating for their hegira to the mountains. The winter-imprisoned sap is crowding the buds in the orchards. That welcome harbinger, the frog, is whistling his vernal equinoctial air, insisting, in his gruff, stubborn way, that it is high time that all Nature was waking up again. Uneasy lies the head of the angler upon his pillow, for visions of new flies and ripples in the mountain streams banish sleep. The schoolboy counts on his fingers (till they blush) the days that intervene between now and his vacation. The hired girl leaves small mounds of dirt in obscure corners, for she knows that the days of house-cleaning are nigh at hand. Proud chanticleer leads his numerous wives abroad in the fields to snatch up the unsuspecting worm that pokes his nose above ground to see if winter has gone. The jubilant farmer is either praying for more rain or swearing at its superabundance.

The lion-entering and lamb-retreating March of the East brings us song birds and blossoms instead of snowbanks and chilblains.

And, as the family gathers around the hearthstone at this season, the question is very apt to come up, "Where are we going this summer?"

Now, this is not a very grave question, but it is one worth going about in a business-like way. A great many outings are spoiled because proper care is not taken and proper thought given to the subject.

"Shall we go where we were last year? Shall we go in for fishing, hunting, mountain climbing, botanizing or photographing? Shall we make up a party, or just go by ourselves? Shall we dawdle around some fashionable resort, and pay more attention to what we eat and how we dress, or take a wholesome, unrestrained holiday? Shall we go away into the mountains and acquire a larger appetite and a browner skin, study God's works fresh and new from his hands, or loll about a lawn-tennis ground and talk sweet nothings to the young ladies?"

Really, there is the broadest possible liberty in this matter in California. You can have just what you want by paying for it, but we do most heartily wish that some good, honest preacher of common sense would arise and teach us how to get the most and the best out of our vacations.

IT IS more than a little surprising to notice how many people there are in this world who are trying to get just a little the best of somebody else, and often there is very little real gain in it. There must therefore be some sort of satisfaction in this desire for overreaching, or else it must be laid up against depravity or innate cussedness.

Taber has the photographic concession of the Midwinter Fair, and of course there are certain restrictions put upon outside camera operators. Permission is given, upon application, to "use a hand camera or Kodak not larger than five by seven inches, the same to be used without a tripod or rest of any kind."

Mr. Frank Davey informs us that the various methods of beating about this tripod question exhibit a versatility of ingenuity worthy of a better cause.

The accompanying cut illustrates one form of evading the rule that seems to work well now, but in its inception the operator met with what threatened to be an insuperable obstacle.

WUN TRI POD.

Wun Tri Pod, the improvised Kodak rest, besides having a slight asthmatic affection, was also afflicted with a keen sense of the ridiculous, and, just at the moment when it was his duty to remain as immovable as stone, his sense of humor and asthma would get so mixed up that focusing was an impossibility. Tri Pod's backbone would oscillate like a traveling camel's, and the view, when developed, resembled a distorted mirage landscape that had been broken in upon by a blizzard. The application, however, of a sharp stick on Pod's lower extremities gave him the cue to keep quiet at the time of exposure, and now the little scheme works like a charm.

One party was seen to rest his Kodak on his cane; another lay down on his back and used his knees as a rest; another held his between his knees, and, turning his back upon the subject, doubled himself like a jackknife and took the picture upside down.

The only party that has yet been known to come to utter grief was the unsuspecting verdant from Searsville, who attempted to rest his camera on the rear flank of an aged yet respectable looking burro. Just as everything was ready to click, something went—biff!—and all that was ever discovered was the impression made upon the mind of the operator, and that was done with a small stop.

IN REGARD to the question propounded elsewhere on this page, "Where are we going this summer?" we beg to advise our readers that we are in a position to give them valuable information in this connection.

In addition to many lovely souvenirs to be had of us for the asking, we have for sale (at twenty-five cents) an elegantly illustrated brochure entitled, "Outings in California," which covers every portion of the State, and the information it contains is trustworthy and useful.

IT IS considered legitimate for newspapers and magazines nowadays to offer premiums for subscriptions, short stories, jokes, etc., but the methods adopted by many of our leading dailies are open to criticism.

There should be a certain dignity maintained in this as well as in other respects in the managing of a great paper. Just imagine the London *Thunderer* offering a balloon ascension for a one-inch "want ad," or the New York *Tribune* advertising a bust of good little Samuel for a prize pun.

AVALON, the subject of this month's frontispiece, situated on the southeastern corner of Santa Catalina, twenty-five miles southwest of San Pedro, is the only great island resort California possesses. It is a fogless, semi-tropical nook, where the ocean is tempered to exactly suit bathing, and smoothed to furnish the most delightful family yachting.

TO STRANGERS visiting the Midwinter Fair, and, indeed, to our own people, there is a startling comparative object lesson in the height of the great balloon that hovers over Market Street near Valencia. Supposing that the great tower of El Capitan could be set down in the locality named, the balloon at its greatest height would not, by a hundred feet or so, reach half way to its summit.

Fields and Gardens of Santa Barbara.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

This picturesque Southern California town is widely known as the American Nice. It is literally

> The land where the lemon trees bloom,
> And the gold orange glows in the green thicket's gloom;
> Where the wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
> And groves are of myrtle and olive and rose.

Owing to its southerly exposure from an abrupt curve in the coast line, as well as from the presence of four long mountainous islands twenty miles from shore, it is largely protected from cold western trade winds, and lies in a horseshoe-shaped valley, sheltered by a range of rocky hills from 1,200 to 2,000 feet in height.

The sea breeze is further tempered by warm winds from the Mojave Desert, making a climate at once balmy, equable and invigorating.

For these reasons the gardens of Santa Barbara are world renowned. Each house has its plot of cultivated ground, however small; while some nestle in the midst of veritable parks, abounding in choice trees and shrubs from every quarter of the globe, which flourish in the open air throughout the entire year.

Among prominent ornamental trees are the majestic Norfolk Island pine, the graceful Chilean pepper, with its wealth of droopimg crimson berries, many varieties of huge, thick-stemmed palms, the blue gum or eucalyptus of Australia, attaining the astonishing height of twenty feet in two summers, large flowering magnolias and foreign blossom-laden acacias.

Side by side, upon the ample lawns, are found the Japanese persimmon, the silver tree of South Africa, the cork oak and the camphor tree, the elm, the guava and the papyrus, pines and firs of the High Sierra, the Indian rubber tree, the flaming hibiscus and the marvelous coral tree. Here, too, are the avocado or alligator pear and the curious custard apple, one tree producing fifty specimens of fruit.

Orange and lemon trees are of course an established fact, and ever delight the eye with the beauty of their dark, glossy foliage; while luscious golden spheres drop at your feet, and the air is filled with sweet and delicious odors.

Then there are the magnificent English walnut, with its smooth, strong trunk and bright-green, spreading boughs, and that tree of biblical and historical interest, —the olive, the culture of which was here first engaged in by the old Franciscan friars, and the berries of which yield an excellent pickle and a superior quality of olive oil.

In this favored land one may literally "sit under his own vine and fig tree," most of the grapes, which are of the old Spanish variety, being trained on trellises like arbors, or climbing upon the crumbling, picturesque adobes. The largest vine in the vicinity covers an area of about thirty by fifty feet, and from it are gathered several tons per annum. The trunk is upward of eight feet in height, and nearly six feet in its widest circumference, a section of the parent vine having been exhibited at the Centennial at Philadelphia. Beneath its shade was formerly held many a feast and gay fandango,—twelve couples simultaneously treading the mazes of the dance.

Clumps of New Zealand flax, Chinese bamboo, cannas, umbrella plants and caladiums add a tropical aspect to the landscape, together with the poinsettia, the bird-of-Paradise flower and hedges of cypress and pomegranate.

Pink, scarlet and purple passion vines run races with the Begonia, clematis, wistaria and plumbago over roofs, fences and tree trunks. Fuchsias, heliotropes and geraniums climb up to the second-story windows. Calla lilies are raised by the acre, and the marguerite grows like a weed. Here are a hollyhock and a scarlet Camellia Japonica, each reaching the height of a dozen feet, the latter laden with no less than 1,500 blossoms.

The roses are justly the pride of the town. There are said to be over three hundred varieties, one hundred and sixty different kinds being picked from one garden in a single morning. Among them are the climbing Lady Banksia, the Fair Rosamond, the La France, the Duchess of Brabant, the Jacqueminot and the prolific Lamark, one spray of which measured nearly a yard in length, and bore twenty-five buds and blossoms on its slender stem, while the trunk was thirty inches in circumference.

The sacred garden of the old Santa Barbara Mission is worthy of especial mention. It is a peaceful, secluded inclosure of about a quarter of an acre, filled with choice exotics and fruit trees.

Beyond the shady veranda no woman is allowed to enter, though peeps are afforded from the stairway and church roof.

Here the little tailor bird boldly weaves its curious nest under the broad, cool leaves of the great Abyssinian banana tree. Orioles and linnets flutter fearlessly from bough to bough, and white doves strut and coo from the ivy on the red-tiled roof of the ancient sanctuary. And here the fathers spend their leisure hours, jangling the cracked old Mission bells or working among their flower-beds.

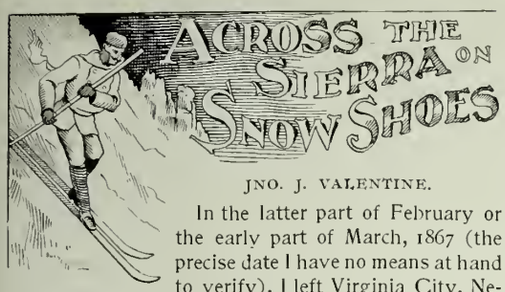
The "mesas," or low table-lands, as well as the open country around the town, have been aptly compared to crazy-quilts on account of their diversity of color, the refreshing green of the springing grain and the azure

blue of the flax-patches gradually giving place to the vivid yellows, browns and russets of the hay-fields and the perennial emerald of the alfalfa pastures, all of these kaleidoscopic tints continuing down to the very seashore, where they form a striking contrast to the ultramarine waters of the placid bay.

Pampas grass is cultivated by the acre, the plumes being dried and exported to Europe, where they are sold as curiosities.

The best time to visit this semi-tropical land is undoubtedly in the early springtime, when Nature is in

her gayest and freshest mood; but each season possesses its own peculiar charm, and no lover of the beautiful ever returns disappointed from the attractions which it has to offer.



JNO. J. VALENTINE.

In the latter part of February or the early part of March, 1867 (the precise date I have no means at hand to verify), I left Virginia City, Nevada, about four o'clock one morning on the Pioneer stage for a journey to Stockton, California, to attend there the trial in court of a defaulting bank agent of the company whose accounts I had examined some months before and discovered to be about fifty thousand dollars short.

The case was to be called, and my presence was required as the representative of Wells, Fargo & Co., and chief witness for the prosecution.

The morning I started the snow was falling rapidly. We had six powerful horses attached to what was technically called in those days a Concord mud-wagon, designed more especially for winter or rough road service.

The snow continued to fall uninterruptedly, and was damp enough to clog the wheels of our conveyance and ball the hoofs of the horses; and at dusk, although we had used relays of horses, we had made only thirty miles, namely, to Genoa, or Van Sickels' Station, at the Nevada base of the eastern summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

The Sierra Range in that locality is divided into two summits by what is called Lake Valley, after the celebrated Lake Tahoe, which nestles in its bosom.

At Van Sickles, where we remained over night, I found extra drivers and hostlers and stages blockaded by the fury of the storm, which had raged incessantly, and had precipitated snow even in the valleys of Nevada to a depth of over three feet.

On the second morning of my journey, accompanied by a force of these drivers and hostlers, and taking with us all the loose stage horses we could manage,—some twenty of the latter,—we undertook the work of breaking a track for the stages (sleighs) on the graded road that crossed the summit some three and a half miles beyond the station.

All day long we toiled in the snow, alternating our efforts by riding and driving two or four horses abreast and plunging them into the loose snow until they were exhausted, then turning back and exchanging them for relays of those left in the rear, and which had enjoyed a resting spell.

One of the peculiarities of half-breed horses, mustangs or broncoes, some of which we had in use, is that, getting exhausted by such work, they become utterly discouraged, and lie down passively in the snow, declining to make the least effort to move. In such an emergency the remedy is to draw a leather strap so tightly around the sulker's neck as to choke him; then, when his wind is shut off, he will struggle to his feet, though I have witnessed instances when horses in that extremity had to be dragged out by the neck.

The diverting incidents of the day were many, principally in the occasional stumbling and falling of horses, overthrowing their riders, and floundering desperately in the snow. I was myself thrown over the grade in this manner; but no mishap of a serious nature occurred, and at nightfall we found ourselves near the first summit, with the road ahead, on the western declivity into Lake Valley, as effectually barred by an unbroken mass of snow as that behind us had been.

We therefore retraced our steps at dusk to Van Sickels' Station, where we remained over night, and at daylight the next morning began our work again.

During the afternoon following we succeeded, with the help of more men, who came out from the valley stations and joined us, in breaking the road and making a track down the western slope to Mack's Station, near Lake Tahoe, which we reached about nightfall.

The storm had ceased for the greater part of that day, but after sunset the snow again began falling; and, as it was already over seven feet deep on the level of the valley, it was easy to foresee that the work of the two previous days done in advance of us would be obliterated, and sleigh travel impossible on the morrow. So, finding a job carpenter whom I knew of, I engaged him to make me, during the night, a pair of snowshoes. The shoes, so called, used in the Sierra mountains of California are not at all similar to the Canadian bowed, net-covered variety, but are long wooden runners, five or six inches in width, and from seven to ten feet in length, with the front end pointed and curved upward, like the runners of a sleigh, held in position by a taut wire guy fastened at an angle behind. The foot is held in place under a broad leather strap or stirrup, located a little aft of the center of the shoe, the heel of the wearer's boot resting against a small transverse cleat, which keeps the foot from slipping forward.

A stranger, noting my preparations for pursuing my journey on snowshoes, asked me if I had any objections to a companion, and I told him no. So he arranged for a pair of snowshoes also, and before sunrise the next morning, over a foot of snow additional having fallen during the night, we started together through the forests bordering the lake, following the line of the California State Telegraph Company's poles as a guide, and at noon of that day found ourselves at Yank's Station, some seven miles from where we started in the early morning.

When yet a quarter of a mile away from Yank's the writer unfortunately broke one of his shoes, and the limping, dragging and floundering about in the soft, yielding, fleecy mass from there on to the house, with only one shoe to depend on for support, carried the bodily temperature well up to midsummer heat, but at last the station was reached. There I found an excellent pair of snowshoes well seasoned, that had been smoothed by use, and were perfectly reliable. These I borrowed. I also found there Mart. Smith, an old employee of ours, who had crossed the mountains more than once on snowshoes, and was in fact now on the lookout to accompany me.

The forenoon had been comparatively clear and bright, the chief obstacle to our progress thus far having been the soft snow. The route was fairly level, but, owing to the fact that we were absolute novices in the art of snowshoeing, we had at first great difficulty in making any headway; but six hours of steady practice rendered us comparatively familiar with our means

THE SIERRA.

of locomotion, and kindled within us ardent hopes of being able to get across the second summit before night again closed upon us.

After a hot dinner we—our party now consisted of three—provided ourselves each with a ration of boiled beef, bread and raw onions, and sallied forth to make the ascent of the second summit. By this time the snow had again begun to fall fast, but we could keep sight of the telegraph poles, the wires of which sagged beneath the snow, and follow the general course of the wagon road.

The ascent of the mountain on snowshoes was rendered more difficult by the fact that we had, in mountain parlance, to rough-lock, that is, to wind and fasten hay rope around the snowshoes immediately behind the boot heel, to keep them from slipping back after being lifted and pushed onward; and, when we came to anything like an extra steep place, we had to tack right and left, as a vessel is steered against the wind.

Our object in providing ourselves with commissary supplies was the possibility, even probability, of not being able to get any farther on our journey that day than a deserted station, known as the sixty-mile house, some half mile or more from the summit. We, however, reached there about four o'clock in the afternoon, to find that an avalanche had occurred, and that the house and surrounding buildings were crushed and overwhelmed.

Without being dismayed by the scene of devastation, we toiled on in good spirits until within a short distance from the summit, when our nerves were more severely tested.

The heights we were climbing overlooked Lake Valley, its altitude being six thousand feet above sea-level, and the summit we were toiling for was about ten thousand feet elevation.

Along our march we had paused repeatedly, and contemplated the vast prospect below us with admiring awe, the storm occasioning a sense of buoyant excitement at once thrilling and invigorating.

Just at the critical point which we had reached, a high, projecting cliff overlooking the valley to the northeast away off to the distant Lake Tahoe, which is at all times a really grand and impressive scene, we found the snow, which along the road we were following had for some miles averaged twenty feet in depth, was drifted and piled over from the forests bordering it on the west until it stood in places banked up seemingly one hundred feet high, and, as it were, in treacherous, overhanging masses, of a sea-green color.

The situation was startling, as it forcibly foreboded an avalanche. Here we held a council of war, and decided that there was no chance to get around the dizzy curve on snowshoes, as we could not possibly have kept our footing on them. So we took extra hay rope, with which we came provided, and tied the shoes securely to our bodies, so that by no unlucky step or other mischance we might lose them, on which alone we could depend to save us from getting benighted and from possible death.

We then slowly floundered around the cliff, hand over foot, and crawled up to the summit, a hundred feet above us. After about an hour's sweating and anxious toil we got there, just before dark.

The imminent danger involved in running this blockade was that in our struggles to get along the great mass of snow might at any moment become disengaged and tumble headlong down the valley, in which case your chronicler would have been ere now among the forgotten, if not unknown, dead.

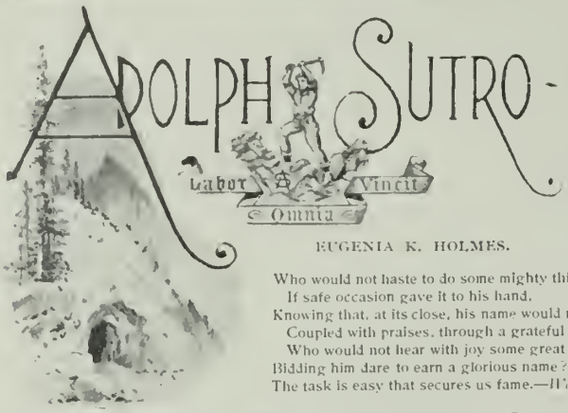
A few winters prior to our passage, the foreman of the stage road, while engaged with a number of workmen in opening the road, had been buried by an avalanche two miles below this point, and several of his party were lost with him. Their bodies were not recovered until the following spring, after the snows melted.

Once across the summit, the journey was made easy, because the lay of the land was comparatively level, though all down grade, and through a series of valleys, called in this State *summit* valleys.

We were now journeying over the line followed by Hank Monk when he drove Horace Greeley down the western slope.

About seven o'clock in the evening we reached a station known as Audrain's, and found the road west of there as far as Strawberry Valley had been opened by our men employed in that locality; and so, after getting some hot coffee and a fairly good supper, we started with a team of horses hitched to a sleigh, and in the midst of a blinding storm, for a night ride, finally reached Strawberry Valley at midnight, after making in all a distance of but eighteen miles from where we had started in the early morning, eighteen hours previously.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.)



EUGENIA K. HOLMES.

Who would not haste to do some mighty thing,
If safe occasion gave it to his hand,
Knowing that, at its close, his name would ring,
Coupled with praises, through a grateful land?
Who would not hear with joy some great command,
Bidding him dare to earn a glorious name?
The task is easy that secures us fame.—*Walter K. Skeat.*

Sixty-three years ago, toward the end of the month of April, at Aix-la-Chapelle, capital of the Government of Aachen, and of the district of that name, in Rhenish Prussia, situate near the River Wurn, a tributary of the Meuse, in a pleasant and fertile valley forty miles west of Cologne, girdled by causeways and ramparts that screen its charm of arch and wall and promenade, and park from the gaze of the traveler, there was born of German parents, distinguished for their thrift, strength, industry and honesty, a son.

By the birth of that son, the city of San Francisco and the world of which it forms so important a part is enriched to a degree incalculable, since the qualities

ADOLPH SUTRO.

that form nobility of character are inestimably precious, and therefore beyond the judgment of men.

Amid scenes and associations enriched by historic trophies innumerable, the youthful years of this offspring of the sterling virtues were passed, for Aquis Granum, as his birthplace was originally called, received its name from the Romans, whose favorite resort it was, from the natural springs abounding there, renowned for the alleviation of many infirmities, among them acute cases of rheumatism and gout. This was long, long before the birth of the Emperor Charlemagne, who endowed it with added dignity, by reason of it being his birthplace, upon whose citizens he conferred numerous privileges, such as exemption from military service and the payment of taxes.

During his dynasty it became the second city in the Empire and the capital of all his dominions north of the Alps. A magnificent mausoleum there marks his remains; his statue in bronze adorns the market place; the cathedral and chapel where he worshiped contains relics of reputed antiquity, which are objects of exceeding veneration by the children of the church, who assemble there in great numbers every seven years, when the relics are exhibited.

Nor is Aix-la-Chapelle wanting in events that give it political importance. In the year 851, and again in 882, it was ravaged by the Normans. Two celebrated treaties of peace were concluded there, one between France and Spain, by which treaty France secured possession of Flanders. In the year 1748 a treaty held there terminated the War of Succession in Austria. In 1818 an international congress was held there.

Two ancient towers of Roman origin rear their stately battlements above the manufacturing marts in silent scorn, it would seem, for those usurpers of the picturesque. The vandals have long since desecrated the favorite palace of Charlemagne, and upon its ruins, by way of complimentary apology, has been erected Coronation Hall, where his successors for more than seven centuries were crowned.

Aix-la-Chapelle was also the favorite haunt of Napoleon the First, who rested there when wearied with war's rude clamors.

Though the commercial tendency of the age conduces to little reverence of the hallowed, the historic or the picturesque, the truly reflective must admit the value of these silent sentinels. We are assuredly products of the past, and with it our lives are indissolubly linked.

Such sentiments seem to suggest themselves in connection with the early life of Adolph Sutro, for, as a lad, we can, without elasticity of imagination, behold him, alone and aloof from those of his own age, ruminating among the ruins of European rulers, delving into the intricate things of earth and the mysteries of wave and wind for answer to his earnest queries, experimenting with the tangled shreds of dismembered machinery, tracing the starry constellations with a tiny telescope, such being his youthful occupation, and, as such, he remains a part of the wise, serene, philanthropic, patriarchal old world. A region of raw, new, confusing, jarring, nerve-destroying environments could not produce a Sutro.

At the age of sixteen he left school (much to his regret), to assume the superintendence of his father's factory. Two years later, such being his acquired competency, he was intrusted to the more important post of establishing a similar factory at Menel in Eastern Prussia. The death of Mr. Sutro, Senior, in December, 1847, increased the son's responsibility, the business, by that event, becoming family property, under the sole management of young Adolph and his brother.

But for the revolution of 1848, which sent a shudder through all Europe, disorganizing business, sundering the ties of kindred and menacing the most secure form of Government, the brothers might have continued in uninterrupted prosperity the work of manufacturing cloth after the manner of their sire. The universal crash, however, could not but affect the firm of the Sutros. There was no alternative: it had to be given up. With a resolution and breadth of vision, for which she was remarkable, Mrs. Sutro decided that there were small prospects in the fatherland under the circumstances for such a future as she sought for her family of eleven children. The choice of a foreign home was deemed imperative, and she favored America. In the autumn of 1850 the Sutros landed in New York, and subsequently located in Baltimore, Md.

This was about the time that the California gold excitement waged most fiercely, when vast numbers forsook the fetters that civilization had forged, and fled, with a speed impeded only by the desert wastes, the wanton wilderness, the winds and wrecking tides, to the far, fabled shores of the Pacific. Young Sutro readily grasped the meaning of this excitement, and was among the first to join the westward moving multitude, arriving in San Francisco, November 21st of the same year.

His fortune at that date consisted solely in youth (he was only twenty), health, hope, courage, ambition and energy. With this uncurrent capital he went into business. For nine years he worked hard, with no visible gain, living as those have ever lived who toil

THE TRIUMPH OF LIGHT.

without remuneration other than frugal food, few comforts and rare recreation. During this period of time he married, and was sustained and encouraged by a faithful, affectionate wife. Children were born to them, and in healthful simplicity trained.

From such serene existence Mr. Sutro was at length stirred by a sensation, which aroused the entire Coast, and extended even to remoter regions. The occasion was the discovery of the Comstock Lode, which occurred in 1859. Mr. Sutro was among the first to visit the focus of the fray, and it was there that he found the opportunity to apply his scientific knowledge, gained by years of patient study.

MAP OF SUTRO HEIGHTS.

In a letter published in the *Alta* April 30, 1860, appeared the first public suggestion of the Sutro Tunnel, a piece of engineering achievement linked inseparably with his name and fame. The idea, however, was left to slumber for a time, as enterprises of more immediate

moment claimed his attention. The young man thought there was money to be made by improving the amalgamation process, then used chiefly for reducing silver ore. As usual, he acted promptly. He came back to San Francisco, closed his business, obtained some financial help from friends, employed Mr. John Ramdohr, a practical chemist and mining engineer from the Harz Mountain mining district, in Germany, established some small works on Market Street near First, and proceeded to experiment.

The process subsequently assumed the form of a mill, built at Dayton, Nevada, on the Carson River. At first, not being able to pay for stamps, the mill worked only tailings from other mills, until such time as stamps could be secured. A contract was formed with the Gould & Curry Company, which proved profitable to all concerned. As the mill turned out a hundred pounds of silver bullion a day, the stock soon increased to six thousand three hundred dollars a share.

While engaged in this milling work, Mr. Sutro thought out in full the scheme for his famous tunnel. While traversing the hills between Carson River and the mines, he studied the country and fixed upon a point from which a tunnel could be cut up to the lode, so as to drain the mines into Carson River, four miles distant.

The Sutro Tunnel occupied its originator about fourteen years of the most concentrated and complicated effort. First came the dead weight of forcing capitalists and the public to comprehend the merits of the undertaking. When these, after years of argument, herculean toil and hazardous venture, were recognized, there followed even more desperate struggle to retain control of the work against combined conspiracies to thrust him out that others might appropriate the result of his labor. In this trying time Mr. Sutro's diplomatic talents were taxed to an extent equaling, if not surpassing, those of Talleyrand.

While cognizant of the powerful faction arrayed against him, he was forced to preserve amicable relations, in appearance, at least, that he might the more effectually retain his needed influence, inspire the confidence of capitalists in Europe, New York and San Francisco; to maintain control of political power in Washington and Nevada; to make frequent marine and railway journeys, extending over a range of thousands of miles, watching at the same time the progress of the tunnel, and acting as its mining superintendent.

Only a Napoleonic faith in the issues sought could have carried such a stupendous enterprise to successful completion. It was accomplished, however, exactly as proposed. It began in 1864 and was finished in 1878.

From the corporation he had organized Mr. Sutro finally withdrew, and returned to San Francisco, there to take up his permanent abode.

About this time the "sand-lot" agitation had greatly depreciated the value of real estate in that city. With a breadth of vision, unerring intuition and prompt action, which had brought the tunnel enterprise to success, he invested largely in land that was thought by the doubting real estate dealers to be worthless. By protracted study of the soil and its resources, he knew that not a rood of the yellow sand dunes, sprayed by the swirling surf, but would one day be worth its weight in gold, and he at once went about its development. It was then without a shred of green or glance of rill or glint of bloom. Mr. Sutro employed a large force of laborers, who, under his direction, sunk shafts and tunneled hills for the necessary water supply, planted millions of trees, blasted the stubborn rocks, and caused them to be cut into corridors, parapets, staircases, baths and boulevards. The trees have grown to groves of beauty and gardens of enduring fertility. The water has refreshed the thirsty sands and clothed them with clustering leaves, lake-like reservoirs and flashing fountains, grateful to the eye and inspiring to the soul.

In his home at Sutro Heights, a charming suburb of the Sunset City, built upon a natural walled promontory, overlooking the beach, seal rocks, the Golden Gate, Mount Olympus and the Farallone Islands, may be seen the speaking souvenirs of his many tours throughout the world. Shrubs and flowers of every zone are there trained in beds of rainbow radiance, fragrant bowers, overarching walks and Elysian dells. The more delicate exotics, framed to flourish in tropical climes, are sheltered from the harsh winds and dense fogs of the Coast in a glass-domed conservatory, designed by the owner. The statuary, which embellishes the parterres, terraces, niches and knolls, are copies of celebrated sculpture transported with great care from European capitals. The residence, luxurious and unique, is graced with the rarest treasures suggested by refined taste and boundless wealth.

Taber photos. SUTRO HEIGHTS.

Among the visitors at this ideal retreat may be numbered the notables of all nations, friends and acquaintances of every class, for Sutro Heights is closed to none. Its gates are open to the poor as well as the rich. The mailed knights at the portal are hospitable. The snowy lions at the lodge sleep in reposeful stone.

But Mr. Sutro does not, in his lofty eyrie on the cliff, surrender himself to the exclusive delights of entertainment. For a number of years he has devoted much of his well-earned leisure to the construction of a monument more enduring than any possible triumph of marble or bronze or museum or tunnel, grove or garden. This is the Sutro Library, which, even in its embryotic state, is conceded by men of high scholarship to be one of the four great libraries of the world. Two hundred thousand volumes have been collected, and additions are being constantly made. When completed as designed, it will be accessible to every disciple of science, its purpose being to furnish material for scientific study. The site of the structure chosen for this colossal collection of choice literature is in Golden Gate Park, near the music stand. It will be fire-proof throughout, and free to the public.

But not alone in the absorbing walks of letters, nor in the delights of hospitality, the conflicting cares of business, nor yet in the management of his estates, does Mr. Sutro find entire concentration. His active mind craves achievement. These achievements have recently partaken of the form of baths, which bid fair to rival in magnitude, utility and beauty the ancient abluvion resorts of Titus, Caracalla, Nero or Diocletian. They are located at the foot of the cliff, a little above the level of the tides, and arranged in tanks, tubs and basins. By an ingenious device, the pipes are so placed that the force of the waves will always supply them with pure sea water, and drain the baths after use.

The great swimming bath is three hundred feet long and one hundred and seventy-five feet wide. The depth varies from two to eleven feet. Five hundred dressing-rooms, each perfectly ventilated, lighted by electricity, and furnished with towels, etc., contribute to the general convenience. A spacious stage is a prominent feature of this wonderful establishment, designed for the performance of operas, dramas, acrobatic exhibitions, etc. The seats, arranged in tiers, face the ocean side of the structure, and are walled with glass of many colors, causing the surf to sparkle in the sun or electric light. The roof is girdled with galleries, columns, arches and balconies suited for the reception of statuary, flowers and plants, where crowds may wander at their will; while around and above floats the aroma of the radiant Pacific. There is not its counterpart on the American continent.

Mr. Sutro's contributions to public charity have been munificent, and confined neither to race, creed nor class. His private alms are limited only to the immediate needs of the individual. With him it is a principle to treat the poor with more deference than the rich.

When the future historian shall tell the world how the desolate sand hills, that mutely, through unrecorded æons, guarded the Golden Gate, became the highway to the Orient; the seat of a splendid metropolis, composed of every element of advanced civilization; the Mecca of the world-weary pilgrim; the home of a powerful race, sought, admired, envied by the highest types of every nation,—the name most worthy of inscription upon the tablets of honored perpetuity shall be his whose magic wand first relieved the sterile spaces, and transformed them into gardens fit for the abode of gods,—the name of Adolph Sutro.

THE CHINESE "JANUARY 1."

J. M. SCANLAND.

The Chinese New Year began on February 7th. Last year it began on February 16th. The beginning of their year is regulated by the moon, and is a movable festival. The Chinese year has 365 days, and the incoming year will have thirteen months. This occurs every three years. The calendar months have twenty-nine and thirty days, none more nor less. The year beginning with the first new moon in February, the succeeding months are so notated that a month is a moon, beginning and ending with each moon. The calculation for the calendar, which is made at Pekin for a space of three years, has just been concluded by the "grand council," and the almanacs have been sent to the various "China-towns" in America.

恭賀發財

The Chinese almanac is a book of about one hundred pages, the pages being about eight inches in length and three inches in width. From the best information that I could gain, the Chinese almanac does not contain vermifuge and vebrifuge advertisements, nor of any compounds that must be taken before or after being shaken. Neither is the reader warned, "about this time look out for" squalls. The margins of the pages contain historical notes of the present dynasty, from which time begins. For example: The next year will be the twenty-second of the reign of the present monarch; hence it is the year twenty-two.

The festivities last from three days to two weeks, according to the state of the finances of the celebrant. The wealthier merchants combine business with pleasure by going to the Celestial Empire and adding a new wife to the household.

If a man does not pay his debts before the end of the holiday he is socially ostracized, also boycotted. No one will give him further credit or employ him. If a merchant does not pay, his creditors may post copies of their unpaid bills on the front door; and, under Chinese ethics of honesty, he may not open the store until the demands have been satisfactorily settled.

If any one employs or patronizes a delinquent creditor, he is also ostracized and boycotted.

This is a very good example for other people, who boast so much of their honesty.

The Chinese in this country have no civil courts among themselves, and this is their method of collecting debts and compelling people to be honest. It is very rare that a civil suit between Chinese is brought before our courts. They have their secret tribunals for the punishment of crime, as is well understood.

The Chinese month is not divided into weeks, or any other division, and they have no Sunday, or "day of rest." When a man becomes tired of working he merely takes a day for rest.

The Chinese New Year's card is a small sheet of paper about eight inches in length and about four inches wide. The front page is crimson red. The name of the caller is marked on the right-hand side about one-third the way down, so that, when the card is folded lengthwise from the middle, and doubled over endwise from the middle, the name of the caller appears in the center of the card as presented.

The men begin to call upon each other about daylight of New Year's morn. The women call upon each other in the afternoon. Men do not call upon the women.

Tea and the opium pipe are offered to each caller, also packages of candies, and, in many cases, jars of conserves and costly fruits imported from the flowery land.

The New Year's card of the caller is pasted upon the wall of the receiver, and by this means he gets his house-walls papered once a year without cost.

A Chinese account is of about the size of a visiting card. The name of the debtor is marked at the foot of the bill. The account begins with the year of the Emperor's reign, then the name of the firm, the articles sold, the amount due, etc. Over the debtor's name is a stamp equivalent to, "of no value." On the first of the year the merchant makes out several duplicates, sending one to the debtor's employer, others to the other merchants, and one to the debtor, without the wish for a happy New Year.

THE BREADFRUIT AND THE COCOANUT.

REV. J. W. HENRY.

[CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS ISSUE.]

The nut is first gathered for use just as it becomes full grown. At this point the white, soft shell contains no pulp whatever, but is filled with a clear, sweet draft of refreshingly cool water, varying in quantity, flavor and sweetness according to the size and variety of the fruit.

At this stage of its growth it is always incased in a thick, juicy, fibrous husk, which keeps it cool amid the hottest hours of a tropical day.

The cocoanut in this state is called *ono*. The soft shell of the *ono* is used medicinally. No correct idea of the consistence and taste of the water of the cocoanut can be formed from the mature nut brought to us and sold in our markets.

Next it passes into what is called the *nia* state, when a thin, white, pliable pulp forms on the inner surface of the shell, which may be eaten by means of a spoon, as you would a cup-custard.

The *nia* of certain choice varieties is considered a delicacy,—sweet and wholesome. An infant or an invalid may eat with impunity.

The next stage is known as the *omoto*, in which the pulp thickens and hardens as the water diminishes in quality and richness.

This hardening and thickening kernel is used in various ways by the natives of the South seas as an article of food. It is often grated very fine, allowed to ferment slightly, and is thus reduced to a state which resembles both in taste and appearance cottage cheese, and is eaten as a relish with both meats and vegetables. This is the *taioro* of the Tahitians. The *omoto* is also baked, and sometimes toasted as cheese.

The fourth stage in the maturing of the cocoanut is the *opaa*, the hard, dry nut, with scarcely any water, as it comes to us here. Even in this state it is capable of ministering to the pleasure of the epicure of the tropics.

The nut is grated, and from it is expressed a white juice or milk resembling thin cream,—the real cream or milk of the cocoanut,—and is used as freely as cream in the preparation of native *menu*.

It also serves the place of cream in seasoning coffee; and who will say, "It is an inferior article."

The fifth and last stage into which the cocoanut passes in its faithful ministrations to man's comfort is called by the South Sea Islanders, *outo*, which is the germinated or sprouted nut.

In this state a white, soft, sweet, spongy, egg-like substance forms at the root of the germ, and is inclosed within the kernel.

This cellular egg or spongy substance gradually absorbs the water and dissolves the kernel, filling the entire concavity.

This *outo* is prized very highly in many islands as an article of food, and is eaten either raw or baked. It is sometimes exceedingly sweet, especially when baked, and has a rich, agreeable flavor of its own; but it must be baked in the shell in order to gain the best results.

In our own and in European countries the cocoanut is known only in its mature or dry state, from which we prepare our desiccated cocoanut for confectionery purposes, and from which we extract the oil.

Thousands of tons of this oily and valuable nut are shipped to Europe and America in the form of *copra* (the cocoanut removed from the shell and dried whole) annually.

To the inhabitants of the high, rich islands the cocoanut is a luxury; but to the native of the low coral islands it is his *all*. It is his meat and drink. It furnishes him fuel, timber for building, thatch to cover his hut, mats for his floor, sugar and molasses, vinegar and oil, cups and water-cans, ropes, fish-lines and cordage for every necessity, clothing for his person and sails for his canoe, torches and candles, needles and thread, and, more than all, healing for the sick. Surely

> The Indian's nut alone
> Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
> Boat, cable, sail and needle, all in one.

The cocoanut is a literal "tree of life," yielding fruit every month. Yet neither time nor space will permit us to tell the full story of the faithful *palm tree* of the islands of the Southern Seas.

The pineapple, *ananassa sativa*, originally a native of tropical America, may now be found in all parts of the tropic zone, and it has been successfully introduced into many of the islands of the South Pacific. As a fruit it is too well known to require minute description, yet, to really appreciate the pineapple, one must taste it on its native soil and in its native air.

It is a perishable fruit, and must be picked very green in order to bear transportation. Hence the pineapple of commerce is tough and sour in comparison with the rich, delicious fruit picked ripe from the stalk.

This singular fruit springs up from the ground supported by a short, thick stalk, encircled by long, lanceolated leaves three or four feet in length.

The fruit ripens in about three or four months. That which comes to our shores is not always the choicest variety.

The man who wouldn't knock off work to watch a pair of mischievous puppies at play has the bump of mirth "small," as the phrenologists say; and the man who can laugh until he cries over the antics of the young of the lower animals is a man to be trusted.

These dogs, as the title indicates, have been on a racket. They had found an old piece of carpet in the backyard, the possession of which was to remain with

A. J. Treat photo.

"OH, WHAT A RACKET WE'VE HAD."

the pluckiest pup. After several tugs-of-war across the yard and back, the small dog dropped from exhaustion, when the camera snapped him into notoriety.

THE CHILDRENS FRIENDS

MUCH of what is alleged by many amateur photographers as art or humor are inglorious failures, and when we come across some original genius, who is entirely oblivious of having any knowledge of either the one subject or the other, and who seems to "come naturally" by his gift, we find it refreshing.

Ed. Schwerin, familiarly spoken of as "Ted," is known to the local photo fraternity as the best humorist among them, and, to my notion, his success lies in the fact that he depicts every-day life as we see it around us every day. His subjects are unstudied.

The natural and unaffected as against the far-fetched and strained in humorous, as well as other subjects, appeal to the masses.

There is no place where such subjects may be gathered to so good an advantage as around the homestead in the country. Children and animals know nothing of posing for effect. They are simply natural, and, if this is not the basis of art, we have failed to catch even the rudiments of its meaning.

It has been said in the realm of ethics that it is not the great deeds of the great heroes that make up the sum of heroism, but, rather, the small ones.

How many poor souls have yearned for an opportunity to do some wonderful deed when there were lying all about them innumerable small fields of well doing.

I recollect visiting an art exhibition in New York, and was struck by the immensity of many of the subjects; but I noticed that there was always a dense crowd around a modestly framed picture about two feet square. The subject was very simple,—a peasant boy and girl in the field and a church steeple in the distance, and the title read, "The Angelus." But somehow that every-day story appealed to the greatest number of people.

These little cuts cover a wide scope of subjects, and suggest curiosity, charity, mischief, gentleness, contentment, an investigating and a scientific turn of mind; and, if we mistake not, these little people will take an active interest in the world's affairs by and by.

E. Schwerin photo.

TIME ABOUT IS FAIRPLAY.

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The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

Poe has immortalized bells and their sounds. There are a host of people who would like to exterminate, to silence, all the bells in the world. To a person of sensitive nerves there is nothing more terrible than the sound of a bell. Gradually the bells of city churches have had to be silenced in the name of worn-out humanity, which objected to having its Sunday morning nap disturbed even by the chimes of old Trinity. At present there is a movement afoot to silence the bell at noon that breaks in upon the closing words of the preacher's sermon on Sundays. If some one with the needful authority would only lay his hand upon the ear-splitting gong in our railroad cars, and say, "Peace, be still," the whole city would rise up and call him blessed. The bell-punch was bad enough, but it was a sweet music compared to this aggressive gong.

Working-girls' clubs have become a national institution. Monthly dues are the rule in nearly every club of this sort. For extra privileges, such as attendance on certain classes, dressmaking, millinery and cooking, extra charges are collected; while classes in penmanship, arithmetic, physical culture, singing and plain sewing are usually free.

As a writer on this subject well says, in regard to the question, Shall the club be self-supporting, or shall its first aim be to interest the members in its classes? "dues should meet expenses as far as possible, but much prominence should not be given to the money question beyond care in collecting the dues."

Only extremely large clubs can ever become self-supporting in the sense of meeting all their expenses from their dues. For the rest, money must be begged or raised by special effort.

No girl who knows the history of college endowments need feel that she is accepting charity because her club does not run itself upon its dues alone. The financial problem should be worked out by the managers, and small clubs should take heart of grace and struggle on, always securing the best teachers possible for each branch, since each girl's time for the acquisition of knowledge is so limited that only a high-grade teacher can cope with the situation. Working-girls' clubs should be encouraged.

Joe Howard, the newspaper correspondent, said a good thing the other day about lying. "The meanest kind of lying is underhanded lying, the lie of repression, the falsehood of depreciation, the deception of a bogus forgetfulness." I wish that some people I know would let this distinction sink deep into their minds.

An unfailing feature of all stories of German life is the enumeration of the bride's portion of linen for household and personal use. In the staid old countries of Europe they take Time by the forelock, and luckless the maid who does not, by her own industry, as well as by her share of the family heirlooms, bring unto her husband a goodly number of sheets, pillow cases, towels, table linen and handkerchiefs, all neatly made up, as well as many a piece of white cloth.

The maiden of the old romance is always sewing her long, white seam. When she has finished the raiment, held sacred until the day of her bridal, she begins upon that set apart for her funeral, certain that, though she may never need the first, she surely will the second. And the lace that her nimble fingers knit, the yards of it she crochets, the embroideries she works, what industry, what taste and profusion are displayed!

In San Francisco it is very different. Here few people live long enough in one house to have a family attic; and whatever stores of linen our grandmothers may have brought with them when they came "round the Horn" or across the plains have succumbed long ago to the wear and tear of the wash, for, unlike the family linen in the German stories, the soiled clothes are not hung over lines in the linen room to await the yearly laundrying, but are every week given over to the tender mercies of a wild Irish girl or John Chinaman. What their efforts, aided by the cheap yet all-powerful sal soda, can accomplish is soon apparent in the tattered fragments of what was once a complete set of underclothes.

In these latter days the cheapness of the ready-made undergarment has reconciled us somewhat to the destruction of our wardrobe. It is no longer necessary for a woman, in order to escape the brand of unwomanliness, to proclaim her fondness for the needle. She is free to avow her distaste for sewing and her willingness to buy what she needs, instead of making it all with her lily-white hands. I'm glad of it. A bolt of muslin and a needle and thread would never throw me into ecstacies of thankfulness for the chance to do some plain sewing. Nor am I the only woman who feels so.

Why will women steal flowers? No private garden is safe from their depradations. It is not well to plant a rare or an attractive bush near the fence, because it will be broken all to bits by those who wish "slips." Plants disappear bodily during the night; conservatories are entered, and their treasures carried off. Parks and cemeteries also suffer from the uprooting thief, and some cities are now offering rewards for the arrest and conviction of those who thus defy the mandate, "Thou shalt not steal."

The gardeners at our Golden Gate Park and the men in charge of our conservatory might tell a tale of ladies and their attempts to get a collection by hook or by crook, generally by crook. More than once some woman has been detected in the act of uprooting a tiny plant, with which she evidently hoped to make off unobserved; and on one occasion a woman was allowed to go upon payment of five dollars to the officer in charge. I often wondered by what right he imposed the fine or let the woman go.

The servant question is always one that claims the anxious thought of the housewife. Many a woman has thought to cast away all the trouble by breaking up housekeeping and going to board. But, in one respect, that is simply out of the frying pan into the fire; for, unless the hotel hirelings are feed by the guests, in addition to what they receive as wages from the host, they are apt to be insolent, and, if not that, why, neglectful at the least.

It certainly is aggravating, the amount of ignorance and assurance with which the housewife has to contend in the course of a year. When a family says, "We are changing servants," my heart goes out in pity to the sufferers, for I have been in family hotels where they had four cooks in three days!

Lately, the ladies of San Francisco have been trying to help the unemployed women. I heard of the experience of one lady who wished to engage a cook. A woman appeared, said it would be the first time that she had ever lived out, but, since she had to confess to inexperience, she was willing to take twenty-five dollars a month.

Imagine! It would be well for some of these who are "willing to be teached," and paid at the same time for the privilege of instructing their ignorance, to know what course of training is considered necessary for a French *chef*.

First, the young man selects the *chef* who is to be his nominal instructor, and pays him a fee of about five dollars. Then, by an under cook, he is taught to prepare vegetables. After he has learned to handle the raw material, he is taught how to cook the vegetables. This thoroughly mastered, he is taught the way to cut up raw meats, of preparing fish, and how to truss, dress and lard game and poultry. Next he passes before the range to receive instruction in the various processes of broiling, frying, roasting and baking. He next masters the mysteries of sauces and soups. Lastly, he serves an apprenticeship to the pastry cook, and then he is ready to assume the *role* of a competent cook. This process is somewhat different from the course of training which obtains in America.

Ellen Terry has decided that she will grant the favor of her autograph to all those who send her the sum of twenty-tive cents, the money to go to some deserving charity.

In this respect she is following the example of America's greatest tragic actress, Charlotte Cushman, who charged a quarter for each of her autographs, the proceeds going to swell the treasury of a charity for children in New York, called the "Sheltering Arms."

It seems that nowadays every fool is giving advice to husband and wife. One of the best hints, and one that good women most need, is to keep themselves from being so absorbed in household interests that they cannot tear themselves away from their domestic duties even in thought. I think that all of us who are interested in our work, whatever it may be, have need to take care lest we become indifferent to what is going on in other circles. We must not allow ourselves to get into a rut.

It is claimed by those who have made a study of national characteristics that the average American is too good natured to fight for his rights, and that, therefore, he is imposed upon by railroads and hotel keepers, and by those who should serve the public.

The Englishman is always making a kick about something, and he gets his rights. We make a mistake sometimes by being too good natured, for good nature is often only another name for laziness and indifference.

In view of the fact that there is general rejoicing whenever a new field of employment has been opened to women, Walter Besant says for women to take men's work from them is the most disastrous thing that can happen, because it lowers the price of labor, and brings men and women into competition with each other.

The New York *Sun* has been investigating this phase of the social problem, and says that a book-keeper who leaves his desk for a week on account of sickness may return to find his place filled by a woman, at one-third his salary.

The bearing of responsibility by a woman is generally better than by the average clerk or book-keeper, and, because of her reliability, her trustworthiness and her sobriety, the woman has crowded her brother out of many of his situations, of course at less wages.

Sanguine advocates of women's rights believe that the possession of the right to vote will raise women's wages to an equality with men's, but that will not remove the element of competition which is bringing down wages, even among men. We must consider this subject carefully.

Many a country girl thinks that if she only could get to the city she could do so much better for herself. To all such the advice is worth heeding which says, "Unless you have a true friend at court, ready to give you a helping hand, don't leave your comfortable country home for the heart-breaking uncertainties of city competition." Don't be in a hurry, girls, to rush to the city.

As for those abominations wrought by rubber manufacturers, they are detestable. Like a heavy cloth ulster, they press down a woman's skirts so she cannot take them up out of the wet. They are heavy, and more or less awkward, and, in the case of the rubber, always emit a sickening odor, especially in a crowded car. There is a great deal of comfort to be taken with a pair of black leather leggings, if a woman must do much walking on a wet day.

Those who handle tropical fruits would do well to be careful of their hands, for more than one person has been severely bitten by some poisonous bug that had secreted itself in bunches of bananas and in the crates of goods that come to us from warm countries.

Centipedes, scorpions and tarantulas are among the dreaded pests. Snakes and spiders and elephant beetles also find their way to America as stowaways in the fruit cargoes. Ants, moths and tree frogs are not scarce by any means. It is easily seen that it is as well for the stevedores to have their eyes open.

This is about the time of year that ladies go forth to the brookside and along the banks of cosy creeks to dig for ferns to beautify the gardens at home. Don't be in too much of a hurry to slip your hand under the roots of a particularly fine specimen! Do your digging with your trowel, for ofttimes a hairy tarantula is curled up in the sandy soil, and he wouldn't mind biting you one bit.

Wet weather is the test of a woman's ability to appear well dressed. When the sun is shining, and the wind doesn't blow, and the sidewalks are nice and clean, then a lady may make a pretty picture, with her dainty garments and a stylish parasol and a spring hat. But when it is pouring, and the wind threatens to turn her umbrella inside out, and her hands are full of bundles, and she cannot hold up her dress, and it slaps and flaps against her ankles, and the pavement is muddy, and her skirts are all getting wet, all is changed. Then is a test time for a woman.

On a rainy day it is never safe to wear old footgear or shoes that are run down at the heel, because feet are sure to be painfully prominent in wet weather. Buttons should never be allowed to go unreplaced at any time. I know some women who have reduced the art to a science of pinning on a shoe button. I have resorted to it on more than one occasion myself. At the same time, there's no dependence to be placed upon a pinned-on shoe button.

White skirts should be tabooed in wet weather, for they always get drabbled and dirty. Far better is a skirt of some dark material, unless a woman can bring herself to wear a woolen undergarment known as "tights," and then she is all right.

Heated arguments have been carried on by those who like the bicycle and those who do not. Its advocates claim that it is an exercise that can be proportioned to the weakest as well as to the strongest, with benefit to the mental and the physical well being of the bicycler. But a decided stand must be taken against the incorrect position maintained by so many riders.

What is the correct position? Listen to a champion rider. "The correct position is that of a modification of the soldier, a position of command, grace and perfect muscular control. The rider should have his handle bars so adjusted that when he sits perfectly erect the palm of the hand rests upon the bar without tension of the muscles. The arms should be comfortably extended, and the trunk as far as possible held erect, without being stiff. The legs can then be used with grace and effect."

All who have traveled on the Continent of Europe will recollect the exorbitant charge for wood and the expensive luxury of a constant fire. I recently heard of one gentlemen who used to keep himself warm by burning the large wooden dolls which he bought in the toy shops! He said that the wood was well seasoned, and that it cost much less than firewood.

Can any one maintain that the temperance agitation has not accomplished anything, when we read that in the middle of the eighteenth century gin was so cheap that the lowest class of the population could afford to indulge themselves in one continued state of intoxication; when gin-sellers set up painted boards in public, inviting people to be drunk for the small expense of one penny, assuring them that they might be dead drunk for two pence, and have straw for nothing.

The straw was in the cellar, into which the drunken wretches were dumped to sleep off the effects of their cheap intoxication that they might begin their drunk over again. Would that be tolerated now? Hardly.

It must strike a stranger with some surprise to see so little marble in use in California. Nowhere else in the world is there so much or such beautiful marble, and any lady of taste or local pride should insist upon having it in her artistic home when she inspects the architect's plans for her elegant mansion.

There is a popular impression that marble steps for a dwelling are a reckless extravagance. This is a mistake. They cost but comparatively little, and will last almost forever.

In Inyo County there is white, black, blue, yellow, purple-veined and black and gold marble. In Amador there is a beautiful variegated marble, and in San Bernardino there is black-gray, blue-white and variegated marble. For fireplace mantel and supermantel the California marble, or else California onyx, makes a particularly rich and effective addition to an apartment.

Some one has been poking fun at "the celebrated physician" and his opinions, which are so often quoted in the papers. Who he is or where he dwells are points always shrouded in mystery, and it has been suggested that he is a creature of some enterprising space reporter, who thought to give weight to his own opinions by fathering them upon this imaginary personage.

Among other things that this medical authority has said is that oranges and oatmeal are the best combination for a morning meal, the best promoters of health.

I am so tired of hearing about the virtues of oatmeal. To me it is as repulsive as a poultice.

I believe in oranges, and, for those to whom an orange is palatable, one eaten in the morning before breakfast is full of lasting benefit. But not with oatmeal, oh, no.

It would be well for us if we were to try harder to cultivate the habit of being happy. Some people hug their griefs, and want you to embrace them and their griefs in one great armful. It gets tiresome after a while.

There are good, pious souls who think that they are flying in the face of Providence if they do not make themselves as miserable as possible over every little trouble. They seem to think that "they are not getting the good out of their afflictions," as if the Lord worked only through the trials and tribulations of unhappy mortals.

For my part, I think it as well to strike the happy medium between apathetic indifference and pious resignation. It is well to try to be pleasant under all circumstances, to make the best of everything, to eat and be thankful and to control one's temper. If we would answer the conundrum, "Is life worth living?" in the affirmative, we must do these things.

Eliza D. Keith.

(DI VERNON.)

ITEMS.

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"I must compliment you upon your Christmas number of THE TRAVELER. In its general appearance, style and get-up it is certainly ahead of anything ever published on the Pacific Coast, and it is by all means the handsomest Christmas number of any periodical I have seen."

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At office on Sunday by special appointment only.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The new firm of W. B. Bancroft & Co. has just published a pretty volume entitled, "All About the Midwinter Fair," and it is certainly the neatest publication that has yet been issued concerning the Exposition. It contains one hundred and twelve pages in all, and is quite fully illustrated on the subjects handled. Perhaps no better idea of its scope and character can be obtained than by quoting from the preface of the author, Taliesin Evans:

"The mission of 'All About the Midwinter Fair' is to provide visitors to the California Midwinter International Exposition of 1894 with a convenient and reliable guide to all places of interest within the Fair grounds and in San Francisco and its environs, and to furnish them with such information concerning the resources and attractions of the Golden State as will be of service to them while sojourning here, and of interest to them, possibly, after returning to their homes. The information contained in it has been carefully prepared, and it has been arranged in a way handy for ready reference. Strict attention has been given to conciseness as well as to correctness of statement, so that the reader may not be wearied by prolixity nor worried through being misled by erroneous information. The maps and illustrations included will be found instructive as well as useful. A comprehensive index has also been provided, and the size and shape of the book have been made to fit the pocket without encumbering it.

"The visitor to the Midwinter Exposition will therefore find in 'All About the Midwinter Fair' a friendly medium for the removal of most of the troublesome annoyances and perplexities which are liable to be encountered in his ramblings without its assistance."

The price of the book is twenty-five cents, and copies can be obtained by addressing W. B. Bancroft & Co., 5 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Current Literature for February seems even more than usually bright, entertaining and up to date, and has a sparkle and tone that is delightfully refreshing. It shows a keen grasp of the vital thought of the time in every department, and gives such a survey of the striking events of the world's progress that a study of its pages will keep one thoroughly abreast with the latest and best.

The name of Oliver Wendell Holmes in the list of contributors to the February *Atlantic Monthly* is a reminder of the autocrat's unbroken connection with the magazine. Francis Parkman is the subject of this latest poem by Dr. Holmes. Two more significant names in American letters could hardly be brought together.

We have received Vol. 5, No. 1, of *The Rudder, Sail and Paddle* of Watertown, N. Y., and take pleasure in complimenting the publishers upon the able and entertaining manner in which they handle their special field. Those interested in any branch of aquatics will find this periodical covers the ground thoroughly and most interestingly.

Under date of February 7th the Los Angeles *Hotel Gazette* entered its twelfth volume, and appears to be in a most healthy condition. The *Gazette* is alive to current events in their line, and is certainly a very clean and well edited journal. We can only wish it continued success.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by

W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.
650 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

OLD GOLD.

CHILDREN ASLEEP.

They sleep in sheltered rest,
Like helpless birds in the warm nest
On the castle's southern side,
Where feebly comes the mournful roar
Of buffeting wind and surging tide
Through many a room and corridor.
Full on their window the moon's ray
Makes their chamber bright as day.
It shines upon the blank white walls,
And on the snowy pillow falls,
And on two angel heads doth play,—
Turned to each other,—the eyes closed,
The lashes on the cheeks reposed;
Round each brow the cap close-set
Hardly lets peep the golden hair;
Through the soft-opened lips the air
Scarcely moves the coverlet
One little wandering arm is thrown
At random on the counterpane;
And often the fingers close in haste,
As if their baby owners chased
The butterflies again.

—*Arnold.*

A PROVINCIAL IDYL.

'Way down East, not far from Pictou,
As the train I journeyed by
Stopped, I heard the car door click to,
And a maiden met my eye.
Sweet of face and lithe in motion,
Beautiful, though Nova Scotian.

On toward Cobequid we glided.
Book and paper thrown aside,
Little else thereafter I did
But to sit back, open-eyed,
Gazing, with profound emotion,
At that lovely Nova Scotian.

Field and wood and sea and river,
What cared I how bright they were
While my heart was all a-quiver
With a wild delight in her?
Cynosure of earth and ocean
Was that radiant Nova Scotian.

From this trance of admiration
(So intent my eyelids ached),
At some rustic wayside station
She got out, and I awaked.
Where she went I've not a notion.
She was lost, my Nova Scotian.

Since that day your charming features
Haunt and fill my wistful eyes.
Everywhere they seem to meet yours.
Frequent reminiscent sighs
Testify my fond devotion,
Unforgotten Nova Scotian!

All the regions, far and frosty,
Stretching north from Halifax
To the shores of Anticosti,
My imagination tracks.
Why its eager searching so shun,
Fair, fugacious Nova Scotian?

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Rose kissed me to-day.
Who will kiss her to-morrow?
That's always the way—
When she kisses to-day,
I ask with dismay,
Not unmixed with sorrow:
Rose kissed me to-day.
Who will kiss her to-morrow?

Harvard Lampoon.

Love came to me with weary eyes,
And begged me let him stay
Within my heart a little space
To rest him on his way.

His little wings were drooping so,
That, out of pity sore
For them and his sleep-burdened lids,
I opened wide the door.

Ah, me! I would I had refused,
Nor let him in my heart;
For now my life is raked with woe
For fear he will depart.

Marie Janreau.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on tender robes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves; the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind; and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous clouds of rain!

—*Aldrich.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

Ed. Schwerin photo.

As to the vowels, "I" is the happiest, because it is in the midst of bliss. The others are all unfortunate, for "E" is in hell, and all the others are in purgatory.

"If I want to get off at Seventy-second Street," said the man with the brown valise, "Can I go on this train?"

"You can, sir," answered the jaunty brakeman.

Half an hour later the train whizzed by Seventy-second Street at a thirty-mile gait.

"I thought you told me you stopped at this station!" exclaimed the man with the brown valise, sharply.

"O, no!" answered the jaunty brakeman pleasantly. "You asked me if you could go on this train. Anybody can go on this train. Auburn P-a-r-k!"

This was why the jaunty brakeman got a letter next day from the Superintendent of the road expressing regret that the company would be compelled to get along without his services from that time forth.

The man with the brown valise happened to be the President of the road.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

The story is told that a popular English Non-conformist minister was staying with a family in Glasgow while on a visit to that city, whither he had gone on a deputation from the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

At dessert, when invited to take some fine fruit, which he declined, he mentioned to the family a curious circumstance concerning himself. He had never in his life tasted an apple, pear, grape or any other kind of green fruit.

This fact caused considerable amazement to most of the family; but a cousin who was present—a cautious Scotchman of a most practical turn of mind—listened to the statement with great unconcern, and, when the various exclamations which it had aroused subsided, he remarked dryly:

"It's a great peety ye hadna been in Paradise, and there micht na hae been ony fa'."

Husband—Did you see me kiss my hand to you this morning, after I had left the house?

Wife—Why, John, I wasn't near the window then.

Husband—I wonder who it was?

Wife—I don't know; but the servant girl told me this morning she guessed she would try it another week.

—*Life.*

The Justice—What is the charge against this man?

The Officer—Profane language and disorderly conduct in the street.

The Justice—What have you to say for yourself?

The Prisoner—Only this, Your Honor. I had been shopping with my wife. My arms were full of packages. On trying to get out of a big store I was hit in ten places by two storm doors, and—

The Justice—You are discharged.

Johnnie—I wish I lived in South America.

Mother—Why, Johnnie?

Johnnie—The mammas down there don't wear any slippers.

Mother—Yes, my son, but you must also remember that the little boys in South America do not wear any pants.

Johnnie—That's so. It's queer that I never thought about that.

Col. Gore—You alluded to my friend, Col. Blood, as a "famous rascal." The Colonel demands an apology, or satisfaction according to the code, sah.

Mr. Warren—O, I'll apologize. I called him a famous rascal. I'll take it all back. He's an infamous rascal!

—*Truth.*

Pincheash (excitedly)—What in thunder do you mean by publishing that obituary notice of me? I ain't dead, not by a long ways.

The Editor (calmly)—Well, well! It does look that way, doesn't it? You see, I sent you more than twenty letters asking you to come in and pay something on the fourteen-years' subscription you owe. I didn't get any answer or see anything of you, and I thought sure you must be dead. S'pose you settle, and I'll print a retraction free of charge. Thanks; that's just the right change. Come in again.

LOITERING ALONG SHORE.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

EACH YEAR, when the days commence to lengthen, and the crispness of the morning air has disappeared for a season, the mind naturally turns to the place we would favor with our presence for a brief period of rest, recuperation or enjoyment. California is pre-eminently a winter resort, but that the summer season is not without its charms all who tarry in her mountain-circled valleys or loiter along shore will affirm.

Our neighbors beyond the mountains have their Newport, Saratoga, Long Branch, Orchard Beach. We have La Jolla Park, Redondo, Santa Monica, Catalina, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz and Monterey; and with us it is summer from April to November. While yet the month of May is young, Sol's glance grows ardent, but the breeze, sweeping from the sea to the Sierra, tempers in a measure the tropical warmth of the sunshine.

A little later, and the familiar faces one sees on the street every day disappear. The tradesman, the savant, the man about town, Miss Societee, Madam Grundy,—all are missing from their accustomed haunts. The summer exodus has begun.

The "crowd" will be found at Redondo and Santa Monica; everybody goes there. At the great hotels that crown the bluff rooms have been engaged for weeks in advance. In the straggling village of summer cottages, sheltered by windblown eucalypti, lodgings are at a premium, and many find accommodations in the tents and cabins that line the beach at the foot of the bluffs, almost within reach of the hurrying, foam-capped breakers.

Adding to this transient population, every train brings its quota of visitors for the day,—shop-girls, who breathe the salt tonic of the ocean breeze but seldom: the bustling mother, over whose numerous brood "a destiny that shapes our ends" surely watches, else they would find a watery grave ere the day was done.

Pale students are here, too, and dashing sports; pretty maidens and sedate matrons.

The pretty maidens and their escorts, under the observant eyes of the sedate matrons, pose picturesquely on the beach, or essay a dip in the foaming surf.

The babies roll in the shining sand; the students thoughtfully poke among the masses of kelp that the tawny waves have laid at their feet; and the shop-girls for once are supremely, hilariously and undisguisedly happy.

The Hotel Brewster and the Florence at San Diego and the very interesting resort at La Jolla Park, only twelve miles from San Diego, are much frequented by the fashionable and the Eastern tourist element, and more charming spots for an outing do not exist.

Life at San Diego is a continual round of pleasure, and tourists find it by far the most desirable stopping-place because of its accessibility to surrounding places of interest and freedom from exorbitant charges that characterize some of the other resorts near by.

Visitors flock to Paradise Valley, lurk in the caves of La Jolla, sentimentalize over the ruins of Old Town, and flaunt their new-fledged happiness everywhere.

But where is the world-weary campaigner who would begrudge them that happiness, even though they monopolize the polite attentions of the head waiter and the coziest seats on the piazzas?

Redondo is the place where society buds and their watchful chaperones do congregate.

In the hotel's spacious ballroom, amid the subtle scents of dying flowers, with lights flashing, and the crash of brazen instruments mocking the boom! boom! of distant breakers, many a gallant fellow has met his fate.

But an hour's journey by steamer from Redondo is Santa Catalina Island, formerly the possession of a powerful Indian tribe, it is said, and the rendezvous of smugglers in olden times.

Rising precipitously from the ocean, this rocky islet, with its twenty miles of rugged coast, its wave-washed caverns and its mountain heights cleft by deep canyons, is the inspiration of artists and the delight of sportsmen.

Would you copy the ever-varying tints of the sea, the sunlight on the white sails, the cloud masses lying along the horizon? The picture is before you.

Follow the windings of the canyons, and you will discover a bit of wonderland at every turn; here, battlements of gray rocks, piled fantastically; there, a fern shadowed pool, fed by tiny rivulets that wind in and out among the mossy stones like silver threads; again, a shady nook, mantled in tender vines,—a cool and inviting retreat.

1. Hotel Del Monte, Monterey. 3 Redondo Hotel, Redondo.
2 Hotel Metropole Catalina Is. 4 La Jolla Park Hotel San Diego.
5 Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz.

When the winter rains have swollen the tiny rills until they are rushing streams, then comes the hunter, and the sharp crack of the rifle foretells the doom of many a fine mountain sheep.

All seasons are for the angler at Santa Catalina, and the noblest fish that ever gladdened the heart of fishermen have been caught off this coast. Long before the sun dispels the mists that wreathe the hilltops, the disciples of Izaak Walton are astir, and scores of unwieldy crafts pull out of Avalon harbor.

Should the wind be still and the surface of the sea unruffled, one can look down, down, fifty feet or more, so clear is the water, and watch the gold-fish playing at hide and seek in the feathery sea-mosses.

Along the shores of Avalon harbor a little settlement has sprung up,—a commodious hotel, flanked by summer cottages. As the season advances, these are reinforced by an army of tents that make their appearance, mushroomwise, on the slopes of the hillsides.

Leaving Southern California, and journeying northward, Santa Cruz and Monterey are visited in turn.

There is no more popular resort on the Pacific Coast than Santa Cruz. Day after day you tarry here, and time slips away unheeded.

Repose on the veranda of the Sea Beach Hotel, the great caravansary overlooking the ocean, and imbibe the beautiful panorama unfolded before you, and then stroll down the hotel terrace, fragrant with the breath of the poppy and the chrysanthemum, to the long, white, sandy beach.

It is diverting simply to lie on the sands, watching the wheeling gulls, the promenaders that throng the beach, the bathers frolicking in the surf; but to plunge under the crest of a great green wave is something more;—it is exhilarating.

What matters it that the sting of the salt spray brings tears to the eyes and a ruddy tinge to the nose, or that one is sunbrowned beyond recognition? Complexion is but skin deep, after all; and oh, what an appetizer is a morning dip!

Beautiful Del Monte, on the bay of Monterey, is a modern Arcadia. A level park of many acres, shaded by magnificent liveoaks, has been further beautified by brilliant mosaics of rare flowers.

The winding paths that traverse the grounds are hedged with flowering shrubs and broad-leaved tropical plants that cast fantastic shadows on the smooth turf. At the foot of the lawn lies a crystal lake, in whose depths the drooping willows and graceful water weeds are mirrored brokenly. Just outside the grounds is the little Spanish village of Monterey,—a spot made historic as the scene of the early labors of Father Junipero Serra.

Below the town and hotel grounds stretches the bay; and to the rear are pine-clad hills, their summits shrouded in ghostly mists.

An eighteen-mile drive, hewn through the heart of the forest, is one of the features of the resort. As you leave the grounds the road leads toward the coast, and for a distance trends along the cliffs, then, turning abruptly, enters the forest. It is brightest noonday beyond the pines, but the farther you advance the paler grows the sunlight. The breeze plays softly in the tree-tops as upon the strings of a lute. One could listen to the melody and never tire. Brown pine needles, thickly matted under foot, send up spicy odors. A bend in the road, and behold! a canyon, at the entrance of which giant redwoods stand like sentinels.

Further on the road is shut in by steep hills. These passed, the land, gently undulating, is covered with a growth of scrubby oaks, that, with their grotesquely twisted limbs, moss hung, are weirdly suggestive of aged crones with unkempt locks.

For the greater part of the way the road has ascended gradually, and now a backward glance reveals, far below, the sparkling, dimpling waters of the bay and the wooded slope intervening.

Beyond the forest line, the sunlight warm upon its stately towers, lies Del Monte, brightest jewel in California's diadem.

The system of the Midwinter Fair Hotel and Boarding Bureau has already proven of great benefit to travelers and the hotel fraternity. The entire train is canvassed, and those unacquainted in the city are placed in suitable quarters, so that there is no annoyance or delay upon arrival. Up to this time there has not been one complaint from patrons, but, on the contrary, many words of warmest praise.

BITS OF THE FAIR.

There is no concession connected with the Midwinter Fair that attracts more attention and deserves it than the '49 Camp. All classes visit this reproduction of early-day scenes, and every feature is thoroughly enjoyed.

The rough up-and-down-hill street, flanked with cabins, stores, saloons, the camp hotel and the hurdy-gurdy house, is a veritable reproduction.

The street wanders along through Gold Gulch, entirely oblivious to the advantages of a straight line, and then aimlessly turns off down by the diggings and the corral, until, tiring of waywardness, it returns to the densely populated part of the camp, and comes to an abrupt end by the hurdy-gurdy house.

But this does not matter, as that place of amusement is the ultimate destination of all in the camp, and all visitors as well, and it is a convenience to have one street that will lead you everywhere.

This is especially handy where one has had an opportunity of frequently sampling mining-camp whisky.

One of the charms of the '49 Camp is the spirit of general good will and innocent abandon that pervades it. Whether this comes from the wild, pure, mountain air laden with ozone, or whether from Papa Peake's beans and the good cheer of the "Rest for the Weary," has not yet been fully proven.

Several cabins are to be noticed that were occupied by such men as John W. Mackay, Senator Perkins and others. As cabins they are creditable, and probably the occupants passed in them pleasanter years than more palatial homes have since afforded.

For a good blood stimulant there is nothing on the grounds to compare with the '49 dance house. The dancing of the fandango is the most graceful performance at the Fair. The costumes are pretty, and every movement is with the rhythm of the music.

The dancers are not performers, but they dance because they enjoy it. They are moved and swayed by the music as are boughs by summer breezes.

If one would enjoy the pure exhilaration of youthful pleasure, stand and watch the caballeros and senoritas, the miners and teamsters, going through the Virginia Reel. And no one dances harder or enters into the fun with more earnestness than the floor manager. If he is called upon by the exigencies of the case to frequently shoot the same ardent offender, the floor manager's determination to have everything "on the square" is a valid and sufficient excuse for the oft-repeated homicidal act.

On the way to the '49 Camp we pass another pleasant place of resort, the Japanese Garden. Here the diminutive denizens of the chrysanthemum East have reproduced a scene of beauty.

The garden, with its dwarf trees, aged and gnarled, with its waterfalls and musical streams, where gold-fish lazily sport and furtively watch the long shadows of the sacred storks, is an attraction by day or night. Indeed, the evening scene, when the quaint stone and bronze lanterns light the way, is a veritable picture from fairyland. Every building in this inclosure is a faithful reproduction.

This corner of Japan let down among the odd things of the world in Golden Gate Park is a most interesting feature.

The Mystic Maze, with its labyrinth of mirrors, in which the visitor sees himself as others see him, is the place for a jolly crowd.

The frantic appeals to get out of the way that some visitor unwittingly makes to his own counterfeit but not recognized self are provocative of boundless merriment.

It all looks like fair sailing, and the visitor soon becomes so accustomed to the sensation that he is all right, and then the fun is fast and furious when he boldly walks into a mirror.

It is an easy place to get in, but patience and calculation are required in getting out.

Another "delusive" place of entertainment is the Haunted Swing, which is not haunted, and perhaps is not a swing. The lady of ample proportions, with a male impersonator voice, who sits at the gate of customs, says it is all right, but the people who are tipped up in the swing are undecided.

Dizziness and dire distress to dinners are part of the illusion. Those who have never enjoyed the pleasures of *mal de mer* can have a sample for a dime in the Haunted Swing.

But, for a real, rollicking, roisterous good time, pay a dime and take a ride on the Scenic Railway, and you will never regret the investment.

Three-fourths of a mile of climbing, tobogganing and tunneling in turns is an exhilaration and delightful expectancy never to be forgotten, and is worthy of frequent repetition.

ACROSS THE SIERRA ON SNOW-SHOES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51.)

In descending the western slope toward Strawberry Valley we passed a stage horse "cached;" that is, in breaking the road during the day he had staggered off the grade and slid down the side of it. The attempt to get the animal back at that time being considered impracticable, the snow had been dug away from him until the walls of his improvised stable were raised high enough to protect him from the wind; and, having blanketed him and thrown some straw into his temporary abiding-place, he was left there to take his chances over night. The following day he was rescued, very little damaged by the novel confinement.

That morning at daylight we left Strawberry Valley on a sleigh framework, upon which was mounted a scow body that could be navigated in mud and slush, six horses being attached to the conveyance; and, thus equipped, we proceeded on our journey, reaching Placerville, forty-five miles distant, that night, and Stockton, my objective point, the next day, none the worse for wear and tear after our prolonged exposure.

I have crossed the mountains many times amidst fierce, blinding storms; have been lost on western plains during snowstorms; have been driven mockingly around and around in a deluding search for the right track (see "Clampitt's Rocky Mountain Scenes, page 425); but the particular journey recorded above was the only one I ever essayed to make on snowshoes.

The experience was not such as to inspire one with an ambition to repeat it, and reminds me of an observation by an old pioneer Californian named Ish, who had made the trip from California to St. Louis by the southern overland stage in '61. He said he would not have missed his experiences for a thousand dollars, but that he would not voluntarily repeat them for ten thousand.

At Stockton the object of my mission was but partially attained, as the defaulting agent got the benefit of a "hung" jury on a technicality.

On April 1st, Mr. H. C. Bowers of the Tacoma Hotel will assume the management of the Hotel Portland, Portland, Or. The change is a splendid advance for Mr. Bowers, and a wiser one could not have been made by the hotel directory. We wish for Mr. Bowers the continuation of the success which followed him at the Tacoma.

IF YOU don't know where to go this summer, write to THE TRAVELER'S Bureau of Information, 602 Market Street, San Francisco, for suggestions and printed matter.

Proprietors of HOTELS AND RESORTS

may be interested to know that we make a specialty of designing and printing artistic souvenirs and pamphlets of all kinds, at reasonable rates.

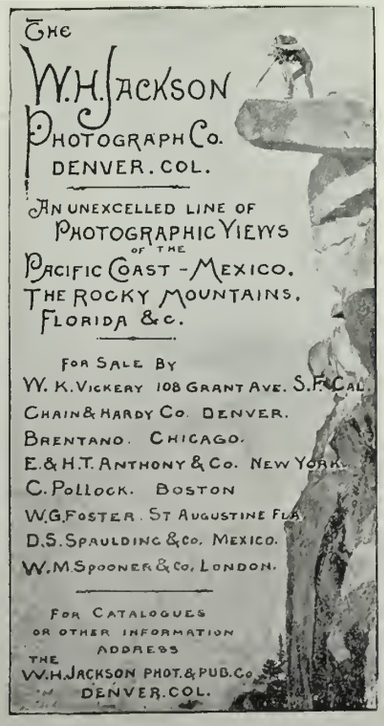
WOULD YOU LIKE TO

equal or excel your neighbor in this line? If so write us for estimates and for samples of our work.

JOHNSTONE & BRYAN,

Publishers "The Traveler."

602 Market Street, S. F.



PUBLIC OPINION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
"The power above and behind all thrones is Public Opinion"
THE ONLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE REPRODUCTION OF THE OPINIONS OF LEADING JOURNALS ON PROMINENT CURRENT TOPICS

WASHINGTON, D. C., Loan and Trust Building

NEW YORK CITY, 122-135 Potter Building

WASHINGTON January 6, 1894.

Messrs. Johnstone & Bryan.
602 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
Gentlemen:-
I cannot resist the temptation to write and compliment you upon the magnificent holiday number of The Traveler It equals in point of artistic elegance anything which I have ever seen and I send you my hearty congratulations
With best wishes for a safe and prosperous New Year, I remain,
Yours very truly,
P. S. Seabury
Manager.

HOTEL TERRACINA,

REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA.

IN the beautiful San Bernardino Valley. Magnificent mountain scenery. Climate dry and salubrious. Rates $3.50 to $5.00 per day. Special terms to parties wishing to remain through the winter.

W. M. TISDALE, Manager. CAMPBELL T. HEDGE, Proprietor.

Southern Pacific Company.

CALIFORNIA is so large a State, and there is here to be found such a great variety of scenery and temperature, that it is almost impossible to give in a small space anything like a satisfactory idea of where (or when) to go and what to see. Speaking in a general way, however, and calling the reader's attention to the statistical notes herewith appended, we beg to say, to visiting strangers, that while the southern portion of the State is recognized as a winter resort, there are scores of all the year round resorts in the central and northern portions of the State. As a rule mountain hotels are closed in the winter and open for business in April or May. Visitors to the Midwinter Fair, during the winter months, may avail themselves of a great variety and number of side trips, prominent among which are Hotel del Monte, Paraiso, Paso Robles, Santa Cruz, Hotel Vendome and Lick Observatory. These points are located on or near the Southern Pacific Railroad lines. Cars leave Third and Townsend streets, San Francisco. A few other points easily accessible and worthy a visit are Byron Springs, Napa Soda Springs, the Geysers and Calistoga, the latter point being the terminus of the railroad in Napa Valley. Stages are there taken for the many springs resorts of Lake County, which are open from May until October.

The Tavern of Castle Crag opens about May 15th, the season continuing till October or November. The same may be said of the Lake Tahoe resorts.

In ordinary years the Yosemite is accessible from April to November inclusive; but, should the storms be heavy late in the season, the stage road is not liable to be open before the middle of April. For full information call upon or write to the Southern Pacific Company, 613 Market St., or Fourth and Townsend Sts., San Francisco. Addres T. H. Goodman, G. P. & T. A.

Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Monterey County. Distance by rail from San Francisco 125 miles. Sea level. Open all the year. Surroundings of mountain, lake and forest, picturesque in the extreme. Eighteen-mile drive around the peninsula, the 100-acre flower garden, etc. Tennis, croquet, bowling and billiards; hot and cold salt-water bathing on the beach; splendid salmon-fishing in the bay, etc. Accommodations for 400 persons. Rates $17.50 per week and up; $3.00 per day and up. Special rates for children and nurses.

Yosemite Valley. Distance by rail from San Francisco to Raymond 199 miles; stage thence 67 miles. Round trip from San Francisco $50.00. Time 40 hours. Elevation 4,060 feet. Stage office, Wells, Fargo & Co., Western Union Telegraph and postoffice. The season is open from April 1st to November 20th. Fine trails lead from the hotels to principal points of interest (see Yosemite guide books). Hotel rates $3.00 to $4.50 per day.

Tavern of Castle Crag, Castle Crag, Shasta County. Distance by rail from San Francisco 320 miles. Fare $9.90; round trip $14.00. Elevation 2,084 feet. Open from May 15th to October 15th. Located at the foot of the famous Castle Crags, and in clear sight of Mount Shasta. Trails to the Crags, Castle

Lake, Squaw Creek and McCloud River; horseback and donkey rides; tennis, bowling, billiards, etc. Trout-fishing in Sacramento River, Big Castle Creek, the lakes, Squaw and Tom Neal creeks and McCloud River.

Lake Tahoe, El Dorado County. Distance by rail from San Francisco to Truckee 209 miles; stage thence to Tahoe City 14 miles; steamer across Lake Tahoe 29 miles. Fare to Tallac House $11.80. Elevation 6,220 feet. Southern portion of lake is the most interesting. Hotels open from May 21st to October 1st. Trout-fishing in the lake and streams; grouse and quail; boating, riding, driving, etc.

Geysers, Sonoma County. Distance from San Francisco to Calistoga 73 miles; stage thence 26 miles. Elevation 1,800 feet. Scenery grand and varied. Finely wooded and watered country. Hot sulphur baths and large swimming-pool in Pluton River.

Paraiso Springs, the Carlsbad of American mineral springs, is situated in a picturesque alcove of the Santa Lucia Mountains, on the western border of Salinas Valley, Monterey County, 150 miles south of San Francisco.

It has a most romantic situation, and its altitude of nearly a thousand feet above the valley, and fifteen hundred above the sea, renders the atmospheric conditions dry, wholesome, healthful and comfortable.

Santa Cruz. Distance from San Francisco via Narrow Gauge 81 miles. Fare $2.80. Time 4 hours Sea level. Hotels open all the year. Splendid ocean scenery. The finest beach on the coast. Fine surf-bathing; yachting, boating, fishing, etc.; horseback riding along the beach to the lighthouse, etc; hunting and fishing in the Santa Cruz Mountains a few miles away.

Byron Hot Springs (Byron Hot Springs P. O.), Contra Costa County. Distance from San Francisco by rail 68 miles; stage thence 2 miles. Fare $2.40. Two trains daily. Elevation 60 feet. Open all the year. Located in a spur of the Coast Range, San Joaquin River on one side, Mount Diablo on the other.

Napa Soda Springs, Napa County. Distance by rail from San Francisco to Napa 46 miles; stage thence 6 miles. Fare $2.50; round trip $3.50. Elevation 1,000 feet. Open all the year. Located in the foothills of the inner Coast Range, on the border of Napa Valley. Surroundings picturesque.

Santa Monica, Los Angeles County. Distance by rail from San Francisco, 499 miles; from Los Angeles 18 miles. Fare from San Francisco $15.50; from Los Angeles 50 cents. The hotel is beautifully situated on a bluff, directly on the ocean. The beach is one of the finest on the coast. Salt-water bathing.

San Jose, Santa Clara County. Distance by rail from San Francisco to San Jose 50 miles. Fare $1.25. Elevation 100 feet. Located in the center of Santa Clara Valley. Half-way stopping place for visitors to Lick Observatory.

Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo County. Distance from San Francisco by rail 216 miles. Fare $6.20. Elevation 600 feet. Open all the year. Country level and well wooded with fine oak trees. Mineral waters cure rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, etc. Fine mud baths.

Calistoga, Napa County. Distance from San Francisco by rail 73 miles. Fare $2.30. Elevation 500 feet. Situated near the head of the beautiful Napa Valley. Fine mountain surroundings. Good hotel accommodations. Leaving point for Lake county springs resorts and the Geysers.

Klamath Hot Springs (Beswick P. O.), Siskiyou County. Distance from San Francisco by rail to Ager 387 miles; stage 20 miles. Fare by rail $12.65; by stage $2.50. Time 16 hours. Elevation 2,700 feet. Open all the year. Scenery: valley, mountain and river. Excellent trout and salmon fishing in the Klamath River and Shovel Creek near by. Bear, deer and quail; tennis. Hot steam, sulphur and mud baths, cure neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. Accommodations for 100 persons.

Santa Barbara. Distance from San Francisco by rail 528 miles. Fare $15.00; round trip $18.00. Average yearly temperature 60 degrees. Hotels open all the year.

Shasta Springs, Siskiyou County. Distance by rail from San Francisco 327 miles. Time 12 hours. Fare $10.20; round trip $14.00. Elevation 3,000 feet. Open from May to November. Canyon and mountain scenery of great interest. Mount Shasta and Sacramento Canyon the principal attractions. Soda water of high quality. Trout, deer and bear.

Matilija Springs, Matilija, Ventura County. Distance from San Francisco by rail to Ventura 501 miles; stage (daily except Sunday) 15 miles. Fare by rail $15.00; stage $1.50. Or from Los Angeles 83 miles to Ventura. Elevation 1,100 feet. Open all the year. Country mountainous, wooded and picturesque. Game plentiful, and fine trout fishing; deer, rabbits and quail. Hot springs "cure almost any case of sickness."

Metropole, Catalina Island, Los Angeles County. Distance from San Francisco by rail to San Pedro 504 miles; steamer 30 miles. Fare $16.60. The only island resort of any prominence on the coast, and fast becoming a popular rendezvous. Open from June to October inclusive. Fine sea-bathing and fishing; sailing, rowing, etc.; wild-goat hunting; a most charming climate.

Congress Springs (Saratoga P. O.), Santa Clara County. Distance by rail to Los Gatos 55 miles; stage thence 4 miles. Time 3½ hours. Fare $2.25; round trip $4.25. Elevation 750 feet. Open all the year. Located in the Sierra Morena Mountains. Trout, grouse, gray squirrels, pigeons, etc.; bowling, billiards. Waters cure dyspepsia, skin diseases and rheumatic troubles.

Pacific Grove, Monterey County. Distance by rail 128 miles. Time 4 hours. Fare $3.25. Open all the year. On one side the ocean, on the other, pine-clad hills. A very popular camping resort and located near Hotel Del Monte.

Palm Springs, San Diego County. Distance from San Francisco by rail to Palm Springs Station 591 miles; stage thence 5 miles. Fare $18.75. Elevation 550 feet. Open all the year. Country flat; high mountains near by on the west; the celebrated Palm Canyon near by. Water, hot sulphur; springs cure rheumatism, kidney troubles, etc.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. APRIL, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. H. Jackson, Denver, photo.

CYPRESS DRIVE, MONTEREY.

Glimpses of Del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate some interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, bath-house and beach, there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME III. SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL, 1894. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
IN
State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES $1.50.
SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

Advertising Rates: Forty cents per agate line, fourteen lines to the inch. Discounts for space and time contracts furnished upon application. READING NOTICES: Seventy-five cents per line brevier type, and fifty cents per line nonpareil type, each insertion.

THE TRAVELER'S
BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

CYPRESS DRIVE (see front cover) is on the ocean side of the Del Monte Eighteen-mile Drive, and is overshadowed by a strange, grotesque, warped and storm-beaten forest growth, which is exceedingly picturesque.

AS WE have frequently stated to our readers, in addition to our work in THE TRAVELER we are publishing souvenirs of Pacific Coast resorts. We herewith append a number of souvenirs that we have completed, or have now in preparation:

Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal.
Tavern of Castle Crag, Castle Crags, Cal.
North Pacific Coast Railroad, San Francisco, Cal.
Mount Tamalpais Academy, San Rafael, Cal.
Paraiso Springs, Monterey County, Cal.
Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz, Cal.
California Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.
Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Hotel Florence, San Diego, Cal.
Hotel Brewster, San Diego, Cal.
Hotel Mateo, San Mateo, Cal.
Cazadero Hotel, Cazadero, Cal.
Mountain Home, Llagas, Santa Clara County, Cal.
Yosemite Panorama, San Francisco, Cal.
Southern California Hotels, Los Angeles, Cal.
Larkspur Inn, Larkspur, Cal.
St. James Hotel, San Jose, Cal.

There have been printed of these various souvenirs copies amounting to nearly 150,000, and we can safely affirm that the proprietors of these resorts will bear us out in affirming that the work is first class in every respect.

We do not care to handle poor work; and, if photographs that are sent to us should not be suitable for first-class reproduction, we will return the same.

We especially wish to call attention at this season of the year to our work in this direction. It has been customary to postpone the arranging of advertising matter until the very last moment. We therefore say that for the spring and summer travel it is quite time that advertising should now be well under way.

Advertising matter should be neat, well printed, truthful and attractive; and great care should be taken in its distribution.

WE REGRET that the topic of evolution cannot be satisfactorily discussed in a quarter of a column. Upon referring to our encyclopedia we find fity-six columns devoted to the subject, mostly technical, unintelligible stuff that very few people can understand. There is now and then a very succinct sentence that throws a clear flash of light on the subject, such as whether or not evolution is "by epigenesis or successive differentiation of a relatively homogeneous rudiment into the parts and structure which are characteristic of the adult."

After reading over this perspicacious and highly lucid paragraph we took a second look at the accompanying illustration, and wondered how long it would take Grandpa Simian to get the meaning of this sentence through his head in case it was read to him slowly; and, while it will take Simian a long while to develop into a Le Conte or a Jordan, there is, we are informed, a possibility of his doing so.

Now, suppose we stop to pause for a moment to contemplate this appalling proposition. In Dr. Johnson's dictionary of last century there were but 45,000 words. Worcester's and Webster's works contain 125,000 words; the Century 225,000; the New Standard will have 300,000, and nobody knows how many words the uncompleted English dictionary, which has now only reached the letter "C," will have. Now, in the name of syntax and prosody, how will Simian, when he reaches maturity, construct the above-extracted sentence on evolution!

Our prehistoric scientist is examining a leaf (he probably has no conception of our annual custom of

THE PREHISTORIC SCIENTIST.

turning over a new one on New Year's day). He may have vague, indistinct notions of gathering enough of them to write his biography. It is quite certain that he is oblivious of the fact that this object of his curiosity is *laminated*, and is supported upon a *petiole*, which has an appendage on each side of its base called the *stipule*, and that the green *parenchyma* is covered with a thin epiderm pierced with closable openings, known as *stomates*; but just what he *does* know, and what he is trying to find out, no fellow knows; and the same may be said of some of our modern scientists.

WE HAVE received the following for solution: "I am just now ruminating over a small problem, and wish to ask your advice thereon. A gentleman writes me from the country, asking me to bid on a job of work, and he incidentally says that he had requested a bid of another party, mentioning his name. Now, I know the party to whom he refers is entirely unreliable and unprincipled. Is it my duty, or is it business for me, to mention this fact to my prospective customer?"

Upon reading your query we were tempted to write, "Ask us something easy?" Well, the temptation to give the status of your competitor is great, but what would the consequence be, think you? The party asking for the bid would put down fifty per cent of what you say to jealousy, and the other fifty per cent would be shaved down by the fact that your opponent could not, and likely would not if he could, say anything derogatory of you. In fact he would likely score a point by praising your work. He can afford to do this, for, in all likelihood, he would underbid you, or resort to almost any other device than defaming your character. So, upon the whole, it is probably better for you to make no allusion to him at all.

There is one point you may rely upon, although experience may sometimes seem to deny it: if you start upon the solid foundation of upright effort, and persist in it, you will (if you do not die in the meantime) outdo all your tricky competitors.

THE personal attacks that are now being made upon Mr. M. H. de Young by Mr. Arthur McEwen and the San Francisco *Examiner* are attracting much comment and speculation as to the motive which evokes them.

Mr. McEwen assumes a unique aristocracy of his own, and asserts that he has no capital but brains. But we have heard of people having brains without common sense, and he seems to be one of these kind, inasmuch as he pursues his personal antagonisms with a venom and relentless scathing that cannot but nauseate and repel the sense and dignity of the intelligent classes.

We do not know either Mr. de Young or Mr. McEwen; but, in pursuing this scurrility, he is directly harming, to an extent, not only the Midwinter Fair, but the State at large. We are not defending Mr. de Young; but we must recognize the fact that through his efforts we have a monument that is a credit to us the world over, and which, we believe, could not have been erected in the face of the same gigantic obstacles by any other man.

By their attacks upon the Fair, both the *Examiner* and Mr. McEwen are striking a blow upon every citizen of this State, and their acts in common are a blemish to the worthy enterprise that has revived the local veins of trade.

E. W.

On the bay of San Francisco, within very sight of our metropolis, and sheltered from summer winds and fogs by the hills of Sausalito, lies a little cove, which, during the summer months, presents a very animated appearance, for there in all its sweet serenity lies at anchor the ark, or, as some call it, the house-boat.

To an arker it is very amusing to note the expression of awe that spreads over the face of a person born and bred in the interior when he beholds an ark for the first time. He almost doubts your word when told that "those things" are habitations for human beings.

That arks are coming into favor no one will doubt, for it was only in 1890 that they made their appearance in these waters. Then, I believe, there were but one or two in the little cove near Tiburon, which last summer, you might say, abounded with them. For this season, 1894, the interest in the floating homes is greatly in excess of all previous years, and it is confidently expected that the cove will resemble Venice more than ever when all the house-boats have taken up anchorage.

The house-boat, while being new to us, is comparatively old in the Eastern States, where it was brought from England. It attracted but little attention on the river Thames in the early "sixties."

We are indebted to the merry yachtsmen of Tiburon for the original house-boat, for these rovers wanted more comfortable quarters than their yachts afforded when they spent their nights at Tiburon, and consequently conceived the idea.

Living for a few months in the year on the water, swimming, pulling a boat, and lying about under a hot summer sun, are benefits to health that should not be slighted.

The pale clerk from his desk packs up, and, with a few friends, takes up his quarters about May 1st on a somewhat unpretentious ark, and goes back and forth to business daily. But a few weeks after he has taken up his abode on the water his friends notice a great change in his general appearance. His pallor gives way to the ruddy glow of health, and this change, you must understand, is due to exercise taken before and after business hours, say from six to eight in the morning, and five to seven at night.

While this means of spending the summer has found favor among the young men, they are not the only class that have taken a liking to the ark. Old, middle aged and young, all are unanimous and loud in their praise of this *negligee* existence.

The different ways of enjoying the fleeting hours are almost without number. Just fancy! what can be more enjoyable than a launch ride with a jolly party on an evening when the moon is throwing her silvery rays across the waste of water. A trip up the bay on such a summer evening is indescribably delightful. As your craft glides noiselessly over the glassy waters, the sound of melody is wafted to your ears. It is none other than a party like your own passing maybe a mile to windward, but in the silent watches of the night the music is distinctly audible. Although the air may be commonplace, the effect, to say the least, borders on sublimity.

Nor is this the only pastime offered. A good swim in the tepid waters has more than one benefit attached to it.

And for those who do not desire to commune so closely with the briny deep, and are affected with an equally romantic turn of mind, a quiet stroll through the thickly wooded slopes of the neighboring hills affords a pastime particularly acceptable to young couples who find a world of pleasure in being by themselves, and shunning the society of others when the first opportunity offers itself.

But enough of romancing. We will now turn to a description of the arks. Of course, like the city dwelling, the owner can lavish as much money upon his house-boat as he sees fit, but ordinarily they are comparatively inexpensive.

One to answer all purposes, and comfortably accommodate five or six people, can be built at no greater outlay than one thousand dollars, including all the household furnishings, from the bedding to the ice chest.

The most essential thing is a good whitehall boat, as this is your only means of transportation to *terra firma*. Such a boat can be obtained for from fifty to one hundred dollars that would answer every purpose.

In order to resemble shipboard life all the more, the arks are fitted with "bunks," which are most comfortable things to sleep in after the second night.

The first night's sleep is marred a bit for the landsman by the sensation that he is drifting out helplessly through the Golden Gate. It takes but a few nights for the newness to wear off, and then the gentle swell lulls you to sleep as only the motion of a wave can.

The reader must also bear in mind that the wave motion at its worst is insufficient to cause seasickness.

It is very amusing to see the young arkers or arkists on Sunday morning doing sailor duty before church time, with their old clothes on, and their trousers rolled up above the knee, washing small boats, holystoning the decks, and cleaning house generally, in order to fittingly receive their friends on an early boat from the city.

After the captain has seen that the house flag and the national ensign are floating from the masts, and everything from keel to truck is ship-shape, he pipes all hands save the cook to the boats. They then go to welcome their less fortunate friends from the city, and a merry time is indulged in until the sun is fast setting through the Golden Gate.

The mode of living, for the most part, is rather "high," as a person with a small appetite on this side of the bay finds it has grown to enormous proportions after a few days' life in contact with the salt sea air. The catering is done by all hands in succession. Each man is allowed a week to act as caterer, and is supposed to provide quantity and quality, and if there are any shortcomings the caterer's life hangs heavily on his hands. A Japanese cook is most desirable, as he takes to the life better than other servants.

After the inner man has been satisfied, the captain's gig is brought alongside, and the evening is spent in calling on your next door neighbor, or in the various means previously described.

When the time comes, and the dream is over, it is with a feeling of regret that the dwellers pick up their possessions and go hence; but their one hope is for the return of early summer, when they can again take up their former abode, and renew the many acquaintances.

Whether this, like all means of enjoyment and diversity, shall grow stale, and be superseded by another, remains for the future to say; but for the present it has endeared itself to its enthusiastic followers.

PROGRESS IN TRAVEL.

The 15th September, 1830, the first locomotive, the "Rocket," ran between Manchester and Liverpool at rates varying from 20 to 25 miles an hour. In 1894, a velocity of 90 miles an hour on inclined portions of a line, has been attained. However, the commercial speed of 62 miles an hour, with the usual number of goods' wagons, is what the new century expects to open with, having for ideal double that velocity at the close of the twentieth century. M. Heilman promises these results with his electric locomotive that he, too, calls the "Rocket," or "*Fusee*," and which has been running with such success between Havre and Graville. The machine recalls a steam locomotive when running with tender in front. It has a boiler to generate steam and put the dynamo in motion when the electric current is applied to the wheels.

The "*Fusee*," with a train of carriages and wagons representing ninety tons, ran over a distance of sixteen miles at the speed of thirty-five miles an hour, and the road was very ugly for every locomotive. Part of the running was fifty-six miles an hour, while perfectly realizing the conditions of flexibility, stability and absence of shaking. The special advantage of the electric locomotive is, that the traveler can feel as much at ease as if sitting in an arm-chair before a fire.

The new locomotive is not intended to whisk travelers at one hundred and twenty miles an hour, existing lines not being made for that, but to have a sixty-mile rate, without danger, and at reduced cost, with a total absence of shaking. There is no room for doubt but this will be finally accomplished on a road that is not subject to heavy curves.

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT.

There straggled into the office of THE TRAVELER the other day a very peculiar looking manuscript, with an appended note from a New York correspondent of a French paper, to this effect: "The following paper is a literary curiosity. It was written in '88, on the Plata, about 7,500 miles from New York, and for five years has been wandering the world over, from periodical to periodical, with a view to publication, but in vain. Many dollars have been spent in postage alone. It is reported that the travels of this well-worn MS. amount to some two hundred thousand miles, or equal to eight times around the globe.

"The majority of editors have pronounced favorably upon it; but their reasons for declining it are a significant sign of the times,—that the market is glutted with accounts of travel and places; they have on hand enough such matter with which to fill their pages for two years to come."

Had this manuscript traveled ten times eight times around the globe, and made a few side trips to the moon, it could not have looked more weary and travel-worn than it does. It is frayed, thumb-worn and generally dilapidated; and the thought occurred to us to reproduce it as an awful example to young writers, and also as an illustration of the untiring determination of the author to see his article in print. And then another thing: it was really pathetic to gaze upon, this travel-stained story, and to think how it had run the gauntlet of the world's waste-baskets; how it had been "declined with thanks;" how it had come back so many times with terse sentences, such as these, marked thereon: "It is hardly in our line;" "Would be acceptable if we did not have so much stuff like it on hand;" "Cannot use it unless illustrated," etc.

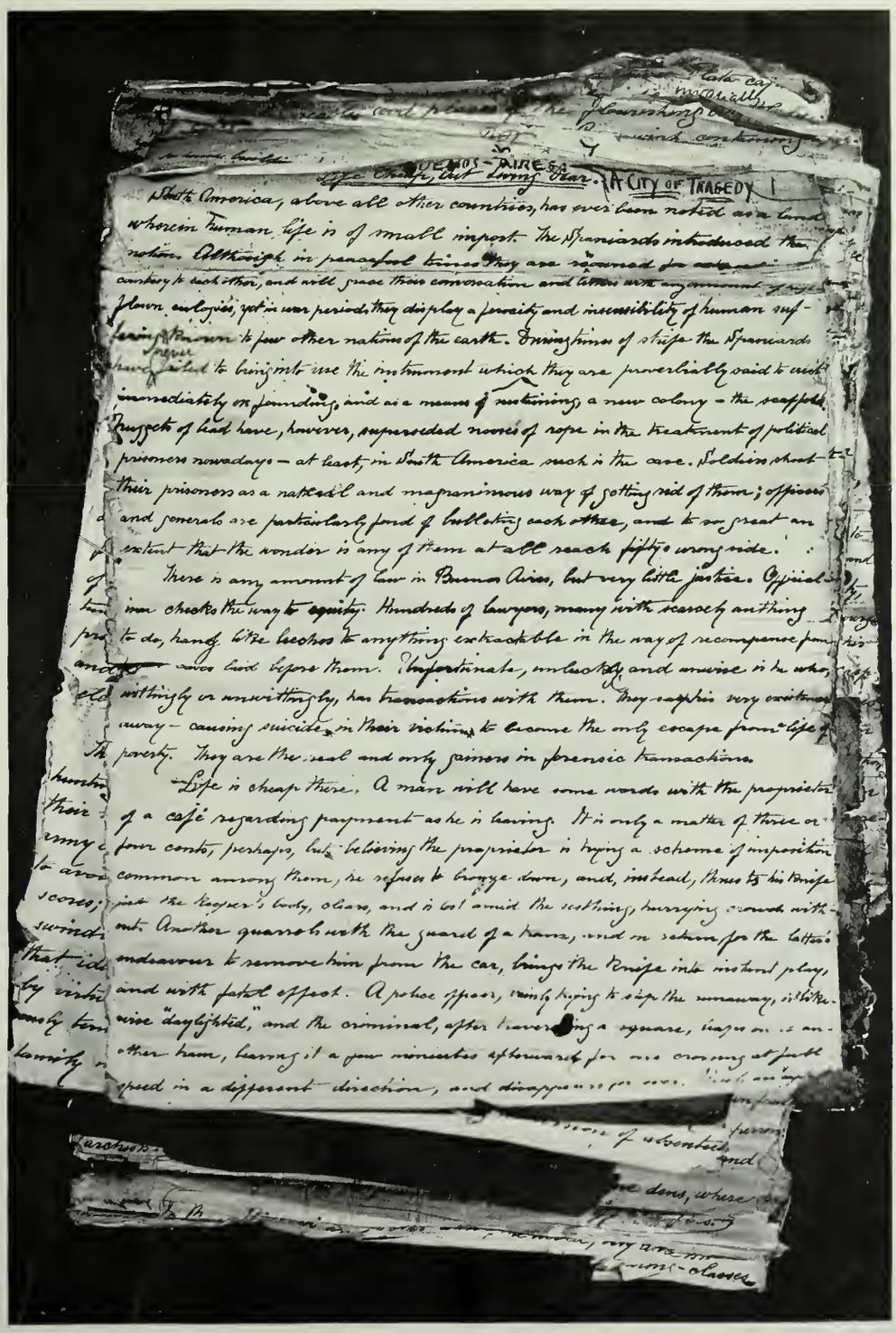
And so it came about that when this strange parchment reached us away out here on the western rim of civilization we felt almost in duty bound to give it the publicity it had yearned for, as there was no likelihood of it faring better farther west.

We gather from the general tone of this communication that the writer takes a rather pessimistic view of life in South America, as the following extract will prove:

"Ye missionaries, who go to foreign climes, enjoying yourselves, corrupting the poor, ignorant natives, introducing internecine strife, spirit-drinking notions and unendless unhappiness,—these, the curses of semi-civilization; ye good old ladies and gentlemen,—your memory be blessed!—who give large amounts of gold for that purpose, attend first to the wants of your own poor fellow-citizens; to the unhallowed misery that lies at your very door; to the cancer that eats away the manliness of a nation's existence! Attend *first* to these, and receive the thanks of GOD!

"Some are not deterred by prospective consequences from getting married; but they soon discover that their leap into the light was an injudicious bound. Their solid best is done for the girl to whom they have caught on to prevent the degradation of poverty asserting itself in the non-donning of latest fashions when out visiting. The struggle for existence is keen. With many of the industrial classes conjugality there means a condition of life worse for South America than that lived by the fellah of Alexandria or the walla of Calcutta.

"Youthful ambition is thwarted, oftentimes irretrievably knocked out of them. Luxury and wealth roll in carriages before their eyes, and smart their feelings.



A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT.

"Some make desperate efforts to regain their falling fortunes,—speculate heavily, lose, and clear out of the world. The bloody, bullet-torn corpse, revolver at side, which the gray dawn finds in quiet corners of the *paseos* and *plazas*, tells the tragical termination of a checkered career,—of a life of disappointment and defeat."

We more than half suspect that the author of the "City of Tragedy" looks at life from a bilious standpoint and writes in the same way. Editors, as a usual thing, prefer the brighter side of affairs, and while admitting that much may be said on the gloomy side of life they prefer to let the other fellow do it.

BUSK TUNNEL.

After more than three years of continuous work from both sides of a mountain wall in the heart of the Rockies the two bodies of workmen have met, and the great Busk Tunnel of the Colorado Midland Railway, 9,393 feet long, is completed. In the original construction of the road it was thought best to cross the summit of the range by the construction of the Hagerman Tunnel, a comparatively short bore of 2,064 feet, but pierced at the remarkable elevation of 11,528 feet above the sea,—the highest point reached by any railway in the country, with the exception of a branch of the Union Pacific crossing Alpine Pass at an elevation about 62 feet greater, which has not been in operation for several years. But to reach the Hagerman Tunnel the line is compelled to take an exceedingly tortuous course with heavy grades, making it expensive and tedious to operate, while by the construction of a longer tunnel, commencing at Busk, 723 feet lower down, it would have been possible to save seven miles of roadway and track, and obtain a straight line with moderate grade in place of the winding climb of ten and one-quarter miles between Busk and Ivanhoe. After the road had been in operation a few years it was determined to make the costly change as a matter of ultimate economy, and the Busk Tunnel, 1.8 mile long, built at a cost of about $1,250,000, is now the completed result of that decision. Some time will be required for preparing the tunnel and its approaches for regular travel, but it will soon be ready for service, effecting an important saving in time and operating expenses on this branch of the Santa Fe system.—*Railway Age.*

A member of parliament left England one Sunday afternoon lately, and before church time on the next Sunday morning was in Chicago, occupying just six days and nineteen hours in making the long journey from Queenstown to the world's fair city. A fast Cunard steamer brought him to New York by Saturday noon. He drove to a hotel and lunched, and the New York Central's "Exposition Flyer," leaving at 3:00 P. M., landed him at the Van Buren Street station, in the heart of Chicago, at 10:00 A. M. next day, making the quickest trip from England to Chicago on record. The New York Central's twenty-hour train and the *Lucania* have set a pace which is not likely to be very soon surpassed or equaled for such a distance by land or sea.

St. Peter—Enter. Why do you hesitate?

New Spirit—I don't see any usher.

St. Peter—We have no ushers here. Sit down where you please.

New Spirit—Dear me! how different heaven is from our church. —*Texas Siftings.*

A FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR RELIC.

W. A. HERRICK.

RAPIDITY of transmission was not a prime factor in the ordinary correspondence desultorily carried on with the outside world during the memorable war between France and Prussia. Those interested in military aeronautics, or even ordinary ballooning, may appreciate the following letter, sent by balloon post from Paris to London, graphically describing the condition of affairs in the former city while besieged by the Prussian army. It is very closely written on the thinnest of foreign note-paper, and folded compactly in the form of an envelope.

A stray leaf from a thrilling volume of the past, it may serve to portray by vivid contrast the peace and prosperity now enjoyed by most of the world's great nations.

PARIS, Sept. 28th, 1870.

DEAR MRS. SIMPSON:

I send you these few words by balloon post, Bismarck's sweet lambs surrounding us by land and water. Air is the only medium left for the conveyance of our correspondence, which, by order, must be of the shortest, weight and space being a great consideration in the last fashionable style of letter-carrier.

I have joined the volunteer artillery of the National Guard, but it has not been my luck to have a pop at the Prussians,—not yet,—but I expect to every moment.

Already, two or three times at night, I have hastily turned out to bugle sounds, but only to false alarms.

The marine artillery, occupying the forts in advance of us (in the fortification of Paris proper), invariably dismount all the guns of the enemy as soon as they get into position; so that we have come to no harm as yet.

Some of the fellows are wonderful marksmen, one of them dismounting forty-seven of their guns in forty-seven shots, for which he has received the Cross of Honor, and well he deserves it. I long to try my skill, and see what I can do for our dear friends. I feel as if I could shoot very, very straight.

You will perhaps think me exceedingly bloodthirsty; but I am, alas! not more so than needs be. Remember, we all fight for our lives,—and more than our lives. There are no cowards here. *The few there were have been shot.* Man, woman and child are all prepared "*for the worst* and TO DO THE WORST."

Since my arrival here, four hundred thousand National Guard have been armed. We have about three hundred thousand Regulars and Mobiles, plenty of powder, shot and shell, and a good store of provisions.

Frenchmen are wonderfully quick at learning military duties, drill, etc.; and men that a few weeks ago hardly knew a *Chassepot* from an elephant now drill like old troops, and, which is best, keep admirably steady under fire and against odds.

The Mobiles and Volunteers are our pluckiest troops. Those from Brittany have earned quite a reputation, for, before coming into action, they all kneel, and the priest who came up with them from their homes gives them his blessing after a short prayer. Then forward they go! literally a wall of steel, never giving way an inch.

Whatever be the odds, those good Bretons are bravery itself; and, though they are rather thick-headed as barrack soldiers, they are splendid fellows at guerilla warfare, and put the Uhlans to rights.

Sept. 29th.—I have just received the news that we are to be sent forward with field-pieces. The enemy found it so hot the only time they attempted to attack that all keeps very quiet. So it is our duty to go and wake him up. I shall then have the opportunity of seeing the Prussian helmets at close quarter. Well, hurrah! and may I be happy enough to see you all again!

You must not think that all the horrors of war with which we are surrounded—wounded and dead men, burning woods and houses and the sound of cannons—affect in a great degree the appearance of the boulevards. If it were not that every man one meets reminds one by his military garb of "the business of the hour," one would never dream that Paris is invested.

The streets are full of ladies and children, and the *cafes* are filled with men carelessly joking, smoking and playing at dominoes, just as if the Prussians were a thousand miles off, and never thought of coming. Only, if a drum beats, you see them cheerfully drop the joke, the smoke and the play, shoulder their rifles and solemnly drop into their ranks, marching off without more ado at the enchanted words, "Forward to the front."

As yet we have only lost about *two hundred and fifty* men, though *the enemy must at least have lost ten thousand.* The odds seem long, but are accounted for by our gunners potting them from under cover. However, we expect before very long something hot,—very hot; but we are quite ready.

I don't apologize for this untidy scribble, for Volunteer gunners have little time for "company manners." I trust that you are keeping in good health, and recommend myself to your best wishes. So, with respectful compliments, I am, dear Mrs. S——,

Yours affectionately, J—— LEM——.

P. S.—Please don't let my mother know that I may be in the thickest of it. The bugle sounds, but I don't know if it is for us.

PRE-EMPTING LAND ON MOUNT HOOD.

W. G. STEEL.

When this earth was made, it is said, the Great Master Builder rolled it up into a ball and threw it into space before it got dry. As He did so, one spot stuck to His hand, and a sharp point was left projecting.

His first impulse was to give the ball another roll and smooth it out; but a better thought occurred to Him: He covered the point with snow, and so we have Mount Hood.

The good people of Oregon bow down and worship it, while the very wicked make on canvas miserable daubs in carmine and yellow; and, it is currently reported, the Devil has the walls of his parlor adorned with them.

The mountain is useful in many ways, principally to ornament the earth and to climb. Some climb it to enjoy the grandeur of Nature as spread out before them, and drink in the scene that fosters nobler thoughts and actions; while others climb "for the novelty of the thing, you know;" and still others, fancying to themselves they thus achieve a glory. These seldom approach the summit nearer than the snow line.

Early in April, 1893, Mr. O. C. Yocum and the writer left Portland for Government Camp, on the south slope of Mount Hood. At seven o'clock on the morning of the eleventh we left the last house, nine miles distant, on foot, carrying a long-handled shovel, two cherry trees and a Winchester rifle.

From reports received we were led to suppose no serious difficulty would be met with, and but little snow found at Government Camp, where we both have homesteads.

During the night two inches of snow fell, which continued to get deeper as we progressed, until, at the Twin Bridges, five miles on our way, it was four feet deep, and extremely soft.

From here the ascent is quite rapid; so we decided to push on, hoping to find a crest formed beyond that would bear us. In this we were doomed to disappointment, for it became lighter as we reached a higher altitude, until it was dry and light as down.

Progress was slow and laborious in the extreme, for we sank in three feet and over, and got ahead more by wallowing than wading.

The day was raw and cold, with a strong southwest wind blowing, and snow falling continually.

Hour after hour we pushed on as best we could, breaking the snow with our bodies and knees.

Progress became slower as the snow became deeper, and, at last, darkness closed in upon us, becoming so intense that one could not see the other.

The wind blew furiously, while snow fell thick and fast. By feeling our way, a dead snag was found, and

bark, comparatively dry, was peeled off. Our pockets were filled with matches and paper, and, by a liberal use of patience and matches, a fire was finally built beneath a cedar tree, on a large piece of bark.

The supply of fuel was soon exhausted; so the remaining embers were taken on the shovel, and a new snag looked up, which lasted but a short time.

The third time a large dead fir tree was found, and a fire was built in the snow. As the fire sank down, a hole was shoveled out about it, large enough to accommodate us; and soon we found ourselves out of the wind,—six feet below the surface.

Thoroughly soaked, we here dried out one side by the fire, while the other soaked up the snow.

At daylight we dug our way out, and found we were within half a mile of the cabins, to reach which required two and one-half hours of extremely laborious traveling.

Arriving at the journey's end, a strange sight met our gaze. The cabins were both entirely out of sight, and nothing remained to mark their whereabouts except two piles of snow. It required an hour of hard work to dig down to the door, after which came the hardest part of all.

Before leaving, a few months previous, the stove-pipe was taken in, and a board nailed over the hole in the roof. It now became necessary to tunnel into the roof, and remove the board before the stove could be set up in business. This required considerable time, but was finally accomplished.

By actual measurement the snow was found to be twelve feet deep.

For four days the storm continued in all its fury, during which time we were so far beneath the surface that not a breath of air stirred about us.

Our only means of knowing whether or not the storm was in progress was to step to the door and look up through the snow.

We lived in comfort and darkness until the morning of the fifth day, which broke clear and beautiful.

Having made two pairs of rude snowshoes, we started on the return, and reached the Willamette Valley in safety.

SEA MOSSES.

C. L. ANDERSON, M. D.

What can be more beautiful and interesting in a lady's drawing room, beside herself, than a tastefully arranged sea-moss album? I do not mean so much a

patchwork of wreaths and artificially colored designs as well selected mountings representing these plants as they occur along our seashores.

Looking into the clear water as it stands in the tide pools or flows among the rocks where the sea mosses grow, no person with the least idea of beauty can fail

to be charmed, and, for the time, lose all thought of surroundings, save, perhaps, the danger of an approaching wave, in admiration of the little *parterre* of flowerless plants (and yet more beautiful than flowers) that grow wild according to Nature's mode of gardening. We may imitate scarcely or but feebly one of these little pools by means of an aquarium, perhaps, in our houses. But we have as yet been able to grow the purple and crimson mosses with but slight success. They are not subject to cultivation by any means that we know of. Yet we can transfer many kinds to paper, in a literal sense. We may preserve the form and color (the latter often intensified) on cards of paper; and, if kept from light and moisture, they remain unchanged for many years. I have some cards, mounted sixty years ago, that show but little alteration.

Nearly all the plants that grow in the sea belong to one order, as classified by botanists. I know of but two or three exceptions on our Coast. The name for this order is *algæ*, a word that means seaweeds, and always has been the Latin name for seaweeds, as far as I can find out. They belong to that large division of plants known as cryptogams,—hidden flowers. They grow and reproduce by means of cell divisions and cell transformations (spores).

The art of mounting these delicate mosses, as well as the coarser kinds of *algæ*, is hardly to be learned from books or written descriptions alone. Practice is necessary.

The first thing essential is to "catch your rabbit;" or you may pay a boy "two bits" for a basketful of

"seaside trumpery," as some of our older botanists were wont to call these things.

People who live near our coasts, and people who come down to the sea for a breath of sea air, seldom fail to gather more or less of sea mosses. They often labor over them, trying to construct beautiful designs and patterns,—and sometimes succeed. Some aim to get as many varieties as possible. Some of the more curious and enterprising collectors are interested enough to ask if all these kinds of seaweeds have been honored with names.

Ay, indeed, they nearly all have names, but mostly in Greek and Latin, and perhaps too long and hard to remember. There are some common names, but, like most common names of plants, are rather indefinite. For instance, we know some kinds as "kelp," "tangle," "sea lettuce," "dulse," "devil's aprons," "sea colander," "sea otter's cabbage," Irish moss," and many other terms, expressive or meaningless.

Although sea mosses may be collected all seasons on the California coast, the better time of the year for vigorous and perfect specimens is during the months of June, July and August. They are more easily obtained at low tide, in coves and on shelving rocks, where crevices and tide pools occur, or often on the sides of cliffs or large rocks from which the tides have receded. Large drifts of seaweeds occur at times easily available at low tide, where many fine specimens are often obtained. These drifts are composed of plants that have become heavy by rapid growth, and, being tender, are torn loose by the waves and drifted ashore on the beaches. Many kinds not easily obtained

without boats are thus brought ashore in perfect form. If, however, these plants continue to drift back and forth for some days they become broken and injured so as to be useless. It is better to make the collections from the drift in the early morning, just after a strong wind or heavy surf. During the months mentioned

the lowest tides on our coast occur in the morning.

The better way is to mount the plants before they become dry; but, with some exceptions, they can be dried and kept in bundles for almost any length of time, and then soaked out in fresh water and made ready for mounting.

[CONTINUED.]

Trip to the Tropics.

CAPT. ISAIAH BRAY.

"Europe has become a common resort. The grand scenes of our own country have all been visited over and over again. We feel that we want something altogether new,—some remote points of interest as yet little known, still less visited. Give me the benefit of your experience, Captain, and help us out, remembering, however, the condition of our pocket-books these hard times." This appeal from a traveling friend instantly suggested a locality that has always interested me more than any other part of the world, and which, in time, is destined to attract the attention of a multitude of tourists.

The plan proposed is a ninety-days' water and land excursion from San Francisco, first to the Marquesas, thence to the Paumota and Society islands, returning *via* the Sandwich Islands. Aside from the expense connected with steamship travel, the disagreeable noise of machinery, smell of hot air, smoke and soot, which covers every rope and rail, and the constant rolling for want of sails to steady her, are not so conducive to comfort as a clean, swift and smoothly gliding sailing vessel, which has been especially arranged for a party of thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen.

As the course taken would lie through the pleasant perpetual trade winds, where storms are seldom known, the trip could be made with almost as much accuracy of time as in a steamer. The longest time out of sight of land will be the twenty days' run from San Francisco to the first island. However, the days soon pass with good company on board, clouds of flying fish gracefully scaling the waves to escape the larger fish, their enemies, schools of porpoise playfully darting around the ship, racing under the bow in danger from the sailor's harpoon and cook's stew-pot, a vicious shark, the seaman's enemy, now and then following under the stern, accompanied by his ever-present guides, the little pilot fish, or, perhaps, a whale sporting in the distance, to occupy the attention.

NATIVE VILLAGE OF APING.

As one reclines of an evening in his easy chair on deck, gazing at the soft, fleecy clouds sailing silently and majestically in the balmy air across the star-lit heavens, or astern at the wake alive with bright, phosphorescent lights, he feels creeping over him a sense of comfort and rest that can be realized so well under no other circumstances.

At the end of this time, having received a visit from Neptune in his domains, we sight 10 S. of the equator, the high Marquesas Islands towering three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea, to which height volcanic fires have raised them. The coasts rising abruptly from the ocean-like walls form with the broken mountainous surface lofty promontories, bold bluffs and perpendicular buttresses, turrets, towers and cones, with here and there waterfalls coursing down their sides to mingle with the waters of the ocean.

This archipelago consists of thirteen islands, but only six are inhabited. The others are of little importance. Seeking anchorage at one of these islands in a quiet harbor, surrounded by evergreen mountains, the tourist will realize that he has indeed reached new scenes. Men of the Polynesian race, with doubtful covering, without introduction or ceremony, will soon be climbing from their strange-looking canoes to the ship's sides. No more bold, fierce, bloodthirsty cannibals have ever been found, and none with whom missionary efforts have proved so futile. The French, who claim the group, have brought all under their subjection, but not without much bloodshed on both sides. A stay of several days will afford an opportunity to become better acquainted with these natives and their habits, also to study the *flora* and *fauna*, fruits, shells, etc., of the place.

NATIVE HOUSES.

Leaving this group filled with new ideas and topics for conversation, a three or four days' sail will bring us to the Paumota group of low coral islands, the extremes of what we have just left. Though small and insignificant upon first appearance, they will not be a whit behind the higher and grander in interest.

The first prospect at a distance of ten miles is that of tall trees growing out of the water, but a nearer approach reveals the white coral beach under them.

These atolls are coral reefs of all shapes and sizes, crowning, seemingly, the hill-tops of a sunken continent. Whether the interesting natives of these little dots upon the ocean were gradually driven to the higher portions of the sinking mountains, and Providence arranged this means for their preservation, is one of the many unanswerable questions which will suggest themselves.

Portions of these reefs are covered with a magnificent growth of cocoanut, bread-fruit and pandanus trees, while the high tides ebb and flow over others. How such life-sustaining trees can grow where there is so little soil is a marvel in itself, but the almost numberless uses to which the trees and their fruits are put are a still greater subject of wonder, upon which Rev. J. W. Henry of Tahiti has written an article in THE TRAVELER of February, 1894.

We are almost certain to find some entrance for a ship into the lagoon, which, surrounded as it is on all sides by the reef serving as a vast natural breakwater, wards off great rollers that are ever thundering, with hopeless effect, upon the outside, forming a quiet, secure harbor.

Drawn up upon the inside beach will be seen the native canoes or proas, and beyond the native villages clustered under the trees.

In the minds of many there seems to be a vague idea that no more dangerous navigation than sailing among a group of coral islands exists, and that on every hand the ocean is full of sunken reefs and shoals. On the contrary, there is little danger, as the coral island stands out in bold relief from eight to ten feet above the level of the sea, which is clear and deep, without shoals. But upon once entering the lagoon a constant watch must be kept to avoid just such danger spots.

The native visitors to the ship, and the still larger number that gather about us as we land, are ready to trade or barter the products of the islands and surrounding sea. The tourist will be especially pleased to procure specimens of the beautiful coral they have previously sailed over in vast acres as they came into the lagoon.

Looking down into the depths of the crystal water, the sight is indescribable. It must be seen to be appreciated. Submarine forests and flower gardens of coral of every shape and color, with shoals of many kinds of fish bearing the same colors darting in and out of the intricacies of the coral chambers, and shells of various descriptions, moved here and there by their living inmates, fairly make the palms of the conchologist itch to lay hands upon them. In these romantic lands and waters the eye can turn in no direction but to be greeted with new objects of interest and study.

The three or four days spent in sailing through this archipelago will quickly pass, and, almost before we are ready, the high islands of the Society group will be reached, and we stop at renowned Tahiti. Entering the beautiful harbor of Papeete we realize that we have come to a more civilized part of the South Seas.

A TAHITI CATAMARAN.

As we approach the shore all the previous sights will be forgotten in the fairy-like scene that presents itself. Alighting from the boat upon the green turf under the magnolia and yellow and scarlet hibiscus, the steps are turned up the white road, while the eye is kept constantly busy with the delicate flowers of the beautiful gardens in front of the wooden houses, and the varieties of trees laden with fruit, the names of which we will stop to inquire.

SOUTH SEA WARRIORS.

[CONTINUED.]

Steckel photo.

A CALIFORNIA TYPE.

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

The cry of the hour is for a chance to work, to earn one's daily bread. Among the wage-earners, girls who live out have not been considered as more than others specially deserving of pity for their hard lot. In fact our social economists have been urging upon factory girls and mill-hands to forsake the close confinement of the unhealthy shops and betake themselves to domestic service, where they will get wages and board and lodging for their work. But some one has recently broken out into a wild wail in print, the burden of which is that the condition of girls engaged in housework is a disgrace to civilization, in that they are inhumanly treated and poorly paid.

This intemperate jumble of misstatements was contradicted in the public press by a lady of experience, who narrated how she had been imposed upon by the exactions of different girls. In conclusion she says: "Many servants have a comfortable bank account. * * One of the greatest needs of the country is a training school for servants, where they may be properly taught all branches of labor, and taught to be honest."

That's all very well; but, when we come to the question of honesty, let us pause. It is true that many a girl is dishonest, and that those who would not steal a pin have no compunctions about stealing their mistress's time, or even her good name in retailing her family affairs and household gossip. But how is it with the mistress on the subject of wages? I think that, if all the girls who have been defrauded out of their hard-earned money by the dishonesty of their employers could be heard from, even the "Blue Book" itself might blush a rosy red.

"There's a fortune in store for the man who invents a piano that only the player can hear," says the occupant of a Harlem flat. I should say so, too; and in this ejaculation I know I shall be joined by all those suffering souls who have endured the tortures of music in season and out of season.

Reginald de Koven recently repeated a half-century-old story of an Italian lady of gentle birth and blameless life who died and was buried. Upon her tombstone, in addition to a recital of her many virtues and admirable qualities, appeared the following: "About the year 1849 she took lessons upon the piano for several months, but otherwise her life was stainless."

Mr. de Koven calls the wholesale development of piano playing during the past few years a musical octopus.

It would be hard to find any one with brains, and a habit of using them, that did not agree with de Koven. I hope there will be no pianos in the next world. Sometimes, when I am over-weary from the musical endeavors of the lady who lives next door, I am inclined to draw the line even at harps.

We Americans boast ourselves of our democracy, and then we develop the greatest capacity for toadyism imaginable. I'm often ashamed of my countrymen. The other day some absurd, illogical fellow worked himself up into a paroxysm of admiration over the fact that the wife of the President had made every stitch of her baby's garments. In this he found cause to reproach all other mothers who had not done likewise.

It seems to me a petty matter upon which to spend a column in adulation. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that any woman of wealth can do better than to make her own baby clothes. There are so many poor women to whom the opportunity would come as a Providential chance to earn needful funds; and for a woman who has leisure and money, to use the leisure and not the money seems like throwing away a gracious opportunity to do good. Of course, some sentiment may have been involved; but to advise all women to betake themselves to their needles is a mistit lesson in social economy.

One of the nicest desserts that can be prepared with hardly any expense, and only a small amount of trouble, is stuffed dates. How are they prepared? Easily enough. Take one pound of choice dates and remove the seeds. Remove the shells from the same quantity of fresh nuts, of whichever kind one may prefer, and chop the kernels fine, adding a very little salt. With this mixture stuff the dates carefully, fold them together, sift powdered sugar over them and serve. Or, instead of chopping the kernels, take whole pieces of walnuts and lay each one within a date.

Telegraphic dispatches tell us that the American colony in Paris is in dismay over the impending break in the Girls' Club, organized with an endowment for a library by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. The purpose of this home is to afford a safeguard for American girls in the art schools. Everything seemed to be lovely, when a minister's widow was put in as a sort of monitor in the establishment. Incessant bickerings and heartburnings followed. The widow demoralized the servants, prejudiced the creditors, and stole away the power from the matron. The long series of quarrels and intrigues ended in the disappearance of the matron. Following so closely upon the outbreak in the Lafayette Home, also devoted to girls, the scandal excites lively discussion. It is a pity.

Some of our curious and most interesting studies of the American girl are to be found in children of foreigners. I feel secure in saying that much of the improprieties credited to American girls have been performed by girls whose parents are not able to bring them up in the ways of the old country, in which they themselves were raised, and not knowing what is expected of parents in America, have, in their ignorance, allowed their daughters to do things that no American mother would countenance for a moment. These are the young women who have such a fine time at the summer resort and during the winter season. But it is not just to take this girl as a type of all others. She is merely a type of her class, and in America we have many classes, especially where the cosmopolitan element enters into the question.

The Vanderbilt arboretum in North Carolina contains more kinds of trees than are in the famous Kew Botanical Gardens near London, and the number is constantly increasing. For the benefit of mankind at large, and especially for men and women interested in forestry, a careful record of the treatment of trees is to be kept for a forest botanical library, which is to be as complete as other features connected with the Vanderbilt estate. The results of this experiment will be watched with interest by the people of our own State.

Perhaps I am making improper distinctions, but I have never been quite so sorry for the poorer classes as I have for people who have been reduced in circumstances. All emotions in their force and depth must be measured by capacity. It is impossible for the hereditary poor to feel their poverty as keenly as those suddenly made poor. Pity "the needy gentlewoman." Surely, this needs no demonstration. Faith in the future lends us courage for the present; but the memory of the past is often an added regret. Perhaps in California, where fortunes have been made in stocks in a day, and lost in a moment, there has been a unique changing of places in the ups and downs of life.

American dentists are the best in the world. This fact is its own commentary. Americans have the poorest teeth; hence the demand has created the supply of skilled dental labor. We Americans are too fond of sweets. While a moderate amount of sugar can be digested daily by the stomach, we overload our stomachs with an unmerciful addition of that amount. The candy habit is to blame. We really get all the sugar we need at our meals; but this eating between meals of half a pound, more or less, of sugar diluted only with strong flavoring oils and extracts, what wonder that a disordered digestion, an overworked liver, low spirits, restlessness, headache, a cold in the head, a sour stomach and poor teeth are the result?

Did you know that the Russian thistle is preparing to conquer California? It made its advent in the United States only a few years ago. Its seeds were probably brought over in the baggage of some Russian emigrant to the Dakotas. It has already spread itself over a vast area, caused the loss of millions of dollars worth of wheat to the farmers, and its extermination will be apt to cost the country many millions more if its spread be not checked at once. Californians should exterminate every kind of thistle that shows its head.

Californians have a seemingly unconquerable aversion to the use of the cent. Some one has been trying to convince us that the rejection of the cent visits a very considerable tax upon the poor. To despise small coins is not only silly, but it is waste. It is a question of small economies, and they are the most vital of all economies. In the East one can buy many a thing tor a cent or for two cents,—newspapers and candies and hundreds of other things. But among Californians it seems to be feared that the introduction of the cent in general circulation means reduction of wages and a general shrinkage of values. Evidently we will have none of it, for when we see stores offering goods for ninety-nine cents or twenty-four cents, or for any price that will give back a cent in change, we feel as if it were a parsimonious act to carry away the cent, or we suspect the proprietor of the intent to offer a poor article for a few cents' advance upon its true value. But those who think they know say that the cent is bound to come. Personally, I don't like them. They are suggestive of the great unwashed; they smell bad.

Here is a thought for our women farmers. Mrs. Theodora B. Shepherd of Ventura-by-the-Sea enjoys the distinction of being the most successful woman florist in the world. Please let us hear from you on this subject. Tell us if you think that women can handle this branch of horticulture.

The Sacramento *Record-Union* says that there are hundreds of places in California where the bamboo plant will grow as luxurianty as in the Orient; and yet there are not ten acres in bamboo in all California. The same authority says that many of the medicinal plants that we import from the East would grow almost anywhere in California.

Do you think that this is a field for women? Will it take us a long time to learn the wisdom of the cultivation of small staples that call for but small acreage and the least risk and labor?

It has been suggested by some lucid minds that as space for yard room is necessarily contracting as the city grows it might be a good plan to utilize the roofs of school-houses for play-grounds. It has already been done in a small way in a private school. In support of this suggestion, its advocate justly alleges that an open-air playground on the roof has more to recommend it than the dank atmosphere of a cellar; that light and fresh air would be within reach of all. Further, it certainly would be no worse for the classes on the lower floors of a public school to ascend to the roof at recess than it is now for those on the upper floors to descend to the yard, and then climb up the stairs again to return to their class-rooms at the expiration of the play hour.

This is true. Now, if some practical architect would design a school-house in which sanitary plumbing would be a feature all the difficulties would be solved.

I was discussing the feasibility of this plan with a young man whose memory of school-boy pranks was evidently of the most active kind, for he at once ejaculated, "Absurd! Impossible! Why, it would result in frightful calamity!" "How? Do you suppose there ever was a fence high enough to deter a boy from attempting to climb it to see how it looks from the top? What do you suppose would be the result? The boys would be getting killed at a frightful rate, dashed to pieces on the pavement below."

As for that, the fence could be constructed of light but strong bars of iron, and the whole area roofed in by strong iron netting or iron slats, supported by light columns at regular intervals along the center. To be sure, the whole arrangement would not be unlike a cage, but its adoption offers a solution of what promises to be a puzzling problem.

Who will say that an idea, once planted as a seed of truth, will not grow up into a tree of knowledge? Long ago, in 1891, I wrote a patriotic Fourth of July article for the San Francisco *News Letter*, in which I asked the question, "Why should we not form a patriotic legion, with branches and corps in every public school in the country, and call it the 'Order of the American Flag?'" the object of the order being to teach boys and girls to love their country, to know its history, its battle hymns, and to honor its flag. "On national holidays," said I, "especially on Fourth of July, a place on the programme for the exercises of the day should be reserved for the representatives of this order. The boys of the commonwealth have a right to take part in the celebration of its holidays."

Some of the interior papers quoted and commended the idea; more called it sentimental or chimerical. But I would not give it up. I wrote it for north and east and west and south, again and again. To-day there is an "American Institute of Civics," a national institution incorporated under the law of Congress, and following exactly the lines laid down in my idea, in the idea that furnished food for laughter!

In the same article I also wrote, "Let the American flag be over the door of every school-room. Let each class face that flag, give it the military salute with the words, 'Our flag is there; we are Americans.'" I have had my own classes salute the flag ever since I taught a class, often varying the words of address; and the other teachers laughed and said, "You will get yourself into trouble with some of the Board of Education."

How was it? Look at the boys and girls who salute the flag every day in our public schools of San Francisco; look at the beautiful flags that the children bought for Columbus Day, to remain forever in the schools; look at the throngs who gathered around the grand stand at the Midwinter Fair to sing our national hymns, and then tell me if it is not my time to laugh, to laugh a loud, exultant laugh of patriotic joy?

When a society girl makes up her mind that she will become a musician she must be prepared to make a great personal sacrifice. Her highly polished manicured nails must go; that is, she may polish what is left of them, but she must wear them in their most abbreviated form, for what is more harrowing to the nerves and more fatal to the music than the sound of finger nails striking the ivory keys of a piano? Nor are short nails demanded any the less imperatively by the exigencies of a stringed instrument.

Attempt to play the banjo or the guitar with fingers terminating in a long, claw-like extent of nails, and what is the result? A constant fraying of the string and blurring of tone, as the nails either strike the wrong string in passing or prolong the sound of the right string after it has been picked by the fleshy pad on the end of the finger.

Another woe awaits the society girl who attempts to play a stringed instrument. Her lily-white hands, already shorn of their manicured beauty, must suffer another sad experience. The tips of her fingers will become hard and callous. Report says that even a tiny corn may reward the assiduity of the patient, faithful performer on the banjo or the harp.

Why can't a woman throw a stone as well as a man? "Because her clavicle is out of line for giving proper curve to a projective." Ah, forsooth, wisdom is justified of all her children!

One of the kings of France once called his college of savants around him and demanded of them why the water of a full glass did not overflow when a fish was dropped into the fluid. The illustrious men requested a week in which to prepare their answer, and, when they did appear with their reasons, the results were truly astonishing. They argued that it was because the fish swallowed enough water to displace its bulk. In fact they gave utterance to a lot of stuff and nonsense. "The water does overflow," said the king: and all this to teach his savants that it will not do to take everything for granted, even on the royal say so.

And so a girl cannot throw a stone! Stuff and nonsense again. The fact is a girl can throw a stone as well as a boy, with as direct aim and as proper a curve. Some of them can even put a scientific curve onto a baseball. I have seen them skip stones upon the face of the water, rivaling the success of any man of the party on the beach.

But the element of force is lacking. A girl cannot throw as far as a man can, nor with such hitting power. But, I pray you, let the fallacy that a girl cannot throw a stone except in the awkward, outward, rigid curve of the arm, go on the shelf with those other foolish fallacies that a woman cannot crack a whip or sharpen a lead-pencil.

How to help working girls is a problem that agitates the soul of the professional reformer and taxes the minds and hearts of the truly philanthropic. It is hard to help those who do not wish to be helped; still harder to help those who rightly resent the air of superiority and of patronage that many of our society ladies assume when they become active members in a leading charity. For every woman who is engaged in an honest attempt to earn her own living there should be the warmest sympathy and a hand outstretched to give the hand-clasp of fellowship or the firm, sustaining grip of an upholding encouragement.

I do not mean that women who work should be aided by charity as that word is now understood. No self-respecting working woman wishes to receive anything in that way. I am perfectly safe in saying that when a woman earns her own living she becomes more independent than the man who earns his. She resents receiving gifts from more fortunate women. She prefers to walk by her own efforts. All she asks is to be given a fair chance and a clear field to take care of herself, and she will do it.

But a woman is always fair game in the business world. She has to take less pay than a man receives, not because her work is performed less acceptably, but simply because she is a woman. When it comes to business transactions, many presume upon her supposed ignorance of business forms, and try to take advantage of that ignorance. The world is full of those who devour widows' houses, and, for a pretense, make long prayers, and, at the same time, reach out after the orphans, scanty substance.

Referring to the Midwinter Fair at Golden Gate Park, attention is naturally drawn to the various methods employed of adding interest and enthusiasm to the project. The majority of those philanthropically extended appear to have an ulterior motive, as instanced by the trophy offered by a San Francisco paper to the county of California making the most attractive exhibit. While not discounting the intrinsic value of the prize, the probable aim of the paper is to secure the extra sale of enough of its copies to overbalance any expense in that regard. The issues of the paper contain a "coupon," which, by mutilating the paper by cutting it out, can be used as a vote for "the most attractive exhibit." As for the merit of the contest, it will depend upon the liberality and local pride of the population of the different counties.

Eliza D. Keith.

(DI VERNON.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Special attention is called to the following beautifully illustrated souvenirs that have just been published by THE TRAVELER. They are ornaments for any parlor-table, and copies will be mailed free to any one for the asking, by addressing the parties named in the list below:

"Views on the North Pacific Coast Railroad" is an exquisitely illustrated book of thirty-two pages. The mountains, bays, forests, streams and camping-grounds of this scenic route are handsomely portrayed. Address F. B. Latham, G. P. A., North Pacific Coast Railroad, San Francisco, Cal.

"The Battle of Castle Crags," by Joaquin Miller, is a thrilling story of the early Indian troubles of that section. Fully illustrated Address T. H. Goodman, G. P. A., Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco, Cal.

Mountain Home Resort, Llagas, Santa Cruz Mountains, west of New Almaden, is attractively set forth in a twelve-page brochure with fine half-tone cuts. Address Vic Poncelet, Llagas, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

Larkspur Inn, Marin County, is now open for visitors, and the whole story is charmingly told in a neat pocket pamplet, illustrated. Address R. M. Briare, Larkspur, Cal.

The attention of travelers is called to the new souvenir of St. James Hotel and Lick Observatory, San Jose. Address Tyler Beach, San Jose, Cal.

Mr. A. Thorne, American representative of the London, Chatham & Dover Railway, takes every opportunity to cater to the select patronage that goes over his line. He now presents every American tourist with a handsomely illustrated "Guide to Paris," containing the most complete colored maps of the great city we have ever seen. It is a marvel of elaboration and detail, and it is a wonder how even the popular London, Chatham & Dover Railway can afford to make them a gift.

ITEMS, ETC.

Visitors to the Midwinter Fair should not overlook the great geyser wonderland of Sonoma County.

Send twenty-five cents in stamps for our sixty-four-page "Outings in California." It contains a vast fund of information, and is tastefully illustrated.

LOS ANGELES, February 17, 1894.

February number of *The Traveler* failed to reach me, owing, I suppose, to the non-appearance of the one dollar. Would rather have my wine, liquors and cigars, or even two-thirds of my usual rations, cut off, but don't want *The Traveler* cut off. Inclosed find the necessary one dollar. Yours, W. H. W.

Parties visiting Southern California may procure at this office a small book containing valuable information of the hotels of that country.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

DR. R. E. BUNKER, Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence No. 802 Kearny Street, San Francisco.
Office hours 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M. Telephone 1800.

MILFORD, Mass., February 14, 1894.

I received a postal saying my subscription for your very valuable monthly had expired; and my wife says, "We must have it,"—can't get along without it. So you will please find inclosed postoffice order for two copies,—one for R. C. E. and one for myself.

Yours truly, E. C. C.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10.
Entrance 806 Market Street.

DR. GEORGE K. FRINK, Physician and Surgeon,
No. 47 Post Street, corner Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.
Hours 1 to 3 and 7:30 to 8 P. M. Residence 3005 Jackson Street. Telephone 4286.
Specialties: Women's and Children's Diseases and Obstetrics.
At office on Sunday by special appointment only.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by

W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.
650 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

NEW GOLD.

THE GROWING OF A SOUL.

Hear ye this parable. A man
Did plant a garden. Vine and tree
Alike, in course of time, began
To put forth fair and pleasantly.
The rains of heaven, the persuading sun,
Came down alike on each and every one.

Yet some trees willful grew; and some
Strong vines grew gaily in the sun,
With gaudy leaves that even come
To naught. And yet, each flaunting one
Did flourish on triumphantly, and glow
Like sunset clouds in all their moving show.

But, lo! the harvest found them not.
The soul had perished from them. Mould
And muck and leaf lay there to rot,
And furnished nourishment untold
To patient tree and lowly creeping vine
That grew as grew the husbandman's design.

Hear, then, this lesson, hear and heed.
I say that chaff shall perish; say
Man's soul is like unto a seed
To grow unto the Judgment Day.
It grows and grows, if he will have it grow.
It perishes, if he must have it so.

—*Joaquin Miller's The City Beautiful.*

ROW, LOVE, ROW.

The inevitable end
Comes to all their way who wend
O'er Life's silver-shining sea;
Comes to you, love, comes to me
Some sad day, as on we go,
One—or both—must sink below.
Row, love, row!
Sing, love, oh, sing! your song beguiles.
Teach me all endearing wiles;
And, while the blue above us smiles,
Gaily, gaily, will we row,
And chase the shadows as they go.
Row, love, row!
And when 'tis dark above, below,
And wild winds blow,
Bravely, bravely, will we row,
Till, shining in the afterglow,
We behold the Happy Isles.

Mare Island, Cal. —*Ruthella Schultz Bollard.*

BOHEMIA.

In the land where all law is a shadow,
On the seas where each port is a bier,
I have found me a free El Dorado,
A life that's unhaunted by fear.

I have found me a chamber to dwell in,
And have carven a seat and a shelf;
Wrought a chest that were meet for Greek Helen;
My walls I have pictured myself.

I have found me an angel who blesses
To sweetness my bread and my wine.
She shakes light from her radiant tresses;
The love in her face is divine.

I have found me few friendships but steady,
Outspoken, gruff, resolute folk,
Who have weathered life's storm and sea's eddy,
And tamed the fierce fates to a yoke.

I have found me a vista that reaches
A tangent away into space;
Where the sky's pearly cloud wave just beaches
The rim of the risen moon's face.

I have found me a river called Lethe,
And its waters have healed me like Death.
From its shore, robed in calm, I can see the
Old Past draw his laboring breath.

I have found me wild forests and pathless.
Farewell! I am vanishing there,
For I find the dear dumb beasts more wrathless
And kind than the Christian bear.

Weimar, Cal. —*Miriam Wheeler.*

RECONSIDERED LOVE.

"Five years to wait!" Don't do it,
My innocent blue-eyed maid,
For the years may last a lifetime,
While your youthful roses fade,
While your eyes are red with weeping
And watching the treacherous sea;
Till you sing the song of the lone one,
"He never came back to me."

"'Tis very weary waiting,"
Said the blue-eyed maid to me,
And she glanced at her last new suitor,
And then at the restless sea
As she glanced at the roses fading
In her garden fair and bright;
Twice come, twice gone, since he left her
Two years before that night.

And she married her last new suitor
Before the winter sped;
And she wrote to her absent lover
On the day that she was wed:
"She hoped he would not suffer,
That the shock would soon be o'er;"
And the answer soon informed her
He had married a year before!

THAT REMINDS ME!

Ed. Schwerin photo.

Widow—Well, Mr. Brief, have you read the will?
Brief—Yes; but I can't make anything out of it.
Heirs—Let's have it patented. A will that a lawyer can't make anything out of is a novelty.

"Have you found religion yet, my friend?" the Rev. Sam Jones inquired of one of his hearers.
"No," was the reply.
"What is your occupation, may I ask?"
"I am a detective."
"H'm!" observed the great revivalist, "that accounts for it."

Joglets—What is the difference between a hen's lay and a poet's lay?
Juglets—You can always get money for a hen's lay.

—*Raymond's Monthly.*

"I don't see why it takes Bertie so long to learn to talk," said the young mother anxiously. "I spend hours every day trying to teach him. B'ess its 'ittle footsy tootsies! Doesn't muzzer dess do ever'sing she tan to det it to talky walky? Tum to its muzzer! Popsy wopsy doncy duckums! Widdlecome, bidlecome, fiddle-de-dee! Toze its pitty 'ittle eyes now and go s'eepy!"

A pretty Mexican lady recently purchased some yards of "material" at one of our large dry goods stores.

At the time of her visit she was not conversant with English, and an American friend made her purchases for her.

Last week, happening to be in the city, and in want of "gingham," she went to the same establishment, this time alone.

"Haff you ze jimjams?" she inquired.

Of course the gentlemanly clerk was very much astonished.

"No," said he, "never."

"Vy," exclaimed senora, earnestly, "you had 'em ven I was here last, and you had 'em bad, too. Zey ripped out."

"What is that big iron thing?" asked Laura.
"Locomotive boiler," said Tom.
Laura looked thoughtful. After a moment's silence she asked:
"Why do they boil locomotives?"
Tom looked amused.
"To make 'em tender," he said slowly.

Young Horse—A woman is driving me now, and I can never understand what she wants me to do.
Old Horse—That's easy. A lot of quick jerks backward on the reins means that she wants you to go ahead, stop or back, according to circumstances.

"Did yez say yer health is bad, Mr. Donovan?"
"Yis. Oi've bin walking in me slape."
"Och, begorra, if Oi cu'd only have done the same Oi wouldn't be off the force now."

Mrs. Finnegan—Good day, Mrs. Murphy. Phwat is the matter with your billy goat? He bees turning tip flaps all the marning.
Mrs. Murphy—Pat says it does be the frivolousness he gets along wid eating the circus bills. —*Life.*

"Now, lady, look beautiful and happy," said a peripatetic photographer to the young woman. "So; that's it. There, I have you. Now you may resume your natural expression." —*Fliegende Blatter.*

Proprietor of Restaurant—Any one waiting on you, Miss.
Miss Zomerzet (blushing)—Well, Hi Perkins is kind er purring round, but he hain' talk business yet.

"I wish these missionaries didn't vary so much," said King Kannabile, as he swallowed his portion of the roast.
"I wish so, too," said Queen Kannabile; "but there are so many brands of Presbyterians these days it's hard to tell what to order."

Young Wife—How nice it would be if life were a perpetual honeymoon,—nothing but billing and cooing.
Young Husband—H'm! I think I could get along with just the cooing.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN WINTER.

W. V. B.

COULD one make the ascent in the captive balloon, then cut loose and be borne by a strong north wind to the city of Los Angeles, he would find himself relegated to a clear, warm, sunny atmosphere, of which Southern California so justly boasts. And he would find, also, that the City of the Angels had lost none of its vivacity, and that the town and surrounding resorts were overflowing with the tourist and pleasure-seeker. Drop into the Hollenbeck Hotel, which enjoys the most central location in the city, and there is an air of bustle and activity that is really cheering after the lingering drought of finances through which we have just passed. We speak of it as a thing of the past, for certainly there is every indication of a turning tide of prosperity, at least in this section of the country.

Since the recent improvements have been made at the Hollenbeck it has become more popular than ever, and guests often find it difficult to obtain accommodations. But Proprietor Bilicke has a peculiar aptitude of making "two go into one," and at the same time satisfy his clients; so that one can be certain that he will receive at the Hollenbeck the most courteous treatment and consideration.

All the Los Angeles hostelries are doing a good business. The Ramona Hotel, not far from the Hollenbeck, is well filled, and Manager Cowley wears a careworn yet contented expression owing to the hard work incident to the influx.

Among the new caravansaries which jumped suddenly into popular favor is the Abbotsford Inn, conducted by Col. J. J. Martin and his son. Its title is not a misnomer, for it is just about as comfortable, cheerful and homelike as one could wish. Its situation and surroundings are attractive and unique, and Col. Martin is not only a proprietor, but a host in the fullest sense of the word, leaving no stone unturned for the entertainment and amusement of his guests.

Most of the delightful resorts are reached by the Southern California Railway, and the following may be mentioned as a few of the popular caravansaries mainly reached by this road.

Among the many charming resorts near the Queen City is Redondo Beach, only fifty minutes' ride by either of two routes. The great hotel overlooks the deep blue ocean, and is a stately and imposing monument to the picturesque surroundings. The Redondo Hotel will never wane in popularity so long, at least, as Manager Lynch is its guiding star, for Mr. Lynch is a theoretical and a practical purveyor in one, and he pursues his association with and consideration for his guests with a tact and gentility that have won for him and his splendid hostelry many lasting friends and patrons.

Here at Redondo one can veritably satisfy four of the five senses,—taste, sight, smell and hearing,—for, as you wander into the capacious dining-hall with a prodigious appetite brought about by the fresh sea air from the roaring breakers, you will find before you a sumptuousness, delicacy and excellence of viands, tastefully served by dusky Ethiopians, which at once evokes a sigh of contentment and resignation. You will then gaze across the portico at the broad expanse of blue waste with a sail or two of some fishing boats flapping idly against the masts, while the "yo, heave, ho," of the many occupants floats to your ears as they tug patiently with the huge, unwieldly nets that contain the day's sport. Then the picture will for a moment pass from your mind as the notes of the mandolin, with appropriate accompaniments, break gently upon the air, and the orchestra begins to pour out its sweetest strains that captivate the ear and charm the senses; and while, at the same time, you catch the breath of the rare exotics and perfumed flowers that creep slyly through the open lattice, the hidden music breaks forth in the beautiful melody of "The Angels' Serenade," with its sweet, soothing and pathetic bars, invoking all the sentimentality of your nature, or awakening that which you had experienced in the past.

Paying farewell to the seashore, you may well turn your footsteps to Pasadena, but a half hour's ride from Los Angeles. Situated in the most beautiful spot of the San Gabriel Valley, at the base of the towering range of mountains, it is one of Southern California's rarest gems. The Hotel Green at Pasadena has but recently been thrown open to the public, and, with its handsome annex, now enjoys the distinction of being the second largest hotel in the South. At the present time nearly three hundred guests are ensconced within its portals, and they are still coming. Next to a view from the summit of Echo Mountain is that from the roof of the Hotel Green, covering, as it does, the broad expanse of the San Gabriel Valley. The characteristic features of the Green are its general substantiality, its magnificent dining-hall, as rich and white as alabaster, its artistic furnishings and air of elegance, and the invariable courtesy of its management. The grand parlor is a model of comfort and richness, and at one end is a complete stage, curtain and theatrical equipment; so that, together with the professional and amateur performances which here take place, and the music, dancing and card parties *ad interim*, the Green does not lack in the entertainment of its guests.

The Painter at Pasadena is another hotel worthy of mention. It occupies an eminence overlooking the town and valley, and is surrounded with a well-kept garden of flowers of all varieties. While not so pretentious as the Green in point of size, it nevertheless finds its appreciative patrons, who enjoy its quiet and retired surroundings, while the gaiety and good cheer within are in no sense lacking.

Only an hour's ride from Los Angeles brings you to the typical Southern California town of Pomona, the location of the Hotel Palomares. It is a pretty spot, and the hotel and grounds occupy a block in area. The Palomares is well kept, neat, clean and attractive, and Manager Simms is getting his share of the tourist trade. The Palomares deserves to be still better known, for those who have not made a stay at Pomona cannot appreciate the real excellence of this resort, the perfection of the climate and the beauty of the surroundings. Do not neglect a visit to Pomona when you are planning your southern trip.

In this connection the thriving town of Redlands at the eastern end of the San Gabriel Valley is rapidly coming into prominence with the traveling public, so named because of the characteristic color of its soil. Redlands offers a superb climate, a remarkably rich soil, and claims (undoubtedly with truth) to raise the finest oranges in the State, owing, perhaps, to its freedom from frost, which more or less pervades the lower elevations.

Here are two hotels for the tourist. The Terracina, prettily situated on the outskirts, enjoys a select patronage, and conducts a faultless cuisine. It is essentially a family hostelry, and its guests are, for the most part, permanent during the season. It is managed by Mr. W. M. Tisdale, under the proprietorship of Mr. C. T. Hedge, and is run under a general standard of high excellence.

In the center of the town is the Hotel Windsor, also strictly first class, and its clientage of the very best. Within the past few months a large addition has been made, equipped with all modern conveniences, private baths, etc.; and with the advent of these improvements came an increased and profitable patronage, with every indication of its permanency.

"A thing of beauty" and "a joy forever" may be truly said of Southern California. Its attractions need never be painted and touched up by the brush of its ardent admirers, for the plain, unvarnished truth is alluring enough to captivate the credulous listener.

With the garden spot in our State, sectionalism should die upon the divisional line, both north and south. Acknowledge the wonderful fertility, beauty and attractiveness of our Southern friends, and let them in turn admit the peculiar advantages and resources of the North; and let us all be proud of the things that we have not as well as those we have, for State pride can bear no element of personality, and sectionalism should harbor naught but generous and pleasant rivalry, such as Nature dictated should exist between man and man, State and State, nation and nation.

STUART KENNEDY.

On March 7th last, at the Hotel Florence, San Diego, Mr. Stuart Kennedy, formerly manager of that hostelry, passed away.

In the death of Mr. Kennedy, his friends, general public at large and past patrons of the Hotel Florence will find an irreparable loss.

Mr. Kennedy combined in his attributes a remarkable facility for government, an intuitive knowledge of the many details of hotel management, and a peculiar tact for ingratiating himself into the good will and respect of his many friends and patrons, a combination that is rare among the members of his profession. If he had an enemy in the world we never heard of it. To all he was kind, obliging, generous to a fault, and had a heart as big as his physique was small.

He had a bright future before him, and would undoubtedly have risen to still greater eminence; and the most sincere regret is expressed on all sides at the early termination of his active life.

In this connection it seems fit that mention should be made of the kindly offices extended to him by his superior, A. E. Nutt, Proprietor of the Hotel Florence. Mr. Nutt could not have exercised greater care and attention toward him had he been a brother, and no stone was left unturned to add to his comfort and peace of mind. Mr. Nutt's actions during the last illness were commendable in the highest sense, and merit the deepest appreciation from the many friends of the deceased.

Mr. Kennedy leaves a wife and little child; and Mr. Nutt has still further evidenced his kindness by offering every consideration and assistance to the family.

Mr. Kennedy was in his thirty-fourth year, having been born in the State of Ohio in 1860. He made his home in Martinsville, and, at the age of twelve years, moved to Richmond, Ind. Twelve years subsequent to that period he became chief clerk and finally manager of the Huntington and Grand hotels. From that point he went to Indianapolis to accept the position as chief clerk of the well-known Bates House, where he served for many years. He then moved to Kansas City, occupying a similar position at the St. James Hotel, and afterward assumed the management of the Harvey Eating-house, on the line of the Union Pacific Railway, for one year, then entering the Troop Hotel at Topeka, Kas., as manager and chief clerk for the four years following.

He went to the Hotel Florence, San Diego, and in 1892 became proprietor. During the year 1893 he disposed of his interests to Mr. A. E. Nutt, present proprietor, and from that time until the date of his death was manager for Mr. Nutt.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

This subject will probably be viewed from a variety of standpoints. The sentimentalist will dwell seriously on the "maternal instinct" and devotion; the philosopher will point to the exhibition of patience on the part

W. C. Potter photo.

of the mother and the diligent and active hustling on the part of the progeny. For our own part we might as well be candid and admit that the little pigs' tails interest and amuse us the most.

THE GEYSERS.

GEYSERS EAGLE'S NEST.

No visit to California is complete without a visit to the Geyser wonderland. The trip of a hundred miles by ferry, rail and stage is made in from six to seven hours, and is replete with interest. This resort is in the heart of the Coast Range Mountains, and there are cold, hot, boiling and spouting springs, and the finest hot baths on earth. Superb scenery of river, forest and canyon, and ample hotel accommodations at reasonable rates.

COL. J. R. BOWLER, Proprietor, "Geysers," Sonoma County, Cal.

HOTEL TERRACINA,

REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA.

IN the beautiful San Bernardino Valley. Magnificent mountain scenery. Climate dry and salubrious. Rates $3.50 to $5.00 per day. Special terms to parties wishing to remain through the winter.

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Electric and cable cars pass the door. It has 125 beautiful outside sunny rooms, *en suite* and single. Hot and cold baths free to guests at all hours. We promise to give, as near as possible, all the comforts found in the most elegant private homes. Open all the year.

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IF YOU don't know where to go this summer, write to THE TRAVELER'S Bureau of Information, 602 Market Street, San Francisco, for suggestions and printed matter.

HOTEL WINDSOR,

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Commercial Hotel. American Plan.

Rates $2.00 to $3.00 per day.

Fine table service. Sample rooms Central.

MRS. H. L. SQUIRES, Proprietor.

G. L. HOLTON, Manager.

YOU

are thinking about this time of going somewhere for the summer. You don't know just where, but if you had our new 64-page book, entitled **Outings in California**, it would tell you about every resort in the State, how to reach it, rates of fare, the hotel rates, etc. You **SHOULD** **HAVE** one now, before the supply is exhausted. It is beautifully illustrated and complete, and not an advertisement in the book. Write to THE TRAVELER, No. 602 Market Street, San Francisco, enclosing only twenty-five cents in postage stamps, and we will send you

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ONE

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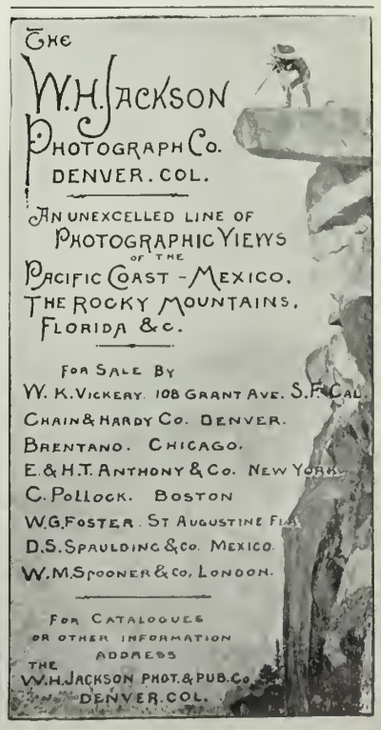


Southern Pacific Company.

CALIFORNIA is so large a State, and there is here to be found such a great variety of scenery and temperature, that it is almost impossible to give in a small space anything like a satisfactory idea of where (or when) to go and what to see. Speaking in a general way, however, and calling the reader's attention to the statistical notes herewith appended, we beg to say, to visiting strangers, that while the southern portion of the State is recognized as a winter resort, there are scores of all the year round resorts in the central and northern portions of the State. As a rule mountain hotels are closed in the winter and open for business in April or May. Visitors to the Midwinter Fair, during the winter months, may avail themselves of a great variety and number of side trips, prominent among which are Hotel del Monte, Paraiso, Paso Robles, Santa Cruz, Hotel Vendome and Lick Observatory. These points are located on or near the Southern Pacific Railroad lines. Cars leave Third and Townsend streets, San Francisco. A few other points easily accessible and worthy a visit are Byron Springs, Napa Soda Springs, the Geysers and Calistoga, the latter point being the terminus of the railroad in Napa Valley. Stages are there taken for the many springs resorts of Lake County, which are open from May until October.

The Tavern of Castle Crag opens about May 15th, the season continuing till October or November. The same may be said of the Lake Tahoe resorts.

In ordinary years the Yosemite is accessible from April to November inclusive; but, should the storms be heavy late in the season, the stage road is not liable to be open before the middle of April. For full information call upon or write to the Southern Pacific Company, 613 Market St , or Fourth and Townsend Sts., San Francisco. Addres T. H. Goodman, G. P. & T. A.

Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Monterey County. Distance by rail from San Francisco 125 miles. Sea level. Open all the year. Surroundings of mountain, lake and forest, picturesque in the extreme. Eighteen-mile drive around the peninsula, the 100-acre flower garden, etc. Tennis, croquet, bowling and billiards; hot and cold salt-water bathing on the beach; splendid salmon-fishing in the bay, etc. Accommodations for 400 persons. Rates $17.50 per week and up; $3.00 per day and up. Special rates for children and nurses.

Yosemite Valley. Distance by rail from San Francisco to Raymond 199 miles; stage thence 67 miles. Round trip from San Francisco $50.00. Time 40 hours. Elevation 4,060 feet. Stage office, Wells, Fargo & Co., Western Union Telegraph and postoffice. The season is open from April 1st to November 20th. Fine trails lead from the hotels to principal points of interest (see Yosemite guide books). Hotel rates $3.00 to $4.50 per day.

Tavern of Castle Crag, Castle Crag, Shasta County. Distance by rail from San Francisco 320 miles. Fare $9.90; round trip $14.00. Elevation 2,084 feet. Open from May 15th to October 15th. Located at the foot of the famous Castle Crags, and in clear sight of Mount Shasta. Trails to the Crags. Castle

Lake, Squaw Creek and McCloud River; horseback and donkey rides; tennis, bowling, billiards, etc. Trout-fishing in Sacramento River, Big Castle Creek, the lakes, Squaw and Tom Neal creeks and McCloud River.

Lake Tahoe, El Dorado County. Distance by rail from San Francisco to Truckee 209 miles; stage thence to Tahoe City 14 miles; steamer across Lake Tahoe 29 miles. Fare to Tallac House $11.80. Elevation 6,220 feet. Southern portion of lake is the most interesting. Hotels open from May 21st to October 1st. Trout-fishing in the lake and streams; grouse and quail; boating, riding, driving, etc.

Geysers, Sonoma County. Distance from San Francisco to Calistoga 73 miles; stage thence 26 miles. Elevation 1,800 feet. Scenery grand and varied. Finely wooded and watered country. Hot sulphur baths and large swimming-pool in Pluton River.

Paraiso Springs, the Carlsbad of American mineral springs, is situated in a picturesque alcove of the Santa Lucia Mountains, on the western border of Salinas Valley, Monterey County, 150 miles south of San Francisco.

It has a most romantic situation, and its altitude of nearly a thousand feet above the valley, and fifteen hundred above the sea, renders the atmospheric conditions dry, wholesome, healthful and comfortable.

Santa Cruz. Distance from San Francisco via Narrow Gauge 81 miles. Fare $2.80. Time 4 hours Sea level. Hotels open all the year. Splendid ocean scenery. The finest beach on the coast. Fine surf-bathing; yachting, boating, fishing, etc.; horseback riding along the beach to the lighthouse, etc ; hunting and fishing in the Santa Cruz Mountains a few miles away.

Byron Hot Springs (Byron Hot Springs P. O.), Contra Costa County. Distance from San Francisco by rail 68 miles; stage thence 2 miles. Fare $2.40. Two trains daily. Elevation 60 feet. Open all the year. Located in a spur of the Coast Range, San Joaquin River on one side, Mount Diablo on the other.

Napa Soda Springs, Napa County. Distance by rail from San Francisco to Napa 46 miles; stage thence 6 miles. Fare $2.50; round trip $3.50. Elevation 1,000 feet Open all the year. Located in the foothills of the inner Coast Range, on the border of Napa Valley. Surroundings picturesque.

Santa Monica, Los Angeles County. Distance by rail from San Francisco, 499 miles; from Los Angeles 18 miles. Fare from San Francisco $15.50; from Los Angeles 50 cents. The hotel is beautifully situated on a bluff, directly on the ocean. The beach is one of the finest on the coast. Salt-water bathing.

San Jose, Santa Clara County. Distance by rail from San Francisco to San Jose 50 miles. Fare $1.25. Elevation 100 feet. Located in the center of Santa Clara Valley. Half-way stopping place for visitors to Lick Observatory.

Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo County. Distance from San Francisco by rail 216 miles. Fare $6.20. Elevation 600 feet. Open all the year. Country level and well wooded with fine oak trees. Mineral waters cure rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, etc. Fine mud baths.

Calistoga, Napa County. Distance from San Francisco by rail 73 miles. Fare $2.30. Elevation 500 feet. Situated near the head of the beautiful Napa Valley. Fine mountain surroundings. Good hotel accommodations. Leaving point for Lake county springs resorts and the Geysers.

Klamath Hot Springs (Beswick P. O.), Siskiyou County. Distance from San Francisco by rail to Ager 387 miles; stage 20 miles. Fare by rail $12.65; by stage $2.50. Time 16 hours. Elevation 2,700 feet. Open all the year. Scenery: valley, mountain and river. Excellent trout and salmon fishing in the Klamath River and Shovel Creek near by. Bear, deer and quail; tennis. Hot steam, sulphur and mud baths, cure neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. Accommodations for 100 persons.

Santa Barbara. Distance from San Francisco by rail 528 miles. Fare $15.00; round trip $18.00. Average yearly temperature 60 degrees. Hotels open all the year.

Shasta Springs, Siskiyou County. Distance by rail from San Francisco 327 miles. Time 12 hours. Fare $10.20; round trip $14.00. Elevation 3,000 feet. Open from May to November. Canyon and mountain scenery of great interest. Mount Shasta and Sacramento Canyon the principal attractions. Soda water of high quality. Trout, deer and bear.

Matilija Springs, Matilija, Ventura County. Distance from San Francisco by rail to Ventura 501 miles; stage (daily except Sunday) 15 miles Fare by rail $15.00; stage $1.50. Or from Los Angeles 83 miles to Ventura. Elevation 1,100 feet. Open all the year. Country mountainous, wooded and picturesque. Game plentiful, and fine trout fishing; deer, rabbits and quail. Hot springs "cure almost any case of sickness."

Metropole, Catalina Island, Los Angeles County. Distance from San Francisco by rail to San Pedro 504 miles; steamer 30 miles. Fare $16.60 The only island resort of any prominence on the coast, and fast becoming a popular rendezvous. Open from June to October inclusive. Fine sea-bathing and fishing; sailing, rowing, etc.; wild-goat hunting; a most charming climate.

Congress Springs (Saratoga P. O.), Santa Clara County. Distance by rail to Los Gatos 55 miles; stage thence 4 miles. Time 3½ hours. Fare $2.25; round trip $4.25. Elevation 750 feet. Open all the year. Located in the Sierra Morena Mountains. Trout, grouse, gray squirrels, pigeons, etc.; bowling, billiards. Waters cure dyspepsia, skin diseases and rheumatic troubles.

Pacific Grove, Monterey County. Distance by rail 128 miles. Time 4 hours. Fare $3.25. Open all the year. On one side the ocean, on the other, pine-clad hills. A very popular camping resort and located near Hotel Del Monte.

Palm Springs, San Diego County. Distance from San Francisco by rail to Palm Springs Station 591 miles; stage thence 5 miles. Fare $18.75. Elevation 550 feet. Open all the year. Country flat; high mountains near by on the west; the celebrated Palm Canyon near by. Water, hot sulphur; springs cure rheumatism, kidney troubles, etc.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. MAY, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Geo. Fiske photo.

CHRISTMAS MORN IN YOSEMITE.

Glimpses of Del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate some interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, bath-house and beach, there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME III. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY, 1894. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
IN
State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES 8 FRANCS OR 6 SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates: Forty cents per agate line, fourteen lines to the inch. Discounts for space and time contracts furnished upon application. READING NOTICES: Seventy-five cents per line brevier type, and fifty cents per line nonpareil type, each insertion.

THE TRAVELER'S
BUREAU OF INFORMATION,
conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

CHRISTMAS in Yosemite, the subject of our present frontispiece by Fiske, will be an interesting study for our readers, and especially to the great number of Californians who have never seen snow except upon the distant mountain tops. Any one familiar with rigorous climates will see at a glance that this sort of snow is a very perishable article. One day of clear Sierran sunshine will chase this Arctic emblem into the Merced River, and the smiling face of Spring will change the scene. Even while we write, the news comes that the valley promises to be more charming than ever this season. The falls are full; and their vast snow reservoirs back in the great heights are piled mountain-high. The roads are good, the hotels open, and the prospects are that a large travel Yosemite-ward may be looked for.

WE CALL the attention of our readers to Capt. Bray's continued article in the present number on "A Trip to the Tropics. This outing could be made in about three months, and the entire cost for each person would be from $175 to $200 for a party of not less than thirty-five. A two-hundred-ton brig could be chartered here that would amply serve every purpose; and, leaving San Francisco in May or June, the voyage would almost certainly be a smooth and comfortable one.

WE ARE frequently asked just now by resort proprietors as to the prospects for summer travel. They ask us if we think the dull times or the dry season or the Midwinter Fair (or some other bugbear) will not hinder people from taking their usual summer outings. No; not one nor all of these reasons will deter people from traveling. May we ask if there was ever a spring when some hard times or some other ghost did not rise up and blacken the horizon so that not even a gleam of hope shone through; and yet somehow we all managed to pull through, and some of us even made money; and so it will be again. We wish to call the attention of our inquiring friends and others to the remark a good old man made to his sons as he was about to leave them: "Boys, in my life I have had a whole lot of trouble that never happened!"

"IS IT customary or is it wise to remove your hat in the presence of ladies in an elevator?" asks a traveler. We think the custom "more honored in the breach than the observance," especially where the elevators are constructed in open work at the sides and top: for it is dangerous for a bald-headed man to expose his cranium to ten stories of down-pouring air.

WE DON'T know what's the matter with the baby. Perhaps it may be an early experience with the cold, cold world in the shape of a draft from the bathroom door. It may be she is thinking, like the little girl who cried because she might

F. G. Schumaker photo.

grow up and have a cute little baby, and it might die; or perhaps she has plucked the petals of the little flower and found that "he loves me not."

To any one furnishing a better sequel to the above cut (and one dollar) we will be pleased to mail a copy of THE TRAVELER for one year gratis.

AS WE go to press, the Spanish fiesta is on at San Diego; and, while we wish it success, there is one feature thereof that we must condemn. It is advertised that, "among other thrilling events, there will be a genuine Spanish bull-fight." Now, while we admit that the genuine Spanish bull-fight is an altogether blood-curdling and nerve-upsetting sort of entertainment, it is not more so than an electrocution at Sing Sing. The latter is a necessity, and the former is a luxury that we cannot afford to import from any country.

The writer was present in the City of Mexico at one of these blood-curdling exhibits, and, because the *toreros*, by dint of stabbing, torturing and other cunningly devised methods, could not infuriate the bulls up to that mad climax when the *matador* is supposed to come in with a flourish of trumpets and stab the poor beast to death, the audience manifested its disapproval by utterly demolishing the interior of the building. And such scenes are not uncommon in Mexico; a bull-fighting audience must have blood and plenty of it or there will be trouble.

We may tone down our American sports of football, and even prize-fighting, but there is no possibility of making bull-fighting respectable. It is a savage, brutal game, and, unless it is carried out on these lines, it is not genuine; and, whether genuine or not, we protest that its revival on United States soil should be prohibited.

AS TO incorporating certain features of the Spanish fiesta into our American outdoor games, we heartily concur in the proposition. A recent writer says: "Whatever pains may be taken to make these games genuinely Mexican, they will lack the real purpose and meaning of the original. Moreover, the locality, the atmosphere, the ruins, the great mountains and the true spirit, life and bravado of the Mexican at home will be absent. They will be mere representations, and nothing more."

This may be true in a measure. It certainly will be as regards the atmospheric, scenic and historic surroundings; but we may equal or excel their equestrian feats. We may improvise costumes as grotesque and picturesque as theirs; while, as to dances, may we not appropriately introduce the corn dance, the spook dance, or engraft thereupon the modern waltz? or what's the matter with combining the Highland sword dance with the grizzly bear dance, etc.?

It is true that we Americans have not as much time on our hands as the Mexicans have for studying up and practicing these games. Perhaps the moral of the whole matter may be summed up by saying that "we Americans" are so unwisely busy that we have no time to participate in such unprofitable frivolities. We work and eat, and work and die, forgetting that the span of life might be extended by participating in healthful, wholesome, outdoor recreation. We see around us every day so many slaves of this fatal maelstrom of the every-day, all-the-year grind, that upon the slightest pretext we are forced to raise a note of warning. Let us import or invent any respectable outdoor amusement that will direct the attention of the overworked to the fact that life may be prolonged, made happier and better, by a larger acquaintance with oxygen.

CALIFORNIA WILD DUCK.

ROBERT E. MORGAN.

MOST of the water-fowl sought for during the three or four months of the shooting season are migratory, and have their nesting grounds in the Northwest and far North. When the first rain of the fall begins, and the heavy storms from the north reach us as southeast gales, the duck-shooting season opens in California, some years earlier than others.

During the rainy season ducks are found almost everywhere. A butterball will be seen on a small reservoir not a gunshot in area, and tempt the small boy who is out gunning for anything with feathers. A pair of spoonbills will waddle along a creek in a settled district, where some one is pretty certain to risk the consequences by taking a shot at them. When the ground is soaked, and water is standing in shallow ponds in the pasture lands, a small flock of widgeon will settle down to feed; and teal may be found during a drizzling rain wherever the ground is wet,—in fields, by the roadside, and in vacant lots right in the middle of a town. Great mats of ducks swim on the shallow water of the Alameda shores of the bay, idly feeding, and protected by the absence of cover from the approach of the hunter. On the extensive Suisun marshes, where ducks resort to feed in ponds, which are baited with grain, more or less regular flights occur, and supply the best sport and largest bags.

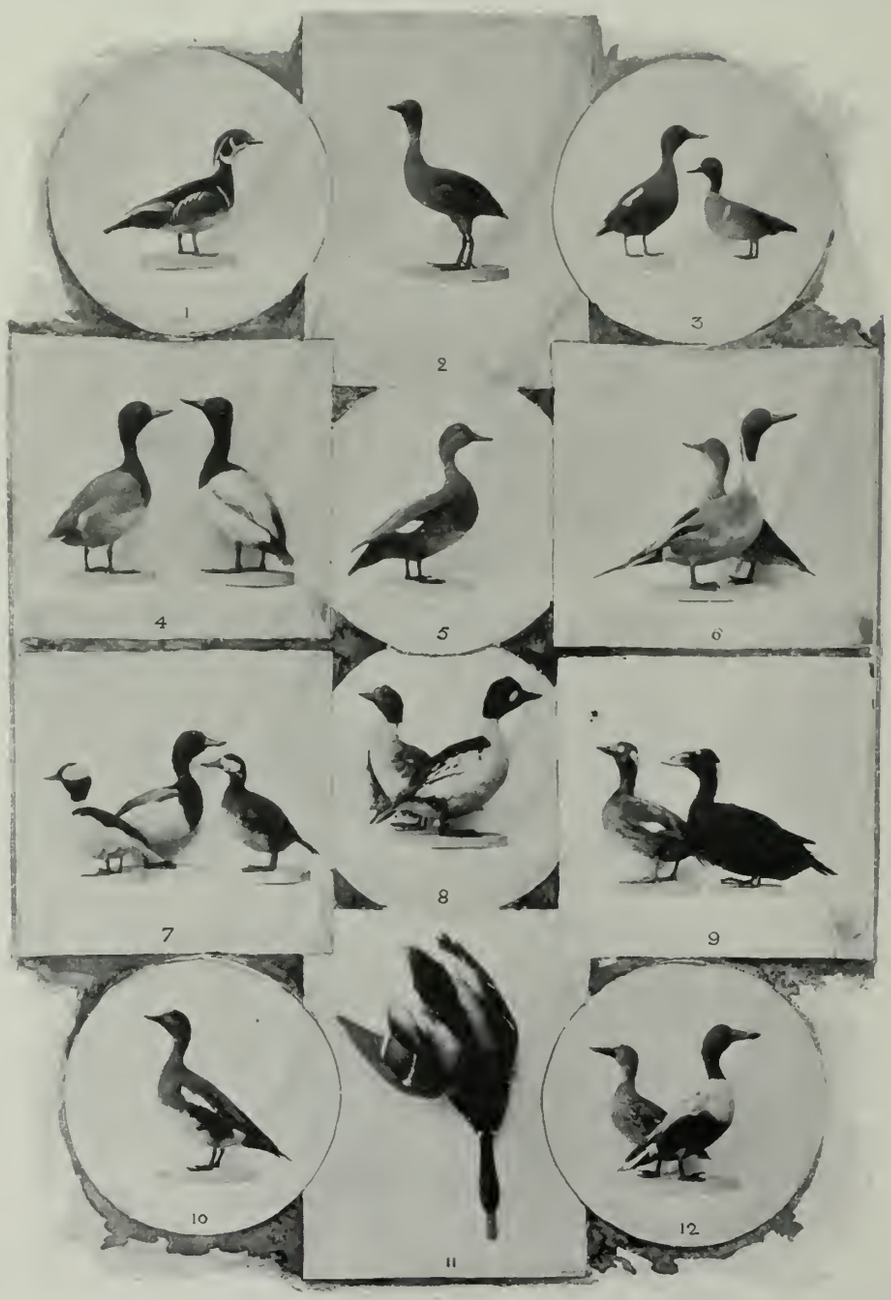
The ducks of California are of no small importance in all respects. Well-meant game laws are enacted by the Legislature for their protection, especially those which breed within the limits of the State. Railroads dispatch special hunters' trains for the accommodation of duck hunters, that they may arrive early on the grounds. Large tracts of marsh lands are leased by clubs for the sole purpose of enjoying a few days' shooting every winter. Money amounting to thousands of dollars is invested in arks, duck boats and expensive shooting paraphernalia. Costly litigation is resorted to for the settlement of claims to certain preserves, and life itself has been lost in dispute over duck-shooting rights.

To the enthusiastic sportsman the ducks which come under his observation during the season are usually correctly known, but confusion sometimes arises in regard to the identification of some species. About twenty-six species of true ducks have been found in California, not counting the duck-footed, saw-billed, fish-eating mergansers, although they belong to the same family, nor the geese, with which is properly classed the odd tree duck. Of these twenty-six about half a dozen are known by only a few records, as is the case with the blue-winged teal, of which but five specimens have been reported, and the king eider, which has been taken but once, near Black Point.

A sportsman of advanced years and experience has been known to eat a carefully skinned and prepared mud hen and thought it the finest and largest rail he had ever eaten, only the legs were a "little tough." While a dozen or more different species are sent to market for table birds, you will rarely find any kinds but mallard, canvasback, widgeon, sprig and teal on the bill of fare of a restaurant, but the others are there just the same under some alias or other according to their size. The teal, however, is usually a teal, and hard to find a substitute for in form and flavor.

The ducks which are illustrated will be noticed in numerical order, with a few remarks on each species.

1. Wood Duck, male.—This is the handsomest of all the North American ducks, and is only rivaled in the brilliancy of its plumage by the mandarin duck of China. They are swift and graceful flyers, passing among the branches of trees with the ease and grace of wild pigeons. They do not seem to be anywhere common in California, and no bags of wood ducks are made by local sportsmen, although on some days a number may be secured, especially on the grounds near Byron in Contra Costa County. The fine gray feathers on the sides of this duck are much sought after by makers of trout and salmon flies.



2. Fulvous Tree Duck.—Seldom does this bird appear in the San Francisco markets. Its home is south of the United States, and it only comes north during migrations. It is more familiar to sportsmen in Southern California than about the bay.

3. Cinnamon Teal, male, and Green-winged Teal, male.—The former is usually found only about fresh water, and, while never abundant, is pretty well known. The female, in which the blue speculum of the wing is the most conspicuous marking, is persistently and erroneously called a blue-winged teal.

4. Red Head, male, and Canvasback, male.—These two species shown side by side will enable any one to distinguish between them. Aside from the plumage, the bill alone is sufficient. In the canvasback it is black, and the upper outline from the tip to the crown of the head is nearly straight; while the red head has a bluish bill and decidedly concave outline to the top of the bill. The females may also be distinguished by these outlines. The excellence of the canvasback as a table bird is due to its selection of food,—wild celery, seeds and tender shoots.

5. Gadwall (Gray Duck).—By the latter name they are better known locally. They are usually fat, and at times comprise the largest part of a day's bag. They are swift flyers, and dive well.

6. Sprig; Pintail, male and female.—For a bird so well built for rapid flying they are not the swiftest, but they make up for this at times by flying very high. When they descend to decoys they present one of the most pleasing spectacles that the sportsman sees. Their food is partly seeds and partly insects and their *larvæ*.

7. Butterball, male; American Scaup Duck, male; Ruddy Duck, male.—There are three species of scaup ducks confused under the names of "bluebills" and "blackjacks." They are really the American scaup duck, which has the flanks white; the lesser scaup duck, which has black lines on the flanks, and is more common in California; and the ring-necked duck, distinguished from the other two by a rather indistinct collar of chestnut and a subterminal whitish band across the lead-colored bill.

8. American Golden Eye, male and female.—These are termed "fishy duck." They live about salt water and mud flats, and, like the boy's woodchuck, which, when cooked, retained the flavor of its nest, the "whistlers" are apt to be strong and ill-flavored. A similar species, Barrow's golden eye, may be known by a crescent or wedge-shaped patch of white near the bill instead of roundish.

9. White-winged Scoter, female; Surf Scoter, male.—These two species represent the "coots" of hunters. The latter is often called a "patchbill." Their food is chiefly small crabs and mussels, which they obtain by diving. A third species of scoter, quite rare in California, is entirely blackish. None of them are ever seen in the markets, as their flesh is rank and "fishy."

10. Widgeon, male.—The "baldpate" is one of the commonest ducks, and too well known to need description. The European widgeon is occasionally found in California, and puzzles the hunters. They usually decide that it is a cross between a widgeon and a redhead, as it has a reddish head. Hybrids amongst ducks are not rare. There are oftener crosses between mallard and sprig than any others.

11. Mallard, male.—Ranking second only to the regal canvasback as a game and table bird, the mallard is one of the handsomest of ducks. From them are descended the tame ducks. They are slow flyers. The estimated speed of a mallard is about sixty miles an hour.

12. Spoonbill (Shoveler), male and female.—The otherwise handsome "spoony" is marred to the sportsman's eyes by his broad bill, with which he shovels up mud and filters it through the fringe along its edge. When alarmed they spring into the air like a sprig.

MOUNT DIABLO.

J. J. PEATFIELD.

IN A fair day, from any one of the numerous hills of San Francisco, can be seen the bifurcated summit of Mount Diablo. This conspicuous landmark was the objective point of a camping and hunting party, six in number, which started from Oakland in the early part of last October. The slopes of the old sentinel, abounding with deer and quail, were our prospective hunting-ground, and some pleasant nook with a brawling stream near by was to be our camping-place.

In former days, when the San Joaquin Valley was alive with game, Mount Diablo was a famous landmark—one of Nature's guide-posts—for the daring pioneer hunters who made incursions into that wild and sparsely settled region. Since those times the elk and the wild horse have disappeared, and their pastures have been converted into a great agricultural district. The bear and wolf have been driven from their haunts by the rapid advance of civilized man, and but few remnants of the aboriginal Indian tribes remain. Nevertheless, the shy deer still affords excellent sport in the hills, and water-fowl, from the diminutive snipe and teal duck to the wild goose and swan, still abound during the winter months in the vast stretches of tule marshes through which the numerous channels of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers wind their tortuous ways to Suisun Bay.

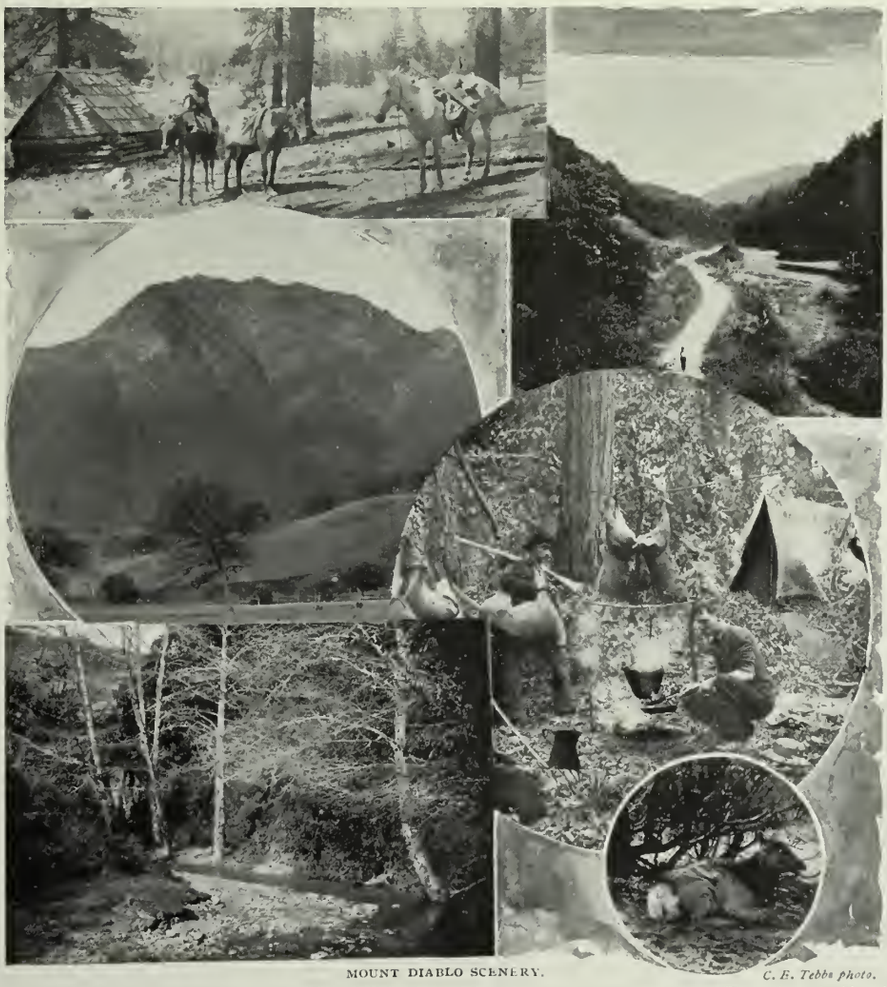
The name of Monte Diablo was, comparatively speaking, only recently given to the mountain. Before the occupation of California by the United States it was called by the native Californians *Monte Bolbon* or *El Cerro de los Bolbones*. The Bolbones were a tribe of Indians which occupied the region extending round the base of the mountain. *Monte*, in the more modern use of the word by the Mexicans and Central Americans, has lost its primitive meaning, and has acquired the signification of *wilderness*, *bush* or *woods*.

It was a bright and genial morning when we left Oakland on our trip to Mount Diablo, distant about thirty miles away, and rising before us to the height of nearly four thousand feet above sea-level. A couple of saddle horses and a wagon and team constituted our means of transportation. Blankets, guns, rifles and ammunition, some provisions, and all the necessary camping culinary utensils, were snugly stowed in the wagon, which, when four of the party had taken their seats thereon, contained a load heavy enough for the two stout horses at the traces. All, however, were ready enough to walk up hills or where bad places were encountered on the way.

Following the road through Redwood Canyon, skirting the murmuring stream that winds its course along the bottom, with hills to right and left of us clad with the young growth springing from the stumps of great redwood trees that years ago fell beneath the lumberman's ax, we entered Moraga Valley, passing through which we entered the beautiful Ygnacio Valley, named after Ygnacio Cibrian, the original proprietor, who held his title under a Mexican land grant. Selecting a suitable spot, we encamped for the night, and, after a hearty supper, discussed the programme for the morrow, for half a day's more travel would take us up the mountain slope to the hunting-ground.

At sunrise all was life again. While the coffee was being boiled and the bacon fried, the wagon was reloaded, the horses saddled and harnessed, and everything made ready for the start. As the sun gilded the outlines of the eastern hills with his rays we were on the way again. Ygnacio Valley extends to the foot of Mount Diablo; and as we left it we entered the mouth of Pine Canyon, one of those huge gashes which tireless Nature cuts into mountain sides by her resistless process of abrasion carried on through countless ages.

Leading up Pine Canyon to the summit is what was once a well-constructed road, but which is now in a dilapidated condition owing to the want of repair. It was built many years ago by a company which intended to erect a large hotel on the top of Mount Diablo, and establish there a summer resort for tourists. But, when they began to exact toll for the use of their road, it was found that they had not secured all the rights required by law to enable them to do so, and the scheme fell through. The road, neglected though it is, is still, however, a great convenience to campers. There are other ways from other starting points by which the summit may be reached, but they are mere trails, practicable only for pack animals.



MOUNT DIABLO SCENERY. *C. E. Tebbs photo.*

Having driven up Pine Canyon, we began slowly and laboriously to ascend the mountain, scenes of grandeur unfolding themselves to view, ever increasing in extent and magnificence as we kept creeping higher and higher round the curves and angles of the zigzag road. We passed several old camping-grounds, from one of which the tourist is warned away by a sign-board nailed to a tree, and bearing the ominous words, "Mosquito Camp."

Our party was divided as to their modes of pursuing enjoyment in an outing. The four younger members were crack shots and ardent sportsmen, while their two older companions preferred the *dolce far niente* and easy pastime of keeping camp, their hunting days being past. After a light lunch, and when the hounds were well rested and were ready for work, two of the company started off for venison. The slopes of Mount Diablo are very favorable for deer-hunting, the spurs being but thinly timbered with oak trees along the sides, while on the ridges the ground is bare and open. The ravines and gulches are more densely wooded, and in the thickets of underbrush the deer makes its lair and the wildcat prowls. An hour passed without any sound of the chase being heard in the direction which the hunters had taken. We knew that they had sent the hounds into a neighboring ravine, and were on the lookout for developments. We had watched them slowly disappear from sight, each well in view of the other, as they ascended the undulating ridges that overlooked the gulch. Meanwhile, those who had been left in camp busied themselves in unloading the wagon and making preparations for a stay of several days.

At last the deep and well-known bay of old Boone was heard, and soon the young hound also gave tongue, their duet making the ravines echo. Rising and falling with the eccentricities of reverberation, this music to the hunter continued for some time, the quarry evidently being loath to break cover. It was not very long, however, before the crack of a rifle was heard, followed quickly by another; then silence. The dogs were mute, and we were assured of our venison steak for supper. An hour later the hunters entered camp, bathed in perspiration, and loaded with choice cuts of toothsome deer meat. A sumptuous meal was spread that evening, and enjoyed with an appetite sharpened by exercise and the bracing air.

Five days we stayed in our pleasant camping-place, more deer falling to the rifle (several of which were sent to Walnut Creek for shipment), while our larder was well supplied with quail. On the third day—chosen on account of the clearness of the atmosphere—we ascended to the summit and lunched on the top of the south peak. Few of those who have not made the trip up Mount Diablo would suppose that such extensive views can be seen from so comparatively low an altitude as 3,875 feet; but if the reader has an opportunity of examining a raised map of California he will perceive that the position of the mountain with regard to the physical features of the State is singularly favorable for far extended view.

Situated at the extreme northern extremity of the Sierra to which it gives name, Mount Diablo looks northward and southward up the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys to their far-distant ends. Turn which way you will the view before you is sublime. Westward a terraqueous scene of unrivaled beauty greets the eye,—the valleys sloping to the bay, Oakland and Alameda nestling on its shores; across the glittering waters San Francisco half veiled in smoky mist, the Sausalito hills and Mount Tamalpais; and, beyond them all, the ocean meeting the concave sky at the remote horizon!

Northward a different scene presents itself. The Sacramento Valley, silver-threaded with rivers and streams, loses distinctness in the vagueness of distance, and the summit of snow-capped Shasta shines from afar through the haze.

Eastward, across the valley of the San Joaquin, rise the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, grand in their majesty; and southward the vast level floor of the valley itself lies environed by mountain ranges. On all sides grandeur and immensity are around you, alike impressive and elevating.

Whether it is that the things that lie nearest at hand, and are the easiest of accomplisment, are liable never to be done, because we can do them any time, or whether the great majority of people in its neighborhood know of its attractions, it is a fact that but few of the half million people that live within sight of it ever make the trip; and yet it can be made comfortably in a short space of time, and at a small expense.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE.

On December 16, 1888, there slid out from the Oakland mole two cars labeled, "Free Exhibit of the Products of California by the State Board of Trade." One car was especially arranged for the accommodation of the crew: the other contained a choice general assortment of California products. The purpose was to exhibit to the great body of American citizens dwelling in that portion of our commonwealth known as "east of the Rockies" a sample of what the Golden State could produce; and, as "seeing is believing," it was supposed, and correctly, too, that this exhibit would "clinch" many statements that had been hitherto set down as drawn with a long bow.

This enterprise was promulgated by Mr. T. H. Goodman, General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company, and the late Mr. John Q. Brown, then General Manager of the Sate Board of Trade, and its expenses were borne by the Board and the Southern Pacific Company.

It was not an easy matter to arrange a display of this character, as many, or, indeed, most of the exhibits were inclosed in glass jars, and, to prevent breakage, freezing and other accidents, required the display of no little ingenuity; but the precautions against such emergencies were so well taken that nothing whatever of importance was damaged. The jars, bottles, etc., were wired and waxed down; in fact everything was put into regular ship-shape. Hot-water pipes from Baker heaters extended all around the cars, and the temperature could be regulated to suit all kinds of weather.

This expedition was experimental in more ways than one: how to regulate and accommodate the crowds; how to advertise to the best advantage; how to manage the stereopticon outfit so that it would be made available, and not swamp the expedition financially; how we should be received by the people; whether we (the crew) should freeze to death or be sunstruck, or, possibly, called suddenly hence on the rotatary wings of a summer-day cyclone. It was doubtless largely owing to Mr. Goodman's wise foresight and large traveling experience that there were not more (or, we may say, any) accidents.

The members of the party consisted of Messrs. D. J. McDonald, Howard C. Tibbitts, Edgar T. Price, Major J. B. Lauck, Mr. and Mrs. E. McD. Johnstone (and two boys), and Mrs. E. McLean; and it is quite possible that if the members of the party could have seen the "end from the beginning" they would have thought twice, and maybe oftener, before caring to undertake such a journey; but no one regretted the experience after it was over.

OUR TWO-YEAR-OLD IN THE BIG SQUASH.

Our programme from Omaha was made to include a trip up the Missouri to Sioux City, thence into the Northwest; and we soon began to acquire experience. Sometimes we acquired it in larger blocks than we could comfortably digest. Instead of a set rule of action for the guidance and promotion of quietness and good order among our visitors, we found it better, for the most part, to allow them to view the exhibit pretty much after their own ideas. Yet we did manage in crowded times to *entre* our guests at one end of the car and *exit* them at the other; and at other times they would themselves naturally fall in line going up one side of the car and down the other.

I will occasionally, in this article, make excerpts from my diary so as to get at the absolute truth of the matter; and the first really cruel experience, that I wrote down in pure bitterness of soul, was over our first stereopticon exhibition at Sioux City. It reads as follows:

Called on the newspapers and some business men, looking up a hall for a stereopticon exhibit; was recommended to the rink; found the owner, who asked ten dollars rent; got out five hundred posters, and had them posted and distributed. A northeast blizzard had struck the town, at playful intervals, from 3:00 P. M. until dark, and then it settled down into a prolonged howl of utter misery. Nineteen heroic souls braved the storm, and "stood" the show out (there were no seats) in good shape. The financial results of the evening were:

Dr.	
To rent of rink	$10 00
Five hundred posters distributed	4 50
Candles	25
	$14 75
Cr.	
By nineteen Sioux braves	$ 1 90
By clemency of the rink owner owing to the inclemency of the weather	10 00
	$11 90
Profit and loss	$2 85

INTERIOR OF EXHIBIT CAR. *H. C. Tibbitts photo.*

We soon, however, put this feature of the exhibit to profitable use. We gave the matter into the hands of churches, hospitals and other charitable societies, giving our services *gratis*, they charging a small admission fee. We thereby secured large audiences, and were enabled to do something for charity.

Occasionally in these lectures I would give the audience an opportunity of asking questions. I think it was a member of a Kalamazoo gathering that asked me whether a certain California palm that appeared on the screen was of "exogenous" or "endogenous" growth. I immediately answered "endogenous," and was pleased to find upon consulting my dictionary that I was correct.

We soon dropped into a regular routine, meeting and overcoming small obstacles to the best of our ability. How well we succeeded remains for others to say.

As to the questions asked us and the remarks made no mortal scribe of woman born could transcribe a tithe of them, but we recall a few of the more noticeable questions:

What's the object of this show?
How long since you left California?
Who sends this exhibit out?
Who pays the expenses?
When do you expect to git back home?
Any of these fruits from Pescadero?
Is Northern California much of a place?
Where is the best place to go out there?
What is land worth?
What kind of pears do you call them?
Don't you ever sell anything?
Are your oranges as good as Florida's?
Grow most everything out there, don't ye?
Say, get onto the big squash!
How is the climate?
I suppose these things are from Southern California?
Have you anything here from Modoc County?
You fellows must have a soft snap!
Are these things all from California?—Yes. (Same questioner in same breath):
Anything from Oregon?
Is this the same car that was here from Florida?
How is a fellow to know whether this wine is good or not?
How far east are you going?
What will you do with this stuff when you get through with it?
Of course these jars always magnify?

And as a concluding squelcher:

Do you fellows ever get tired of answering questions?

We safely affirm that an angel with ten sets of wings and as many tongues could not have answered all the questions put to us on the trip.

An interesting feature of the exhibition was the temperature bulletin telegraphed us daily from Redding, Sacramento, Monterey, Fresno and Los Angeles, which was posted in a conspicuous place. This never failed to create a favorable impression, especially when the thermometer was dallying around or dipping below zero; and in this connection we might say that in our entire journey we experienced a temperature of 12 degrees below zero to 110 degrees above.

Our ladies' matinee from two to four or five P. M. was doubtless the means of securing a large number of visitors who would not otherwise have attended; and upon these occasions we were supposed to "snug up" a little more than ordinary.

Our advance agent, Mr. Price, kept a few days ahead of us, and arranged for favorable locations for side-tracking, advertising and negotiating for stereopticon entertainments; and in this connection we may remark that the treatment extended to us by the press of the country was almost invariably magnanimous. Notices of a quarter, half or three-quarters of a column were accorded us, accompanied with local notices urging every one, whether intending immigrants or not, to see the wonderful products of California; and then, too, the fact that Californian hospitality had been extended

to residents of almost every town through which we passed placed us in the position of guests who had some claim upon their attention.

Of course, as we expected, we experienced great varieties of weather. I find from my diary of February

SNOWED UP.

25th a sketch of the impression made upon us of the lake section, which is, to say the least of it, bleak in the winter season.

We trust that the good people of this portion of the country are correct when they inform us that they have "charming summers," for their winters are far from attractive.

A long, monotonous ice line against the lake horizon when the clouds lift, with here and there a spectral ice boat flitting across the scene; a cold, bluish-gray heaven, with scattering flakes of snow, and occasionally straggling beams of sunlight broken by squalls of hail and cheerless, wintry cloud banks. Along the shore one hears that peculiar shivery rustle of dead leaves in the maple and beech groves. Here are pleasure boats as though arrested in their flight and frozen under sail,—notices of "Keep off the grass" plunged into a frosty bank of white despair; then over all the gloomy night settling down upon a landscape blank and hopeless. This is one phase of lake-shore scenery. Yes, we hope they *do* have charming summers. They certainly deserve them. But in those summers of promised beauty what dreams of dreaded cyclones and electric-riven tempests may come.

All along the road we found in our audiences people who had been to California. They generally brought their friends with them, and a large stock of information of the State, much of which was entirely new to us. Many of them were well posted about Valley-jo; a number had been to Yose*mite*, and a few had even visited San *Joes* (San Jose).

In order that the friends of these persons should not be deceived, we were compelled to hint to them in as agreeable a manner as possible that our pine cones were *not* dried pineapples; that the pampas plumes did not grow on birds; that we did not tap our sugar-pine trees; that the large squashes were not raised by hand; that the Egyptian corn was not sugar cane, etc.

Presumably these good people did not intend to lie as a general rule, but there were cases where the ninth clause of the decalogue was openly violated; for instance: there came into the car one day a lank, rusty, well-up-in-years granger, who paused in front of the panoramic view of Yosemite for quite a while, and then remarked to a bystander that he "used ter skid redwood saw logs over the Yosemite Falls and down inter the San *Joe*-aquin River."

SECTION OF EXHIBIT CAR.

No amount of descriptive matter could begin to do the work this "object lesson" has accomplished, directly and indirectly. The good effect was not alone upon those who visited the exhibit, but upon the thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands, to whom such visitors would rehearse the matter; and this second-hand or word-of-mouth advertising is better than the best newspaper articles ever written. We heard the report of our wonders carried out to the great public, time and time again; and it may be relied upon that the "big onions" or the "mammoth squashes" lost nothing in weight by the rehearsal.

Mrs. Mullally meets her friend, the "Widdy" Grogan ("an honester woman nivir peeled a petaty wid her thumb nail" than that same "Widdy" Grogan). Mrs. M. says:

Mrs. Grogan, hev yez seen the Californy things yet?

Mrs. G.—The phwat?

Mrs. M.—Oh, the fruit and Injuns they do be havin' in the kyars. I hope to die on this doorstep, Mrs. Grogan, if they haven't "Injuns" in that kyar as big round as my Dennis' head! and yerself knows that's no wart.

Widdy Grogan, they hev no cabbage in the kyar, but they hev a squash there, the saints save us! bigger than that water barrel shtandin' at the corner of yer porch.

Mrs. G.—*Mrs. Mullally*, I've knowed yez goin' on now more than tin years, and I will say *this*, I nivir knowed yez before to tell—

Mrs. M.—To tell phwat?

Mrs. G.—Indaith, it's yerself knows phwat!

Mrs. M.—Jist tell me phwat, thin!

* * * * * * * * *

We were usually advantageously side-tracked; but we were "shunted" at unexpected intervals, sometimes carrying our visitors across town and back. From diary of March 1, '89, I find this:

Sometimes our cars are temporarily side-tracked down back alleys, where the desolate, ragged-mouthed oyster can, with its throat full of ice, tells, like the "forty-niner," its piteous tale of better days; where, across the back entrance to the residence of Mrs. Mullally in the basement, Mrs. O'Neil in the second story, and maybe Mother O'Connor in the third story, there is strung a bewildering array of "washin" that beats and flaps its ghostly, frozen limbs against the wintry sky, suggesting to the imaginative mind the thought that the earthly tabernacle of Mr. Mullally, Mr. O'Neil and Mr. O'Connor had lately been dissolved, and the "widdies" were carrying on the business at the old stand; then the dialogues between the "widdies" and the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker!—Oh, wirrah! wirrah!

In our trip of about ten months we passed through and exhibited in thirteen States of the Union, namely, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey. We had traveled about seven thousand miles, and had had an audience of nearly three quarters of a million.

A SMUGGLING REMINISCENCE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.

The present mission of the United States revenue cutter *Rush*, stationed in Oakland Creek, reminds me very forcibly of an expedition, part of which I was, and all of which I saw, in 1851. It was during that period in our city's history that T. Butler King presided over the destinies of the San Francisco Custom-house.

Rumors of smuggling along the shores of the bay had reached the ears of Collector King, and, as he had just returned from his disastrous defeat for United States senator by the Legislature then in session at San Jose, it occurred to him that to capture a few of those midnight marauders would serve to divert the public mind from his humiliation. Consequently, he selected a Spartan band of custom-house officials, consisting of Ned Riggs, Tom Harvey, Mike Delaney and Buck Zabriskie, to strike terror to the smugglers and reflect honor upon himself. I was then the boarding officer, and had charge of the Government launch in which the party was to embark. Hence I was the captain of the forlorn hope, so to speak.

It was just about dark when we cast off from the barge office at the foot of Broadway, armed with the proper authority to seize and bring before Collector King all suspected persons, without regard to race, color or previous condition. With our cause just, our intention honorable, and our courage beyond the peradventure of a doubt, and two bottles of brandy (a donation from "Jo" Lewis, the custom-house liquor taster, whose tasting department was in the corrugated-iron Appraisers' Building, corner California and Sansome streets), we sailed away around Clark's Point, with the blessing of old Captain Shilliban, the keeper of the barge office.

Our first capture was an Italian fishing boat, the crew of which, seeing us in hot pursuit, ran their boat on the beach, and all hands took to their heels. We boarded the stranded fishing boat, but, finding nothing save the remnants of their frugal supper and empty

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.

claret bottles, the raid was not reported to the collector. Still we rowed on, closely scanning all the little inlets and landings along the shore, until we arrived at the Presidio, where we made a landing and marched up to the square, where a solitary cannon kept watch and ward around and about the lonely flagstaff that bore no flag. But as yet we had captured no smugglers. It was then suggested by the far-seeing Buck Zabriskie that we might have better luck over at Sausalito, to which all agreed, as our small stores were becoming painfully low.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when we made the landing; and the barking of any quantity of dogs was the only indication of life in that city of just two houses. We raided the larger one of the two, and, after bombarding the doors for a while, a window above was opened, and the squeaky voice of a woman startled us by asking what was wanted. We told her we were Government officials in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, likewise something to eat. She said she would come down right away, and she came. But all there was in that house to eat was eggs at a dollar and a half a dozen and ship's pilot bread. We ate considerable pilot bread, but not many eggs.

Again we sailed away across the bay, and landed alongside the revenue cutter *Polk*, then moored off Clark's Point, and doing duty as custodian of the castaway crew of a Japanese junk,—the crew that was afterward taken to their native land in a United States warship by Commodore Perry, and was the means of opening the ports of Japan to the world's commerce.

After recuperating on the *Polk*, we hastened to the custom-house, then on the corner of Washington and Kearny streets, and reported to Collector King. He listened with deep interest to the recital, then anxiously inquired if we had brought the boat back. We said we had. Then he said, "Thank God!" and he also said that when he wanted any more smugglers captured he would go after them himself; and, when we got outdoors, we said we hoped he would.

SEA MOSSES.

C. L. ANDERSON, M. D.

[CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS ISSUE.]

Almost any firm, substantial white paper, such as unruled writing paper or heavy book paper, may be cut into convenient sizes, and used to receive the moss under water, which, after being placed in a position to best show the plant, should be covered with soft muslin and put between drying papers, with moderate pressure. After a few hours—six to twenty-four—the driers should be changed. The sooner the specimens are dried the better.

As I have said, practice in handling these plants is necessary. Each kind is readily known by its behavior. A friend of mine, who has had much experience in handling marine *algæ*, although she knows the names of but a few, recognizes the genera and species (that is, the differences), by the senses in her fingers. I or another botanist would need a microscope, and, perhaps, investigation as to modes of reproduction, before deciding as to characters.

Having made a selection of a plant for mounting, and having succeeded to our satisfaction in placing it on the right kind of a card, and in the right position, we may desire to know the name of it. It is surely always more satisfactory to know the name of a thing. That is often considered a great advance in knowledge,—to know the name of anything. In fact it is too often the *end* of knowledge with some students; and in the scientific world there are endless bickerings, and frequently ill feelings, all about the *name* of a plant or bird, so that it comes to pass that some of these things are burdened with half-a-page catalogue of names, to the neglect of other important knowledge. One more thought at this time may be sufficient. These plants—the marine *algæ*—grow one upon another, often in great profusion and variety. A large plant, for instance, may have its root or hold fast on a rock, while smaller kinds hold fast to the larger, and so on, exemplifying the Hudibrastic lines: "Big bugs have little bugs on 'em to bite 'em; these bugs have other bugs, and so *ad infinitum*."

The accompanying illustrations plainly show that several kinds are together, the finer mosses growing on the coarser broad-leaved kinds. The mounted specimens, from which these pictures are taken, would reveal under the microscope, probably, minute forms of other kinds not visible to the naked eye, and not revealed in these "cuts."

Anything like an extensive knowledge of sea mosses must be gained by close observation, the use of good lenses, frequent visits to the seashore, and a course of "manual training," seldom gained in schools or imparted by books, but rather by looking at the plants, feeling, tasting, smelling and observing them under all conditions, at all seasons and in all oceans and latitudes. They are abundant, widespread and from microscopic size to several hundred feet in length. They are beautiful, interesting and useful, and quite necessary to our existence.

But why should I say they are "necessary to our existence?" The importance of plant life in the ocean may not be understood generally. I will try to explain.

Animals and plants, as they exist in the sea, have a mutual dependence. One could hardly exist without the other. The plant provides oxygen for the animal to breathe, and the animal in turn reciprocates by supplying carbon for the plant. Now, look at one of Maury's maps in his "Physical Geography of the Sea." One field of seaweed alone in the Atlantic is three thousand miles long and one thousand miles

wide. There are many lesser fields, or pastures, we might say, where myriads of animals breathe and feed; and but for the oxygen liberated by the plants of these extensive "sargasso seas" and other patches of *algæ* along the numerous coasts, animal life would perish from the waters. Desolation would cover two-thirds of the earth's surface (the ocean area), and, with that amount of "dead sea," the land would soon become desert.

These plants, then, that inhabit the oceans, however small and insignificant, however large and imposing, stand as the conservators of the forces that surround

us to keep them in equilibrium; and, without their kindly and important office, the whole course of Nature on this earth would be changed.

A TRIP TO THE TROPICS.

CAPT. ISAIAH BRAY.

[CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS ISSUE.]

At Tahiti the principal foreign element is French. The Rue de Paris and similar high-sounding names of streets are none too grand for avenues shaded by stately trees, whose branches intermingling overhead are swayed by the refreshing trade winds.

The pretty residence of the French commandant, with its surrounding garden, the palace of Queen Pomare, the fort, the market places filled with an endless variety of fish, fruit and vegetables, and gaily attired, flower-bedecked natives, the sugar-cane and coffee plantations, the various little rivers, their waterfalls, and the reef illuminated by night with fishermen's torches, afford new features of interest that will make the stay seem all too short; but the ninety days are passing away: the anchor must be raised, the sails spread, and the course shaped for even grander sights.

The Sandwich Islands: Who has not had his interest awakened at their mention? Who has not longed many times to visit and see the wonders of this far-famed group of the Pacific? And now to realize that our vessel's head is actually turned in their direction, and that our next stopping place will be the land of the greatest active volcano in the world.

Two weeks in which to write, to meditate, to converse; two weeks in which to study and arrange the curios collected;—and the lookout cries, "Land, ho!" and we get our first glimpse of Hawaii, the most southern and largest of the group. If the sky should be clear, the great volcanic mountains, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, will be seen raising their heads fourteen thousand feet above the ocean. At night a reflection of the fires of Kilauea Crater may possibly be seen illuminating the sky. This sight alone is well worth a trip to the islands.

A LAVA FLOW, HAWAII.

Making for the picturesque harbor of Hilo, we are likely to meet one or more of the inter-island steamers bringing us the first news and letters received since leaving home.

Should any prefer living on shore during our stay here comfortable hotels will be found. Instead of a foreign French element, as at Tahiti, we realize that we are among the most cordial, agreeable and attentive of American people, who are ever ready to do all in their power to add to the pleasure of our visit.

We shall first wish to visit some of the minor points of interest around the city, such as the immense thirty-mile lava flow of 1880, which poured, with a depth of fifteen to twenty feet, like a raging torrent from Mauna Loa, twelve thousand feet high, and threatened the destruction of Hilo, but which Providence saw fit to stay only half a mile above the town, greatly to the relief of the inhabitants.

At Rainbow Falls, a beautiful spot, we may witness natives allowing themselves to be carried over the brink, and their still more wonderful feat of jumping from an almost perpendicular cliff of one hundred feet in height, clearing in their descent a twenty-foot projection, and then turning a somersault, disappearing feet first into the deep pool below.

A short distance in either direction from Hilo are sugar plantations, where an insight into the sugar industry, from the cane in the field to the sugar in the barrel, can be gained.

After a substantial breakfast, we start out, in the cool of the morning, seated in easy carriages or upon saddle horses, whichever is preferred, for the wonderful volcano of Kilauea. After a brisk ride over the black lava road, recently built through the enterprise of foreign residents, passing on our way primitive grass huts, the homes of natives, who greet us with smiles and cheery "Aloha!" we arrive in a few hours at the Volcano House. This is a new hotel, owned and managed by Americans, with a host who is always glad to receive company and make them comfortable before a pleasant fire, which we will feel the need of in this high altitude. From the moment we arrive at this house we can anticipate, in a measure, the sights soon to be seen.

TERMINAL LAVA FLOW.

Having dined upon mountain turkey and other wild game, the guide, with lanterns and staffs, announces that it is time to descend into the crater in order to obtain a view both by day and night. A descent of seven or eight hundred feet is made by a winding path to the black lava floor of the crater, some nine miles in circumference, and surrounded by the almost perpendicular walls we have just left. Following the guide, stepping over crumbling lava, and looking down into cracks showing red-hot lava beneath, we reach, near the center, the boiling lake of fire, from which the black field just traveled over has been poured forth. Language cannot describe the sight that greets the eye, which, as the shades of night approach, grows more sublime and terrible.

Climbing the sides of the lake, we were able at our last visit to look into a natural cauldron about an acre in extent. No pot of boiling water was ever more active than this pot of liquid lava. In fury it would surge and slop over the sides. At times it would settle fifty feet; then, from submerged caverns, waves of red-hot lava, twenty feet high, filled the lake again.

Our proximity to this terrible seething mass was awe-inspiring as we stood watching, with exclamations of astonishment, its constantly varied actions. The darkness of approaching night added to the sublimity.

On another side of the lake red-hot lava was lazily oozing from thousands of different crevices in the floor of the crater, giving it the appearance of a vast illuminated city.

But the grandest and sublimest seemed to have been reserved for our parting glance. From a huge cone or black lava hill, fifty feet or more high, there suddenly shot forth, with sounds of thunder, fireworks of a thousand descriptions; then, the cone opening, like the door of a huge smelting furnace, a liquid river, fifty to eighty feet wide, began to pour forth. No one can realize the grandeur of the domains of Pele until he visits them.

At Hilo our party turn with reluctance from the late scenes and many hospitable friends made while there, to sail for Honolulu, situated upon the island of Oahu. The course for this two days' sail will be such that a view of nearly the entire group can be obtained. First we round Hawaii, with its beautiful slopes covered with homes, sugar plantations and mills, thence across the channel of Hawaii to the island of Maui, with its towering extinct crater of Haleakala, to whose glory, in ages past, Kilauea would seem insignificant.

Passing Spreckels' great plantation and the little towns of Haiku and Wailuku, the high *palis* or precipices of Molokai next appear.

The leper settlement, filled with natives in every stage of the disease, banished from home and friends, and awaiting the death they know will soon release them, fails not to awaken the sympathies of all as we pass by.

Oahu will now be seen in the distance. Every one will be expectantly watching for the grand view of Honolulu that will burst suddenly upon us as the trade winds sweep our vessel past Diamond Head, another extinct volcano, projecting like a cape into the sea.

Passing Waikiki, the famous bathing resort, with its summer homes nestled among the grove of tall cocoanut trees, forming a pretty picture from the sea, the great Nuanu Valley with its surrounding mountains opens to view. In this valley is Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, now, for almost the first time in its history, prospering under the judicious rule of the Provisional Government.

"DIAMOND HEAD."

As at Hilo, the cordiality of both native and foreign residents, Government officials and ex-Royalists will give additional pleasure to every hour. Many pleasant hours will be spent in the ascent of Punch Bowl and Diamond Head craters, the historic Pali, in the scenic railroad ride to Pearl River, and a run to Waikiki.

TYPICAL CALIFORNIA WILD-FLOWERS.

BERTHA F. HERRICK.

TOURISTS journeying over the Mojave Desert cannot have failed to notice the hundreds of huge white flower-spikes, which, in company with the grotesque yucca palm, serve to vary the wearisome monotony of the landscape. Beautiful enough to grace the finest botanical park, what strange whim of Nature caused her to place this fair child of hers amid such arid and desolate surroundings, unless for the same reason that roses were said to have been placed upon rose-bushes, to mitigate the sharpness of their thorns!

These curious plants, known also as "Adam's Needle," the "Roman Candle," and the Indian "yucca," are natives of the Coast Range from Monterey to San Diego County, and from that point eastward to Arizona. There are a dozen or more species, which, being of hardy habit, adapt themselves readily to every variety of soil, flourishing not only in waste and sandy places, but also in the shady forests of live-oak and sycamore, and even on the rocky sides of beetling precipices, far beyond human reach. They are members of the lily family; and the small, white, nodding blossoms, which expand on the approach of night, are as fragrant as the hyacinth or tuberose.

Sometimes over two thousand flowers are crowded in one of these ample compound panicles, the stalks of which are from six to fifteen feet in height and about three inches in diameter. The fiber furnishes material for stout ropes and cordage; and from the roots of certain varieties the Indians obtain a kind of farina, while

SPANISH BAYONET.

other specimens yield a sweet and edible fruit. Too close an acquaintance with the plant's peculiarities is discouraged by the sword-shaped radical leaves, which are terminated with prickly spines. Every one knows the Eschscholtzia (pronounced *esh-shoalts'i-a*) or orange-colored California poppy, covering country landscapes in April and May as with a cloth of gold; but to many people the origin of the plant is unfamiliar. It was

CALIFORNIA POPPY.

discovered in 1816 by the eminent German botanist, von Chamisso, who accompanied Kotzebue's exploring expedition to the Pacific Coast, and was named by him after his friend and fellow-voyager, Dr. Johann Eschscholtz, the ship's physician and naturalist. Among the "forty-niners" it was known as the "California gold-flower," as it spread and flourished on the mounds of earth thrown up from the "diggings." Being indigenous to the soil, and of rare beauty and individuality, it has been appropriately chosen as the State flower, and is also the emblem of the California Floral Society.

There are four or five distinct species, including a double variety and one of a spotless white, the largest and most gorgeous specimens being found in sheltered valleys or on sunny foothills. Often the corolla is four inches in diameter, and not infrequently the stems attain the height of a couple of feet.

In the Sierra, from four thousand to nine thousand feet elevation, grows the curious snow-plant (*Sarcodes sanguinea*), which is rendered especially conspicuous by being the only known representative of its kind. It averages about a foot in height, and somewhat resembles an asparagus top in general outline, though colored from base to tip with deep and vivid crimson. It pushes its way through the melting snow at the foot of pine and fir trees, to the roots of which it is parasitic, and startles the chilled and weary mountain-climber with its unique and matchless beauty.

What corresponds to the underground bulb is of a delicate pink tint, and from three to five inches in depth. These plants belong to the heath family, of which the rhododendron, the manzanita and madrone are also members. It is difficult to obtain a correct conception of its appearance, unless seen in its native habitat, among its frigid surroundings; for it changes color on being gathered, and finally becomes almost purple. Specimens have been successfully started from seed, but soon succumb for lack of the bracing cold of their natural environment.

As the edelweiss is typical of the Swiss Alps, the heather of the rugged Scotch highlands, and the hawthorne of rural England, so are the snow-plant, the Eschscholtzia and the Spanish bayonet emblematic of the wonders of the Golden State and of the grand possibilities of its fertile soil.

Another distinctive wild-flower is the singular *Darlingtonia*, or giant pitcher-plant, flourishing in marshy places in the vicinity of Mount Shasta. This plant is a veritable curiosity, being a cross between an animal and a vegetable, and serving as a natural trap for insects. The hollow tubular stems are filled with water, in which all sorts of flies are drowned, and subsequently digested. The flower is borne upon a naked stem a couple of feet in height, and the terminal appendage of the leaves closely resembles the head of a snake.

Among other conspicuous flowers may be mentioned the large white *matilija* or mission poppy of the Santa Barbara foothills; the sulphur-yellow *Nuphar* or pond-lily, much prized by boat-riders on Lake Tahoe; the gorgeous tiger lilies of mountainous regions, including the Humboldt, a tawny specimen five or six feet in height, and the Washington, a fragrant variety, with white petals, spotted with gold; the trumpet-flowers of Russian River; the wild mustard, which becomes the height of a tree in the rich adobe soil of the southern counties; the tall and beautiful evening primrose; the broad-leaved saxifrage of the McCloud River; the calycanthus or cup-flower; the mammoth larkspur five feet high, and the tree-mallow, common in the neighborhood of Alameda.

In the spring buttercups and baby-blue-eyes run riot everywhere, together with the *Calandrinia* or mayflower, the *Platistigma* or cream-cups, the *Sisyrinchium* or blue-eyed grass, and the squills or wild onion, sometimes called blue-bells or wild agapanthus (*Brodiæ capitate*). In the woods we find the timid trillium, the symbol of the Trinity, the delicate sprays of the false Solomon's Seal, the dainty alum-root and the Indian soap-root; while golden rod, salvia, blue asters, dandelions, yarrow, tansy and flannely mullein adorn the roadsides and open meadows.

The *Castelcia*, or Indian's paint-brush, adds a vivid touch of color to the landscape. There are a dozen kinds of *mimulus*, or monkey-flower, the most common species being a sticky shrub with orange-colored blos-

SNOW PLANT

soms. Saucy snap-dragons spring up in unexpected corners; and from the seed-pods of the milk-weed comes a shower of silky thistledown. The spikenard draws its sustenance from the creek-bed.

YOSEMITE IN WINTER.

JOHN MUIR IN "PICTURESQUE CALIFORNIA."

In December comes the snow, or, perhaps, in November. The clouds descending clasp the mountains from base to summit. Then follows an interval of brooding stillness. Small flakes or single crystals at length appear, glinting gently in zigzags and spirals in the dull, gray sky. As the storm progresses the thronging flakes darken the air, and soon the rush and roar and deep, muffled booming of avalanches are heard; but we try in vain to catch a glimpse of their noble currents until rifts occur in the clouds and the storm ceases. Then, standing in the middle of the valley, we may witness the descent of several of the largest size within a few minutes or hours, according to the abundance and condition of the snow on the heights. When the mass first slips on the upper slopes of the mountain a dull, rumbling sound is heard, which increases with heavy deliberation, seeming to come nearer and nearer with appalling intensity or tone. Presently the grand flood is seen rushing with wild, outbounding energy over some precipitous portion of its channel, long, back-trailing streamers fringing the main body of the current like the spray and whirling folds of mist about a waterfall. Now it is partly hidden behind fringes of liveoak, now in full view, leaping from bench to bench, spreading and narrowing and throwing out long fringes of rockets airily draped with convolving gossamer tissue of snow dust.

Compared with waterfalls, these snowfalls have none of the keen, hissing, clashing sounds so common in some portions of the currents of waterfalls; but the loud, booming thunder-tones, the pearly whiteness of the mass, with lovely gray tones in the half shadows, the arching leaps over precipices, the narrowing-in gorges, the expansions into lace-like sheets upon smooth inclines, and the final dashing into upswirling clouds of spray at the bottom, are the same in both. The summit peaks of the Sierra decorated with snow-banners were the most sublime winter phenomenon I ever witnessed, far surpassing the most imposing effects of the waterfalls, floods or avalanches.

Early one winter morning I was awakened by the fall of pine-cones on the roof of my cabin. A noble storm wind from the north filled the valley with its sea-like roar, arousing the pines to magnificent activity, swaying the most steadfast giants of them all like supple reeds, plucking off branches and plumes and strewing them on the clean, smooth snow. The sky was garish white, without clouds, the strange glare being produced no doubt by fine snow dust diffused through the air. The wild swirling and bending of the pine trees, the dazzling light, the roar of the wind sweeping around the grand domes and headlands, and eddying in many a rugged canyon and hollow, made altogether a most exciting picture; but afar on the summits of the range the storm was expressing itself in yet grander terms. The Upper Yosemite Fall was torn into gauzy strips and blown horizontally along the face of the cliff, leaving the ice-cone dry.

While making my way to the top of the overlooking ledge on the east side of it to seize so favorable an opportunity of studying the structure of the cone, the peaks of the Merced group appeared over the shoulder of the Half Dome, each waving a resplendent banner in the blue sky, as regular in form and as firm and fine in texture as if made of silk. Each banner was at first curved upward from the narrow point of attachment, then continued in long, drawn-out, lustrous sheets for a length of at least three thousand feet, judging from the known height of the mountains and their distances apart.

Eager to gain a general view, I pushed my way up through the snow by Indian Canyon to a commanding ridge beyond the walls, about eight thousand feet in height, where the most glorious storm view that I had ever beheld awaited me. Every Alpine peak along the axis of the range as far as the view extended had its banner, from two thousand to six hundred feet in length, streaming out horizontally, free and unconfused, slender at the point of attachment, then widening gradually as it extended from the peak, until it was a thousand to fifteen hundred feet in breadth, each waving with a visible motion in the sun glow, and clearly outlined on the dark-blue sky, without a single cloud to mar their simple grandeur.

The tremendous currents of the north wind were sweeping the northern curves of the mountain peaks just as the glaciers they once nourished were swept down, a supply of wind driven, wind-ground, mealy, frosty snow being incessantly spouted upward over the peaks in a close, concentrated current, owing to the peculiar sculpture of their north sides. Thus, ever-wasting, ever-renewed, these glorious banners, a mile long, waved in the gale, constant in form, and apparently as definite and substantial as a silken streamer at a masthead.

The vast depth of the valley, and the sheerness of its walls and westerly trend, cause a great difference between the climates of the north and south sides, more so than exists between many countries hundreds of miles apart, because the south wall is constantly in shadow during the winter months, while the north is bathed in clear sunshine every clear day, which falls vertically or nearly so on a great portion of the beveled rocks, making mellow spring weather on one side of the valley, while winter rules the other.

Far up the northern cliffs, even where they seem perpendicular, many a sheltered nook may be found, closely embraced by warm, sunny rock-bosses, in which flowers bloom every month of the year. Butterflies, too, swarm in these high winter gardens, and may be seen any day except when storms are in progress, and for a few days after they have ceased. In January, near the head of the Lower Yosemite Fall, I found the ant-lions lying in wait in their warm sand-cups, rock-ferns being unrolled, club-mosses covered with fresh-growing points, the flowers of the laurel nearly open, and the honeysuckle vines there abounding were rosetted with bright young leaves, every plant telling of the spring and tingling with vital sunshine. All the winter-birds resort to the warm shelters of the north side, and make out to pass the short days in comfort, seldom suffering when the snow is deepest.

The winter-birds sweeten these shadowy days with their hopeful chatter and song. They are not many, but a cheerier set never sang in snow. A few robins, belated on their way down from the upper meadows, linger in the valley and make out to spend the winter in comparative comfort, feeding on the mistletoe berries.

THE DOMES IN WINTER. *Fiske photo.*

THE GREAT HEMET DAM.

EUGENIA KELLOGG HOLMES.

Southern California, with all her ostentation, opulence and pride of clime, scenery, soil and resources, which embrace, it is claimed, everything in water, earth, air and sun, cannot boast of a more beautiful valley than San Jacinto, with its velvet-robed *mesas*, set like an emerald basin in a fringe of pine and oak and cedar and wild manzanita, belted with a chain of yellow hills, hung at dawn and dusk in a purple haze, sentineled on the loftier ramparts by the snowy peaks of Greyback, Herke, Tocquish, Mount San Bernardino and San Jacinto, silvered at the horizon-hemmed west by a crescent rim that marks the sea, dotted with dwellings embowered in bloom, which lend to these enchanting environs a human interest; and, if the sojourner to these parts inclines to stop at Hemet from either of the two daily trains that steams into, and out from, this sylvan retreat, he will find both coaches and saddle horses at hand.

HEMET DAM.

If he should chance to avail himself of them, to follow the sinuous thoroughfares worn by the restless tides that have invaded this abode of a languorous, dreamy, indolent race, and made it a busy, many-avenued mart, he will be sure to discover the countless utilitarian developments intended for improvement upon the gifts of our good, gray old Mother, who has planted her furrowed feet in the deep defiles of the forest, imprinted her fingers upon the wrinkled boulders, spun her smile in the mellowing sunbeams, woven her voice in the tuneful torrents, the wooing winds and the whispering pines, sculptured her face in the sphinx-like summits, where she watches with unwavering fidelity the conduct of her myriad children.

HEMET DAM OVERFLOW.

If the stranger so wills, he can, with profit, follow the meanderings of the gray-walled rivers that gush in copious melody from their cloud-born sources high up above the grim gulches, the bearded gulleys, the thistle-crowned cliffs of the Potrero Grande and the Cohuilla Range. Miles of mazy trestle and inky tunnel and seamy flume and tiled trench will meet the eye, flowing with the affluent issues, fed from a brimming lake at the mountain's base, girdled with granite rocks and stubbly chaparral, mirrored with swinging clouds and the ever-varying hues of the heavens. A brawling cataract foams below the sky-arched lake, designed for the preservation of the aerial fluids. Silvery rivulets sing in the riven quarries, flash in the hurrying waterfalls, trickle in the oozing springs, and wander away into innumerable tributaries, that add their relief to the long-waiting wastes. This, and more, as investigation advances, will be found the result of Nature's forces by scientific research, bold engineering skill, concentrated toil, intricate experiment, wise administrative ability, combined with no inconsiderable expenditure of eagle-stamped coin, all of which is traceable to the corporation known as the Hemet Land and Water Company, controlled and directed by Mr. W. F. Whittier and Mr. James B. Stetson of San Francisco, Col. E. L. Mayberry of Alhambra, Los Angeles County, California.

The 6th of June, 1891, marks the date of this enterprise in the form of the great Hemet dam, whose foundation was laid in a narrow pass of the Sierra Madre Mountain Range, measuring but sixty-five feet from wall to wall, in the south fork of the San Jacinto River, framed, it would seem, by some strange and hitherto unexplained upheaval of the elements, for its present use. To make this construction possible, a road had to be hewn through a wilderness of wood, rock and tangled shrub, hills leveled and tunneled, pipe lines placed beneath the gnarled roots of giant trees, precipices spanned and cataracts bridged, the symphonic hum of industry established in the haunts of hostile beasts and venomous reptiles. Each stone used in the erection of this wall, now one hundred and ten feet in height, one hundred feet wide at base, sixty-five feet in length, one hundred and fifty feet at surface, was taken from the colossal quarries of the canyon, and conveyed by a complete cable system (designed by Mr. Mayberry) to its destination, where it is imbedded in cement and wedged with small stones so compactly and securely as to leave no question of strength or durability. Mr. J. D. Schuyler, the famous consulting engineer, reports it "strong, safe and secure for all ages."

With the rapidity of flying birds, those huge blocks of stone, ten to twenty tons in weight, were whirled in hooked chains across the chasm and dropped by revolving derricks into molded niches. The smaller stones were placed in flat boats and cabled across the gorge. These cables, six and eight hundred feet in length, suspended from two bluffs at an elevation of one hundred and twenty-five feet, were operated by steam and signaled by an electrician, who, from his lofty eyrie in the cliff, guided, with magic effect, the network of machinery. The derricks, worked by water power, were secured by guys to iron bolts riveted to the rugged canyon's wall.

The cement used for filling the crevices in the rock is an imported article of superior quality, twelve thousand barrels having been transported from Europe at great expense and labor up the precarious path to those altitudes, six thousand feet above the valley's level.

A flume for the conveyance of sand from the bed of the San Jacinto River was so constructed as to carry its contents in an elevator to the crest of the cliff, where it is mixed with cement, crushed rock and water for the necessary concrete. The gigantic jaws of the crusher were fed from the severed fragments of massive boulders blasted with dynamite and giant powder. When the rock has been properly reduced, it is thoroughly mixed with cement, sand and water, and dropped into a receiving car, then wheeled in barrows by men appointed to the task, and distributed by them over the surface of the dam.

LAKE HEMET.

A force of one hundred men, employed continuously during a period of two years, furnished the manual labor for this imperishable structure. The effect of the scene to a beholder is supremely inspiring, and impressively remindful of the Southern Aztecs, who softened the stony heart of their sear surfaces with the sweet waters of the *acequias*, and heaped up wide-arched aqueducts with stones and petrified lava, borne from bursting volcanic crests, through tortuous trenches and stagnant marshes, on naked shoulders, to their allotted niches, where they remain in mute memorial of patience, endurance and plaintive toil. In the slanting shadows, cast by miles of vine-wreathed masonry, which their brown hands helped to fashion, those sad-eyed children of slavery sleep through the slow, unfolding centuries; but their successors are here, who, like them, build that others may be benefited; and the thought that each hand is chiseling a monument which will defy the floods of future æons, and preserve it for successive life, growth, health and prosperity, must lend strength to the muscle, vigor to the brain, hope of compensation to the heart.

The Hemet dam is the most colossal structure of its kind on the continent at the present time. If necessary, its height can be increased to 175 feet. It makes a beautiful lake two miles in length, one mile in width, margined with luxurious vegetation indigenous to the region, with a capacity of six billions of gallons, sufficient for the irrigation of a hundred thousand acres of land. Gates, firmly set in the rigid masonry, regulate the flow of water, insuring complete safety from floods that sometime devastate the foothills. In the infrequent event of swollen streams by the winter's deluge, the waters of the lake can be drained and diverted to other channels.

The storage reservoir, which supplies the canals in the more immediate vicinity of the valley, has a capacity of twenty-five millions of gallons. Miles of flume girdle the foothills, leagues of limestone line the walks and drives, climb the sun-baked parapets, shoot through the subterranean passages, and link the lone, untrodden desert with the teeming town.

Hemet, now a thriving railroad center, is located about midway betwixt Los Angeles and San Diego, in the San Jacinto Valley, famous in Literature for being the home of Mrs. Hunt-Jackson's "Ramona" and other characters in that fascinating Indian romance. Schools, churches, shops, hotels and commodious ranch-houses have taken the place of crumbling, bell-towered Missions, adobes, jackals, hovels and the tule abodes of the natives. Much of this amazing transformation has been brought about by the Hemet landholders, who, by the judicious expenditure of nearly a million dollars, have wrenched from aridity its haggard visage, and clothed it with graces contributable to a country's prosperity.

TUNNEL, TRESTLE AND FLUME.

Groves of oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, pears, apricots and plums, deck the noble landscape, diversified by vegetable gardens, fields of waving grain and corn, abundant native flowers and grasses woven into mats of many colors; with the extinct volcanoes, Mount San Bernardino and Mount San Jacinto, in clear perspective, that rear their white-rimmed craters thousands of feet above the encircling clouds.

The climate of this region is such as to fully justify its enviable reputation sustained through uninterrupted centuries. The Catholic Fathers were, presumably, the first civilized discoverers of this luminous land of the afternoon, and they never made a mistake in matters of location. Wherever their banners were unfurled, and the symbol of Salvation planted, there, too, was rare richness of soil, sublimity of scenery, available means of irrigation and climate of singular charm.

Such are the valleys and fair slopes controlled by the Hemet Land Company. The even temperature which prevails throughout the year, where winter gradually glides into spring, and the breath of autumn is but a degree or two higher than summer, renders the visitation of the seasons imperceptible. Physicians recommend the locality as a specific for throat, bronchial and rheumatic afflictions, from the equable climatic conditions, which embrace freedom from fogs and fierce winds. The rainfalls are nearly always at night, the days throughout the year being sunny, warm and dry. The slightly rarefied air is bracing and invigorating.

Cottages can be obtained in readiness for occupancy by seekers of domestic seclusion. Camping outfits are also accessible to devotees of the rod and gun, who find this migratory mode of existence a continuous delight; and the near environs of Hemet are favorite fields for the sportsman, abounding, as they do, in rare birds of extraordinary size and toothsome substance. Among these may be mentioned the mountain quail, found only in the higher ranges, canvasback, mallard, sprig, teal and gray duck. Deer likewise deck the uplands, and tempt the trained marksman to their pathless wilds.

Prospective settlers are offered every possible inducement to make homes on the Hemet lands, the water rights being continuous and unchangeable. Good crops are assured on all irrigated lands, because of the certainty of sufficient moisture, the entire independence of atmospheric conditions. It is not expedient for the dwellers in this Arcadia to consult the weather bureau bulletins, or scan the tardy clouds and brassy sky, at lurid dawn, at saturating noon, or at sultry set of sun. It has come to be recognized by the thoughtful that man—despised, ignoble, base-born worm of the dust, destined ultimately, in the opinion of superstition-stunted souls, but for the food of foul carrion—has a hand even in the guidance of the elements, and holds them, if he but knew it, in the hollow of his hand; for has he not already harnessed the tides and bridled the billows of the great deep, translated their secrets and appropriated the tempest's electricity; imprisoned the lightning's force, annihilated distance, illumed the night with the splendors of day, sent his voice in assuring accents to the uttermost recesses of the universe, whispered through unfathomable depths, and blown to the all-searching, leveling winds that slave-scarred, most servile assumption that God does everything and leaves man out of the question?

By the cultivation of the desert's scrubbiest product, man invites to his stubborn acres the rejuvenating rains of heaven, and by their economic use he may convert a scowling Sahara into a smiling paradise. In recognition of this fact thousands of trees have been planted on the Hemet lands. These infant forests flank the smooth boulevards, embroider the banks of the limestoned channels, reflect in their translucent faces lacy labyrinths of light and shade, enfold the mosaic-lined lakes, and skirt the horizon with swaying leaves.

TRUSS BRIDGE AND FLUME.

In considerate cognizance of the public's needs, the Southern California Railway Company, a western arm of the great transcontinental line, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, has greatly reduced the passenger and freight rates to Hemet, as well as to the various mountain, lake, valley and ocean-beach resorts, for which the section is justly celebrated.

With a view to meeting the demands of tourists, the Hotel Mayberry has been built at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars, and fitted up with every modern appliance, including electric lights, bells, baths, etc. It is located within a near distance of the Hemet station, upon a gradual eminence, which commands, from its spacious verandas and bay-window embrasures, lulling, extended and most delightful views. The grounds are embellished with Monterey pines, tropical plants, flowers, fountains and miscellaneous foliage, nourished, matured and brought to highest perfection by the company's copious conduits.

To the end that life and activity may be generated in those crystal currents, forty thousand speckled trout have been brought from Eastern lakes famed for these delicate fish, and from the McCloud River in California, to live in lakes and streams unfettered by ice or frost or snow, unchilled by blizzard blasts or blighting cyclones. These brilliant-garmented little creatures adapt themselves readily to their new home in the tepid pools of our perpetual summer-land, as do all foreign fry of the watery or landed world.

STONE AQUEDUCT.

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

Last month I referred to my work with a view to making patriots of our public-school children. Since the last appearance of THE TRAVELER, a wave of patriotism has swept over the Golden State. Boards of Education have passed resolutions making patriotic exercises a compulsory part of the school course. San Francisco is to have "Patriotic Friday" once a month, Sacramento once a week; and, best of all, in the Alameda public schools the flag is to be saluted, as it should be, every day of the school year. There is no better opening exercise for any class than a morning salute to the flag, followed by a patriotic hymn. Make it an honor of distinction to hold the flag for the morning salute Keep the colors high the rest of the time. Don't roll the flag up and let it lie dust-covered in the chalk-rack. Don't thrust it out of sight in a corner. Don't press it flat against the wall, but let it hang forward, so that the class may feel that it rests beneath its all-embracing folds. Don't forget to have the children declare to what country they give their heads and hearts. Let them say every day, "We are Americans!"

"Isn't there danger," writes one of my correspondents, "that the children will grow indifferent to the flag if they are made to salute it so often?" Possibly, if they were *made* to salute the flag. But in my classes I have never found the need of any compulsion in the matter. The children never suffer me to forget the exercise; and, when I have had the flag saluted at morning and at night, the most effective punishment I could devise for an unruly class was to say at the close of the day: "No, we will not salute the flag to-night. The class has been too naughty to-day to have the honor of saluting the American flag. We will not disgrace it." That was always a crusher. One big boy of fifteen actually broke down and cried bitterly when I sent him from the room, saying, "You have forfeited your right to stand with Americans and salute your country's flag to-night." No; there is no danger that reverent familiarity with our flag will breed contempt for it.

If, as I suggested some time ago, the Grand Army posts and the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West would take official action, urging the Boards of Education in their several localities to introduce patriotic exercises and a daily flag salute into our public schools, the Americanizing of our public schools would speedily be accomplished.

Several letters have come to me indorsing the idea of a "roof garden" on our school-houses, where the yards are too small or dark and cold. An anxious mother writes to know if something cannot be done to take the children out of the schoolrooms where the sunlight never comes. I fear not, as far as existing school-houses are concerned; but if the school-houses of the future could be built with the classrooms all facing the sun, with the halls on the shady side, it would be a great gain. Some of the Oakland schools are so constructed.

San Francisco enjoys the distinction of having the worst set of school buildings in the country. The most imposing one, as far as appearance goes, is the Girls' High School, and after that the Denman; and both of those are monuments reared to stupidity on the grave of common sense. No school-house should be more than two stories high. The idea of compelling growing girls to mount and descend and remount and redescend flights and flights of stairs many times in one day! It is barbarous! It is not study that breaks many a girl down. It is stairs, nothing else. What our city needs is smaller schools, more school-houses to a given area, and sunny, well-lighted two-story buildings. On this subject the public may need to be educated; but conviction is bound to come.

The secretary of a Working Girls' Club writes me: "We have been discussing the subject of woman's suffrage at our meetings. Generally speaking, we all believe in it, but don't exactly know how or why. Will you help us to come to a conclusion?"

The writer evidently takes it for granted that I am a woman suffragist. Well, I am, although my conversion is of comparatively recent date, owing to my ignorance of the subject. I believe in woman suffrage because I am an American, and am therefore committed to faith in our cardinal doctrine that "taxation without representation is tyranny." I should advise the Working Girls' Clubs throughout the country to subscribe for Lucy Stone's paper, the *Woman's Journal*, of Boston, Mass. They will then be liberally educated along these very lines, and posted as to the progress of the cause. In the meantime, let me give my correspondent a few ideas, basing my statements upon facts found in the *Woman's Journal*.

"Why should women want to vote?" is asked in tones of respectful inquiry or contemptuous reproach.

Well, this is why: First.—Because, as mothers, they are concerned in the maintenance of law and order, and the suppression of the gilded palaces and the sideshows of sin, the pitfalls which lie in wait for their children. Second.—As home-keepers, women are interested in gas and water rates, in the quality of gas and water supply, in the sanitary treatment of questions relating to sewerage, garbage, and the keeping clean of house and home and public places.

With our own recent experience with our City Hall in San Francisco, where the Mayor's wife ferreted out the cause of her husband's malaria, discovering under his office what the plumbing experts had not observed in their search for defective sewer connections, it will not do to say that women would be failures as sanitary inspectors, or that they would not vote to clean up the city, if they had a chance.

As taxpayers and property holders, women are interested in the degree of protection afforded by the police and fire departments.

My correspondent also asks: "Do you think that the ignorant and vicious women would be the first to rush to the polls, and that the intelligent and respectable women would generally stay away?"

In Colorado, where a house-to-house registration of women who wish to vote has been carried on under legislative enactment, the most noteworthy thing was the unwillingness, and, in most cases, the flat refusal, of the more ignorant women to register.

In Boston, for the past fifteen years, the school vote of women has been largest in the good wards of the city, and smallest in the ignorant and degraded wards. These statistics ought to count for something.

There is nothing quite so useless as a clock that does not keep time; and for a clock to refuse to go is suicide. I have the deepest contempt for clocks that are forced to stand idle all the day long as a watchmaker's sign, and I am certain that they must feel what frauds they are upon their face, and wish to be hidden from view.

Almost as useless, and quite as reprehensible, as far as misleading people is concerned, are the signs painted high on the side of houses, and left there long after the store which they advertised has been sold out by the sheriff or moved away. I have gone blocks for an apothecary, only to find that "Drugs" was a misfit announcement. It seems to me that the Superintendent of Streets might insist that as soon as a tenant departs from a locality his old sign should come down. It seems that the Board of Supervisors are straightening out the confusion that exists among our streets as to their numbers and their names. Let them attend to this other little matter,—the clocks that do not go when used as signs in public places and the signs that only mislead; and they will win the thanks and perhaps the votes of the men in a hurry, who are sent in the wrong direction by these false prophets.

California is the Paradise of campers, owing to the absence of summer rains. The question of how to cook is always one of importance to the camper who does not intend to stay long in one place. In the April number of *Outing* is a suggestion that our campers might be glad to adopt, consisting of an iron stake pointed at lower end to facilitate driving it into the ground, its upper end supporting two iron rings. The fire is built around the stake; and in the rings, which, of course, are at right angles to the stake, and horizontal in position, may be set a frying pan or a saucepan or a broiler. As a traveling cook-stove it is very complete, and can be so arranged as to be carried on a bicycle.

Inspector Byrne of New York says that women are to blame for the prevalence of street robberies. At the beginning of the footpad scare Byrne advised women not to carry their purses in their hands. There is wisdom in that suggestion. If a purse is not in sight it cannot be snatched.

After our California Midwinter Fair has become a thing of the past, there will be bitter regret on the part of thousands that they did not go early and often to this wonderful Exposition. Californians are notoriously boastful; but it has been left for strangers to discover and fully appreciate the beauties of the Fair that is within our gates.

It has been the fashion among those Californians who went to Chicago to attempt to cast discredit upon what they are pleased to call "a pocket edition of the World's Fair." This may be done to magnify their own importance in the eyes of their friends who did not go to Chicago. But Californians cannot afford to miss the Midwinter Fair. It is a grand Exposition; and its educational effect upon the thousands of young people who have taken possession of the grounds and the buildings on the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* days is not to be lightly estimated. One of the teachers in the public schools told me that the visits to the Fair had greatly stimulated her pupils in their study of geography, particularly in regard to foreign countries, which, since the Fair had brought their representatives to us, have not seemed nearly so far away. The very youngest children are learning to see and to observe as they never did before.

The other day I visited the Esquimau Village, and took a wild ride on a dog sled, which runs on a circular track, and goes like the wind. It was great fun. The man in charge of the exhibit took me into one of the huts, where a little stove was burning brightly. He said that the Hudson Bay Trading Company now carried these little American cook-stoves to the Esquimaux. The people from this village are from Labrador, and are all Moravians. Charlotte, the hostess of the hut, kindly read for us from her New Testament in the Esquimau language, the object being to let us hear how one word sounded that measures nearly *four inches* across the page.

As a noteworthy fact, the man told me that all the baby Esquimaux that were brought to this country from home have lived and thriven, but that the children who were born here, and there were six, have all died but one.

As another contrast, he mentioned that the dogs, which are always gentle and kind to human beings, even to strangers, fight fiercely among themselves; and the Esquimaux, who, among themselves, are like one large family, are very suspicious of outsiders, and are so clannish that they take up each one's troubles and grievances, and make a general affair of it. He said that it took considerable tact to steer clear of difficulties.

It should be a matter of pride to Californians that it has been reserved for our State to present, through the efforts of Mr. George Marsh, the most perfect and beautiful representation of a Japanese tea garden that has ever been in America. The one at our Fair casts the Chicago attempt utterly in the shade. It is fairy-land, with its characteristic trees and houses and streams and gold-fish and waterfalls and Japanese girls so lovely that they go far to justify the rhapsodies of Sir Edwin Arnold in their behalf.

Taking a piece of Park land, and selecting it chiefly because it had a number of pine trees, which are decidedly a Japanese tree, Mr. Marsh transformed the spot into a beautiful bit of Japan. The Japanese Theater connected with this exhibit is crowded all the time, and the performers are gorgeously attired in rich garments of silk stiff with gold embroidery.

But there is one thing that Mr. Marsh ought to remove at once. On the performers' door from the stage are two flags. The imperial flag of Japan is on top, and the American flag is standing on its head! Any one can see that the door is a screen that was painted to stand in a horizontal position, and that it has been changed from the original position, but it does not look well, and should be set right side up.

It is claimed that the California Midwinter Fair has done much to obliterate sectional feeling. Commenting on this fact, the Sacramento *Record-Union* says: "We are one as a State, and one only, without a North or South or East or West: California only, and California for triumph in every part and quarter, and for every interest, wherever it may be. We will never attain the greatness that should be our destiny until the State is a unit on all questions that now divide as to pride, jealousy, locality or rivalry."

No one who goes to the Fair should fail to ascend the Bonet Electric Tower. Every San Franciscan, at least, should stand on that upper platform and exult over his city and her surroundings. On a clear day or at night the effect is grand. The first time I made the ascent, and, by the way, it is the most easily moving elevator that ever I entered, I could not get used to the way in which all the sounds of the grounds seemed to rise in perfect distinctness to the ear. There was no confused murmur, no hubbub, but each and every one was as clear, as distinct, and as unmistakable as possible. Even the heaviest winds do nothing more than impart a thought of motion to those on the uppermost platform.

If it be a possible thing to secure this tower and keep it in Golden Gate Park as one of its permanent attractions, it ought to be done. Now is the time for another philanthropist to send his name down to coming generations. We have the McSweeney Panorama on Strawberry Hill. Whose name shall the electric tower bear? The tariff, if placed at ten cents a trip, would keep that tower elevator running the year round, after the Fair is over. Let us keep the electric tower in our Golden Gate Park.

The Berlin police are permanently under instructions to repress whistling, whether recreative or utilitarian. They vigilantly carry out their instructions to the letter. They suppress all nuisances, refusing to let street bands rend the air. The inhabitants of Prussian cities, who, for the most part, live in flats, are not allowed to play or sing in their own apartments after ten o'clock at night, unless with the express consent of the people residing immediately above or below them. Our local boarding-house keepers might take a pointer from this.

In this regulation the student of social problems may discover a potent lever to assist those who, ambitiously inclined, would seek to mount the social ladder. "If you don't invite me and my wife to your party," says the man who lives downstairs, "you shall not have my permission to have music."

No barking dogs or caterwauling cats or vociferous roosters or screaming parrots are tolerated in Prussian cities. They must be almost Paradise.

Some critic, in reviewing a recent book, says in regard to the heroine: "We do not believe that her courage would have proved superior to that of her city lover in the moment of supreme peril. It is not the custom of women to look death in the face without flinching; and it is idle to endow the sex with that courage which is, after all, so largely physical."

That sounds very well, and I will make comment upon it no further than to remark that in all the great panics of which we have any record, take, for instance, the burning of the Opera Comique in Paris, the bodies of women were found, piled many deep, as they fell under the feet of the men who trampled the women to death in their own mad rush for safety. Looking death in the face cannot be a pleasant operation, but why claim that women are cowards about it any more than men?

It is said that after this season Frederick Warde and Louis James will star separately. It is to be hoped that this is not so, for to see those two tragedians in their *repertoire* was a treat that does not come every day. No wonder that the Baldwin was crowded during their entire engagement, making additional proof that a good show has success in San Francisco, and that those who fail here fail because they are not up to the standard. A great many people, actors, preachers, teachers, come here from the East with the idea that anything will do for California, and, when they find out their mistake, they rail at us, and say we have no good sense, no discrimination, no culture and no refinement. It is a pleasure to convince them to the contrary by showering our appreciation and our coin upon their rivals. We are not a jay town by any means.

Speaking of theaters, did it ever strike you that the stage manager often carries realism altogether too far when he makes a night scene so pitch dark on the stage that the audience sitting in black darkness itself has to gaze intently at what is before it, and even then is not quite sure that it has made out what objects are upon the boards? It gives one a splitting headache all the next day after such an experience, and I am sure that many people would frequent the theater oftener than they do if it were not on this very account. I write this paragraph because I have received several requests to bring this matter before the managers, and I take this opportunity to comply with the requests of my correspondents. Won't you let us have just a little more light upon the subject, Mr. Bouvier?

Gradually we are coming to understand that we cannot educate the mind and ignore the body; that we cannot acquire an accomplishment without combining mental and physical training. For instance, a bright, intelligent eye communicates a feeling of sureness and certainty to a singer, making pitch and tone better than if the attempt to sing be made with a listless look. A "glad smile" rounds the interior of the mouth just back of the teeth, making the passage of the air or voice from the windpipe to the lips perfectly clear, resulting in a clear, ringing tone. If a singer clutches her roll of music, the knotted muscular effect will extend all the way up her arm, through her shoulder, to her throat, tying up her voice so that it will sound stifled and constrained. These things are worth remembering.

Of late there has been a good deal of talk about the necessity of chaperones in Pacific Coast society. Much, if indeed not all, of the agitation has sprung from women who wish to be retained as chaperones in society, where they no longer possess any claim upon the young people's consideration. It is a familiar fact that the alleged chaperone is often a fussy old person, who wishes to be waited upon to a distracting degree at supper, or a flirtatious matron, who claims all the attention of every eligible young man in the party.

The average American girl does not like the chaperone article; and, as a recent writer has said: "Nobody denies that there are several sorts of entertainment that require chaperones to prevent suspicious and malevolent tongues from wagging; but on the ordinary occasions of life, by all means let the average American girl rely upon herself and the respect which is almost always accorded to her."

Eliza D. Keith.

(DI VERNON.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The following new illustrated pamphlets have just been bublished by THE TRAVELER for the resorts named below. They are all of them artistic and interesting; and copies will be mailed to any address on application to the proprietors.

A four-page pamphlet of the Hotel Ben Lomond at Ben Lomond in the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains, one of the most delightful resorts in that section. Address G. L. A. Smith, Proprietor, Ben Lomond, Cal.

A four-page pamphlet of the pretty little resort at Camp Taylor, Marin County, Cal. This is a very pretty resort on the line of the North Pacific Coast Railroad. The proprietor is Chris Johnson.

"Seven Oaks" is the title of an eight-page brochure, illustrated, and tells all about a delightful mountain resort in San Bernardino County. For those wishing a thorough outing and good time it would be difficult to find a better place. For a copy of the pamphlet address A. H. Pratt, Redlands, Cal.

Cazadero has a little four-page circular telling of the beauties of that inland resort. It has always been popular; and those wishing to know more about it should send for one of their pamphlets to Hart, Hart & Hart, Cazadero, Sonoma County, Cal.

Those who have not already obtained a copy of the souvenir published by Highland Springs at Lake County should send at once to J. Craig, the manager. The springs are charmingly situated, and offer all kinds of amusement and sport to the health and pleasure seeker.

Twenty-five cents in stamps sent to THE TRAVELER, 602 Market Street, San Francisco, will give you by return mail a copy of "Outings in California," a beautifully illustrated sixty-four-page book. It gives full information about every hotel, health and pleasure resort in the State, how to reach them, rates for single persons and families, kinds of amusements, etc. Send at once for a copy.

"Mexico" is the title of an elaborate volume of nearly three hundred pages just issued by the Passenger Department of the Mexican Central Railway. It is a thorough and entertaining treatise on the odd, the beautiful and the marvelous of the southern republic, and is liberally filled with engravings of Mexican scenes. For a copy of this work address W. J. Parker, Agent Mexican Central Railway, 36 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

ITEMS, ETC.

The Hotel of London is the title of one of the most interesting weeklies we know of. Keeping strictly within the boundary of its title, it contains some of the most beautiful illustrations of the Britanic hostelries we have ever seen. In this respect it is profuse, and the engravings (made by themselves) are far superior to anything across the Atlantic. Those who may be interested in British scenery would do well to become subscribers to *The Hotel*.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, who is certainly one of the best judges of the day as to what is artistic, wrote of this hotel: "You have built and fitted up with the greatest beauty and elegance a palace, and filled it with gems of art for the benefit of the public at hotel prices." Mr. Harry Furniss says the Royal Bath Hotel is "a veritable home of luxury and a temple of art." It would take columns of a newspaper to give even a brief outline of the quiet elegance of this beautiful house, which is much more like the home of some prince than an hotel. It is filled with works of art chosen with great judgment and taste by the courteous and clever owner, Mr. Merton Cotes, who is a great traveler and a member of the Royal Geographical Society. —*Ex.*

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

DR. R. E. BUNKER, Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence No. 802 Kearny Street, San Francisco.
Office hours 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M. Telephone 1800.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10.
Entrance 806 Market Street.

DR. GEORGE K. FRINK, Physician and Surgeon,
No. 47 Post Street, corner Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.
Hours 1 to 3 and 7:30 to 8 P. M. Residence 3005 Jackson Street. Telephone 4286.
Specialties: Women's and Children's Diseases and Obstetrics.
At office on Sunday by special appointment only.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

To Tourists and Californians.

Those who go eastward from the Pacific Coast should not fail to stop over several days *at least* in Salt Lake and see the attractions in and about the beautiful Mormon city. One great drawback heretofore has been the poor hotel accommodations; but at last The Knutsford has removed any objections in this respect.

NEW GOLD.

When Spring came softly breathing o'er the land,
With warmer sunshine and sweet April shower,
Bidding the silken willow leaves expand,
Calling to hill and meadow, bee and flower,
Bright with new life and beauty, on light wing
Bringing the birds again to love and sing,
And waking in the heart its joy amain,
With old fond hopes and memories in its train,
Childishly glad 'mid universal cheer,
How oft we sang the half-forgotten strain,
"*Now* we behold the glory of the year!"
—*Ernest Whitney.*

A day of perfect summer grace,
Where green boughs meet and interlace;
A sky of perfect summer blue,
The yellow sunlight sifting through;
And all above and all around,
Uprising from the teeming ground,
Pulsing upon the happy breeze,
On billowy crests of green wheat seas;
Pouring from out the robin's throat,
From fleecy cloud and hill remote;
On shadows cool and soft and fleet,
On waves of trembling, quivering heat;
From over fields of clover bloom,
From out the dim woods' fragrant gloom,
Such miracles of color show;
Such spicy, subtle odors flow;
Such sounds,—firm, deep, tumultuous,—
So Nature fills her cup for us,
And we, through every quickened sense,
Drink it with grateful reverence.
—*New York World.*

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air
Or dip thy paddle in the lake
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
The wood is wiser far than thou;
The wood and wave each other know.
Not unrelated, unaffied,
But to each thought and thing allied,
Is perfect Nature's every part
Rooted in the mighty heart. —*Emerson.*

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks and horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast,
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

Her love is like the morning dew
Upon the summer rose,
That glistens fresh and fair to view,
And ere the noontide goes.
Scarce constant for one fleeting hour,
When morn returns to gild the bower,
Upon a newer, fairer flower
The fickle dewdrop glows.

Her troth is plighted for a day.
Alas! she never knew
The faithful love that lives for aye,
Nor fears what time can do.
Ah, tremble not when she is nigh;
Forbear, O heart, to beat so high.
False beams the love-light in her eye;
She never can be true.
—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

MOUNT BAKER.

Thou sphinx, that sittest at the Opal Gate
That lets the ocean into Puget Sea,
Keeping thy silent watch o'er time and fate
Thro' clouds that veil thy grandeur mistily,
Or with the sun's fierce halo on thy brow;
Furrowed by lava, rugged, stern and white,
Thou wert a marvel to me once; but now,
Majestic sphinx! I read thy secret right.

God, let me be a mountain when I die,
Stung by the hail, lashed by the terrible rains!
Let lava fires surge, turbulent and high,
And fierce with torment, thro' my bursting veins;
Let lightnings flame around my lonely brow,
And mighty storm-clouds race and break and roar
About me; let the melted lava plow
Raw furrows in my breast; torment me sore.

O God! Let me curse loneliness, yet see
My very forests felled beneath my eyes;
Give me all Time's distilled agony,
Yet let me still stand, mute, beneath the skies,
Thro' storms that beat and inward fires that burn,
Tortured, yet silent, suffering, yet pure,—
That torn and tempted hearts may lift and learn
The noble meaning of the word *endure*.
—*Ella Higginson.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

Ed. Schwerin photo.

Little 'Rastus was entirely too fond of asking questions, so his father said, and, in order to shift the burdens which he found too great for his uneducated shoulders to bear, old 'Rastus sent the boy to school, where the following colloquy is said to have taken place:

Little 'Rastus—W'y am de sun brighter'n de moon, 'fessah?

Prof. Johnson—We dun'no fo' shuah dat he am, honey. Yer see, de moon's got de night ter light up, an' de sun has ony got de day. Dat's er powerful sight er diff'runce, I tells yer. Mebbe, if de sun done tackle de big job de moon's got on his hands, he couldn't do ez well. —*Harpers.*

"This parrot, ma'am," said the dealer, "is one that I can recommend It was in the family of a clergyman for many years."

"Well, gents, what'll ye have? Name your pizen!" exclaimed the parrot with startling emphasis.

"He was obliged to part with it, however," continued the dealer, with an apologetic cough, "and for the last year or two it has belonged to the alderman from our ward." —*Chicago Tribune.*

"Wonderful country!" exclaimed the Kansas man. "Why, when I moved out here it was forty miles to Brown's, my nearest neighbor."

"And how far is it to Brown's now?" put in the Eastern man.

Father—Now, Jimmie, I'm going to give you a hard thrashin'. D'ye wanter know what for?

Son—Nossir; I don't; cos, if you tells me what fur, then I'm goin' to say I hain't dun it, 'en you'll lick me twicet as hard fur lyin' about it. —*Life.*

During a thunderstorm always put your milk in a smaller refrigerator, so that it will have no room to turn.

A shrewd old lady cautioned her daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying:

"My child, a man is like an egg. Keep him in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him there too long and he hardens."

A famous dog fancier says there is no improvement on the old-fashioned way of telling a well-bred dog. Lift him by the back of the neck, and if he is a cur he will yelp; if well-bred he won't whimper. If you don't like this way, however, you can tell by kicking him. If he is a cur he will leave your pants on you; if he is a thoroughbred you'll have to stand in a barrel until somebody fetches another pair.

Papa—Why don't you sit down?

Small Boy—This morning I asked you how many made a million, an' you said darned few. I told teacher that in arithmetic class to-day, an' that's why I can't sit down.

Johnny—Maw, what makes you always count the things when you send them out to the washerwoman?

His Mother—I've always done it, Johnny, ever since your father and I began housekeeping.

Johnny—Why don't you count them when they come back?

His Mother—Well, I never got into the habit of doing that. —*Chicago Tribune.*

A widower is being married for the fourth time. During the ceremony one of the guests is surprised to hear violent sobs proceeding from a woman in a corner of the church.

"Who is that lady who is crying so bitterly?" he asks of the bystanders.

"O, it's only Martha, our cook," answers one of the bridegroom's children. "She always blubbers when papa gets married." —*Ex.*

While in the show business in Pennsylvania, Artemus Ward was put to sleep in an attic where the sash had been taken out for ventilation. In the night it turned cold. Artemus got up and was busy at the window.

"What are you doing, Artemus?" his companion asked.

"I'm so c-cold," he chattered. "I was hanging up some of these hoop-skirts. I thought they'd keep the coarsest of the cold out." —*Argonaut.*

"I have called," said the captious critic, "to find out what reason you can give for representing the new year as a nude small boy."

"That is done," responded the art editor, "because the year does not get its close till the 31st of December."

AMONG THE RESORTS.

LEAVING Los Angeles for a trip over the surf line of the Southern California Railway to San Diego, you pass over one of the most delightful spans of country that the railroad traverses. For a long distance the route takes you so close to the ocean-beach that the spray from the breakers almost reaches the cars. At Oceanside a stop is made for dinner at the South Pacific Hotel. The service and meal here are first class, and this little spot is frequented by many tourists during the year.

At San Diego your attention will be attracted to the Brewster Hotel, situated in the center of town. It has the reputation of being one of the very best-kept and best-managed hotels in the country. The Brewster has recently undergone many costly and modern improvements, and, at the present time, is enjoying a large and select patronage. Mr. J. E. O'Brien, the proprietor, takes special pride in the general service and the *cuisine*, and, through his attentions in this direction, has gained an enviable popularity. Farther up on the bluff stands the Hotel Florence, overlooking the bay of San Diego and Coronado Beach. It has come under new management. Mr. Harry Watcham, formerly of the Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, has leased the premises, and is doing an excellent business. Mr. Watcham is well known as an energetic and tireless worker, and he cannot but make a splendid success of his new venture.

The Horton House is doing well; in fact it always does well.

One of the most attractive features of San Diego is the beautiful drives in all directions; and Babcock & Hawkins, the enterprising livery firm, have found their large supply of tally-hos and other rigs insufficient for the demand, and next year will increase the equipment.

The El Cajon Valley is a delightful spot contiguous to San Diego.

La Jolla Park is coming more in touch with the public each year; and the railroad is working on a branch to run direct from San Diego to the hotel.

Lakeside, on the way, is a beautiful little place, and has done a very good tourist business this year. The climate is superb.

The St. Angelo Hotel, Los Angeles, is doing well. Its new proprietor, Mr. Beach, has made many good friends for himself and his hostelry. The Southern Hotel, Los Angeles, has done a big business this season, and Mrs. Cavanaugh has made every effort to please her guests. The business she has done is an evidence of her success. The Argyle Hotel on the bluff has likewise done well.

On June 1st that pretty little resort, Summit Soda Springs in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, will open for the summer season. Any one who enjoys good fishing and hunting can find it at this place at an elevation of over six thousand feet.

The new proprietor of the Magnolia Springs Hotel at Calistoga, Mr. E. C. Chesebro, has made a number of changes and improvements in the hotel. His Hot Water Mineral Springs are coming more to the front; and many tourists passing through Calistoga stop off for a few days at these springs, and find a great benefit in their use.

The Hotel Ben Lomond opens its doors on the first inst. Mr. Smith, the manager last year, has leased the premises, and will conduct it in his usual good style. Ben Lomond will always be an attractive resort; and it has the advantage of being easy of access, being but seventy-seven miles from San Francisco, and directly on the line of the railroad.

Duncan Mineral Springs, Mendocino County, are now open for the reception of guests. These springs have the distinction of being one of the very few resorts in that territory that are easily reached. They are located a short two miles from Hopland station on the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway; so that there is no fatigue incident to the journey. It is a pretty place, and the scenery is attractive in all directions from the eminence on which it stands.

The Hotel Green, Pasadena, will close its busy season this year with a magnificent record. It is said that the immense number of guests entertained there have gone away with naught but approval and admiration of this beautiful caravansary.

On April 1st Col. R. H. Warfield leased the California Hotel, San Francisco. Many changes have been made in the *personnel;* and the hotel is to be conducted hereafter on both the European and American plans. It already has a high-class reputation, and will no doubt continue to prosper under the new *regime*.

Saratoga Springs, Lake County, opens May 1st. It has been lavishly renovated and improved. It has been leased by Col. Warfield, and will probably be managed by a San Francisco hotel man.

The Yosemite season opens up auspiciously, and the ticket office is receiving many applications for stage tickets daily. The popular route is *via* Raymond, the stage trip being only sixty-seven miles over possibly the finest-equipped and best-managed stage line in the world. The half-way stop at Wawona Hotel is always delightful, and worth several days' sojourn; and in the valley the Stoneman House will be found to be the most comfortable and pleasant in every respect. It will continue this season under the guidance of Mr. J. J. Cook (whom everybody has heard of), and that is the only guarantee needed of its service.

ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

On April 14th the Wilmington Transportation Company acted as hosts to the International Association of Ticket Agents, who recently held their annual meeting in Los Angeles. The entire party was invited by the company to that beautiful seaside resort at Santa Catalina Island, and were entertained right royally from first to last. The quaint inlet at Avalon will never cease to be "a joy forever;" and much enthusiasm was expressed on all sides by the guests, not only about the attractions of the island, but about the splendid manner in which they were entertained by the management of the company.

The San Francisco & North Pacific Railway announces that it has made special arrangements to take care of fishing parties going over its lines. Round-trip excursions are sold, including railroad fare, expense of teams and board at any hotel that may be near the selected spot. This is certainly a great convenience to sportsmen, for it is a deal of satisfaction to know just what the expense of such a trip will be; and it is safe to add that it would be hard to find a finer collection of trout streams than those along the line of the Donahue route.

Highland Springs, Lake County, has been entertaining the State Board of Health recently, and they left there delighted with the place and the remarkable collection of mineral waters to be found there.

It was 9:45 P. M. when the train drew up in San Diego Depot. The Coronado bus was waiting. We were quickly driven down to the ferry, and, crossing the beautiful bay of San Diego by moonlight, we reached the now famous little island-peninsula of Coronado, and were soon skimming over the smooth gravel of Orange Avenue toward the great hotel. After a drive of about a mile and a half we came to a sudden bend in the road, and there before us rose a gigantic and stately building with towers and spires, and lights flashing from its countless windows; and, at the same instant, the "swish" of the ocean fell upon our ears. A moment more, and we drew rein before the main entrance to the hotel. The driver touched an electric button in the wall at the foot of the steps leading up to the office, and out came a swarm of boys in uniform to carry our grips and escort us into the hotel.

We were close to the ocean, and the moonlight revealed a long streak of white foam where the waves beat upon the shore. The great house was literally one blaze of light; and from its open windows floated sweet strains of music to mingle with the roar of the ocean.

The season was at its height. The hotel was full of guests. They had come from the frozen North, from the far, far East, and from over the sea, to while away the winter days amid the sunshine and flowers of Southern California.

There were millionaires by the dozens, ministers of State, senators from Washington, governors of States, members of Congress, presidents of railroads, bankers and merchant princes from all over the land, with their wives and daughters, and a goodly sprinkling of rich and titled foreigners. They went hunting, shooting, fishing, boating, swimming, riding, driving and bicycling. They played tennis, football, polo, billiards and cards. They had yacht races on the bay, tally-ho excursions, pigeon-shooting and rabbit-chasing. They sunned themselves on the big verandas, wandered among the flowers and fountains, smoked and read novels under the shade of the palm trees, and strolled down the shell walks by moonlight. By night the great ballroom was crowded with dancers, fairy forms in silks and jewels,—America's fairest daughters and her gallant sons.

The house was full of music and song and laughter. It was a gala day all the time, and every one enjoyed himself, young and old alike. The whole place was full of music,—music everywhere,—in the sighing of the winds, the singing of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, the rippling of the fountains, the splash of the paddle, the sound of the huntsman's bugle, the crack of the rifle, the roar of the ocean, and the happy, careless laugh of the people.

Beautiful Coronado! thy scenery, sunshine, flowers and endless amusements combine to make thee one of the most attractive winter pleasure resorts in the Golden State. Well may those who have visited thee sing thy praises over the land.

How many hearts will cherish sweet memories of thee,
Hotel del Coronado, fair palace by the sea.

Isabel A. Smith.

The guests of The Painter arranged for last Thursday evening a well-planned series of tableaux in honor of their genial host, whose forty-second year had just been completed. Each tableau represented the title of a book, and was acted out by some of the Painter amateurs of dramatic ability, giving them excellent opportunities for displaying their talents.

The final tableau was a charade upon the words "M. D. Painter, Forty-two," after which J. L. McFarland, in a happy speech, presented, on behalf of the guests, to Mr. Painter a beautiful flower piece in water colors and a box of silk handkerchiefs. Mr. Painter's reply was in a similarly happy vein, upon the termination of which a magnificent birthday cake, accompanied by ices, was brought in and served, thus bringing to a close an evening long to be remembered.

—*Los Angeles Times, April 1, 1894.*

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JUNE, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

From the Berkeley shore. *Morgan Backus photo.*

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Glimpses of Del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told: and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate some interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, bath-house and beach, there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME III. SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE, 1894. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
IN
State Board of Trade Rooms, Crocker Building,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES 8 FRANCS OR 6 SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates: Forty cents per agate line, fourteen lines to the inch. Discounts for space and time contracts furnished upon application. READING NOTICES: Seventy-five cents per line brevier type, and fifty cents per line nonpareil type, each insertion.

THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

THE essential requisites (so it is supposed) for the Arizona tourist who expects to see the country away from the line of the railroads are a burro, an umbrella, a canteen, light clothing and hard tack. Much has been written in a frivolous way of this sunlit country, which might lead one to suppose that it is a dreary, cactus-grown waste wholly given up to the jack-rabbit, the Gila Monster and all manner of venomous reptiles, Apaches included.

One of these days the traveling public will discover that Arizona has a great wealth of scenic and historic interest: Through her northwestern border runs the awful chasm of the Colorado Canyon, seven thousand feet deep; the ruins of the ancient cliff-dwellers; the ruins of an extinct yet more than half-civilized race, whose pottery, irrigating canals, temples and wondrous images are the marvel of modern times. There are valleys of luxurious growth, and timbered mountains rising many thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Numerous persons even of her own household have, until lately, looked upon Arizona as the early gold-seekers did upon California. They supposed that possibly, when the precious metals were exhausted, the inhabitants might turn their attention to the large timber districts in the mountains; but, as to finding much of an encouraging character in agricultural pursuits, they never dreamed of such a thing. It is true that for some twenty years there have been small sections of the country irrigated, but these are some distance north of the railroad; and to suggest to a stranger traveling by rail that here is an immense body of fine agricultural land as far as the eye can see, the assertion would perhaps be met with a smile of derisive incredulity; but such is the fact. Even the vast plains have their peculiar charms for the tourist. Were there ever such gorgeous sunsets as blaze across the skies in almost supernatural glory? Nay; nay.

AN ARIZONA TOURIST.

EARLY in August next the Pacific Excursion Company will conduct a three months' trip to the Marquesas, the Pomota and the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands,—the health-seeker's Arcadia and the tourist's dream of Paradise.

The trip will be made by sail in a large new brig first class in every respect, and especially for this trip; and as this will be a season when the trade winds are "blowing steadily but not too strong," the voyage will almost surely be a pleasant one.

Any one wishing further information may call upon or address this office.

THE SPECIALLY pleasing feature, to Californians, of the non-industrial army to Washington from the Pacific Coast, is the fact that the hegira was eastward ho! instead of westward. Our gain may have been somebody else's loss, but we resent the charge of dumping our shiftless citizens upon our neighbors. We have done nothing of the sort. They were at liberty to get up and leave us, and we do not mourn their departure. We did not drive them out; they went of their own free will. They could have made a decent livelihood in our State if they had been so minded, and we fervently trust we may never see them or any of their ilk again.

While our purpose is to promote travel for pleasure, we think it within our province to encourage the outward movement of all Coxeyites, and all other "ites" who have such an abhorrence of fatigue as the class that lately left our shores.

WE CALL our readers' special attention to a teachers' excursion from San Francisco to the City of Mexico between June 1 and July 15, 1894. The tickets will be for first-class accommodation both ways, limited to thirty days, the round-trip rate (a very low one) being eighty-five dollars.

The itinerary furnishes side trips to the most interesting points in the "land of the Montezumas;" and we cannot too heartily commend to teachers or others this most interesting trip.

WE ARE met almost every day with inquiries from health-seekers as to what localities of the State are most favorable for the alleviation of certain ailments, and we can only answer these questions in a general way.

For sufferers from pulmonary or asthmatic affections, we would say, get away from the seaside, and avoid thickly wooded sections. Choose a high, dry atmosphere, an altitude of from 2,000 to 4,000 feet,—the easterly slopes of the Coast Range and the westerly slopes of the Sierra, pre-eminently the latter,—for asthmatic affections. There are also valley foothills in the Coast Range, such as Napa, portions of the Santa Clara, Livermore, the lower Salinas, and a great portion of the mountain glens of Lake and Mendocino, where the harsh influences of the salt ocean air are not felt. Scientists inform us that the healthiest soils are the granite, sandstone, gravel and metamorphic rocks; and nearly all of the localities mentioned herein are made up of one or another of these soils.

As to sufferers from liver, stomach or kidney troubles, we have scores of mineral springs within easy access of San Francisco that afford relief from these common ailments.

Dr. Winslow says: "The external application of several of our mineral waters is more efficacious in the treatment of many diseases than the internal administration. This is particularly noticeable in the rheumatic, gouty, strumous joint affections and in several varieties of skin diseases. The most beneficial bath in the world may, however, do great harm if injudiciously used. Indeed, fatal effects have been repeatedly observed. It is therefore urged that a careful diagnosis be made of the case, and that medical surveillance be kept up constantly during a course of bathing, and that self-treatment and indiscriminate bathing be discontinued. Not only will the spring waters do more good if intelligently used, but the many fatal results occurring every year will be prevented."

To follow medical advice in the matter of bathing and using mineral waters becomes all the more necessary when it is borne in mind that each thermal and mineral spring differs materially in composition and temperature from any that may have been used before. Hence it follows that when one water may be used in more than one way, to derive the greatest benefit from it, it must be applied discriminately.

For information as to the uses of mineral waters in bathing or drinking, the advantages of certain waters for certain diseases, etc., call upon or address our Bureau of Information.

"La Fiesta de Los Angeles"

CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

The fiesta held at Los Angeles in April was such a complete success that it is to be a permanent institution of the city; and already plans are being made for next year's festivities. It is intended to be a typical celebration of the whole of Southern California; and, judging by the first effort in that line, the result of only three months' work, it will in time attract as many visitors as the Mardi Gras does to New Orleans.

The idea of a carnival originated with Mr. Max Meyberg, one of the business men of Los Angeles. He associated seventy-four merchants with him as an executive committee, and was chosen director-general. Then a prize was offered for the most appropriate name, and won jointly by Mr. Harry Brook, a prominent member of the Los Angeles Press Club, and a young lady in the employ of Mr. Meyberg. "La Fiesta de Los Angeles" caught the popular fancy at once. It savored of the romantic days in early California history, the gorgeous pageants of Spanish life, and the merry-making of dreamy-eyed people, who were wont to pay but little heed to the cares of a workaday world.

Another business man, Mr. J. T. Sheward, conceived the fancy of having carnival colors; and, by a happy thought, they symbolized the orange, the olive and the wine, which are three of Southern California's greatest productions. When the people saw the decorations of red, green and yellow, which were lavishly used by the fiesta committee, their enthusiasm was aroused, and all classes co-operated so actively that the affair was successful beyond the most sanguine expectations.

The Saturday before the fiesta was to begin, a delegation of well-known citizens, ordinarily the most staid of men, disguised themselves and proceeded to the City Hall, where they deposed the council and other municipal officers, and set up a government owing allegiance only to the coming carnival queen. Some amusing ordinances and resolutions were gravely passed and adopted, not devoid of hits upon the management of city matters by the regular officers. This let loose the carnival spirit, and prepared the way for what was to follow.

Tuesday morning, April 10th, there was an exodus from all the towns round about to Los Angeles. The hotels were crowded to their utmost capacity with people from a distance, and were obliged to hire all the available rooms in their vicinity. Long before noon the gaily decorated streets along the route of the parade were filled with the greatest crowd ever seen in the city, and windows were at a premium.

PARADE OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Pertrand photos.

CAR OF THE ANGELS.

The opening exercises took place at Central Park, where stands had been erected and the queen was in waiting, surrounded by her brilliant retinue, all of whom were masked. It was an open secret, however, that Mrs. O. W. Childs, the beautiful daughter of Ex-Governor Bates of Tennessee, had been selected for the queen; and her social prestige had given *eclat* to the occasion. She chose her eighteen maids of honor from among the fairest belles in the city.

The queen was royally attired in white satin with court train of purple velvet, diamonds flashing from brow and golden-girdled waist, neck and arms. A couple of pages attended her, and her heralds were richly dressed in the style of Henry VIII.

After fitting exercises, the key of the city was presented to the queen by Mayor Rowan, and steam whistles and bells proclaimed that the reign of the fiesta had begun. The procession then started, passing before the queen for review. It was made up of six divisions, each preceded by a marshal and numerous aids, finely mounted, and a band of music, the whole extending more than two miles in length. After the bicycle outriders, mounted platoon of police, marshal and aids, came twelve mounted heralds in advance of the Car of the Angels, a half ship in cream and gold, adorned with flowers, and filled with gauze-winged angels, who posed beneath a canopy festooned with blue, white and gold. Twenty Spanish cavaliers in glittering court dress rode beside the car.

The next float presented a striking contrast. It was Prehistoric California, a desert scene peopled with real, live Yuma Indians, engaged in their various occupations. Straggling along behind were about fifty more Yuma and Cocopah Indians in astonishingly variegated costumes, carrying bows, arrows and baskets of their own manufacture. A huge Spanish galleon followed, with Cabrillo himself at the prow, and Fathers Junipero Serra and Ortega among the passengers. The sailors were attired in the picturesque Spanish fashion of centuries ago.

An admirable representation of the old mission at San Gabriel, with its chime of bells, carried great censers of burning incense, and was manned and escorted by monks and friars.

The fancy was now carried forward from the old pastoral and mission days of California to the immigration period. A grim old prairie schooner hove in sight, with "California or Bust" inscribed upon its sides, and a stovepipe protruding from the rear. Inside were the pioneers drinking coffee out of tin dippers, and close behind came a mining scene. This float was made to represent a canyon, and contained a group of miners digging for gold, also a facsimile of Sutter's mill. A pack-train of burros followed, ludicrously loaded down with camping outfits.

CHINESE SECTION OF PARADE.

The era of irrigation was denoted by a float showing artesian wells, canals, reservoirs and an orange orchard on one side, in contrast with a sage-brush desert on the other.

The third division marked the memorable "boom" days, several floats being covered with flaming advertisements, and containing the "brass band," excited buyers and voluble auctioneer of those times. They were pathetically followed by the "busted boom" float, in which a seedy real estate man, with a well-used demijohn for his only consolation, was the principal figure.

Next came the Ship of State, imitating one of the new battle ships, and manned by the Naval Reserve, in white and gold, the whole a beautiful creation.

The Prosperity float was a huge money-bag on a golden chariot, with wheels and sides of enormous twenty-dollar gold pieces, and jingling festoons of silver and gold.

A large chariot was marked "Products," and had a beehive in the center covered with oranges and lemons. On a trellis were great clusters of grapes, and fruits, flowers and cereals were effectively disposed about the chariot, the whole adorned with banners and garlands.

The Los Angeles City float was a magnificent car in buff and gold filled with angels and figures representing art, music, literature, etc. A profusion of roses appropriately decked this float.

San Diego furnished a beautiful float showing the "Silver Gate" city with its background of mountains. Pomona and Santa Monica displayed characteristic scenes.

The Turn Vereins had a float with men in gymnasium costume practicing athletic exercises. The leading secret organizations arranged fine tableaux, that of the Knights of Pythias representing "Damon at the Block" with great richness of detail.

The fifth division was very picturesquely led by a marshal and aids dressed in costumes imported from Spain, their saddles elegantly embroidered, and bridles mounted with solid silver.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107.]

THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA.

W. V. BRYAN.

THERE is no State in the Union that produces such a quantity and variety of mineral springs as California; and there is no county in the State that contains as many of them as Lake County. Here one can find almost every variety of mineral waters that is known to the civilized world; and, although it is likewise endowed with every natural attraction, it is perhaps the least known of any county in the State. It is situated inland, on the Eastern slope of the Coast Range Mountains, the county of Mendocino separating it from the ocean on the west, while Napa and Sonoma counties join its southern border, which, by regular rail and stage route, is about ninety miles north of San Francisco.

To the tourist and health-seeker both, Lake County offers exceptional advantages. Its climate is dry and invigorating, and entirely free from fogs and dampness. Its wonderful variety of mineral springs of different temperatures and characteristics affords a virtual panacea to the afflicted. Its rugged and mountainous landscapes throughout delight the eye and refresh the mind; while the sportsman can find here a great variety of game and excellent trout-fishing.

Lake County has not a mile of steam railroad within its limits, but is most easy of access from three different points: Calistoga, the terminus of the Southern Pacific in Sonoma County, and Pieta and Ukiah on the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway in Mendocino County. Lakeport, the county-seat, is forty-eight miles from Calistoga, twenty-one miles from Pieta, and thirty-two miles from Ukiah. Lakeport is directly on Clear Lake, a beautiful sheet of blue water just about as large as San Francisco Bay, and can be seen from most of the higher peaks throughout the county. With the exception of Lake Tahoe, there is no sheet of water in the State that can compare with it in beauty or size. Completely walled in by high mountain ridges, it takes an irregular shape, forming any number of peninsulas, islands and straits, not unlike the famous Inland Sea of Japan.

LAKEPORT. HUNTING SCENE. CLEAR LAKE. UNCLE SAM.

Just to the south of Lakeport, and overlooking the lake, Uncle Sam Mountain poses majestically over the clear waters. Picturesque residences of the tasty and wealthier citizens adorn choice spots along the borders of the lake, notably among them being Capt. Collier's, Mr. Braun's, the Swiss Consul of San Francisco, Mr. Thos. H. Buckingham's, and that of the late Capt. Floyd. In some cases money seems not to have been spared to make the home and surroundings as delightful as the location permits. Mr. Buckingham's home rests just between Clear Lake and a little sheet of water called Borax Lake; and, with the elaborate attention that has been paid to the beautifying of the gardens, one might readily imagine himself among the tropics or the languorous arbors of the Orient.

One of the chief attractions of Clear Lake is the excursions by launches that are made to all points of interest during the season. Commodore Jones is the owner of a swift little craft, the *Freda*, that plies these waters daily; and, as he is both a veteran sailor and an all-around congenial old soul, most of the pleasure parties are anxious to go with the Commodore.

It is unfortunate that a county of such wonderful resources for health and pleasure should be comparatively little realized; and in fact its own residents do not appreciate or understand what a prospective value their little section has. Of course it is becoming better known each year, for there are none that visit it but go away sounding its praises. It should be made more of a tourist center; and a concerted action should be taken to keep its advantages continually and forcibly before the public.

If you are planning your vacation, if you need recuperating, if you are afflicted with an ailment, if you enjoy good hunting, fishing, swimming, boating, riding or driving, you can be accommodated in every particular at the mineral springs of Lake County. There are from one to thirty or forty springs at the different resorts, each of a distinct character, and efficient in certain classes of diseases; and several of these springs are almost identical in analysis with those of Europe bearing a world-wide reputation; so that for a comparatively small sum one can reap the benefits of the foreign article without the two or three thousand dollars necessary to procure it.

One point concerning the Lake County resorts must be borne in mind by the pleasure-seeker. They are not conducted as hospitals; and one need never fear the unpleasant association of a score of broken-down and ailing humanity. They are conducted as pleasure resorts, with the advantage of possessing remarkably efficacious waters for those whose condition may demand them. The county contains a large number of springs and resorts, some prominent, and others of minor importance. Those whose waters comprise about all varieties in the county, and that are likewise the most popular with the public, may be summed up as about half a dozen.

Highland Springs are beautifully situated at the base of the mountains, and only eight miles from Lakeport. There are over thirty varieties of springs to be found here, and five of special importance and of widely different character. They all contain, however, soda, iron, magnesia, silica, manganese and other ingredients in various proportions, thus adapting them to the conditions of those who need them. The seltzer spring is cool and pungent, and makes a delightful beverage.

The surroundings at Highlands are most picturesque; and the hotel and cottages are clean, comfortable and inviting. Much attention is paid at Highlands to the entertainment and amusement of their guests; and scarcely a day passes but what a picnic, a fishing or hunting party, a coaching party to the other near-by resorts, or a ride in the launch about Clear Lake, is inaugurated by the management.

The Springs are reached by way of Pieta, a station on the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway. Forse's stage line runs from Pieta to Highland, only thirteen miles; and the new road recently built is one of the prettiest turnpikes on the Coast. The stage equipment on this line, which also runs through to Lakeport and other points, is first class in every particular; and the pleasant ride is greatly shortened by the good service and excellence of the road.

Harbin Springs in the southern part of Lake County are twenty miles north of Calistoga. The waters are thermal, being sulphurous and saline; and excellent bathing facilities have been made for the use of the waters. They are especially noted for their value in the treatment of rheumatism, gout, joint and cutaneous diseases. The Harbin waters have also proved of great benefit in stomach, liver, kidney and all wasting ailments.

There is splendid fishing to be found at Harbin, and there are all kinds of amusements. Its elevation is two thousand feet above the sea, and is completely walled within a spur of the Coast Range, the average temperature being 70 degrees. Cozy cottages are plentiful, the table is excellent, and the surroundings cheerful and comfortable.

Adams Springs are located twenty-eight miles from Calistoga, at the head of Big Canyon, the source of Putah Creek. It is completely walled in by high mountains, and entirely protected from high winds. It is a restful and delightfully secluded spot, and no better place for recuperation and rest could be found. The springs are famous for the cure of dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles and for general debility; and, although the waters have never been advertised on the market, they have already reached a large and rapidly increasing sale. Adams Springs are also fortunate in having a superb climate, their altitude being 3,300 feet above sea-level. The dryness of the atmosphere causes less discomfort at a given temperature than in many resorts outside of Lake County. Splendid hunting and fishing, together with picturesque walks and drives, add still further to the attractions.

Just two miles from Adams we find the well-known Seigler Springs, also twenty-eight miles from Calistoga. Located among the Coast Range Mountains, they enjoy immunity from fogs and winds. Their elevation is 2,400 feet. A comfortable, home-like hotel, together with numerous cottages, comprise the equipment; and their new stone dining-hall is the admiration of the county. The springs are hot, warm and cold, each of different properties, and are drunk freely by the guests. Several springs are arranged for bathing purposes, and are highly beneficial in rheumatism, skin diseases and nervous disorders. Among the other attractive features may be mentioned the swimming-pond two hundred by sixty feet, splendid walks and drives, and good hunting and fishing.

Leaving the mineral kingdom, we find on the banks of the Blue Lakes at the northern end of Lake County a most charming resort known as Laurel Dell; and appropriately named it is, too. Everybody has heard of Blue Lakes, one of the prettiest and bluest chains in the State; and for a real outing and rusticating you should not miss Laurel Dell. Boating, bathing, fishing, hunting, riding, driving, and a good time generally, sum up its attractions.

Quaint cottages and good fare allure the guest; and all the fruit and vegetables are grown on the premises. Any one who goes to the Blue Lakes will find Laurel Dell by far the most pleasant and desirable location.

Truly is Lake County the "Switzerland of America." Its grand old mountains, its beautiful lakes and streams, its incomparable climate and wonderful variety of mineral springs, its recreative features and its delightful exclusiveness, form a combination of natural gifts that cannot but make Lake County in time foremost among the resort sections of the Pacific Coast.

TUCSON.

WILLIS P. HAYNES.

JOURNEYING westward by the Southern Pacific, the traveler reaches Tucson, Arizona, about the hour when its good, moral, healthy inhabitants lay aside the cares of business or of home and seek the arms of Morpheus. Fifteen years ago, had he arrived at such an hour, anywhere from the month of May to the month of October, and curiosity had overcome his fatigue sufficiently to induce him to light a cigar and take a stroll by moonlight through the streets of the old pueblo, he would have experienced many strange sensations.

He would doubtless first observe that the skies above him were clearer than he had ever seen before, and that there were more stars visible than he had imagined could properly belong to the firmament. But he had never *lived* in Tucson, and his skepticism could therefore be forgiven. It was nothing unusual that a "tenderfoot" should see stars in those days anyway.

And the moonlight! Arizona has been called the land of "sunshine and silver." It should also be said, "and of moonlight." Not even Venice can boast of the marvelous clearness of one of Arizona's matchless moonlight nights.

This would have been his first sensation. But to return to the inhabitants. He would hardly have expected to encounter more than a few belated pedestrians at such an unseemly hour; but he would have been disappointed. He would have seen hundreds of them—not the pedestrians, but the inhabitants—*asleep!*

MEXICAN WASHERWOMEN. *W. P. Haynes photos.*

"Strange lengthwise (moonlit) shapes" on canvas cots,
Beside a low adobe wall;
Some snoring little, others lots,
And some too small to snore at all.

Sensation number two!

Having no flashlight camera with him, and needing none to retain the impression of what he had seen, he steals away in a shamefaced manner from the unconscious dreamers, only to stumble across another encampment around the next corner.

Passing from street to street, everywhere in wide-open doorways, verandas and spacious corrals, are the sleepers. No one molests them. The soft breezes fan their brows, and the man in the moon smiles serenely upon their repose. They are to be envied; for who that has slept beneath the midsummer stars in old Tucson would exchange one night of such delicious slumber for a week at the best hotel in the world?

With a weary sigh, in which a little envy may be detected, our friend throws away the end of his cigar, and slowly retraces his steps toward the hotel, undeterred by the cry of "keno" or the call of the roulette-keeper in a crowded saloon which he passes on his way.

Sensation number three is a most comfortable one. It is that of falling asleep, to dream of dreamers, moonlight, stars and home.

Such was *old* Tucson in those peaceful days before the inflowing tide from the East and the West, attracted by the mining excitement, roused the "ancient and honorable pueblo" from her *siesta* of a hundred years, and infused into the *manana* a little of TO-DAY.

Though now the American spirit is predominant, and modern homes, modern enterprises and modern ways have worked a wondrous change in this, I think I can safely say, the oldest city in the United States, there is still a delightful air of quaintness about the old town that reminds one of Mexico or of Spain. Indeed, one has to stroll but a little way from the business center, where handsome buildings and well-stocked stores betoken a degree of thrift comparing favorably with any town of its size east or west, to find here and there long rows of flat-roofed, squatty adobe houses tenanted by dusky Mexicans, many of whom can neither speak nor understand our language.

Here on a summer's day, lounging lazily in the shade of an adobe wall, white-shirted *pisanos* roll and puff their *cigaritos;* while within the broad doorway close at hand the women congregate and chatter away like magpies. The group is never complete without that venerable piece of parchment, *mi mama grande*, who is always the central figure, and (let it be said to the credit of the Mexicans) whose years but serve to increase the respect and reverence of her children. Clad in a loose *camisa* and skirt of faded calico, her hair combed smoothly back, and falling behind in two long braids, she sits through the livelong day twirling dexterously with skinny fingers her beloved *cigaritos*. Near her are dark-haired *muchachas* and prattling, laughing imps; while a buxom *senora* smiles proudly on a bright-eyed babe she dandles on her knee. The dogs—and there is at least one for each member of the family—are there too, a lazy, worthless and hungry lot, vieing for the possession of a bone or snapping viciously at flies. In the corral beyond are a couple of patient burros, one nodding drowsily in the sun, the other chewing with evident relish a succulent morsel in the shape of an old ham covering, which, with his investigating turn of mind, he has discovered in a pile of rubbish. The family pig, tugging at the end of his rope, grunts his solicitude for a share in the repast; but the more fortunate burro only winks complacently at him, as if to say, "Would you wish to deprive me of the exquisite pleasure of eating the shroud of one of your ancestors?" There is much dry humor in one of those humble burros, but of course a pig could never appreciate it; there is less of the *wag* about him.

A more perfect picture of contentment can nowhere be found than in these humble homes of the *peon* class. A straw mat and a blanket stretched on the cleanly swept earthen floor is to them a bed of down. The deftly made and wafer-like *tortillas* baked on a sheet of iron over a small fire between two stones are in very truth the bread "like their mothers made;" and *frijoles* and *chili-con-carne*, with sometimes a little coffee, complete the most delicious *menu* it is ever their good fortune to feast upon, unless it be the season when watermelons are ripe (or half ripe), and then their sum of happiness is complete.

Mexican life as thoroughly Mexican as it can be found anywhere in the "land of the *manana*" exists in Tucson to-day as it always has existed, and is a source of never-ending pleasure to the Eastern sojourner.

The climate of Tucson is most delightful during at least nine months of the year; and many persons who have traveled everywhere in search of health find in its dry and salubrious atmosphere the happy realization of their hopes in the rapid restoration to health and spirits. While it is true that the remaining months—June, July and August—are attended with considerable buoyancy of the mercury, the total absence of humidity renders the heat far more tolerable than in any of the great cities of the East. Here sunstrokes are never known; and it has been demonstrated that the three hot months are the healthiest of the year, and the most beneficial to sufferers from pulmonary or rheumatic complaints. The value of Tucson's unrivaled climatic advantages has come to be widely recognized, even among eminent specialists in the treatment of these diseases.

MANUFACTURING OLLAS.

Nor is it necessary to remain in Tucson if the heat should be found too excessive. The Santa Catalina Mountains, but a short day's drive to the northeast, afford many delightful retreats at any desired altitude up to ten thousand feet. Their lofty crests covered with pine and cedar, with ice-cold springs of crystal water, are the camper's delight. Here, too, is game to suit the most ambitious sportsman; and the amateur photographer can fairly revel in the panoramic beauties spread out before him.

Even the wheelman will find in and about Tucson ample scope to indulge his favorite pastime, and never want for agreeable company either. Bicycling is now as popular among the American inhabitants of both sexes as in any town in the country. A bicycle club numbering over 130 members is evidence of the strong hold this exhilarating and healthful exercise has taken upon the people. The natural roads radiating from Tucson in every direction across the broad *mesas* cannot be surpassed anywhere either for wheel or carriage.

INTERIOR OF SAN XAVIER.

A run of nine miles to the southwest brings one to the Mission San Xavier del Bac, by far the grandest old Spanish Mission in the United States.

The Mission was founded by the Franciscan and Jesuit Fathers in 1694, but the present building was not commenced until 1768. None of the California Missions, about which so much has been written, can even approach San Xavier in beauty of architecture or interior decorations. It is built somewhat after the Moorish style, in the form of a cross, and is surmounted by two towers and a huge dome, the latter resting on four arches spanning the nave and transepts. The roof of the entire structure is vaulted and built of solid masonry, without other support than the walls themselves.

Almost within the shadow of old San Xavier the faithful Papagos—not those who fought and builded, but their children—still have their homes; and they regard with reverential awe the grand old church, and sacredly guard its treasures. Within its walls they still meet for worship and hold their religious festivals.

The Papagos are a thrifty tribe. Their well-tilled fields along the Santa Cruz bear abundant evidence of the habits of industry instilled into them by the old Mission fathers.

There is seemingly no end to the many delightful jaunts one may take about Tucson. Among the most interesting of these is the mountain drive to the hospital, the old stone mill at the foot of Sentinel Peak, where, beneath the spreading boughs of the giant cottonwoods, the Mexican washerwomen in their primitive way toil at the brookside. There is Silver Lake and its pretty surroundings two miles distant, and the beautiful Carrillo's Gardens nearer town, with their quaint stone baths, shaded avenues of drooping willow, pepper and mulberry, and trellised bowers of fragrant climbing roses, where one—or, better, *two*—may sit and listen to the songs of the birds, the chatter of the monkeys or the modulated voice of the burro.

IN THE SANTA CATALINA MOUNTAINS.

With a present population of but little over five thousand, Tucson boasts of more and better public buildings and permanent improvements than many Eastern towns of double its size. There are several fine church buildings, two daily newspapers, an eighty-thousand-dollar Courthouse and a fifty-thousand-dollar public school building. The city is lighted by electricity, and abundantly supplied with excellent water piped from springs seven miles distant. Tucson has an efficient volunteer fire department, several well-kept hotels, two beautiful gardens and a public *plaza*, where, twice a week during the summer months, concerts are given by the finest band in the Territory. Almost the entire population turns out to hear these delightful concerts and to promenade through the *plaza*.

Tucson is not without manufacturing enterprises. There are modern flour mills, wagon factories, machine shops, gas works, water works, ice works, a tannery, a smelter and ore-sampling works. The town derives considerable of its trade from the surrounding mining districts, many of which are rich in mineral wealth, and have been large producers. These interests have naturally suffered of late with the decline in the white metal; but, when the voice of the great West shall have been heeded, and silver restored to its rightful place in our monetary system, there will be the dawn of another and brighter era for the old pueblo. There are extensive and valuable gold properties, however, near Tucson, which contribute in no small degree to her material prosperity.

The valley of the Santa Cruz on the west side of the city, though cultivated for more than a century, has lost none of its wonderful fertility; and large crops of cereals, alfalfa, sugar-cane and garden vegetables are always obtainable by irrigation. The area of such lands now cultivated in this immediate vicinity exceeds two thousand acres; and canals are now being constructed by local capitalists, which will bring a much larger area under cultivation during the present year.

Fruit culture in the low valley lands has not been attended with much success, owing to the liability to late frosts; but on the *mesa* lands to the north and east of Tucson the adaptability of both soil and climate has been abundantly proven by experiment in the cultivation of raisin and other grapes, figs, apricots, prunes, pears and peaches. It is believed that olives, too, will one day be extensively cultivated on these lands, as all the conditions for their successful culture exist here to an eminent degree.

The further development of water for irrigating these higher lands is needed, however, before they can be extensively cultivated. That sufficient water can be obtained from the Santa Catalinas or the upper Santa Cruz there exists no doubt in the minds of competent engineers; and here lies a golden opportunity for some enterprising capitalists who are looking for safe investments.

One of the most interesting features of Tucson is the Indian Industrial Training School, organized in 1888 in behalf of the Pimas and Papagos. It is under the management of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, which erects all necessary buildings and provides the teachers, while the Government pays so much per year for the tuition of each pupil. Hence it is known as a "contract school." Beside large and commodious school buildings, there is a girls' home, a boys' home, laundry and bathing-house combined, a hospital and a carpenter shop. A ranch of forty-two acres in the valley is also provided, where the boys are given practical instruction in farming. The girls are taught that most rare and essential art,—*good housekeeping*. They do all the cooking, washing, ironing and mending for the 150 boys and girls at the school, and they do it cheerfully and well. Both the boys and girls are exceedingly apt; and their progress in their studies and their behavior in the schoolroom are the wonder and admiration of all visitors.

But, if there is one thing more than another, excepting her glorious climate, of which Tucson is particularly proud, it is her university, created by act of the Territorial Legislature in 1885. Under a prior act of Congress each of the several Territories acquired 72,000 acres of public lands for the support of an institution of learning; but, as no immediate revenue was available from this source by the university, the lands were selected and held in reserve for its maintenance.

A PAPAGO BURDEN-BEARER.

In 1887 work was begun on the present handsome building under the original appropriation of $25,000, on a commanding site, just east of the city limits, consisting of forty acres generously donated by citizens.

During the year 1890, along with institutions of a similar character in other Territories, this university became entitled to special appropriations by Congress of $15,000 annually for the support of a Government agricultural experiment station. These appropriations have been still further supplemented by other Congressional appropriations, commencing the same year with $15,000, and increasing annually for the next ten years by an additional one thousand dollars until it shall amount to an annual sum of $25,000, which shall be expended only for instruction with special reference to industrial application.

The establishing act of the Legislature made provision for five schools in the university: *First*. Department of Science, Literature and the Arts; *Second*. Department of Theory and Practice, and Elementary Instruction; *Third*. Department of Agriculture; *Fourth*. Normal Department; *Fifth*. Department of Mineralogy and School of Mines. The School of Agriculture and the School of Mines are now fully equipped and in good running order.

OLD TUCSON.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

Ostrich-farming is no longer an experiment in Southern California. It has got beyond that, and is now numbered among the financially successful business undertakings of that section. Every one would not succeed in raising ostriches, just as some people do not make a success of poultry-farming. About the same requisites are necessary for both enterprises, for ostriches are really nothing more than great, big chickens, a little more stupid, perhaps, and a good deal more unwieldy.

The exhibits at the World's Fair and the Midwinter Fair have made thousands of people familiar with their appearance and manner of treatment, but in such necessarily cramped quarters they could not be seen in their perfection of form and feather.

An especial interest seems to center around these huge, clumsy birds, whose appearance is akin to nothing else in the animal kingdom; and their awkward, mincing steps, as they come forward to inspect all newcomers, give little evidence of their great strength and power of limb. Curiosity is the only characteristic, apart from the natural instincts, that is developed in their small brain.

The first ostrich farm in California was established near Anaheim in 1882. It is now known as the Fullerton Farm. In 1884 another farm was started at Mount Fairview in San Diego County, but some years later was removed to Fallbrook, eight miles farther inland, where a better climate and location were secured. The thirty birds exhibited at the World's Fair were from this farm, and the ostriches at Coronado also belong to the American Ostrich Company, of which Mr. E. J. Johnson, the manager of the Fallbrook Farm, is the representative. Mr. Johnson spent two years in South Africa studying the methods of rearing there, and on his return brought twenty-three birds. This farm is very successful, and has proved a good investment.

MATURE BIRDS.

The birds on exhibition at the Midwinter Fair are from the Norwalk (Los Angeles County) Farm, owned by Mr. Edwin Cawston, who has given the business of raising ostriches very careful study. Mr. Cawston brought his birds from South Africa in 1887, and has proved that the enterprise is a paying one. Farms are also in operation at Riverside and Carpenteria in Santa Barbara County, with equally gratifying results.

In 1886 Dr. C. J. Sketchley, who had been engaged in ostrich-farming in South Africa, brought over thirty-two birds, and opened a farm on the Los Feliz Rancho near the city of Los Angeles. These ostriches were afterward removed to Santa Monica, where Mr. F. R. Ellis has demonstrated that the ostrich is quite as healthy and productive within sight and sound of the ocean as in the sheltered inland valleys. He has also proved that this bird has more sense than it is usually accredited with, and is susceptible to a degree of taming that makes it an interesting, though a rather awkward, pet.

In proof of this is the complete change of disposition manifested in the huge bird that was known at the Los Feliz Farm as the "man-killer," because he had killed a keeper in a fit of anger. I happened to visit the farm one day while he was prey to one of his tantrums, and witnessed the savage ferocity with which he rushed at the fence, and, with one kick of his powerful foot, broke a board, six inches wide by an inch in thickness, into splinters. To-day he is as gentle as a kitten, and runs to meet Mr. Ellis in a most affectionate manner. He is one of the imported birds, nine of which remain at this farm, and is now sixteen years old. In the adjoining pen is a pair of birds remarkable for their beauty of plumage as well as their great size. The male weighs 450 pounds, and his mate nearly as much. Mr. Ellis uses a Ripon incubator, and finds the percentage of loss comparatively small. The machines are made especially for these eggs, having a capacity of thirty-two. An ostrich egg will equal in weight from thirty-four to thirty-six hen's eggs, averaging four pounds, and has a shell one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. Ordinarily the shell is very smooth, and a creamy yellow in color, but at Fallbrook several eggs were shown to me which were of a chalky-white hue, quite thin in places, and very rough in texture, indicating a deficiency of shell-producing matter.

PLUCKING THE BIRDS.

A hen matures at four years, and lays every other day, producing from eighteen to twenty-five eggs during the laying season, or from forty to sixty a year. The male is most attentive during the period of incubation, and always covers the eggs at night, allowing his spouse to use that leisure time as she pleases. The nest is simply an unlined, shallow hole in the ground; and these awkward birds present a very ludicrous spectacle as they sit on their eggs. The hen makes no sound other than a peculiar hissing noise, but the male, during the brooding season, frequently gives vent to a loud roar that is very terrifying to those who hear it for the first time.

The eggs are put into the incubator—for it is seldom that a hen is allowed to set—as soon as laid. Each one is turned every day, the incubator being kept at a temperature of 103 degrees. On the fourteenth day they are tested, and those which are not fertile are removed, blown and sold as curios, selling for from one to two dollars each. Forty-two days are the period of incubation.

There is nothing in the world prettier than an ostrich chick. They resemble little fluffy, brown balls, and are perfectly proportioned. Rapidity of growth elongates neck and legs, and the ultimate result is not a thing of beauty. If a hen is permitted to set, the chicks are taken from her as soon as hatched, as they might otherwise be trodden on and killed. For the first two months they are very tender, and require constant attention; and it is at this period that the percentage of loss is greatest.

During the first two or three years both sexes are feathered alike, but, as they approach maturity, the plumage of the male assumes a beautiful glossy-black hue, except the feathers which tip his wings and tail. These become pure white, and are the most valuable. The female retains her somber-colored coat, and hence is less attractive in appearance than her mate. The first plucking is made when the birds are seven months old, and thereafter every eight months. All birds are not ready to be plucked at the same time; so that it may be said that there is a continual harvest. Contrary to a general belief, the feathers are not pulled out, but are cut off about an inch from the body, the stubs being allowed to remain until dead, when, some four or five weeks later, they are easily and painlessly extracted. The plucking of an ostrich is a matter requiring some skill and a great deal of agility. Two men enter the pen, and, while one gently "shoos" the bird forward, the other man prepares to grab a wing as the ostrich flits by him. This he must accomplish from the side, as the first impulse of the bird when touched is to kick, in the only direction it can, forward. As he grabs the wing with one hand he catches the long, flexible neck with the other, and bends the head backward until it touches the bird's back, when it is at his mercy, for an ostrich whose forward vision is obstructed is powerless to act. It is then an easy matter to slip a bag over its head and lead it to the strong, box-like stall in which it is to be plucked.

A good picking usually yields about fifteen plumes from each wing, the longest averaging twenty-eight inches. The tail feathers are utilized as tips. An average picking yields about fifty dollars worth of feathers.

At the Santa Monica Farm all the work of bleaching, dyeing, curling and mounting is done by the proprietor, Mr. Ellis, who is an adept at the business. The other farms send their feathers to New York; and, as one gentleman naively said to me, "we are not always sure that we get our own feathers back." Among the beautiful fans, aigrettes, plumes, etc., which Mr. Ellis has on exhibition is a most unique duster composed of the young feathers which are too soft and fluffy to be used

OSTRICH CHICKS.

in any other manner. Its value in dusting fragile bric-a-brac may be readily imagined. These birds are worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars apiece, and attain an age of from thirty to fifty years, bearing beautiful plumes as long as they live, and even being stripped of their feathers after they are dead.

The avidity with which they eat everything that comes in their way was demonstrated in rather a costly manner at the Fallbrook Farm. The greatest of care was taken with their food supply, which consists of chopped grass and alfalfa, and a plentiful amount of gravel, ground bones and shells. Despite the precaution several of the birds died suddenly soon after being turned into their new pens or ranges. Finally Mr. Johnson determined to dissect an unusually fine rooster that succumbed to the mysterious disease. He found the cause of death to have been seven nails, which had lodged in the bird's craw, lacerating it badly. One of the wings, which had been preserved, measured forty inches from tip to tip, and was valued at fifty dollars.

The ostrich is a bird of peculiar temperament, and of rather Bohemian tendencies. He disdains shelter, and delights in a rainstorm, showing his appreciation of a daily shower-bath from the hose by gaily waltzing until compelled by fatigue to desist, or he falls to the ground from dizziness. This is his way of greeting the dawn; and the aspect of a farm filled with ostriches spinning 'round and 'round, "waving their draped arms," as one poetic genius expressed it, is a strange one to contemplate.

A number of ostriches have been sold from the Southern California farm, to start farms in the Hawaiian Islands, Colorado and Arizona, each of which is in a prosperous condition; and, though there are now about three million dollars worth of feathers brought into this country annually from Africa, there is a duty of twenty-five per cent, which does much to protect our local interests; and the time will come when the ostrich farms of Southern California will very nearly supply the demand for plumes and tips.

PEBBLE-WORN TELEGRAPH POLE.

The phenomenal sandstorms of the Colorado Basin arise from well-understood causes. The mass of atmosphere or pressure by gravitation sets in from the coast, where there is a surplus, to where there is a deficiency;

PEBBLE-WORN TELEGRAPH POLE.

and, this vast basin being surrounded by mountain chains of great altitude, these drain the winds of all moisture, and remove any protecting screen of vapor, exposing the interior to solar and terrestrial radiation. Through the only highway of the San Gorgonio Pass, flanked by the mountain ranges of the San Jacinto and Sierra Madre, the outlet or vortex of this air-flue into the vast Colorado Basin is reached near the old station of Seven Palms (known to old mining prospectors as "Seven Hells"). The maximum of extreme velocity follows the sun, and is reached about noon, at which time the mighty blast, laden with particles of disintegrated granite and sand, is propelled with indescribable force through the desert gateway. Woe betide the traveler. All animals instinctively turn, and refuse to be goaded through.

The telegraph poles are worn into fantastic shapes and shreds, requiring frequent renewal; and the boulders of granite are honeycombed on the side exposed to a depth of two or three inches. The illustration herewith is from a specimen furnished by Capt. Wm. Poole of the steamer *Piedmont*.

These winds prevail during the heated term. The sandstorm extends for forty miles, until diffused, and equilibrium of temperature is established. Sometimes cumulus or conical masses of cloud form on the mountain peaks, forming the tops of the ascending currents from the heated basin. Suddenly a descending current through the mountan gorges is begun, and, with a mighty noise, the sand is lifted 150 feet into the air, and dashed against all interposing objects. We have here many grotesque forms of carved rock from this erosive influence.

LA FIESTA DE LOS ANGELES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102.]

The sixth division formed the most unique spectacle of all. It was led by an unprecedented turnout of Chinese in all their pomp of oriental splendor. They were requested to aid in the festival, and, it being the first time on record when American and Chinese merchants have co-operated in any affair of magnitude, the Celestials spared no pains or expense to show their resources, at the same time adding appreciably to the beauty of the procession. Burnished implements of warfare and elegant silken banners heavy with embroidery were removed from their joss-houses, while scented cases gave up the diversified costumes of China in richest textures and most gorgeous hues. Two by two long lines marched, broken by floats representing the mythological scenes of China and decorated wagons filled with musicians, who did their best to drive away evil spirits with their tom-toms and other instruments dear to the Celestial ear.

The Chamber of Commerce had a handsome float displaying the commodities of Southern California. A long line of business houses was represented, mostly in artistic designs; and the colored people were on hand with a plantation scene and Uncle Tom's cabin. French and Italian societies turned out in regalia. Altogether, the pageant gave a fair idea of the historical scenes and cosmopolitan population of Los Angeles and vicinity.

The evening of the eleventh was termed "carnival night," and another procession passed through the streets, and was viewed by 75,000 people. Many amusing features were added, among them three hundred bicyclists in grotesque costumes and masks. The city was brilliantly illuminated with incandescent lights in the carnival colors.

Thursday forenoon about eight thousand school children marched with military precision, having been drilled by their teachers for some weeks in competition for a flag. The floral-military parade occurred Friday afternoon, and was considered by some judges superior to the opening pageant. The First Brigade of the National Guard of California was out in full force, supplemented by the Naval Reserve and numerous companies of cadets.

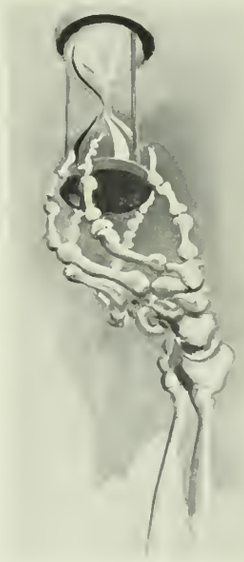
The fiesta closed with a grand *balle mascara* Friday night, which had been hedged about with so many precautions that even the most select people ventured to attend it. At eleven o'clock the queen and all her followers unmasked. It was the most brilliant social gathering ever witnessed in the city.

This is the inauguration of a yearly festival, which will become more notable with each advancing season.

A SERMON.

The subject of this cut is a rather gruesome one, its purpose being to "point a moral" rather than to "adorn a tale;" and we use it as we do other illustrations, to attract attention. The skeleton hand of the last enemy has grasped the spent sand-glass, which has run out before its time, and no human hand can invert it so as to try the experiment over again.

There is something said in holy writ about dying before one's time, thereby inferring that the natural span of life is sometimes broken earlier, under certain conditions, than circumstances warrant.



Almost every one in a normal condition of body and mind wishes to live as long as possible; and we watch (or we think we do) the sands in our glass with a vigilant care. We physic and drug and dose ourselves upon the slightest alarm, in order that these precious particles of sand may not run out too rapidly; and it is often those who are the most frequently warned that linger the longest.

Our remarks are addressed more particularly to the robust and vigorous sons and daughters of humanity, who are seldom or never personally reminded of the frailties of life; and to such we would say, "You, not the delicate people, are the ones that should heed carefully what we have to say, for those who are continually forewarned are forearmed."

Old Uncle Remus said: "I notus dat when I lib thro' de month of March I ginerally git thro' de rest ob de yeah." Perhaps you take the old-fashioned blood-renovating remedies in the spring of the year, and let it go at that; and perhaps you don't even do that.

What you want and must have, if you expect to cross that weak span of life that bridges the spot between the prime of life and old age, is simply *oxygen* and wise living, especially the former. The greater proportion of active men and women are confined to city life, which means that they are largely indoor workers; and to this class we are preaching. You indoor workers are allowing your glass to fill prematurely at the bottom for the want of that plentiful and easily obtainable panacea,—oxygen. The danger lies in the fact that you live along for years without considering that the lungs are not being properly fed or exercised; and I will

> Pledge you in that cup of grief
> Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf,

that you will realize this fact if you take an outing of two or three weeks in the mountains or by the seaside!

What does such a respite from ill-ventilated offices and dingy counting-houses teach you? This, namely, if you are an intelligent man, that it is the best bacteria-exterminating and lung-purifying agency on this round earth. You must walk or ride or swim. Simply breathing the pure air is not enough. You must expand and develop the lungs, so that for months after your return you are enabled to "take in a breath," the volume of which will startle you.

Put the money away that you would expend on Hammam baths, at air-stifling athletic clubs, or in pills and pellets, and spend it in getting out of sight and hearing of your every-day surroundings once in a while.

It is the utmost limit of unwisdom for you to say, "I cannot get away from my business." Nonsense, man! Your sands are pouring through that little aperture at a frightful rate! You *must* get away. Look at the glass again and the inevitable hand that grasps it, and note the fact that you will *have* to get away before your time comes if you do not heed the advice given.

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

The patriotic exercises and salutes to the flag are still being adopted with encouraging enthusiasm throughout our Golden State.

The Native Sons, through their committee on resolutions, refused to adopt the suggestion of Alta Parlor No. 3, N. D. G. W., that the order should work to create a sentiment in favor of introducing patriotic exercises in the public schools of California. Their refusal was based upon the ground that such action would be in violation of the spirit of their order, which prohibits all interference in politics.

On their way home from the Grand Parlor, and as a needed object lesson, the Native Sons were entertained by the school children at a station on their route with patriotic exercises, which so pleased the guests of the occasion that they subscribed a hundred dollars to the purchase of a magnificent silk American flag for the school and a little silk flag for each of the fifty-six pupils.

Now, perhaps the Native Sons could not pass the resolution pledging themselves to work for the fostering of a patriotic American sentiment in our public schools, but if they will visit our schools, as in this instance, listen to patriotic exercises, and present the school children with flags, they will be active missionaries in a good cause. Keep it up, N. S. G. W.

The loyal-hearted women connected with the G. A. R. have taken up this matter in earnest. They have been writing to school superintendents, and requesting that these patriotic observances be introduced into the schools where they are not already in force. The replies have been for the most part favorable, satisfactory and enthusiastic.

The *Argonaut* is responsible for the statement that there is a monster school-children's petition in circulation in New York City to be presented to the State Legislature. Its object is to secure the passage of a law prohibiting the floating of any other flag than the Stars and Stripes from the City Hall, or from any public building, no matter what the occasion. This petition is the outgrowth of the refusal of the mayor to accede to the request of a committee of school boys who waited upon him, and begged that he would not allow the sun-burst to fly from the City Hall upon Saint Patrick's day.

"What shall be done with the profits, if there be any, of the California Midwinter Fair?" is a question that has been asked more than once. It has been suggested that the surplus be divided among the leading charities of San Francisco, or that it be expended in beautifying Golden Gate Park. Let THE TRAVELER advise that the money which may be left after all accounts have been squared be devoted to the purchase of the Bonet Electric Tower, that it may remain a permanent feature of our Park. By all means let us secure a monument to the success of our enterprise; and what better one than the tower?

Among the "spielers" on the Midway is a screaming Frenchwoman, whose earnestness and whose accent have furnished fun for her rivals in the business of crying attractions. The poor woman does not have fair play, for, as soon as she begins her shrill treble announcement, all the others try to drown her voice by toot horns and drums and cat calls. It's a shame. Some of those "spielers" are so impudent when they find that people pass them by that it would serve them right if each and every one of them were to receive a severe thrashing at the hands of some of their victims.

That bright little magazine, *Table Talk*, which, although it deals chiefly with culinary affairs, does not disdain to take a peep at the fashions, tells us that several centuries ago the gallants of the period wore pockets in their sleeves. Would it not be a good plan to introduce the fashion in women's garments? Certainly our sleeves are large enough to carry any number of handkerchiefs and purses, not to speak of the chamois skin and powder-box and pocket mirror! As for our pockets, we have none, for our dressmakers refuse to put them in our skirts. One thing is sure; if women are forced to wear overskirts, they will demand one pocket at least.

"Do help us to educate public sentiment in favor of cremation," is an appeal that came to me this month. I will.

The advocates of cremation are gaining in numbers and in influence year by year. Three years ago the San Francisco Cremation Society could not get a permit from the Board of Supervisors to erect a crematory within the limits of the city and county of San Francisco. On May 6, 1894, the Cypress Lawn Crematory was formally dedicated with appropriate and impressive ceremonies in the presence of representative citizens of San Francisco. Since its erection the crematory has done its duty by some eighty bodies.

At the dedication Dr. McNutt said: "The masses require education on the subject of cremation. They must be taught that it is inexpensive; that our burial grounds are a menace to the living by contaminating the air and polluting the water; and that cremation is the only method of protection against those dangers."

Mr. Greenblaat said: "A superstition has taken hold upon the untutored and childish intellect, according to which the body dismembered by cremation cannot be rejoined and resurrected. What, then, of those saintly men and women who, in the very defense of God's omnipotence and justice, have suffered death at the stake? Must they be doomed to everlasting perdition because of God's inability to resurrect their bodies? What of those good people who have perished in the flames of a burning building?" Who can argue against cremation in the face of such reasoning as this?

We must agitate in regard to cremation. Women are naturally conservative, and yet, among the foremost advocates of cremation as a sanitary measure, woman has taken a front stand. *Kate Field's Washington* has done good service in this cause. In San Francisco one of the first women to join the San Francisco Cremation Society was Mrs. E. E. Caswell, a woman of liberal mind and generous heart, who has also done good service in the cause of humane societies, being herself a prominent member of the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a determined opponent of "docking" and check-reins. Mrs. Caswell has distributed hundreds of pamphlets on the subject of cremation among her hosts of friends, and has made many converts to the cause.

A text book on cremation and in favor of it should be in our public schools. Cremation should be made the method of disposal of the dead, made so by legislative enactment. The churches fight against it, just as they fought against divorce and civil marriage; but the State has compelled all ecclesiastical power to recognize the legality, both of divorce and of civil marriage; and it can do the same with cremation as a sanitary measure. The State can condemn a tainted water supply, seize diseased or tainted meats, compel vaccination, enforce quarantine laws, and introduce and enforce cremation.

As for those pious souls who would limit the power of their God by the measure of their own intelligence, who believe that cremation would make impossible that raising up at the last day, let them betake themselves to a text book on natural science and learn that decay is only slow combustion. The indestructibility of matter, the mutability of force, and the itineracy of atoms, are scientific facts, and refute the idea that the bodies of the dead "do rest in their graves till the resurrection." "It is sown in corruption," says Saint Paul; "it is raised in incorruption." Let the devout comfort themselves with that.

Last month THE TRAVELER published "Mount Baker," that superb poem by Ella Higginson, which first appeared in *The Overland*, and which has since been copied by *Current Literature*, and, if I am not mistaken, by the *Review of Reviews*.

Ella Higginson was born in Kansas, but at a very early age was brought to the Territory of Washington, where she has since resided. Her work received instant recognition in the field of literature. She has already won the fifty-dollar prize in one of the *Short Stories* prize-story contests; and recently her story, "The Takin' In of Old Mis' Lane," was awarded the five-hundred-dollar prize by McClure's. As to her style, I regard her as a spiritualized Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and a sublimated Olive Shreiner.

Ella Higginson met with a disheartening loss a few months ago. The express company lost the package containing the MS. for a book of poems and stories and sketches instead of delivering it into the hands of the waiting publisher. Many of the MS. were her only copies. Thanks to a notice of the loss which was published in Allan Forman's *Journalist* of New York and the *Literary Weekly* of Boston, coupled with the request that any one possessing a copy of a printed poem of Ella Higginson's would kindly forward the same to her at New Whatcom, Washington, many of the pieces have been regained.

Such experiences should be a warning to writers not to intrust their one copy, be it in MS. or in a newspaper clipping, out of their hands. All copy should be typewritten, and then a carbon copy may easily be retained.

An experienced hand writes a lively paper in *Good Housekeeping* on the warfare which must be waged against flies in the home. "Kill them," sternly advises this modern housewife; "but don't let the children see you do it, for it may teach them to undervalue life or to practice cruelty."

I say, let us teach children to kill flies as quickly as possible as a duty they owe to the world at large. Think how blow-flies in summer will spoil the daintiest pieces of meat, and how at all times the fly is the scavenger and the disease disseminator.

A petition is to be presented to the Legislature of Louisiana to prevent the establishment of a leper hospital at Fort Pike on Lake Ponchartrain, opposite a summer resort near New Orleans. The place is infested with deer-flies and mosquitoes; and the fear is reasonable that these winged messengers will carry the seeds of that loathsome disease from the lazaretto to the summer resort. Kill the flies, and certainly kill the mosquitoes.

The appearance of Modjeska in San Francisco is always attended with a certain amount of proprietary interest on our part, for it was in this city she made her English-speaking *debut*. Modjeska was prepared in her English by Miss Joe Tuholsky, a compatriot of the noble Polish actress, and who, on one occasion at least, notably at Modjeska's rendition of "Marie Stuart" at the old Grand Opera House, played in the cast

During Modjeska's recent engagement at the Baldwin there was an opportunity for lovers of Shakespeare to enjoy themselves. What could have been more delightful than "Much Ado About Nothing?" The critics declare that, with the exception of Ellen Terry, Modjeska gives a better interpretation of the character of Beatrice than we have ever seen.

There is a liberal education to be gained by witnessing any one of Shakespeare's plays. Would that we might have the opportunity oftener. Those who are always ready to look on the dark side of everything are asking what we are going to do for a large enough theater the next time that Irving and Terry visit us, now that the Grand Opera House has passed out of Al Hayman's hands. But, with the new California Theater in his possession as well as the Baldwin, it is quite likely that we shall be accommodated.

An "Association for the Promotion of Profit Sharing" has been established in the East, with the avowed purpose of endeavoring to induce employers to share their profits with their workingmen, and to begin the system with the coming revival of business. The work is in line with the growing tendency toward co-operation.

As an advertising scheme this cannot be excelled, for every clerk would be a drummer for trade on the outside and out of business hours, since he were to be directly interested in the results. For full particulars concerning the history, and the results of this experiment in Europe and America, address Carroll D. Wright, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

"What do you think of 'The Heavenly Twins?'" writes one of my correspondents. "Do you think the heroine did right?" That is a very comprehensive question. The keynote of the novel, it seems to me, is struck in the following paragraph, and that I most certainly do indorse:

"You think I should sacrifice myself to save that one man's soul. I take a different view of it. I see that the world is not one bit better for centuries of self-sacrifice on the woman's part, and therefore I think it is time we tried a more effectual plan; and I now propose to sacrifice the man instead of the woman."

It seems that both Sarah Grand and Ouida have written articles for the *North American Review* on the woman question. Concerning this *The Woman's Journal* well says: "It is difficult to see why Ouida, an unmarried woman of bad personal character, and the author of a long list of notoriously objectionable novels, should have been chosen to write on the relation of men and women, unless because she is known to be a vehement opponent of woman suffrage. Ouida rails against all those who believe in equal rights, and declares that any wish on a woman's part to go to school or college or to travel is an overweening and unreasonable grasping at man's sphere, which will end in making woman odious to man, and in her being probably kicked back roughly by him into the seclusion of a harem."

Mme. Sarah Grand maintains that women are entitled to expect good character in the men they marry, and that they are more and more coming to demand it.

"Don't you believe," writes another correspondent, "that the best sentiment of the country is against giving the ballot to women?" Possibly, if the liquor interests and the "machine" in politics constitute the best sentiment of the country; for it was by their allied forces that the bill in the Massachusetts Legislature conferring municipal suffrage upon women was recently defeated.

The San Jose *Mercury* says: "Some conservative people in New York are opposing woman suffrage on the ground that voting is not a privilege, but a duty, and women wouldn't attend to the duty. It must be confessed that some very respectable men are guilty on the same charge."

Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd, the woman florist of Ventura-by-the-Sea, California, read an interesting paper on "Floriculture" at the Woman's Congress. From her large experience as a professional she gave many interesting facts concerning this business, which she declared to be emphatically one for women. But she advised no woman to take up the cultivation of flowers or of seed-growing as a business unless she had a special love for flowers, and an aptitude for patient, persevering labor.

Results in floriculture, if they are to be satisfactory, are not to be attained by careless, slipshod methods, no matter how glorious the climate or how fertile the soil. Mrs. Shepherd declared California to be the ideal spot for a floriculturist, particularly for the seed-grower, because of the long dry season with its absence of rain; for rain in summer plays havoc with the seed farms of the East.

It is said that California is the best-advertised State in the Union. Of course, we Californians are modestly of the opinion that there is a reason for the fame of our State. Our glorious climate, our wealth of fruit and flowers, our Yosemite, our Lick Observatory, and all the charms of Southern California, have given us what might well be termed a winning hand.

California is on the point of securing a continual and a magnificent advertisement at the cost of not one cent. An extensive permanent exhibit of all California products will soon be placed in the very heart and business center of Chicago. It will embrace fruits of every variety raised in this State, fresh, dried, pickled and otherwise preserved, minerals of every description, ores, building stone, iron, clay, soil and substrata of soil, and wines. The exhibition bureau will pay all cost of transportation. The goods will be on sale first by sample, and the owner will receive all the money received, less a small percentage to cover actual expenses.

An era of colonization with the best Eastern material is at hand for California; and the newcomers will not come simply in search of health, but they will come to take up orchards and farms. "Back to the land" is the cry of the political economist and of the colonist.

Among all the papers of the East none has been kinder to California or more appreciative of her attractions than *Frank Leslie's Weekly*. From the inception of the California Midwinter Fair, *Leslie's Weekly* has devoted pages to illustrations of the buildings, the grounds and the attractions, beside giving columns of interesting reading matter on the subject.

A mugwump pictorial, also a weekly in New York, recently returned some sketches of our Fair by a California artist, on the ground that "the Fair had been a failure!" As Californians, we thank *Frank Leslie's* and we pity the other fellow. "Where ignorance is cheap, 'tis folly to be wise," must be the rule of that business office.

At the Congress of Women one of the finest papers presented was upon sanitary reforms. In the discussion following, one of the ladies said that in her city all the children had been organized into a "Pick-up Brigade," and that they were on the alert to collect all the tin cans, fruit peelings and scraps of paper that might appear on the streets. This brought Mrs. McCann of Santa Cruz to her feet; and, in her usual convincing fashion, she disposed of that idea, showing that, while the army of child-scavengers might be good for the community, the work was undoubtedly bad for the children. Mrs. McCann advocated the corner receptacle for rubbish, such as the San Francisco *Examiner* is now placing on our city street corners, and the hiring of men "pick-ups."

Women are the very ones to take hold of sanitary science and put it to a practical use. It should become impossible to find dark bedrooms in our hotels and boarding-houses; those inside rooms, I mean, which have no ventilation into the outside air.

We have a fire marshal who can interrupt the erection of a house, if its erection is in violation of the fire ordinance. Our health officer is endowed with arbitrary powers to prevent the spread of disease. We need an inspector of buildings empowered to condemn any structure that is built with the intention of using inside, inclosed and unaired rooms for sleeping apartments. We have a cubic-air ordinance for the Chinese. We are agitating the question of sweaters and sweating-shops. Did it ever strike you that the well-to-do man and woman need protection,—from what? Their own ignorance of sanitary laws!

Kate Field's Washington quotes THE TRAVELER by reprinting my appeal for the trees of our country, and for gifts of young trees to the school children that they may plant them, thus stocking and beautifying roads, parks and treeless regions. The quotation is prefaced with some of Kate Field's characteristic wit. "I can only shoot her arrow into the sky, hoping that in falling it will penetrate somebody's brain, and produce such an impression as only a surgical impression can."

Eliza D. Keith.

(DI VERNON.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have just issued for Adams Springs, Lake County, Cal., a pretty eight-page brochure of that delightful resort. Famous for its mineral waters and picturesque surroundings, Adams Springs stands prominently among the Lake County resorts. Dr. W. R. Prather, the proprietor, will mail a copy to any one on application.

One of the prettiest and most attractive pamphlets we have published is a twenty-four-page book entitled, "Shasta and the Crags." It is full of handsome illustrations of the Shasta region, and tells much about that popular caravansary, the Tavern of Castle Crag. Everybody should have a copy of this work, if not for themselves, to send it East; and it can be had for the asking by writing to THE TRAVELER, 602 Market Street, San Francisco.

ITEMS, ETC.

In this age of advancement and competition two elements enter largely into the success of any enterprising concern, *viz.*, promptness and good service. In these qualifications the Pacific Postal Telegraph-Cable Company stands pre-eminent; and since its wires have permeated the remotest section of the country the telegraph service has been improved in a most gratifying manner. With them accuracy is always the first consideration, and dispatch the second; and both travelers and business men have found it superior to any other in all these respects. Their army of employees are well disciplined; and untiring courtesy is the rule throughout.

SANTA PAULA, Cal., May 10, 1894.

Messrs. Johnstone & Bryan,

DEAR SIRS: Inclosed find postal note for one dollar, subscription to THE TRAVELER until June, 1895. I take many papers and magazines, but none is more welcome or attracts more attention on my table from visitors than THE TRAVELER. I am, yours truly,

J. H. SLOAN, D.D.S.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, 119 Powell Street, San Francisco.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

The photographs used in illustrating the "Fiesta at Los Angeles" in this issue are from the well-known photographers, Bertrand & Co., 205 South Main Street, and Putnam, 223 North Spring Street, Los Angeles. These gentlemen have a large and excellent assortment of these views.

Clabrough, Golcher & Co., 605 Market Street, Grand Hotel Block, carry in stock the largest and best assortment of camping and outing goods, sporting goods, guns, fishing tackle, cameras and photographic supplies to be found on the Coast. Each department is very complete. They invite you to call and look over their stock of goods in whichever department you may be interested. Their telephone number is 1394; and, if unable to visit their store, if you will make known you wants, your orders will be promptly and carefully attended to. Catalogues sent free on application.

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

DR. R. E. BUNKER, Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence No. 802 Kearny Street, San Francisco.
Office hours 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M. Telephone 1800.

Husband—Suppose the Legislature did give you the ballot, what would you do with it?

Wife—Make a dress-pattern out of it, unless the size be changed.
—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
Phelan's Building, Parlors 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10.
Entrance 806 Market Street.

"My son, observe the postage stamp. Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there."

DR. GEORGE K. FRINK, Physician and Surgeon,
No. 47 Post Street, corner Kearny, San Francisco, Cal.
Hours 1 to 3 and 7:30 to 8 P. M. Residence 3005 Jackson Street. Telephone 4286.
Specialties: Women's and Children's Diseases, and Obstetrics.
At office on Sunday by special appointment only.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., No. 214 Kearny Street.

To Tourists and Californians.

Those who go eastward from the Pacific Coast should not fail to stop over several days *at least* in Salt Lake and see the attractions in and about the beautiful Mormon city. One great drawback heretofore has been the poor hotel accommodations; but at last The Knutsford has removed any objections in this respect.

NEW GOLD.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men;

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or noble pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part,—
Lo, there is that battle-field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banners to gleam and wave!
But oh! these battles they last so long,—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled-up town,—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then, silent, unseen, goes down!

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise!
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born! —*Joaquin Miller.*

THEY ARE DEAD.

There was a man who never told a lie;—
But he's dead;
Never said it was wet when the weather was dry;
Never said
He'd caught fish when he hadn't caught one;
Never said he'd done something that he hadn't done;
Never scolded his wife, and never got mad,
And wouldn't believe that the world was so bad;
A respecter of men, a defender of woman,
Who believed the divine, and in that which was human;
Meek as Moses,—he never was understood;
And the poor man died of being too good;—
And he's dead.

There was a woman who never had gossiped a bit;—
She's dead, too;
Who hated all scandal, nor listened to it;
She believed in mankind, took care of her cat,
Always turned a deaf ear to this story or that;
Never scolded her husband;—she never had one;
No sluggard was she, but rose with the sun;
Never whispered in meeting, didn't care for a bonnet,
Or all of the feathers that one could put on it;
Never sat with the choir, nor sang the wrong note;
Expressed no desire to lecture or vote:
For the poor soul was deaf as a post,—also dumb.
You might have called forever, and she wouldn't have come;—
And she's dead.
—*Jeannette La Flambor.*

Sleep is a mystic river no mortal eye hath seen;
With poppy flowers are nodding the banks it flows between.
It finds its source in silence where stars together sing,
And down to weary mortals the message hastes to bring.

The boats upon its bosom that float an idle throng
Are dreams that to the rainbow or to the moon belong.
They're drifting toward the harbor outside the port of day,
Where morning light will scatter each vision barque away.
—*William S. Lord.*

You and I for a mile together,
Over the greensward to the trees,
Breathing the scent of the wild white clover
Blooming for hungry bees.
Summer days all full of dreaming,
Clouds like the fancies lovers weave,
Silent and light as a dream at morning,
Swift gliding the shadows they leave.

You and I for a life together,
Over the highways thick with dust,
Stones and ruts, where the feet must follow,
Softened and smoothed by your loving trust.
Summer days of gleams and shadows,
Joys all hidden 'neath winter snows;
But joy and hope and love forever,
Dear heart, out of your sweet face glow.
—*G. W. Ogden.*

The attic of young Cupid's house
I visited one day,
To see the tattered bits of love
That there were stored away;

For cast-off odds and ends of hearts
About the place were strewn,
Like baubles of some other days
That long ago had flown.

But yet the withered roses there,—
Frail wreaths from Love's own tomb,—
Upon the dusty, mellow air
Still shed a faint perfume. —*E. R. White.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

Chas. Y. Lamb photo.

Mistress—Babetta, when I was driving in the park the other day I saw a nurse allow a policeman to kiss a child. I hope you never allow such a thing.

Babetta—Non, madame; no polizeman vould think of keesing ze child ven I vas zere. —*Puck.*

A man went into a drug store and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency. As soon as he recovered, he began to rail at the druggist.

"But did it not help your headache?" asked the apothecary.

"Help my headache!" gasped the man. "I haven't any headache. It's my wife that has the headache." —*Exchange.*

Happy Bridegroom—Waiter, I want dinner for two.

Waiter—Vil ze haf *table d'hote* or *a la carte?*

Happy Bridegroom (generous to a fault, but weak in French)—Bring us some of both, with lots of gravy.

Tramp (piteously)—Please help a poor cripple.

Kind Old Gentleman (handing him some money)—Bless me! Why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?

Tramp (pocketing the money)—Financially, sir.

A destitute author is said to have gone to Dumas *pere* once and threatened to suffocate himself and his three children unless Dumas could let him have three hundred francs at once. Dumas rummaged his coffers thoroughly, but could only find two hundred francs.

"But I must have three, or I and the little loves are lost."

"Suppose you only suffocate yourself and one of them, then," said Dumas.

A Methodist clergyman tells this incident, which occurred in a Pullman sleeper while riding through Iowa:

As the train passed over the State line into Iowa a seal was put on the liquor sideboard in the buffet, and the clergyman, wishing to test the enforcement of the prohibition law, called the porter and asked him if he could get a little whisky.

"O, yes, sah," said the porter.

"And how about a little wine?" queried the minister.

"I think I can fix you, sah," was the prompt and whispered reply.

"But," continued the reverend, "how about prohibition in Iowa?"

"O," said the porter, with a knowing wink, "we always pick our men, sah."

In a certain church in Ireland a young priest took for his text, "The Feeding of the Multitude." But he said, "And they fed ten people with ten thousand loaves of bread and ten thousand fishes." Thereat an old Irishman said:

"That's no miracle. Begorra, I could do that meself," which the priest overheard.

The next Sunday the priest announced the same text; but he had it right this time,—"And they fed ten thousand people with ten loaves of bread and ten fishes." He waited a second, and then leaned over the pulpit and said, "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"

Murphy replied: "Sure, your reverence, I could."

"And how could you do it?"

"Sure, your reverence, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."

AMONG THE RESORTS.

A number of recent visitors to Byron Hot Springs are from distant parts, which shows that the reputation of this sanitarium is extending beyond the borders of California. Mr. Malcom Stewart of the Bank of British Columbia at Nanaimo, B. C., is on a vacation trip to Byron Hot Springs.

The spring poet would find much genuine inspiration in the delightful days the month of May has brought to the visitor at Salt Lake City. Three hundred and twenty sunshiny days out of a possible three hundred and sixty-five is a pretty good weather record.

The lake resorts, Saltair and Garfield Beach, have begun running trains some two months earlier than usual in order to give the army of tourists an opportunity to see that wonderful inland sea.

The proprietor of The Knutsford has recently obtained permission for his guests to see the celebrated Beehive House, the first official residence of President Brigham Young. This house, interesting because of its intimate association with all the state secrets of the Mormon Church, has, until Mr. Holmes obtained this privilege, been closed to the unregenerate Gentile.

Among the Eastern people who have made their home for varying periods of time at The Knutsford recently are: Mr. & Mrs. Chas. W. Kellogg of Boston; Capt. & Mrs. H. C. Cerbaugh, U. S. Army; Sir F. C. G. Menzies and party of London, England; Mr. & Mrs. C. B. Pearson, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. John V. Farwell, Chicago; Miss Clara M. Cooley, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. D. C. Howell and family, Baltimore, Md.; Lord & Lady Talton Sykes and suite, England; Mrs. Henry J. Biddle and Miss C. W. Biddle, Philadelphia; R. Von Bonin, New York; Mr. & Mrs. M. M. Belding, New York; Capt. J. R. De La Mar; Mr. C. B. Potter and wife, Rochester, New York.

El Paso de Robles Springs are filling up for the season. The weather now is perfection, and the baths as invigorating and restorative as ever. Among the recent arrivals are: Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. C. G. Lathrop, Jos. G. Eastland and family of Oakland, the McLaughlins, Dunnes and Murphys of San Jose, and others.

Mr. C. P. Huntington and several other prominent railroad officials spent a few days there during the opening of the new road into San Luis Obispo.

The patronage and popularity of the Hotel St. Angelo is increasing rapidly. As a family hotel, it is one of the finest located houses in the city, not only looking over the city, but catching the cool, refreshing breezes direct from the ocean. Mr. Beach is arranging to make a number of improvements in order to accommodate his guests.

The Hotel Northern, Seattle, is at present playing to full houses, which goes to prove that commercial men and tourists have discovered a house which gives satisfaction in more than the ordinary degree.

The grand opening ball at Hotel Mateo on May 6th was the most brilliant society event ever held in San Mateo County. When the shades of evening began to fall the beautifully illuminated hotel and grounds seemed to be fairly swarming with people. Manager J. V. Knights had counted upon a success, but the realization greatly exceeded his expectations.

Everything possible was done to insure the comfort of the guests. Hundreds of Japanese lanterns suspended on wires from tree to tree and from the hotel to the cottages formed a beautifully illuminated picture. The interior of the hotel was buried in a mass of flowers. The dancing took place in the large dining-room; but the number of visitors was so large that the gentlemen's parlor had also to be given up to the merrymakers.

Hotel Mateo is rapidly filling up; and in a few weeks it may be truly said the summer season is on; and that no more pleasant or convenient place exists in the State than this popular resort.

The Madrone Mineral Springs are now rapidly filling up with guests out for their summer vacations. Among the late arrivals are: Mr. J. S. Leeds and family, Alameda; Miss Elsie Van De Boe, Oakland; Val. Luta, San Francisco; Mr. & Mrs. E. Pruett, San Jose; Miss M. Fraser, Canada; Mr. & Mrs. H. Overacker and party, Centreville.

New arrangements have been made in the bathing facilities, so that iron water is added to the list. The road is now in perfect condition. Guests report that the trout-fishing in the Coyote Creek is very good. The weather has been cool and delightful, entirely free from fogs and winds.

The new sandstone hotel at Tassajara Hot Springs, Monterey County, is now completed and furnished. The grounds have been terraced and improved, and new bathing facilities in the shape of stone plunge and porcelain tub baths added.

Glenbrook Hotel at Glenbrook, Lake County, is a most attractive spot for those fond of good hunting and fishing, together with home comforts and quiet repose. It is nearly three thousand feet above the sea-level.

From May 16th to 18th inclusive the Southern California Hotel Association held its first semi-annual convention at San Diego. The representative hotel-men of the south responded almost without exception to the call. While business was the ostensible object of the gathering, real enjoyment and a rollicking good time occupied nine-tenths of the programme.

The members, together with their wives, daughters and invited guests, were carried from Los Angeles, through the courtesy of the Southern California Railway, in a special car; and, from the time of their arrival at San Diego until their departure, the town belonged to them.

The historical hospitality of the Southern States pales beside the unostentatious sumptuousness, liberality and peerless entertainment carried out by the

YACHTING ON SAN DIEGO BAY.

hosts at San Diego and Coronado. Mr. E. S. Babcock, Manager of the Hotel del Coronado, Mr. J. E. O'Brien, Proprietor of the Hotel Brewster, Mr. W. E. Hadley, Proprietor of the Horton House, Mr. Harry Watcham, the new and energetic Proprietor of the Hotel Florence, and Messrs. Johnson & Ritchie, Proprietors of La Jolla Park Hotel, were the hosts of the occasion.

The programme comprised a delightful sail on San Diego Bay, followed by a most elegant and elaborate banquet at the Coronado, a day and a dinner at La Jolla-by-the-Sea, a tally-ho drive about San Diego, and a banquet at the Horton House on the occasion of the birthday of the jolly host, Mr. Hadley; finally a trip to Tia Juana across the Mexican border.

Jollity, good nature and all-around good fellowship characterized the gathering; and it is perhaps safe to say that no other congregation of this character ever achieved better results from a business standpoint or had a more glorious and happy time.

Those present were as follows: F. H. Lowe and wife, Hotel Metropole, Catalina Island; C. G. Bilicke and wife, Hollenbeck Hotel; G. Wharton James and sister, Mount Lowe Hotel Company; E. J. Davis, Rowell Hotel, Riverside; Wm. M. Tisdale, Hotel Terracina, Redlands; S. F. Thorne, Grand Hotel, San Francisco; Geo. W. Lynch, Redondo Hotel; W. V. Bryan of THE TRAVELER, San Francisco; F. A. Miller, The Glenwood, Riverside; A. H. Pratt and wife, Seven Oaks; Mrs. H. L. Squires, Windsor Hotel, Redlands; V. D. Simms, Hotel Palomares, Pomona; W. W. Beach, Hotel St. Angelo, Los Angeles; S. G. Randall and wife, Hotel del Moreno; O. A. Smith, Hotel Temescal, South Riverside; Chas. H. Smith and wife, *Daily Hotel Gazette*, Los Angeles; Tony Mesmer and wife, United States Hotel, Los Angeles; Thos. Pascoe and wife, Hotel Lincoln, Los Angeles; Dr. W. Chapman, Arrowhead Springs; Geo. O. Watkins, Union Engraving Company, San Francisco; Mrs. F. W. Richardson, The Glenwood, Riverside.

Paraiso Springs reports excellent prospects for a good season this year. The houses and grounds have all been thoroughly renovated and improved; and Mr. Robertson, the new manager, is leaving no stone unturned to place Paraiso foremost among the health and pleasure resorts. It would be difficult to find elsewhere such a variety of splendid springs and baths, coupled with the comforts and service of a home. Situated fifteen hundred feet above the sea, in the Santa Lucia Mountains, it enjoys also a most delightful climate, the atmosphere being always dry, and free from the fogs of the valley.

For a delightful resort in the Santa Cruz Mountains Mountain Home cannot be excelled. Thirteen hundred feet above the sea, it enjoys a dry, healthful climate; and the surroundings are rugged and picturesque. Fine hunting, fishing, swimming and other amusements form some of the attractions of this pretty spot.

Alhambra Springs in Contra Costa County, about five miles from Martinez, are making an effective bid for trade this season. The waters are said to be especially beneficial for rheumatic complaints. Mr. Blomberg is making it as attractive as possible.

Only twelve miles from San Francisco lies that charming little resort at Larkspur, which will always be popular. It enjoys easy access from the city, with all the attractions of the country, equable climate, freedom from winds and fogs, and picturesque environments. Truly, it would be difficult to find a more convenient resort with all the inducements it offers to the recreator.

The Galindo Hotel, Oakland, is now under the management of Messrs. B. Wright & Co., Mr. McHenry having succeeded Mr. Mallory, the former associate. It is conducted on both the American and European plans, and is undoubtedly the pleasantest, most convenient and most comfortable hotel in Oakland today.

Mrs. Stuart Kennedy, the widow of the late manager of the Hotel Florence, has established herself with Mrs. John France as proprietress of The Naples, a pretty New England home in San Diego. It is centrally located, and attention will be given to both business and tourist trade. Mrs. Kennedy's friends will all wish her every success in her new undertaking.

Tourists taking in the sights should not forget a visit to the famous Pebble Beach of Pescadero, California. It is one of the finest and most remarkable beaches in the country, and some of the rarest gems have been gathered thereon. The Swanton House at Pescadero is conducted in first-class shape, and is one of the most homelike places in the country. A few days' visit to this delightful spot will not fail to be enjoyed.

Situated on the banks of the Blue Lakes of Lake County is that delightful resort, Laurel Dell. The proprietor, Mr. Wambold, has purchased a number of new boats for the use of his guests, and this season their entertainment will be a special feature of the place. It would be difficult to find a more charming place for a couple of weeks' outing.

Salmon-fishing in the bay of Santa Cruz is sport such as is rarely vouchsafed to mortal anglers. While this exciting pastime has been known to local fishermen for several years, it is only for the last two or three seasons that it has been enjoyed by sportsmen from all over the Pacific Coast and from the East. And what a different fish the salmon is after swimming through the broad Pacific and feasting upon the tenderest of sardines from the half-starved fish of the same name found in the narrow spaces of a mountain stream, the courage all gone out of him and his flesh flabby and faded.

We hear good reports from the Rowell Hotel, Riverside, that they have been enjoying exceptionally fine business this season. They owe their popularity largely to the fact that their rates are most reasonable, and a specialty is made of courteous attention to guests.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JULY, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. H. Jackson photo.

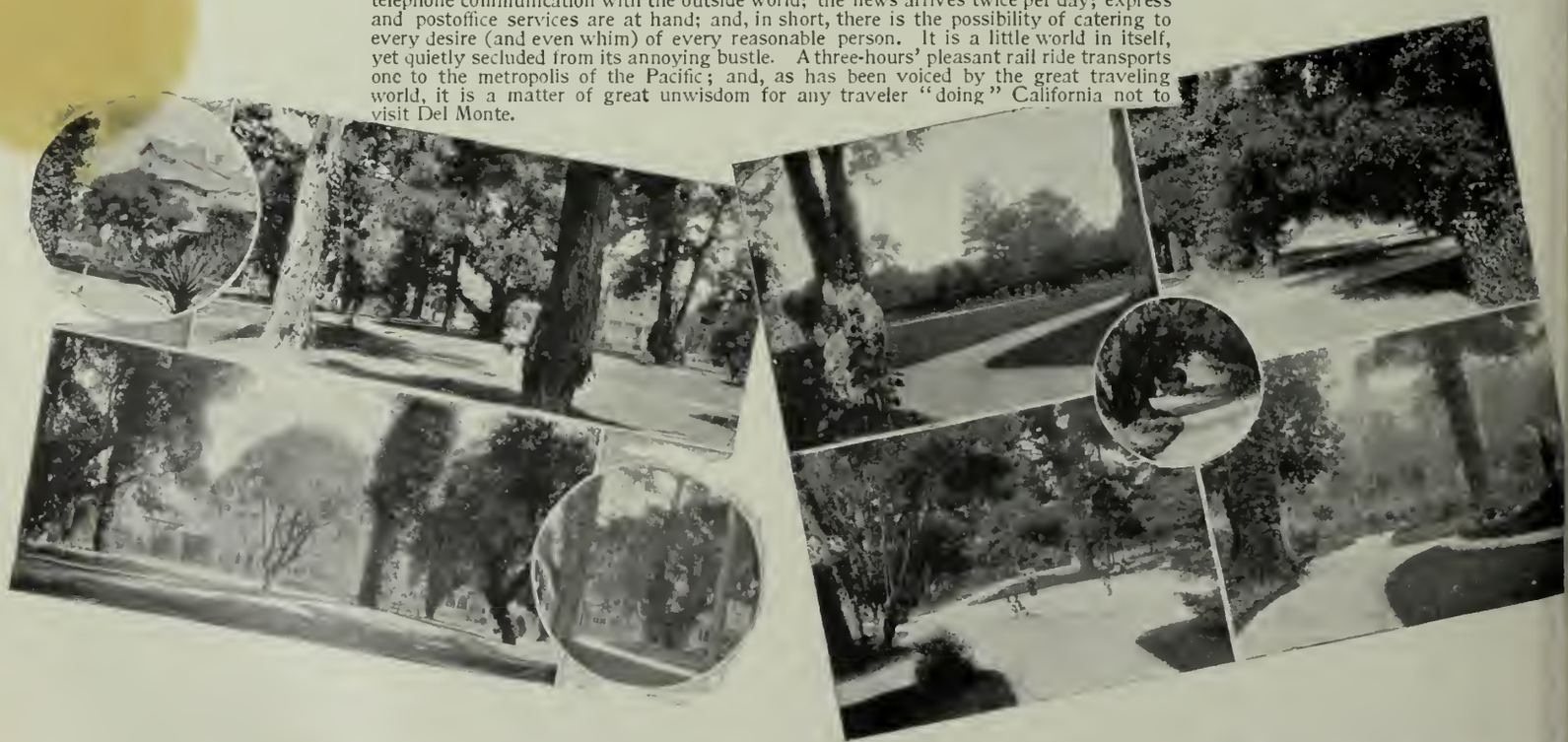
COLORADO SCENERY.

IF ONE were asked, after a sojourn at this famous watering-place, his impressions of the hotel itself, outside of its incomparable surroundings, he would say: The management is as nearly as possible faultless; the proprietors have covered all the details in a masterly way, evidence of which is apparent, wherever one turns, from the ground-floor to the top of the house. The absence of fuss and flurry is markedly noticeable. The visitor's wants are met without apparent effort, and the every-day machinery of this great caravansary moves with the regularity of clock-work. There is manifest at all times a smooth, even, careful, business-like management, that assures to every one a fair and impartial treatment.

Not the least important impression one acquires here is that of the reasonableness of the charges. It is safe to say that not only is the expense of a sojourn at Del Monte not greater, but it is even considerably less, than that ruling at other first-class establishments, both at home and abroad.

As to the cuisine, it is on record that this department is in keeping with the demands of its surroundings; and that is saying a good deal, for one naturally expects much in this direction, yet no one comes away disappointed.

The rooms are spacious, scrupulously clean, abundantly and lavishly furnished, conveniently lighted and heated, and the safety precautions in case of fire are complete and effective. As to the minor conveniences of every phase, there is nothing that one may need but that may be had for the asking. One is placed in telegraph and telephone communication with the outside world; the news arrives twice per day; express and postoffice services are at hand; and, in short, there is the possibility of catering to every desire (and even whim) of every reasonable person. It is a little world in itself, yet quietly secluded from its annoying bustle. A three-hours' pleasant rail ride transports one to the metropolis of the Pacific; and, as has been voiced by the great traveling world, it is a matter of great unwisdom for any traveler "doing" California not to visit Del Monte.



GEORGE SHÖNEWALD, MANAGER.

Specimen Pages of New Del Monte Souvenir.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IV. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY, 1894. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES 8 FRANCS OR 6 SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates: Forty cents per agate line, fourteen lines to the inch. Discounts for space and time contracts furnished upon application. READING NOTICES: Seventy-five cents per line brevier type, and fifty cents per line nonpareil type, each insertion.

THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU OF INFORMATION,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

APROPOS of our frontispiece, it may be remarked that, next to California, Colorado possesses the grandest mountain scenery in the West. The "backbone of the continent," or the "great divide," reaches its greatest elevation in this State. The Elk, Saguache, Uncompahgre and Saugre de Cristo Mountains all properly belong to the main Rocky Mountain chain, although to the traveler they appear to consist of distinct ranges, on account of the great distances separating them. Unfortunately for the tourist, the most striking scenery does not lie contiguous to the transcontinental railroads, but the views we present are familiar to every one who has traveled as far west as Denver.

BUSINESS men should not forget that a single edition of an interesting journal, with a circulation of five thousand copies, placed in the proper channels, is read by more persons whom they wish to reach than the issues of a daily paper of 200,000 copies.

IT IS pleasing and refreshing to know that there are some very particular, we might even say finical, officers of the law in the northern portion of the State, especially as regards angling.

There was a man in that neighborhood who had a great respect for the laws, especially the angling laws. If the close season expired on April 1st he would not go a-fishing on the evening of March 31st, and he would never fish after the open season had expired, unless it might be in the far, far wilderness, where it didn't somehow seem to make any great difference, in which case he would argue that trout only lived to such and such an age anyway, and it seemed a pity to see them go to waste, etc.

But one day this good man was arrested for a violation of the law, and it was in this wise. In the county of Siskiyou it is lawful to catch fish, if you can, any time of the year, but in the adjoining county of Shasta it is a wide, large misdemeanor to take, pursue, etc., any fish between November 1st of each year and the first day of April in the following year.

Now this good man was so conscientious that when he was fishing in Siskiyou County he would always stop short exactly at the county line and put up his rod; but on one occasion he sat on a rock in the said county and allowed his fly to float down into Shasta County, and was rewarded by a rise and a bite from two salmon trout. In his efforts to land them it was necessary to step over into Shasta County, but this scrupulously conscientious man, after playing his fish, coaxed them far enough up stream before he landed them, so that he would not have to violate the law, but a lynx-eyed official espied him and he was arrested. It was all in vain that he protested he did not "take, catch, kill or expose for sale any trout, brook or salmon trout, or any variety of trout," etc., in Shasta County. The officer swore that there were two trout on the line, and that one was landed in Siskiyou County and one in Shasta County! The judge nailed him down with a great big hard word that few people understood, and said he would have to pay a fine of twenty dollars. The good man said he didn't care a damn for the loss of the money, but what made him mad was the actual fact that both the confounded fish got away!

LITTLE SUNSHINE. *C. R. Savage photo.*

OUR editorial cut this month is from a photo sent us by Mr. C. R. Savage, the well-known photographer of Salt Lake City, and is appropriately titled, "Little Sunshine." Judging from the little, happy face and the affectionate references of grandpa Savage, we infer that Utah's best crop in not failing in these latter days.

PULLING over some old clothes the other day, preparatory to a hunting outing, the following thoughts arose in my mind. How soberly, and even fondly, one looks at an old suit of clothes when the time arrives to discard it. You notice the coat hanging against the wall. How familiar it looks. With the addition of pantaloons and a hat, you would almost believe you had been hung against the wall to dry: and, although they have been cleaned and pressed, the coatsleeves bag at the elbows, the vest rips on the sides, and the pants have been turned once already. You do not care somehow to dispose of them for various reasons. You know very well they won't sell for much of anything. You might need them for an outing; and sometimes an old coat doesn't look so bad after a rest of a few months. My wife once gave away a pair of my old boots to a Chinaman, and called my attention to them on him several months after, which called forth the remark, "They look better than any boots I own now;" and it seemed to me a fact.

I was once haunted by a man in our village to whom my wife had given a full suit of old clothes shortly after our marriage; and, the worst of it was, the man looked like me, and I never met him without a strange and uncanny embarrassment coming over me. The coatsleeve had often inclosed my best girl, the hat had been lifted to many a beautiful maiden, the pockets had contained my love letters, the boots had climbed Shasta, and I was filled with horror when I thought of how they would look when this tramp (which he was) would wear them out into uncouth shapes; and so I determined that hereafter I would incinerate my old clothes in a private crematory of my own. They are, somehow, too sacred to be degraded in such a fashion.

WE ALL know the traveling hog when we see him, and we see him oftener than is pleasant. One can generally pick him out by his appearance: he has lines of thought—in the back of his neck; his fat, greedy face is freckled, and in places resembles alligator skin; he wheezes and perspires; he expectorates in the aisle; he piles the spare room in his seat (if there is any) with parcels while there are passengers standing, or he blotches his ungainly carcass down in such a sloppy, disagreeable fashion that no one cares to come within a car-length of him. He lays his great, red, moist, ugly head back and goes to sleep, comes nearly choking to death, and, but for the unpleasantness of it, you wish he might, for he is *such* a hog. He swears about the ventilation, he opens the window, and no amount of hinting as to the danger of draughts seems to affect his impenetrable epidermis; when he reads the paper he allows it to fall over at the top so that it tickles his next-door neighbor's neck; he purchases peanuts and fruit from the newsboy, and drops the debris wherever it is most convenient. In fact, there is only one act of his that is really pleasing to you, and this is when he grabs his parcels in both hands and jostles himself (and the other passengers *en route*) out of the car and hies him away to his pen. He *was* a hog yesterday, he *is* a hog to-day, and he *will* be a hog to-morrow.

LIFE ON THE GILBERT ISLANDS.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY AND W. H. BROMMAGE.

AMONG the South Sea Islanders at the Midwinter Fair were several natives of the Gilbert, or Kingsmill, group. The Gilbert Islanders are darker and coarser in appearance than the Samoans, Fijians, and natives of the more western islands of the Pacific, leading us to infer that there has been an intermixture of races. They are of energetic temperament, and in their own homes are compelled to constant exertion in the necessary work of fishing. The inhabitants of the northern islands of the group differ considerably from those of the southern islands. They are tall and straight, being on an average about five feet seven inches in height. The head is of moderate size, but the cheek-bones are sharp and prominent. The skin, except where it is covered by the clothing, is brown, and the women are generally of a lighter color than the men. The forehead is low, flat and wide, and the nose short and blunt. The mouth is big, and the lips are nearly always thick; the teeth are large, but

GILBERT ISLAND ARMOR.

of remarkable whiteness. The face as a whole is broad and flat, and the ears are by nature small; but, owing to the rough treatment they receive, they lose their shape and stand out prominently. The frame is lithe and vigorous; the hands and feet are small, but the calf is thin and poorly developed. One meets some really handsome men with graceful and athletic figures among the northerners.

The inhabitants of the southern islands of the group are shorter, being little more than five feet in height. Their eyes are elongated, their skin brown, and their hair black; they have squat noses, thick lips, and prominent cheek-bones. Among the southerners are found men with a white skin, covered with scales like those of a fish, and so hard that needles may be run into their bodies without hurting them.

The islanders display great activity upon and in the water, but on land they lead indolent lives, doing little or no work. The women are rather more industrious than the men, for they do occasionally occupy themselves in making hats, mats and twine. The two former articles are made from *pandanus* leaves, and the last from the fiber of the cocoanut, that "universal provider" of the South Sea Islander. After working for half an hour, they sleep for two or three hours, so that a mat takes a good many days or even weeks to finish. If six hours' steady work a day were done, a mat of the ordinary size, that is, ten feet by eight feet, could be made in about a fortnight. While in process

THE LARGEST WAR CANOE IN THE PACIFIC.

of being made, a mat seems to be an inextricable tangle of pieces of fiber, so that one wonders how the design gets itself worked out at all; yet the work when finished is neat, smooth and accurate.

The hats are more finely woven, and consequently take much longer to make. A board is laid across the lap, and the crown of the hat is started; when this is of the proper size, the stump of a cocoanut tree about equal in circumference to a man's head is employed, the strips of leaf or fiber being plaited round it. When the hat is ready, it is six inches high from crown to brim, and measures from twelve to fourteen inches across. No lining is used, but a string of small shells serves instead of a hat-band. Baskets are also made in the same manner, and sell for a quarter of a dollar, while a hat or a mat costs a dollar. The natives, however, prefer to take calicoes and tobacco instead of money, for which they have little use, cocoanuts being the currency in which payments are made. The traders do not wish to see coin introduced, for they make greater gains by there being no coin in circulation.

Nor is the trader the only man with whom the native has to contend. Next in the scale of rapacity come the native missionary, the school teacher, and the king, if the island has a monarch. The missionary receives fifty cocoanuts a month from each adult member of his congregation, and ten nuts for each child. The school teacher is compensated with ten nuts a month from each pupil. The king receives one dollar per annum from each adult, and twenty-five cents for each child. This tax supports in becoming dignity the royal family, the king's guard, and the policemen. The last named are needed only at night and on Sundays, unless a fight occurs during the hours of daylight. Armed with a three or four-cornered club of heavy hard wood, which however he carries more for ornament than use, the policeman goes on his rounds from one village to another. He promptly arrests every one whom he finds loitering upon the streets after 9:00 P. M., and places him in the calaboose till morning, when the prisoner is let off on paying a fine of five dollars. As the guardian of the peace makes his rounds, he blows a large konk-shell which produces a sound like that of the horn of a fish vendor, or of a tram-car driver in the streets of the City of Mexico. On hearing the sound, the children scamper off to their homes, tumbling over one another in their eagerness to reach them. As soon as the representative of law and order has passed by, out they crawl like gophers from their holes, and slip down to the beach to watch the white men. On Sundays the police enforce attendance at church, and little chance of evasion is permitted; for the fines for absence are divided between the policemen and the missionaries.

The diet of the natives is monotonous, the principle food substances being cocoanut, *bandana*, fish, and the root of a plant named *papoi*. Fish is the mainstay of the food supply, and ranges from the huge whale to the tiny sea-slug. The *bandana* is scarce on some of the islands, though it is found in abundance on others. It is a fruit, and in shape resembles an immense pineapple, its colors being red and green. Its flavor is somewhat like that of a New Zealand *kumera*, or sweet

PREPARATIONS FOR A FEAST.

potato, except that it has a slight tartness. It is prepared as food in various ways. One method is to pull it into pieces, which are boiled, laid out in the sun until they are hard and dry, pounded with a wooden mallet until they are reduced almost to powder, and rolled up in leaves. When thus prepared, the *bandana* can be stored away for eight or nine months without losing its strength and flavor. It is sometimes used as a medicine, one tablespoonful being mixed with a cup of water; thus prepared it is a pleasant drink and possesses laxative properties. If wanted for immediate use, the powder is dampened to make it into a paste, which is then rolled out in thin sheets and left in the sun to dry. Cocoanut is scraped over the sheet, which is rolled up so as to resemble a jelly roll. The *papoi* root is boiled, and is somewhat like bread-fruit, except that it has a much more oily taste. Shell fish of all kinds are eaten, from the small clam up to the huge varieties which with the shell weigh as much as 250 pounds.

Canoes built for warlike uses are much longer and larger than those used in fishing or for other ordinary purposes. The boats generally seen are not simple canoes, but *catamarans*, some of which carry only two people, while the largest will accommodate as many as fifteen. They are rudely built of any materials that chance may bring to the builder's hand. Wood is scarce upon the islands, and it is seldom that a boat is built throughout of only one kind of timber. Pieces of cocoanut tree from eight to fourteen inches in length and of all widths and shapes are used; a bit of a soap box or a stave of a barrel is utilized; then a piece of a broken oar is sandwiched in—in fact, anything wooden that comes to hand. Holes are bored round and leaves are placed between the edges of the pieces of wood, which are then tied together. The ribs of a boat are put in last to bind all in place. I have counted as many as 180 pieces of wood in one small boat; and, as one might expect from this rude and haphazard construction, the boats are very crank, bending and twisting in all directions as one steps into them. The sail is made of matting or of flour sacks, but, when a moderate breeze is blowing, it is amazing how these curiously constructed crafts speed along.

GILBERT ISLAND POLICEMEN.

As the old tribal wars are already things of the past, native weapons are becoming scarce. Now and then a spear, a dagger or a coat of mail may be found hanging from the rafters of a house, but usually the owner refuses to part with them, wishing to keep them as mementoes of by-gone days. Should the owner be asked by some enthusiastic curio-hunter to dispose of them, he demands a high price and usually get it. The principle native weapon is the spear, which is made from the cocoanut tree, and is from fifteen to twenty feet long. It has a row of shark's teeth fastened to each side with twine, the rows extending for half the length of the spear. Owing to this peculiarity of construction, the spear is not used for thrusting, but the fighter runs up as close as he can to his adversary, and, pressing the spear against his side or neck, retreats, drawing it toward himself. If the operation is successful, his opponent's side is gashed to a depth of about an inch.

To protect the body, coats of mail made of cocoanut fiber so tightly braided as to be proof against a dagger, and almost against a bullet, are sometimes worn. To make these coats a great quantity of twine is necessary, and they occupy from four to six months in the making. The coat of mail is open at the top and sides, and behind the neck has a collar twelve inches high to protect the back of the head from attack. After being placed on the wearer's body it is fastened with plaited fiber. Trousers are also made of similar material, but not so tightly woven. They resemble an engineer's overalls, having straps which pass over the shoulders.

When a woven coat and trousers are worn, the stomach is protected by a sort of shield made from the skin of the devil-fish, which has innumerable small bony knobs all over it. This skin is so tough that when thoroughly dry it cannot be cut with a knife. Two kinds of head-dress are worn; one is of the same material as the coat and trousers just described, while the other is supplied by nature. A globe or porcupine fish is caught, cleaned and filled with sand to preserve its round shape while it is dried in the sun. The head of the fish is cut off, and a hole, large enough for a man's head to pass through, is made. At each side of the opening a string is fastened, which passes under the chin and keeps the helmet in place. The resulting helmet is a very formidable-looking affair, for the skin of a large globe-fish is covered with bony spikes about three inches in length. When the combatants get so close to each other that the spear is useless, it is dropped. They grasp each other, and, butting with their helmets in an upward direction, tear the flesh to strips.

A CATAMARAN.

Gilbert Island girls mature very early, and are frequently married at ten or eleven years of age. The marriages are frequently forced, but the girls must submit. The missionaries do not allow polygamy, which was the custom in earlier days. If a man gets tired of his wife, or sees another woman who captivates his fancy, he coolly informs his wife that she does not satisfy his expectations, and that he intends to remarry. She must then leave his house and return to her parents. The women in the Gilbert Islands, as in more highly civilized communities, so far outnumber the men that, to get a husband, a girl must be good-looking, a good swimmer, and possessed of all the accomplishments of her sex.

A GILBERT ISLAND BELLE.

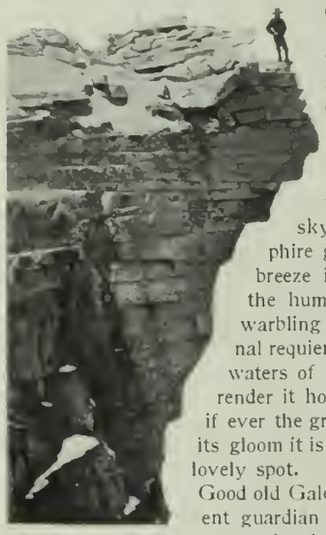
A man who has the misfortune to possess a row of white, regular front teeth stands a poor chance of coming alive out of a battle, so great is the desire to possess his teeth as a trophy. Two or three men attack him, and the one who delivers the final stroke decapitates him and pulls out his teeth. A warrior's skill and courage are estimated by his necklace. If he has several sets of teeth he strings them together tightly; if he has but few he strings them at intervals, and ekes out with beads. Ordinarily not many war-trophies are seen, but at a big dance the warriors wear all they possess.

SCRAPS OF YOSEMITE.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE.

There are many odds and ends in Yosemite that ordinarily escape the traveler's attention, a few of which are herewith appended.

On the sloping, green pasture-land, not far from the old Hutchings' Cabin, under the shadow of great spreading oaks and majestic pines, is situated the little cemetery of Yosemite, and surely God's acre has no such surroundings on this round earth. The river winding in eddying curves of beauty near by, the blue-vaulted sky bending in sapphire glory above it, the breeze in the pine harps, the humming of bees, the warbling of birds, the eternal requiem of the thundering waters of Yosemite Falls, all render it holy ground. Surely if ever the grave was robbed of its gloom it is here in this lonely, lovely spot.



GEO. ANDERSON ON HALF DOME.

Good old Galen Clark, the present guardian of the valley, has selected a spot in this picturesque burying ground for his last resting-place; and the writer, together with every one who ever knew this estimable pioneer, will unite in the wish that the years may be many and pleasant before he occupies it.

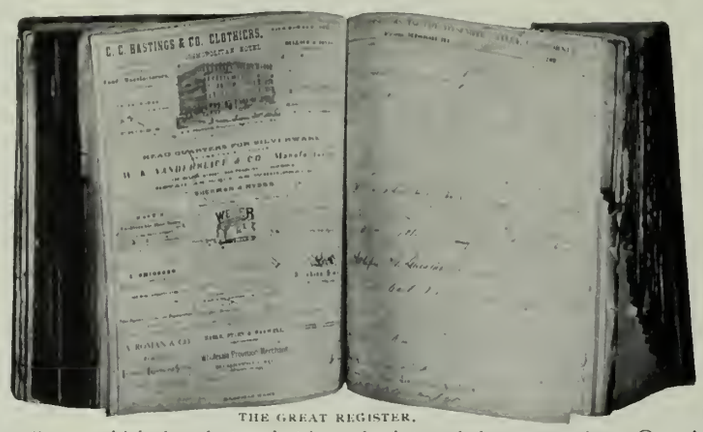
James C. Lamon, one of the earliest settlers, and who was the first white man to spend a winter in the valley entirely alone, lies at rest here under a granite shaft erected by his old friends.

In this spot lies the body of George G. Anderson, the intrepid Scottish mountaineer, who was the first human being to stand upon the summit of Half Dome; and it seems a matter of regret that in this country of natural granite slabs there is nothing to mark this brave man's last resting-place. The story of his feat of ascending the great dome is full of interest. Prof. J. D. Whitney, who explored the valley for the Government, said, "Half Dome is probably the only one of all the prominent points about Yosemite which never has been and never will be trodden by human foot." But on the 12th of October, 1875, Anderson waved a flag from its seemingly inaccessible summit. It was a hazardous and foolhardy experiment, which might have easily resulted in the death of a less nervy man.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS. *Geo. Fiske photos*

ENTERING THE VALLEY.

John Muir says of this adventure: "A year or two before Anderson gained the summit, John Conway, a resident of the valley, and his son, excellent mountaineers, attempted to reach the top from the saddle by climbing barefooted up the grand curve with a rope, which they fastened at irregular intervals by means of eye-bolts driven into joints of the rock. But, finding that the upper portion of the curve would require laborious drilling, they abandoned the attempt, glad to escape from the dangerous position they had reached, some three hundred feet above the saddle.



THE GREAT REGISTER.

"Anderson began with Conway's old rope, which had been left in place, and resolutely drilled his way to the top, inserting eye-bolts five to six feet apart, and making his rope fast to each in succession, resting his feet on the last bolt while he drilled a hole for the next above. Occasionally some irregularity in the curve, or slight foothold, would enable him to climb a few feet without the rope, which he would pass, and begin drilling again, and thus the whole work was accomplished in less than a week."

YOSEMITE CLOUD EFFECTS.

The rope having rotted away some ten years ago, Half Dome is again inaccessible.

One of the oldtime places of interest in the valley was Smith's Cosmopolitan Retreat, in the building now occupied by the guardian; and it appears from all the records that Johnny Smith was "very much of a gentleman," as one of the oldtimers frequently remarked of him. He dealt in ardent spirits and hot baths, or what might be termed a necessity and a luxury of travel; and from the remarks in the great register it is to be inferred that the public availed themselves of Smith's luxuries, especially his mint juleps.

LAMON'S GRAVE.

These remarks are, as a rule, flat and commonplace, but once in a while a trite observation is made. They touch upon a great variety of subjects, from the quality of Smith's juleps to the stupendous majesty of the surroundings. A traveler, after making one of the trails, says, "God made the mountains, but man made the saddles." Another under similar conditions says, "Enthused and bruised." Perhaps the most common observation is, "The half was not told me:" or the very brief and altogether wise conclusion of the whole matter is summed up in, "No remarks," "Mum's the word," or "Words fail me."

"This is a little the biggest earth crack I have ever seen" is the compliment paid by one enthusiastic beholder.

"Hold up your hands" may refer to the reverence with which one may have been affected by the grandeur of the valley, or it may have referred to the alleged rapacity of hotel-keepers *et al.*

Occasionally a globe-trotter airs his experience in traveling, and winds up with the assertion that "Yosemite has no equal on earth."

These remarks summed up would lead one to suppose that Emerson was justified in saying, "This is the only spot that I have ever found that came up to the brag."

RIVER SCENERY, YOSEMITE.

CHARACTER STUDIES ON THE MIDWAY.

MARY O. STANTON.
(Author of a System of Practical and Scientific Physiognomy.)

A FACE such as is shown in the portrait of Caroline S. Brooks, painter, poetess and sculptress, gives to the physiognomist a most worthy subject upon which to exercise the science. No portrait can do it justice. It is a mobile, sparkling face, full of color and expression. One glance of the large and luminous brown eyes reveals a remarkable individuality. In this character great enthusiasm and intuition are associated with all of those mental faculties and physiological powers which aid this gifted woman in her heaven-born work.

In her countenance the social and domestic signs of character are not less prominent than those mental signs which to the initiated reveal her artistic soul. Indeed the faces of all great artists, such as orators, actors, dramatists, painters and poets disclose a highly developed social and domestic nature. This is the *foundation* upon which all truly great creative power rests.

The possession of the color sense is another factor in creative art. Color gives, primarily, integrity and soundness to all the tissues, through the perfect action of the circulatory system, hence causes the mental action to be clear, intense and enthusiastic; and these are essential qualities to the creative mind.

The eyes of Mrs. Brooks are dark brown, large, convex and intelligent. Her cheeks are full of color, the hair very fine (thus showing high mental quality), dark brown in color and wavy (another sign of artistic talent). The high development of the arterial circulation is always a power in talented persons. It is the basis of the color sense as well as of good health. Who ever saw a genius with pallid skin, onion-colored eyes and whitish hair.

The bodily build of Mrs. Brooks is such as would facilitate artistic effort. The brain and muscular systems are slightly in the ascendancy, while the vegetative and thoracic development are also well represented.

I find in the face of Mrs. Brooks the signs for conscientiousness, firmness, benevolence, digestion, hospitality, friendship and approbativeness well developed. These constitute the social group. The domestic faculties are all strong. Love of home and patriotism are marked, showing descent from a home-loving and

CAROLINE S. BROOKS. *Taber photos.*

patriotic stock; while love of children, mirth and wit, as well as amativeness or love of the opposite sex, are most decided factors in her character.

Amativeness is the sentiment of love of the opposite sex. It derives its power from the reproductive system, and this system is the basis of *creative* art. Its facial signs, as well as its bodily signs, are most wonderfully defined in the faces of all eminent artists of all sorts, and are uncommonly displayed in the face of genius.

Its principal sign is shown by the thickness of the *upper lip* at its *center*, also by redness and moisture of this feature. The large, convex eye is another indication of amatory propensities, as it is of language and other emotions.

The chin is dimpled (another sign of art tastes). All of the faculties essential to the sculptor are well represented in the nose, that most pronounced mental feature. In the first place it is straight in its outline, and straightness of the nose always indicates esthetic tastes. The facial signs of ideality, imagination, sublimity, constructiveness, analysis, veneration, executiveness and self-will are strongly defined in this feature; while form, size, locality and observation, in the region of the lower part of the brows, are highly developed.

Mrs. Brooks' ancestry is much mixed with the best races. English, Welsh, Scotch and German blood contribute (as the mingling of high races always does) talent and assist originality of expression in art or science. Her first modeling was with a churning of butter, which, as a farmer's wife, she was preparing for the family table. With her paddle she almost unconsciously shaped a sea-shell, and this so delighted and encouraged her that she continued forming fishes, heads and other forms with the butter which she sent to market. Her work in this line soon attracted the attention of connoisseurs of art, and her work becoming known she essayed greater things.

Mrs. Brooks is perhaps the most interesting person at our Midwinter Fair, and can be seen on the "Midway" daily, modeling in butter and plaster, surrounded by many of her fine works cut in marble. She uses butter for her modeling because she finds it more plastic than plaster. The plaster molds are made from the butter model and later cut in marble.

All of these operations can be witnessed by a visit to her booth, where she welcomes in a most cordial and winning manner all who love art.

In the Fine Arts Building at the Midwinter Fair may be seen her celebrated statues in marble of Iolanthe, Godiva, Norma and the Vanderbilt family, a group of five persons.

Millie-Christine, the singular being known to science as *pygopagus*, or double-headed, is the most extraordinary human phenomenon of modern times. She is either one or two beings,—one from the shoulders down, two from the point of junction upward. She or they possess two heads, two faces with two distinct brains, two pair of shoulders, two bodies united at the lateral posterior portion of the pelvis. The faces reveal intelligence and vivacity. The two brains possess the power of independent mental action, *i. e.*, the brains carry on *two* distinct mental processes at the same time. She speaks in two distinct languages and sings in two different keys, soprano and contralto, simultaneously. She can also sew on two sewing machines at the same time. In all ways she seems to be two distinct personalities, with the exception that she possesses but one body below the point of junction.

A medical examination by the professors of Jefferson College of Philadelphia shows that the functions of digestion and respiration are those of two distinct persons, but that below the thoracic system the body is that of one female to which four legs are joined. Experiments were made by these medical examiners in order to understand the operations of the nervous system. These showed that the sense of touch was distinct above the point of junction, while below this point the sense of touch was common to both and sensed simultaneously.

This phenomenon is of African descent, with facial features peculiar to that race, although of the best type. She is well educated, speaks four languages fluently, *viz.*, French, German, Spanish and English. She plays the piano and guitar, and waltzes easily and gracefully. She also converses intelligently on many subjects.

Millie-Christine has traveled in nearly all European countries, and has been visited by the highest people in these lands. She is forty-two years of age, born a slave in North Carolina.

There is nothing known of the prenatal life of this woman that would account for the singularity of her structure. Human monsters have been born infrequently in various countries, but none recorded who possessed the intelligence of Millie-Christine. Although double beings conjoined are very rare in the human race, the inclination to create conjoined twins or even triplets is very common in fruits, flowers and vegetables. One may see on almost any ranch beets, carrots, turnips, plums, pears and peaches joined as twins or triplets even, while twin flowers are almost as common.

The facial development of our subject discloses some physiognomical peculiarities and discrepancies. The two faces, while bearing a general resemblance, show to the observing physiognomist many differences in detail. In the first place these differences confirm the law which anthropology formulates, *viz.*, that the right side of the face and body resembles the father or his family, and the

MILLIE-CHRISTINE.

left side the mother or her family. Miss Millie, the one on the right, possesses the best mentality, while Christine's face shows that the social and emotional natures are in excess of the mental.

The only method by which we can arrive at these resemblances and differences of mind and disposition in this complex being is by applying the laws of scientific physiognomy; and, although these two faces disclose the fact that there is in all or nearly all twins great similarity of traits and appearances, yet an application of physiognomic law will detect the most minute differences and explain their meaning.

In Miss Millie's countenance (for I shall treat them as two persons in describing their physiognomy and mentality), the signs for the domestic faculties are quite as well developed as in the face of Christine. In the domestic group, about the mouth and lips, may be seen the signs for digestion, love of young, of home and of amativeness or love of the opposite sex well defined. In the social group, in the cheeks, we observe the signs for mirthfulness, friendship, approbativeness, benevolence and hospitality all large. In the artistic group, in the lower third of the nose, the signs for imagination, constructiveness, imitation and acquisition are very marked. Self-esteem, firmness, conscientiousness, veneration and executiveness are below the average in Caucasian faces, but quite up to African standards. The color sense and music are highly developed. The practical faculties of form, size, locality and observation have average development, while memory and intuition are uncommonly well defined.

The expression of this physiognomy is pleasing and more thoughtful and practical than that of Christine. Millie is altogether an agreeable, intelligent woman, far above the average of her race. They are both cordial, friendly and attractive in manner, which attaches many to them.

In the face of Christine the social and domestic signs are paramount, and she states that she resembles her mother in looks and disposition. In her face the sign for friendship, shown by fullness of the upper portion of the cheek, is much larger than in Millie's face; so also are the signs for amativeness, hospitality, approbativeness, mirthfulness, love of children and pets. Language and firmness are better developed than in the twin face, while self-esteem is not quite as well defined. The signs for benevolence and sympathy are somewhat more pronounced than in Millie, while the artistic signs of music, construction and imagination are equal.

(CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

TRAVELING IN STRANGE VEHICLES.

H. C. EVERILL.

TRANSIT by rail has become so comfortable and rapid that a journey of a few hundred or even of a couple of thousand miles is easily accomplished, especially if the traveler can afford the luxury of a modern Pullman palace car; and even a journey by stage coach is rather pleasant than otherwise, if the road be good and the weather fine. But there are yet many countries in the world where railroads are unknown, and the very convenient cable or electric street car has never been heard of, and where people who are compelled to travel must, of necessity, have recourse to means of locomotion still very primitive.

Many curious vehicles are used for passenger traffic in India, China and other Oriental countries, which are drawn not only by various recognized beasts of burden, but man himself is made to take his place between the shafts and furnish the motive power.

The favorite passenger conveyance in China is a one-wheeled barrow. This contrivance takes the place of the street car, cab, omnibus or suburban railways of America and Europe, and is quite as popular among

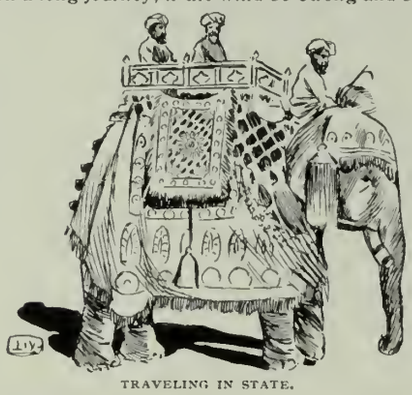
FREIGHT AND PASSENGERS.

the residents of Chinese cities and districts as the cable cars are with the citizens of San Francisco. But the carriage itself is nothing like our commonplace American wheel-barrow. It is a much more convenient and scientifically constructed affair. The wheel measures from three to four feet in diameter, and is fixed directly under the center of the body of the structure, which is a mere framework boxing the wheel in, with a ledge placed on each side for the passengers' seats, somewhat after the fashion of an Irish jaunting-car. The machine will carry four passengers, who sit on either side with their legs outward, or perhaps one or two will occupy one seat, and place their luggage on the other so as to balance the vehicle. The weight being thus poised upon the wheel as a center, the barrow-man grasps one of the shafts in each hand, places the strap over his shoulders, and then has little to do beyond propelling and steering his quaint craft. These barrows peform the same work as the passenger and parcel express companies do in the United States. I once saw two old

BOUND FOR MARKET UNDER FULL SAIL.

women, with their market baskets, sitting on one side of this unique conveyance, while a basket containing a great fat hog was securely tied to the seat on the other side to preserve the center of gravity. The pig was squealing, the women chatting, and the barrow-coolie gave forth a cheerful grunt of thankfulness with every motion of his feet, so that altogether they appeared to be a happy family party as they jogged along the dusty road.

The larger-sized barrows often have an extra man harnessed in front to assist in drawing, and when going on a long journey, if the wind be strong and blow-



TRAVELING IN STATE.

ing in the right direction, they generally rig up a sail improvised out of a piece of sacking or mat, or even an old jacket, spread out on two sticks; or, if these materials are not to be obtained, the driver of this queer locomotive will economize his steam by using the umbrellas of his passengers for sails. In hot or rainy weather a temporary awning is sometimes rigged up to protect passengers and freight from the weather.

In the northwestern provinces of China, these wheel-barrows are made very large, and carry a great deal of freight. They are used for market carts, and then a couple of mules, or two donkeys and a mule, are harnessed to a long rope in front to pull it along, while one man on each side steadies the load and assists to push the vehicle along, which is so well balanced on its single wheel that it only requires one man between the shafts behind to guide and manage it.

Sedan chairs and palanquins of various designs are in use in most Eastern countries. The Chinese mandarin travels in his chair of state. The rich merchant of Hong Kong is still carried, from his residence on the hill to his down-town office, in a palanquin; for he is con-

BOMBAY REKLA.

servative, and does not countenance the more vulgar but useful Japanese jinriksha, which is a more recent innovation, and is too well known in San Francisco to need description. The mandarin of Cochin China and Anam is carried about in a hammock slung between two poles, in which his nobility either sits or lies, while his attendants carry a number of umbrellas to denote the rank of the precious load. Every nobleman in Cochin China is lord of so many umbrellas, the number of which increases in proportion to his rank.

In Siam, India and Ceylon, people often make their journeys on the back of an elephant. This is a very imperial way of traveling, but certainly not the most comfortable; for the huge beast, in walking or trotting, has a way of lifting the fore and hind legs together, one side at a time, like two men marching in step, which gives a rolling motion to his body, and causes the occupants of the howdah often to experience a sensation very much akin to seasickness. To prepare an elephant for a royal procession is quite a work of time and art. He must first be washed, and then the head, trunk and ears are painted in various designs and different colors before the howdah girths and pads are fitted. The elephant then kneels for the howdah, which is a cumbrous frame of wood, covered with silver plates and other ornaments. It is stayed or secured to the root of the elephant's tail and round his neck. Heavy cloths, richly embroidered with gold and silver thread, are then attached, which hang down round the sides. Frontlets of gold and silver work, and necklaces of silver chains and hawk bells, are fitted in front, and also descend from the rear of the howdah to the tail. Silver bangles are sometimes fitted round the huge legs, and a bell is slung to its side. The pillars of the howdah canopies are then fitted, and all is ready for the procession. A fairly sized elephant can carry a load of about one thousand pounds. The mahout, or driver, is seated astride of the mammoth's neck, and uses a hooked goad to guide the beast and keep it in subjection. The elephants used for traveling in Siam are half wild, and an inland journey, made through the jungle on elephant back, in that country is anything but a pleasure picnic.

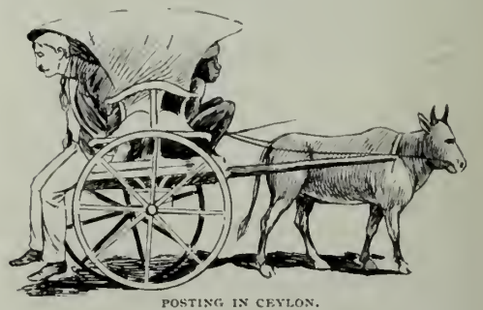
The bullock cart is a great factor in East Indian traffic, where the bullocks are all educated to trot. Like the Chinese wheel-barrows, the bullock carts are of various descriptions. The Bombay rekla may be termed the Hindoo hansom cab, and is a light ox-cart, which, strange to say, is fitted with springs. It carries from four to six passengers beside the driver, who, seated in front on the ox-pole, seldom thinks of using the whip

THE PUNJAUB BAILI STAGE COACH.

which he holds in his hand, but is continually talking to his cattle, and resorts alternately to threats, prayers, expostulations and imprecations to keep up their speed. The rekla is popular with the Hindoos, for the fares are low, the speed quite respectable, and, although the vehicle is open, the passengers are well sheltered by an awning which extends over the backs of the oxen.

In Arabia, and some parts of India and Africa, the camel is the principal medium of locomotion, especially in sandy desert parts, where his sponge-like foot gives him great facility for getting over the ground; but, in muddy, boggy districts, the camel is placed at a great disadvantage. Camels can keep up twenty miles a day carrying a load of three hundred pounds, and some of the superior breeds have gone a distance of 150 miles in twenty-four hours.

But most curious of all is the Singalese hackery, which is drawn by small bullocks, not much bigger than Newfoundland dogs, but beautifully formed, with the legs and spirit of full-blooded race-horses. The carriage itself is so low, from roof to floor, that there is hardly sufficient room to sit upright, even with your feet dangling over the rear of the vehicle, just clear of the ground. There is no room for your hat, whether on or off your head, and no place for it inside. If it comes on to rain you find that your carriage is a tight



POSTING IN CEYLON.

fit for one. It resembles that ancient torture cage in the tower of London called the "Little Ease," for you have just sufficient room to crouch under shelter, if you can only manage to maintain the position of a toy dancing jack, with your limbs all closed up together.

MUCH solicitation from good friends has induced us to break over the boundaries supposed to exist somewhere between modesty and egotism, and to allow ourselves to be seen as others see us. We have up to the present time argued against such a step, taking the ground that the public are not interested in the personnel of a paper, how handsome or otherwise the proprietors may be, nor how attractive their rooms are. In our case, however, it is different in some particulars.

We have informed our patrons and the public at large that in connection with our work we are establishing an attractive art gallery of the well-known health and pleasure resorts of the western country, and that we have also established a "Bureau of Information,"

E. McD. JOHNSTONE.

which would be free to the public, where pamphlets, maps and circulars would be distributed, and where special inquiries would be cheerfully answered, etc.

The fulfillment of a portion of these promises is illustrated herewith, and you will have to take our word for the balance.

As for the audacity of the proprietors in allowing their faces to appear in connection with this article there is very little to be said. To be very frank, it didn't take much coaxing by either party to obtain the other's consent; but just whether our readers or the public care to know how we look does not now enter into the case, for here we are and what are you going to do about it? At any rate we have had enough modesty left to show only one-half of our faces. However, if there should arise a huge, crying demand for it we may consent to show the other cheek also.

Trusting that our little opening apology may be accepted, we wish now to tell you something more about ourselves.

Of our project, now a year and a half old, we may say that the prediction of some of our rather blunt friends of an early and perhaps premature inurning in "the place of skulls" devoted to defunct journalism has not been realized. From present appearances the daisies will not nod confidentially nor condolingly over our untimely "taking off." On the contrary, the child has developed into a rather lusty and vigorous constitution, and although young, with much to learn and much to do, has a possibility of attaining great results in its line.

What we promised when we promulgated our enterprise has on the whole, we think, been lived up to. We promised to make our journal "clean, bright and attractive;" we promised to stand by our friends (especially our paying friends), to make their cause our cause; and we have abundant testimony from these friends that we have been true to our colors.

We intimated our intention of dealing only in first-class goods, that the quality of our paper, ink, half-tones, in fact every feature of our journal, should be of the highest type. The contemporaneous verdict of the masses bears out the fulfillment of this statement.

THE SANCTUM. *Taber photo.*

We may say, however, in this connection as well as from a general standpoint, that we do not for one moment propose to halt and congratulate ourselves upon having reached the top of the ladder. If we have climbed a few of the lower rounds safely and securely we believe it places us in an advantageous position to climb to greater heights; this we aspire to do.

In addition to the regular work of our journal we have paid considerable attention to the tasty arrangement and compilation of a great number of our western scenic resorts. Little of any merit had been done in this direction on the Coast at the time of our embarking, and what has been done is only an earnest of what *may* be done in this direction. Sloppy, cheap advertising is almost valueless nowadays. Such matter finds an early grave. The important point is, therefore, to make your work so attractive that no one will care to destroy it.

WM. V. BRYAN.

Beside a number of booklets in view upon which we are now at work, we have published the following:

Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal.
Tavern of Castle Crag, Castle Crag, Cal.
Shasta and The Crags.
North Pacific Coast Railroad, San Francisco, Cal.
Mount Tamalpais Academy, San Rafael, Cal.
Paraiso Springs, Monterey County, Cal.
Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz, Cal.
California Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.
Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Hotel Florence, San Diego, Cal.
Hotel Brewster, San Diego, Cal.
Hotel Mateo, San Mateo, Cal.
Cazadero Hotel, Cazadero, Cal.
Mountain Home, Llagas, Santa Clara County, Cal.
Yosemite Panorama, San Francisco, Cal.
Southern California Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.
Larkspur Inn, Larkspur, Cal.
St. James Hotel, San Jose, Cal.
Prof. Reid's Belmont School.
Adams Springs, Lake County, Cal.
Lick Observatory and Hotel Vendome, San Jose, Cal.
Ben Lomond Hotel, Ben Lomond, Santa Cruz County, Cal.

From what we have said we hope our readers will glean the fact that we are somewhat proud of our work, that we are bound to succeed; and we intend to follow along in the lines we have started, hoping that through experience we shall improve our work and make it profitable to all concerned.

THE MAIN INTERIOR.

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

A great wave of patriotism is sweeping over the land. The Native Daughters of the Golden West, at the recent meeting of the Grand Parlor at Chico, unanimously adopted the patriotic resolutions committing the order to work for the introduction of our flag in every schoolhouse and every schoolroom in the State, as has been advocated by the writer of this column for the past four years, whenever and wherever it was possible to get a hearing. The National Council of Women have created a new standing committee, that of Patriotic Instruction in the Public Schools, and to me has fallen the honor to represent the Pacific Coast in that committee. The readers of THE TRAVELER may rest assured that they are to be kept informed of the work's progress, and, in return, I shall be indebted to them for any news of a patriotic nature. Discussion on this point is particularly invited.

Major Edward Hunter, in presenting a silk American flag to the Boys' Brigade of St. Stephen's parish, last month, in San Francisco, in behalf of Colonel J. Chandler and himself made the following speech:

"Be mindful of the fact that this gift is the chosen standard of your country, the emblem of its ever-increasing power, the outward and visible sign, as it is displayed in your ceremonies, of a spirit within you of patriotism, and a token that you desire to be true Americans.

"Whether the cause pertains to reformation or revolution, to religion or patriotism, we find woman in her zeal far in advance of and outrunning man, and coming first to the goal. It was a woman who, though she delayed longer than the others at the cross of her friend, came earliest to his tomb, and was the first to witness the fact of his resurrection. It was a woman who put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the hammer, and slew in his tent the tyrant Sisera. It was a woman of the American revolution who made with her hands the first flag of our country, consisting of thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, and since sanctioned by the blood of thousands of heroes, and worthy to be associated in history and in your minds with woman, and that the sight of it should kindle in your hearts emotions of reverence for her, as well as for God's government."

Is not that a speech for every patriot to know by heart?

A San Francisco correspondent sends a request that the marriage of cousins should be discussed in this column. There does not seem to me to be any grounds for a discussion. The evidence has been all in long ago, and the verdict has been rendered that cousins should not marry. The Roman Catholic Church has drawn the law very straight and unequivocally upon this subject, and forbids the marriage of persons even more remotely related than by the first degree. Physiologically considered, the marriage of cousins is not to be commended. It is a species of "in-breeding" that would not be followed by stock-raisers desirous of producing fine head of cattle. Physical disabilities, mental weaknesses, nervous diseases, seem to be intensified in the offspring of cousins. Any hereditary taint is almost certain to be brought out with painful prominence. Marriage between cousins seems like giving a down grade a steeper pitch. Marrying outside of one's family, grafting upon a different stock, seems to make a hardier offspring. There are so many factors to be considered in a question of this sort. In any marriage, if the good qualities of both parties predominate, their children will be apt to possess them in a marked degree. One temperament may strengthen another, or weaken it, just as the case may be. Thus it may happen that two splendid specimens of humanity, although cousins, may be the parents of finer offspring than those of two people who are in no wise related, but who possess contradictory or miserable forces. As a general rule, however, it is safe to declare against the marriage of close blood relations. The royal families of Europe, as well as small communities, that have married and intermarried for many generations among themselves, must be the best illustration of the evil effects of such perversions of nature. Lack of vigor, lack of virtue, lack of brains, are the distinguishing features of the descendants of such close connections. New blood, fresh stock, are best.

California women are to have a society whose object will be the scientific study of housekeeping. The kitchen will receive plenty of attention from the new reformers. That is the place to reform a household, to stop waste and improve health. It is a mistake to have too large a kitchen. If the lady of the house has to be her own domestic, she will find her work minimized by discarding the old wood or coal range, and using a gas-stove, and also all the other labor-saving apparatus at her command. Her kitchen should be well lighted, with door and window, or two windows opposite each other, for the purpose of a quick and thorough ventilation. Cabinets and closets should be handy, and conveniently arranged. The more compact everything is, the less work and the fewer steps. There should be a stool for the worker to mount whenever she does work at a table which can be done as well standing as sitting, and for company's sake there should be a good looking-glass. A mirror keeps one from being lonely.

A correspondent writes, "Can a man marry on a salary of fifty dollars a month?" Yes, if he owns his home, and his wife intends to take in washing, or do typewriting, or go out dressmaking, or to keep boarders, or else possesses a fortune in her own right! Otherwise he had better not attempt, in San Francisco, to marry a wife on fifty dollars a month. An article in the *Argonaut*, of recent date, said that houses in this city could not be hired by young couples for less than fifty dollars a month. This is a mistake, as a visit to our house-renting agencies will show in a moment. Nice houses in good, not fashionable, but respectable and accessible localities, and containing at least six rooms and bath, can be rented for twenty-five and thirty dollars a month. But even that low figure for house rent will not leave much margin, after the inevitable car-fares are paid, for food, clothing, gas and washing. On the whole, fifty dollars a month is too close a margin. Don't do it, young man. Wait until you are better "fixed."

The "Shut-In Society" is a remarkable organization of invalids. It originated fifteen years ago with the well-known writer of children's books, Miss Jennie M. Drinkwater, now Mrs. Conklin of Madison, N. J. During her recovery from a long and serious illness, this lady entered into a correspondence with another lady personally unknown to her, for their mutual entertainment and encouragement. The correspondence, so modestly begun, was extended to other invalids. In 1884 the correspondents organized themselves into the "Shut-In Society," which now has a membership of many thousands in every country of the civilized world. In 1885 the society was incorporated under the laws of New York, with its founder as president. The constitution says, "To be a sufferer shut in from the outside world constitutes one a proper candidate for membership in this society." But, in addition to the primary qualification of illness, all applicants must possess a good moral character, and with their application must send, if possible, the name of their pastor, their physician, or of some associate member of the society as an introduction.

The Shut-Ins take care of other invalids by contributions among themselves. They have also a system of loaning wheel-chairs to those who need them, and reading matter is furnished to members of the society. The work is a noble one.

An anxious mother writes: "I don't know what to do with my daughter. She learns her lessons so quickly, and is always wanting to read something else than history. Would you let her read novels and newspapers?"

Certainly, with proper guidance and restrictions. Young America ought to read the daily newspapers,—not the local scandals and "sensations," but the news of the world in brief. It will be easier for young people to take their history by installments, as it is being enacted, than to learn it later on from the page of a book. It might not be a bad idea to teach children to distinguish the different departments of a paper, to know where to look for a time-table, for death notices, and to read the headings of the telegraphic news. In every issue of a daily paper there are some items of interest to children of growing intelligence. Let them have the items. In all classes where the children are old enough to write sentences, or to reproduce in their own language what has been told them, the newspaper should often be made the source from which the teacher draws her facts. It always secures wide awake attention, and insures a home discussion on the part of the child as to what is being taught at school. It always develops an alertness of mind and a quickness of observation in children, for they are anxious to return to school with something more to tell about a subject of general discussion. Another point not to be overlooked is the possibility of the child's receiving some help from the parents on topics of general interest, whereas in many cases the parent is unable to give the child any ideas on a book topic. It is well to keep parents and children united in the bonds of mutual interest. I hope to see the time when a few paragraphs from the daily newspaper will be read in every schoolroom in the land.

As for the novel reading, if a mother refuses to let her girl read novels at home, she will be apt to read them elsewhere. It is always better to control than to oppose. While a girl is at school she will not have much time for fiction, but she does need some as a change from her books. It seems to me that it is almost safe to turn an intelligent child loose in a well-selected family library, and let it browse at will. Happy the child who has had impressed upon its memory, while it was fresh to take and to retain impressions, the delightful tales of "The Arabian Nights," "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Gulliver's Travels," "Ivanhoe," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Pilgrims' Progress," "Poe's Tales," "DeFoe's Plague in London," while its knowledge was too limited to perceive or to apprehend thought of immorality or suggestion of evil. When a girl gets into the novel-reading age, if her selection of books be wisely guided she will form a correct literary taste, and store her mind with valuable information. The masters of English literature will afford her a wide range. There are many books which she should read in her course in literature, or illustrative of some epoch, some historical period to which her attention has been drawn. The *Review of Reviews*, with its summary of the news of the world, should be placed before every high-school girl. She should be encouraged to consult books of reference, and look over periodicals, especially such as *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, which pictures the events of both hemispheres. She should be accompanied on visits to the library's reading-rooms, and taught to form the habit of getting a general idea of the news of the day. A girl who has had such opportunities will not be apt to care for the novels of the Duchess and her ilk.

The *Arena*, which seems to take the lead in discussing social problems, has been devoting much space to the consideration of the liquor traffic, giving particular attention to the Norwegian or Swedish system of regulating this great business interest. A strong plea is made for the introduction of this method into America, on the plea that prohibition does not prohibit, and that prohibitory laws are not only repugnant to the genius of American institutions, but they have not been enforced, and a law that is not enforced brings contempt upon all other laws. Neither does the high-license system seem to have covered the ground. The Norwegian system provides that the liquor traffic shall be taken out of the hands of private individuals, and turned over to corporations formed under State laws for the special purpose of carrying on the business. The corporation is allowed a certain income. All excess goes into the public treasury. There is no incentive to urge the sale of the liquor, as the profits are limited to a modest amount. Liquor may be sold only during certain hours. The workingman, paid off on Saturday nights, is protected from the liquor fiend by the closing of the saloons from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning. Liquor may not be sold to minors, to those already under the influence of liquor, or likely to become so. This system has been in operation in Norway for thirty years, and has proven a complete success. How it would do in America is another question, but, at all events, it is worth trying. Massachusetts is considering its adoption in that State.

Only to one who has been shut up in the interior of this great continent of ours, gasping for breath in the close, stifling heat, can there come an appreciation of our glorious coast climate, where it is neither too hot nor too cold for comfort and enjoyment the seasons round.

San Francisco is fortunately so situated that her citizens may at any time, at short notice and a slight expense, hie themselves away into the recesses of the mountains, as at Castle Crag, into the seclusion of the valleys, or to the brave, bold beauty of the seacoast. The sweet fragrance of the salt sea air brings life and renewed strength to tired brain and weary nerves. Santa Cruz is a seaside resort which combines the excitement of surf-bathing with the charms of a day in the redwoods. To wander at will among the Big Trees, and look up at the graceful heights of those giants of the forest, those kingly sequoias, whose majesty has been mocked and insulted by the hundreds of inch-minds who bore their way into the heart of the trunk, to pin up their little names, writ upon a bit of pasteboard within that inner sanctuary.

The late rains have kept the country in a state of delightful greenness. The fields are still carpeted with wild-flowers, and there is not a speck of dust on any of the trees. The finest mountain ride in the world, which of course ascends Mount Hamilton to the Lick Observatory, has never been more attractive than now. The delicate wild-flowers still linger along the roadsides, the fragrant buckeye arches its foliage over the way of the wagons and gives a delightful shade to the tourists making the ascent, while the sweet perfume from its tall spikes of flowers scent the air for miles around. To come to California and not to see the Lick Observatory is a grave error of judgment. Not to come to California when one has the opportunity is simply a crime.

Dry bread has long been used to clean soiled surfaces. Presssed, *not rubbed*, upon the surface of a mildewed engraving, it will restore the picture by removing the evidences of moisture. Until the advent of "lucine" as a glove cleaner, ladies used dry bread to clean their kid gloves. Dry bread has a more important mission; it is a disinfectant. The Berlin method provides for the rubbing of the walls with bread forty-eight hours old. The loaves are cut into substantial chunks, about six inches square, the back of each piece consisting of the crust, thus improvising a novel scrubbing brush. The walls are scrubbed with long downward strokes. The crumbs are swept up and burnt. A spraying of walls, floor and woodwork follows as a concluding operation.

If woman persists in crossing her knee, says the medical man, she invites the coming of sciatica, neuralgia and other serious troubles. Where is the "cricket" of our grandmothers? Let us place that before our fair ones' feet, and implore them not to run any risks. So much of our fashionable furniture is so wretchedly uncomfortable, reminding one of DuMaurier's caricature of a stylishly attired girl, tall and statuesque, standing with a young man near a low sofa at a swell party. "Won't you sit down?" asked the young man, and the girl replied, "How I should like to, but my dressmaker says I mustn't!"

Some one says that the best way to eat strawberries is to pluck them from the vine and devour them then and there. That sounds very inviting, and so it is in fact, but after one has once bitten into a tiny slug, or crushed a speckled bug between his lips, one prefers to have one's fruit served in the usual way.

"No modest girl will ride a bicycle in trousers," says a writer who does not regard the bicycle as a proper vehicle for women, because their skirts impede their freedom of motion, and increase the likelihood of an accident on the wheel. If this be true, then what are our girls to do who are entrousered at the seashore and in our gymnasiums? By the way, what would women do without the finer, more delicate perceptions of our brothers to tell us what is and what is not modest?

In a little while we shall hear no more about the crash caused by the office towels falling on the floor. That old stock joke will soon be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. Towels are now being made of asbestos, and, when they are dirty, a few minutes in the fire burns them clean.

Good Housekeeping says: "Veal, properly cooked, is a most toothsome meat, and seems to be gaining in popularity, especially as unjust prejudice against its wholesomeness is being removed by the statements of physicians and by its being indorsed by hygienists." This indeed is comforting news. From the days of Captain Marryat, who made one of his characters complain because his landlady deprived him of his share of the brown crust, down to our own times, stuffed veal has always been a favorite dish. Probably much, if not all, of the ill effects that have been experienced by those who have feasted themselves upon baby bovines has been due entirely to the frightful fact that immature veal has been placed upon the market by unprincipled dealers, and bought by unsuspecting and easily victimized customers.

Speaking of the prejudice against veal reminds me of the objection so often urged against canned goods,—that the tin is poisonous. The truth is, that so long as the food remains in the can, isolated from the air, no change takes place in its character. But, just as soon as the can ceases to be air-tight, a combination is formed by the air, the food and the tin, and ptomaines are the result. The only safe way for those who use canned provisions is to remove the goods from the tin immediately upon opening it. That will prevent the occurrence of any chemical action. Many people, however, are in the habit of using only a part of the can's contents, and of then setting the can away with the residue, to serve another time. Do not do so. Remove the contents to a screw-top glass jar, one of those with a porcelain-lined top, and all will be well.

When I see a flower trying to grow in a tin can, I always feel sorry for the flower. The tin, resisting the entrance of the air, and retaining the moisture given when the plant is watered, soon makes the earth sour and soggy; then the roots rot and the plant dies. The only place for a tin can in gardening is with its sides and lower end punched full of holes, and sunk in the ground, not far from the roots of a plant that requires a good deal of water. Better results in a garden can be obtained by this home-made method of irrigation than by any amount of hose sprinkling, which only drenches the leaves and not the roots. Sweet peas, in San Francisco, never do so well, except where they are plentifully watered. They are very sensitive to heat, and I have seen tall vines, hanging as limp as a string after a warm day, freshen and stiffen their stems when water was applied to their roots, either by the tin reservoir system, or by flooding holes drilled in the ground with a pointed stick.

Eliza D. Keith.

(DI VERNON.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Hotel del Monte, Monterey, has had published for them by THE TRAVELER an entirely new and handsome pamphlet of thirty-six pages descriptive of that beautiful resort. It is elaborately illustrated throughout, and every engraving in it is new and fresh. It is printed on plate paper, and would make an ornament for any parlor table. For a time these books will be mailed free to any address on application to H. R. Judah, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco, Cal.

We have just published a large edition of a beautiful pamphlet entitled, "Lick Observatory and Hotel Vendome," a copy of which should be in the hands of every traveler who wishes to post himself on the notable points of interest in the State. The wonders of the great observatory, its superb surroundings, the fine mountain stage drive, and the attractions of that well-known half-way resting-place of the trip, Hotel Vendome, are set forth in this beautiful brochure in a most attractive manner. Copies may be had free by addressing Mr. George P. Snell, Hotel Vendome, San Jose, Cal.

ITEMS, ETC.

With the advent of new brands of champagne in the market, the old standard brands become ever more popular by comparison. Louis Roederer is unvarying in quality and flavor, and among real connoisseurs and lovers of good wine its excellence and popularity are well attested. Macondray Bros. & Lockard, the San Francisco agents, keep it well to the front at all times.

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

Much sickness has resulted in the past from the use of unfiltered water, and the introduction of perfectly filtered water has proved a blessing and a necessity. The Rapid Safety Filter Co., 1209 Market Street, place their filters in residences and business houses. They are ornamented and kept continually in good order. The charge is only $1.50 per month.

In the museum restaurant: *Waiter* (to the two-headed wonder)—We have beef, mutton, hammen-eggs and pork chops for dinner. Now, don't all speak at once!

SANTA CRUZ, June 15, 1894.

EDITORS OF TRAVELER—*Dear Sirs:* Will you kindly oblige a subscriber by publishing a notice in your paper requesting all surviving passengers or crew, per bark *Lanark*, from Boston, February 10, 1849, arriving in San Francisco September 12, 1849, to send their present address to you for publication, or to a fellow-passenger at 125 Pacific Avenue, Santa Cruz? And sincerely oblige, yours truly,

MARCELLUS HUNTOON.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and tailor. Spring styles now ready.

Papa—Do you say grace at the seminary?

Product of Modern Education—Certainly. I never heard of more than the one pronunciation.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

DR. R. E. BUNKER, Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence No. 601 California Street, San Francisco.
Office hours 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Telephone 1800.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., No. 214 Kearny Street.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by

W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.

650 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

NEW GOLD.

Let us live while the heart is lightest,
  Let us love while the heart is strong,
And laugh while the day is brightest,
  And quicken the morn with song;
Let us mourn for no joy untasted,
  Let us envy no bliss gone by;
The pleasure ungrasped is wasted.
  To-morrow we die, we die!

Let us quaff from the crystal showing
  The wine on the beaded rim;
Let us gather the fruitage glowing
  Full ripe on the bending limb.
To-morrow the bowl is shattered;
  'Ere ever the shards be dry
The fruit is withered and scattered.
  To-morrow we die, we die!

To-day is for love and kisses,
  With life at its golden prime;
A century's wealth of blisses
  We reap in a moment's time.
The heart keeps time to the measure,
  While the harp of love rings high;
To-day is for love and pleasure,
  To-morrow we die, we die!

—*Robert Clarkson Tongue.*

THE WHITE RUBBER GOAT.

Lord Byron looks with a haughty stare
  Straight out from the shelf at me,
With the handsomest wave to his smooth, bisque hair
  That an artist would care to see,
And the proudest curl to his silent lip,
  And the coldest and loftiest smile,
With his head set back at a lordly tip
  O'er that collar of flaring style.

And down in the corner of that same shelf,
  As meek as a goat might be,
A white rubber goat—ashamed of himself—
  Stands wobbling his beard at me.
A white rubber goat that I happen to know
  Has a wonderful whistle somewhere
Concealed in the region that's hid below
  The wealth of his rubber hair.

The white rubber goat is a homely goat,
  With eyes that are bloodshot and red,
And lumpy whiskers that hang from his throat
  In a bunch like a beard of lead;
And the voice that he shrieks from his stomach is shrill,
  And his figure is awkward and squat,
But I ween that that white rubber goat will fulfill
  An errand which Byron cannot.

O, Byron, look down with your cold, bisque eye,
  And scorn the white goat if you will;
You never can quiet my baby's cry
  With that countenance haughty and chill.
This critic of art with her rosy fist
  Will pass you all scornfully by
For the goat whose red mouth into white has been kissed
  And whose voice is a squeeze-whistle's cry.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

When you see the hills away off
  Lookin' green an' gold an' blue,
It is time to take a day off
  With the daisies and the dew.

  Don't you wish
  For a fish
When the trees are going "swish?"
  When you hear the birds a-singin',
  An' the cattle bells a-ringin',
  An' the honeysuckles swingin'—
  Don't you wish?

When March is headin' May off,
  With a rumple in his curls,
  It is time to take a day off,
  Huntin' violets with the girls.

  Don't you pine
  For the shine
Of the meadows fair an' fine,
  For the lilled rills a-flowin',
  For the woods with blossoms blowin',
  For the world with beauty glowin'?—
  Don't you pine? —*Atlanta Constitution.*

From a full sheaf in youth we bravely draw
  Each morning one light arrow, which is sent
By strength of arm, impelled by hidden law,
  Until its force is spent.

Some shafts go well and true, and some go ill;
  Beyond our vision others droop and fall;
Fair shots are others, sped by strength of will,
  While some fly not at all.

In later days the sheaf is not so full.
  Our arms are weak; the darts but feebly go;
From lifeless cords our stiffening fingers pull
  To bend the sullen bow.

And some have straighter shafts and better bows,
  And keener vision others; but no hand
The journey of a single arrow knows,
  Or how its flight is planned. —*Meredith Nicholson.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

Chas. V. Lamb photo.

She was a Vassar graduate, and didn't know a little bit about housekeeping when she married her last beau and settled down to domestic life. Her first order at the grocer's was a crusher, but that good man was used to all sorts of people, and could interpret Vassar as easily as plain English.

"I want ten pounds of paralyzed sugar," she said, with a business air.

"Yes'm. Anything else?"

"Two cans of condemned milk."

"Yes'm." He set down "pulverized sug.," "condensed milk."

"Anything more, ma'am?"

"A bag of fresh salt, be sure that it is fresh."

"Yes'm. What next?"

"A pound of desecrated codfish."

"Yes'm." He wrote glibly "desiccated cod."

"Nothing more, ma'am? Here's some nice horseradish, just in."

"No," she said, with a sad wabble to her flexible voice. "It would be of no use, as we don't keep a horse."

Then the grocer sat down upon a kit of mackerel, and fanned himself with a patent washboard. Vassar had taken the cake.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dicky is about to begin reading Lincoln. Morton told him at the club last evening that it was the great War President who said that our chief trial is that, although we can kiss all the girls some of the time, and some of the girls all of the time, we cannot yet, alas! kiss all of the girls all of the time. Dicky says that is great. —*Life.*

There was trouble in the coffee-complexioned young woman's eye as two policemen escorted her from the alley.

"What made you hit that girl?" asked one of the officers.

"What made me hit 'er? I had er call ter hit 'er; da's what made me hit 'er."

"She wasn't doing anything. You were making all the trouble."

"I had er right to make de trouble. 'Twas 'er talk dat done make me smash 'er."

"What did she say?"

"She didn't say nuffin'. She jest sinnivated."

"Well," asked the officer, impatiently, "what did she insinuate?"

"'Twas 'bout ma new spring dress. She done axed me how I got de label offen de ham cover dat I sewed in foh sleeves. An' den I smashed 'er." —*Washington Star.*

While you are ringing out
  So many things, wild bells,
Wring out the napkins drier
  In some of our hotels. —*Puck.*

Oh, we sigh to taste some coffee like our mothers used to make,
And we yearn to get a slice of bread like that they used to bake;
But it may be we're ungrateful, yet we're sure we do not care
To feel once more a slipper like our mothers used to wear.

Police Magistrate—This ain't the first tolme you've been arristed fer bein' droonk.

Prisoner—It's injoostice yez do me, y'r anner.

Magistrate—Moind phwat ye say! Oi've seen your face scores av toimes, an' lately, too.

Prisoner—Plaze, y'r anner, Oi'm the new bartinder at Mickey Doolan's. —*Puck.*

AMONG THE RESORTS.

ITINERANTS will be pleased to learn that the Redondo Hotel at Redondo Beach has just been leased, for a period of five years, by Mr. Geo. W. Lynch, its former manager, and Mr. J. E. Aull, well known as the proprietor of the Hollenbeck Cafe, Los Angeles. These two gentlemen form a strong combination. Their affability and thorough knowledge of hotel management in all its branches will insure the standing and increased elevation of the Redondo among all lovers of luxuries and pleasure. Their most successful opening ball took place on June 16th.

During the past month the control of the Hotel Terracina at Redlands passed into the hands of Mr. W. M. Tisdale, its manager during the last season. Mr. Tisdale will make many additions and improvements in the way of new furniture, electric-light service, a new system of drainage, and an elaborate arrangement for beautifying the grounds. Before the season opens an electric road will be running between the Terracina and the town, so that, with all these needed changes, and the popularity and energy of Mr. Tisdale, it is sure to enjoy a large increase of patronage in the fall.

The League of American Wheelmen, which meets in Denver August 12th to 18th, will be a notable event in the history of the wheel meets. From eight thousand to ten thousand wheelmen are expected to be present, and the crack wheelmen of the country will participate in the races, which will occur on the last three days of the meet. The first three days will be devoted to the entertainment of the visitors. The Brown Palace Hotel, of course, will be the vantage point for viewing the parade, which is one of the features of the six days' programme. The hotel-men who visited Denver on the occasion of the recent meeting of the Mutual Benefit Association are unanimous in their praise of the beauty and enterprise of the city and the open-handed hospitality of the citizens. It was a matter of surprise to many of them to find an Eastern-made metropolis of 150,000 people at the threshold of the Rockies. The Brown Palace Hotel, in particular, excited the admiration of everybody. In the ten-story Brown they found the hotel-man's dream realized, "Every room a front room."

Many changes and improvements have taken place at the Geysers since last season, and the main object seems to be to bring it up to the highest standard of comfort and modern conveniences. The Geysers will undoubtedly enjoy a much larger patronage this year than they had last summer. The large swimming-pond in the Pluton River is about completed. All the trails and walks are in good condition, and also those to Cobb Mountain and Geyser Peak, where large parties make the trip on burros, spending a pleasant day among the pretty streams and giant pines. The fishing now is excellent at the Geysers, and its accessibility by a comfortable stage ride from Calistoga or Cloverdale over a picturesque and well-equipped mountain road is, in itself, an additional inducement to the many visitors who go there.

An innovation in the way of railway travel has been recently introduced by the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway. They have placed on sale coupon tickets especially designed for the requirements of parties who desire to make trips through the picturesque section of the State covered by that road. These tickets entitle the holders not only to rail transportation, but to stage service, special teams between any points, and to hotel accommodations and meals during the journey. The tickets are sold to travelers at a price proportionate to the number of days covered by the trip, and can be made to include any resort or resorts along the line of the road as the purchaser may elect, and at the same time to provide for such parties the accommodation and service that may be required by the purchaser. This is certainly a convenience which should receive encouragement, as one can estimate before he starts just exactly what the trip is going to cost him. Tickets of this kind are sold to small parties of gentlemen and ladies or to ladies alone, thereby insuring every attention and comfort *en route*. The country through which this road runs is celebrated for its natural wonders, and for the finest collection of health and pleasure resorts in the State; and perhaps it affords for the territory covered a more complete diversity of climate and scenery than any other section.

HOTEL DEL MONTE BATHING PAVILION.

Since the famous Orr's Hot Springs of Mendocino County have come under the proprietorship of Mr. E. F. Bouton, they have undergone many alterations and improvements, and are more than ever coming to the front in respect to their picturesque and delightful situation and the efficacy of their mineral waters. Mr. Bouton believes in catering to the comfort of his guests, and in consequence is reaping the benefit of his policy.

Sweet Brier Camp is the attractive name given to a very attractive camping ground near Castella, in Shasta County, only four miles from The Tavern of Castle Crag. It is an ideal spot, and the view of Mount Shasta is superb. The general surroundings are picturesque, and the location affords every facility for those who wish to spend a week or more in the open air. Special tickets are sold direct from San Francisco to the camp, and the train service has been extended to Dunsmuir for the accommodation of campers.

Cazadero's diversity of entertainment has filled the hotel and cottages rather earlier than usual this season. The six-in-hand coach is the most popular institution in the redwoods, but it has warm rivals in the tennis court, the trout streams, the swimming-pond, the shooting-range and the dancing-floor. The season is at its height at this writing, and is even more gay than was that of 1893.

Notwithstanding the general lightness in travel, the steamers of the Oceanic Company have this season taken a large number of tourists to Hawaii's burning mountain, the Volcano of Kilauea. There have been as many as seventy-five to one hundred tourists a month making this trip. It is one of the sights that never disappoints. Kilauea is the largest active volcano in the world, and, now that a through carriage road has been completed from Hilo to the Volcano House, it is a comparatively easy trip. For scenic features no carriage ride in the world is so attractive. The Oceanic steamers sail to Honolulu twice a month, and every twenty-eight days to transpacific ports, Samoa, New Zealand and Australia.

Among the prominent guests now chronicled at White Sulphur Springs, St. Helena, are: Mr. Wm. Tubbs and family, S. F.; Lieut. James Ashly Turner and family, S. F.: Misses Henrietta and Georgia Sullivan, S. F.; Mr. Rochat and family, S. F.; Miss Berrer, S. F.; Mr. Paget and friend, Oakland. There are also quite a number who have not yet arrived but who have engaged board. All express themselves well pleased, everything being first class, and all are well satisfied with the cordial reception extended them by the hostess, Mrs. Sanford Johnson and her assistant, James W. Johnson. Once a week the guests of the house are given *free of charge* a tallyho! excursion. In the near future there will be a tennis court and swimming-tank. Among the many applicants for rooms are Mrs. Washington Dodge and family, S. F.; Miss Eleanor Bohm and party, S. F.; Mrs. Wm. Peters and party, S F.; Lucy B. Fisher, Oakland; Mrs. Davis and friend, S. F.; Mrs. A. O. Haslehurst, S. F., and many others.

Manager Holmes of the Hotel Green, Pasadena, has reached the "goal" that all the hotel-men in Southern California are striving for, that of a successful summer season. The Raymond, with all its world-wide reputation, closes during the summer. The people of San Francisco and the North have heard of the charming resorts and delightful summer climate of Southern California, and many are making the Hotel Green their abiding place. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Brien and family have engaged apartments for a prolonged stay. Mr. L. Rosensheim and party are now there, and he says there are only two hotels in California, the Palace and the Green. Mr. G. F. Nicholson, General Passenger Agent of the Santa Fe railroad system, Topeka, Kan., and wife are also enjoying the beauties of Pasadena. Mr. Holmes has well earned his success, as he makes the pleasure and comfort of his guests his first thought.

The fishing scene at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, conveys some idea of the piscatorial sport for which this beautiful resort is famous. It is now the height of the season, and the campers are already decorating the pretty beach with their avenues of tents.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. AUGUST, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

UTAH SCENERY.

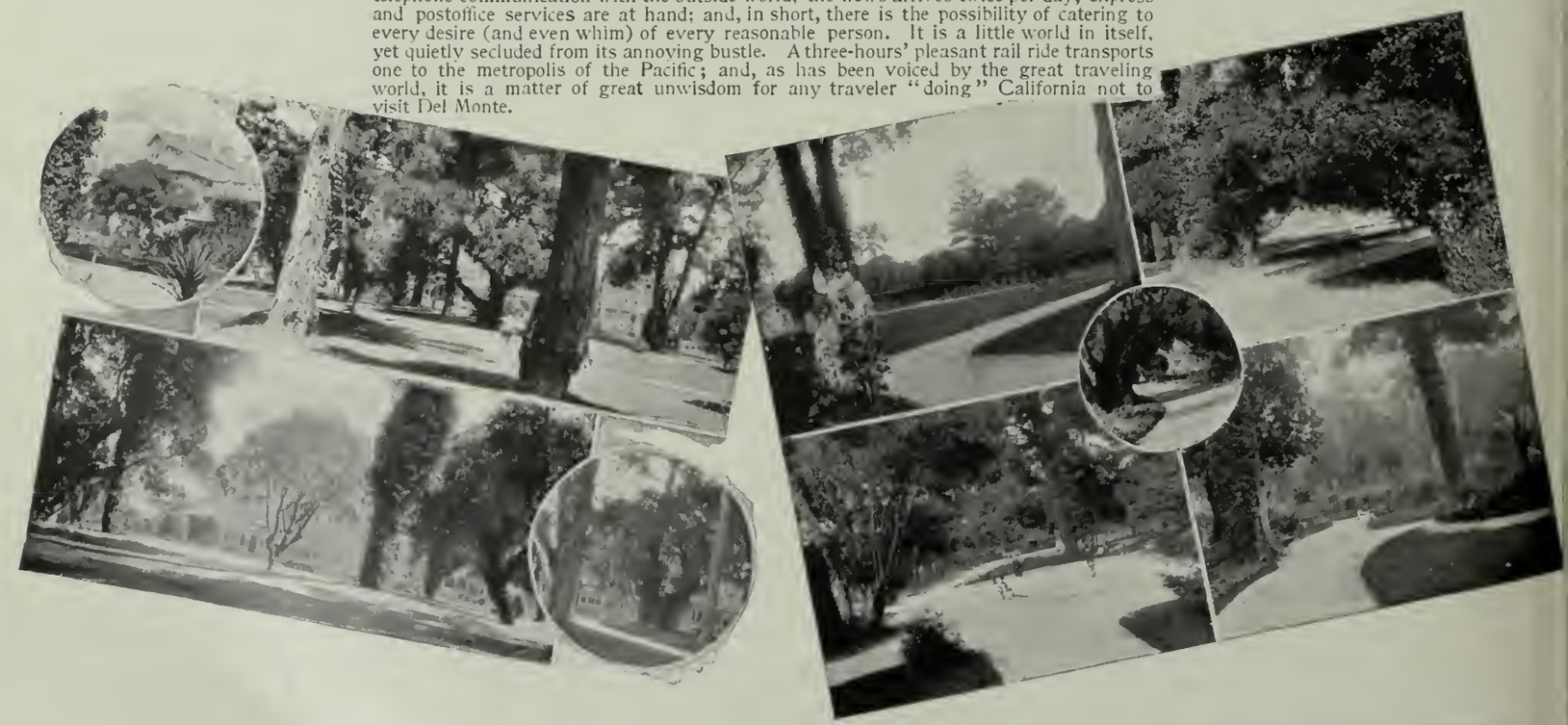
C. R. Savage photo.

IF ONE were asked, after a sojourn at this famous watering-place, his impressions of the hotel itself, outside of its incomparable surroundings, he would say: The management is as nearly as possible faultless; the proprietors have covered all the details in a masterly way, evidence of which is apparent, wherever one turns, from the ground-floor to the top of the house. The absence of fuss and flurry is markedly noticeable. The visitor's wants are met without apparent effort, and the every-day machinery of this great caravansary moves with the regularity of clock-work. There is manifest at all times a smooth, even, careful, business-like management, that assures to every one a fair and impartial treatment.

Not the least important impression one acquires here is that of the reasonableness of the charges. It is safe to say that not only is the expense of a sojourn at Del Monte not greater, but it is even considerably less, than that ruling at other first-class establishments, both at home and abroad.

As to the cuisine, it is on record that this department is in keeping with the demands of its surroundings; and that is saying a good deal, for one naturally expects much in this direction, yet no one comes away disappointed.

The rooms are spacious, scrupulously clean, abundantly and lavishly furnished, conveniently lighted and heated, and the safety precautions in case of fire are complete and effective. As to the minor conveniences of every phase, there is nothing that one may need but that may be had for the asking. One is placed in telegraph and telephone communication with the outside world; the news arrives twice per day; express and postoffice services are at hand; and, in short, there is the possibility of catering to every desire (and even whim) of every reasonable person. It is a little world in itself, yet quietly secluded from its annoying bustle. A three-hours' pleasant rail ride transports one to the metropolis of the Pacific; and, as has been voiced by the great traveling world, it is a matter of great unwisdom for any traveler "doing" California not to visit Del Monte.



GEORGE SHÖNEWALD, MANAGER.

Specimen Pages of New Del Monte Souvenir.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IV. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1894. NUMBER 2.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES 8 FRANCS OR 6 SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates: Forty cents per agate line, fourteen lines to the inch. Discounts for space and time contracts furnished upon application. READING NOTICES: Seventy-five cents per line brevier type, and fifty cents per line nonpareil type, each insertion.

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BUREAU OF INFORMATION,
conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

THERE has been in the history of California (that is, in the last twenty-five or thirty years) one question that has "bobbed up" every once in a while, and seems no nearer a settlement or a solution than it was a decade or so ago. It seems fortunate, at least for the press of San Francisco, that this subject never wears out, for, when times grow quiet in the journalistic world, they can always stir it up, as they know their readers never tire of it; and so it has become a periodical rash that breaks out whenever the blood of the body politic grows feverish over any subject, it doesn't matter much what. At or near election time this rash is likely to be at its itchiest period, when philanthropic politicians (how strangely these words look together) endeavor to arouse the public to "arise and shake off the monster that is slowly sucking its life blood away," or to "wake up as one man and extricate themselves from the arms of the octopus that is strangling them in its mighty coils;" and yet the monster is supposed to go on sucking blood, or the octopus remain in the strangling business, just the same, until another election comes around, or may be until some beneficent patriarch suddenly discovers that the dear public are being imposed upon, and he is thereby being prevented from exercising that charity that he would otherwise have bestowed upon the dear, *dear* public. His vituperative tanks are thereupon opened, and the rash takes another violent turn.

Perhaps the nearest point of settlement that this question has yet reached was when a "patent inside four-sheeter" of an interior village threatened to "just exactly wipe this monopoly (that's what they call this question) off'n the face of the earth." This was when the pass retrenchment movement was at its height, at which period Chaos and Old Night came very near having things their own way in California.

Some of the newspapers of the State howl at the monopoly all the time, all of the newspapers howl some of the time, and the time may come when they will all howl all the time; and, to be plain about it, this howling is for *anything* else rather than the public good. The papers know that the louder they curse the more the masses will applaud. There is quite enough of anarchy in every community to enjoy sanguinary talk once in a while, and the more wildly unreasonable this howling is the more tumultuous the applause.

"Down with the monopoly!!" "Down with the railroad!!" "Down with anything." These incendiary head-lines please the masses. The question, What then? does not signify.

If you eliminate from this "howl" whatsoever appertains to politics, envy, hatred and malice, the possibilities of extortion, the catering to scandal-loving, agitation-loving, itching ears, there would be but a small percentage of genuineness left in it.

We protest that if there is a great wrong to be righted in this matter (that point we are not discussing), the supposed great mouthpiece of the people, the press, has not as yet discussed the matter in other than a personal way. Abuse is not argument, nor any amount of villification productive of reform.

If the commercial interests of the country are in danger of being strangled by an octopus it will avail but little to so stand by and damn the tentacled monster; if it avail at all it will be in the direction of harm. Our late sand-lot episode exemplifies the fact that a wild, meaningless excitement breeds distrust in the moneyed centers and paralyzes business generally, so that public improvements are deterred and the progress of the country is retarded.

Public sentiment in this connection, in California, has been so vitiated by the press that when any great disturbance, such as the late strike, occurs, the lawless element feels itself justified in committing overt acts because they are only carrying out what they deem to be the views of the community, as it appears to them, through the misrepresentations of the newspapers.

And the only reason that much greater depredations were not committed during the late difficulty is that fortunately the strikers, be it said to their credit, were men of a different moral caliber than exist in many portions of the Eastern States. It is certainly a fact that they were not restrained from rioting or bloodshed by any influence exerted by the press. On the contrary, it is a matter of wonder that, receiving the sympathy and direct encouragement they did from this source, that there should be an unburned railroad bridge left in the State; and we believe it amounts to more than a guess that this influence, which is supposed to voice the impartial views of the people, could by a large enough remuneration have been thrown upon the opposite side of the question. We are taking it for granted that the strike will end without bloodshed.

And what is likely to follow this disastrous disturbance, that has been connived at and encouraged by the supposed conservers of good morals in the community? Any good to the State? Harm, and only harm; it means the retarding of industries, such as the completion of unfinished railroads and other public improvements of an important character, a system of retrenchment in all lines of business in every avenue of trade throughout the State, which will recoil in baleful effects upon the parties who have been instrumental in its enactment; but if the innocent were not made to suffer with the guilty the case would be much less deplorable.

THE September number of THE TRAVELER will contain many new features of special interest. The most notable will be an article on the subject of hop-culture in Sacramento and Yolo counties, written by Mrs. Eugenia K. Holmes, from data furnished by the prominent growers of the Coast, whose successful treatment of this prolific plant has resulted in a great and advancing industry.

In addition to its historical and descriptive character, the article will be profusely illustrated in handsome half-tones from the latest photographs obtainable of the kilns, trellises, poles and varied appurtenances of hop-fields.

THE man who lays for you at night and stabs you in the back is a gentleman; the man who poisons his child and its mother is a gentleman; the man who robs you of your good name and breaks up your home is a gentleman; the man who has broken all the decalogue, the moral law, and all the other laws, is a gentleman,—that is, compared with the monstrosity who willfully and with malice aforethought wrecks a railway train.

The extreme penalty for this offense in this State, death by hanging, is as adequate as the mind of man has yet been able to formulate, but, compared with the offense, the punishment, as the lawyers say, is absolutely irrelevant and immaterial.

UTAH scenery, while not perhaps so uniformly inspiring as that embraced within the confines of Colorado, is grandly diversified by mountains, lakes and streams. The Wahsatch Mountains, lying to the eastward of the renowned Salt Lake Valley, are one of the grandest sculptured ranges on the continent, their highest peaks attaining an altitude of fourteen thousand feet. The richly carved battlements, quarried canyons and snowy summits of the Wahsatch Mountains are seen to fine advantage by the traveler approaching Ogden from the west, or in a run down from that point to Salt Lake City.

A SHORT time since, we published a comprehensive pamphlet of sixty-four pages, entitled, "Outings in California." It is the only guide to California resorts extant, and is handsomely illustrated. It gives complete detailed information about every resort in the State, how to reach it, routes, rates, hotel charges, attractions, and in fact everything that an intending visitor would wish to know. We have, up to the present time, charged twenty-five cents for this work, but, until we dispose of the few remaining copies, the price will be ten cents in stamps. We would advise every one of our readers to secure a copy at once, as the book will be quite as available for next season as this, and should have a place in every library.

WEATHER FORECASTING.

B. S. PAGUE.
Forecast Official, Weather Bureau Office

WEATHER forecasting, which until July 1, 1891, was under the supervision of the War Department, is now controlled by the Agricultural Department of the United States. Such reports were formerly issued to cover a period of twenty-four hours, which time was gradually extended. They are today issued for a period covering the succeeding thirty-six hours, and when the conditions are well defined the forecasts cover a period of two and three days. The forecasts, as issued by the Weather Bureau, are verified in from eighty-four per cent to ninety per cent per annum.

The weather probabilities (Weather Bureau forecasts) depend upon astronomical configuration, upon the solution of complicated problems, in which the topography and rotation of the earth, the moisture of the air, and the solar heat, are the principal factors.

The forecast reports of the Weather Bureau, obtained by telegraph, are based upon current conditions from the section of country influencing the weather in the section to be forecasted for. The word "forecast," as used by the Weather Bureau, means that the conditions are such as to indicate that the weather will be as is stated. The forecast is in no sense a prophesy as that word is usually and technically understood. The Bureau issues forecasts based on the current weather conditions. By study, observation and experience the forecast official knows that usually certain conditions produce certain results. These the forecaster prepares in plain, terse language, and they are then issued to the public.

AFTER THE STORM. *R. J. Waters photo.*

The movements of the atmosphere on the Pacific Slope are irregular and erratic, although there are two that are well defined: First, the low areas of barometric pressure, or light air, which has a winter movement eastward over Washington, and a summer movement eastward some five hundred miles north of Washington in the British possessions. Second, the area of high pressure, or heavy air, flowing westward and southwestward, in the winter, from the immense areas of high pressure that move southward from the Arctic regions over Montana and the Dakotas, thence southeastward and eastward; or the summer type of areas of high pressure moving from the ocean on the southwest of California, thence northerly along the coast to British Columbia, from whence they move eastward over Washington, or at times disappear. The movements of these areas are comparatively easily followed, and very accurate forecasts are thereby made. It is the erratic and sudden movement of storms that causes trouble for the forecaster.

Observations are made of the barometer, the thermometer, the hygrometer, the direction and velocity of the wind, the kind and amount of clouds, the precipitation and state of the weather at 5:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Pacific time, at all stations. These observations are immediately enciphered and filed at the telegraph office for transmission to the local station, their final destination being Washington City. At the various centers throughout the country these cipher reports are collected for the use of the local forecast official. Such information, coming from the network of stations throughout the country and in the central office within one hour of the observations being taken, is immediately entered upon a chart. The forecast official has then a photograph, as it were, of the weather conditions prevailing. He must have a thorough knowledge of the country, its peculiar climates, the effect of the mountain ranges, the various conditions prevailing, to enable him, from the data at hand, to deduce the probable weather. He must know the usual course of storms in his section, he must know the meaning of every change in the barometric pressure, the meaning of the change in the direction of the wind, to enable him to forecast the probable course of storms.

Storms affecting the weather on the Pacific Slope, as a rule, appear first over the northwestern portion of the Washington Coast. The motion of the earth causes them to have an easterly movement, and they move eastward if not retarded or deflected from their course by the presence of an area of high pressure over the British Northwest Territory to the north of Montana and the Dakotas.

The storms that strike our shores about Vancouver Island move along the course of the Japan Gulf current. This current cools as it advances southward, and its influence over the storm becomes less and less. The motion of the earth constantly exerts its influence, which becomes greater as the storm advances southward; and, from the lessening of the one influence, the increasing influence of the other naturally causes the storms to strike land, as they do, about Vancouver Island. The storm, in its movement across the ocean, meets with no obstacle. Its energy and force is being constantly increased, and the first barrier which it meets is the mountain ranges, which cause a contraction in the area of the storm which, with its contracted area and enhanced energy, moves across the mountains, precipitating the major portion of its moisture on the westerly side of the mountains.

The storm, crossing the mountains, continues eastward or southeastward, withdrawing the disturbing influences from the weather of the Pacific Slope. Storms of this nature seldom produce rainfall in California, or, if any, only in the extreme northern portion. Rain, however,

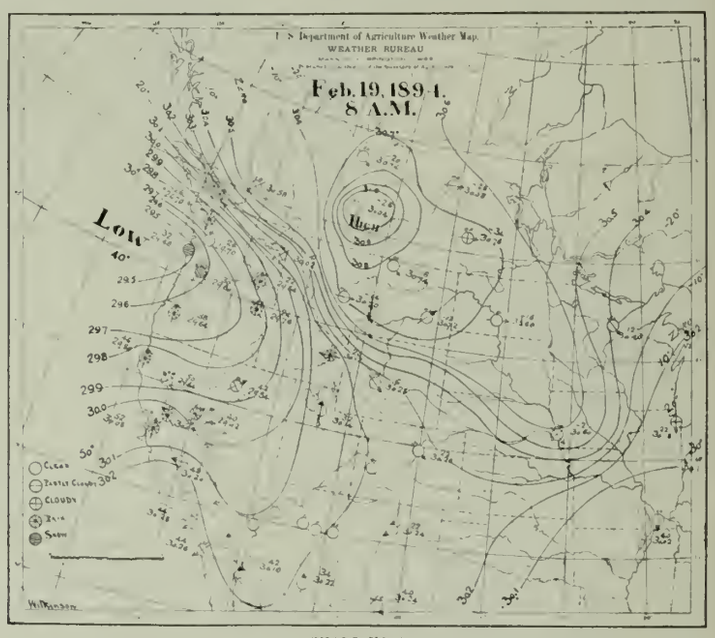


CHART NO. 1.

falls over Washington and the greater portion of Oregon from its passage eastward, more particularly in the summer season, the late spring or early autumn, than in the winter months.

The second storm conditions are those whose easterly path is filled in by an area of high barometric pressure to the north of Montana. It requires considerable energy for the storm to cross the mountains and continue its identity; but, in addition thereto, should the storm meet this barrier in the form of an area of high pressure, its eastward movement is at once checked. The motion of the earth's force is eastward. The storm's energy must be expended. The mountain ranges retard it. The high pressure exerts a power over the storm opposite to the effect of the eastward movement obtained by the rotation of the earth, and the result is that the storm is forced southward, following closely the coast lines of Washington and Oregon. These storms move southward usually only as far as the Columbia River, but, at times, as far south as Cape Mendocino. From storms of this nature the rains are general and heavy over northern California, and at times general over southern California. After its southern deflection it again moves northward, and finally crosses the mountains, continuing eastward.

There is a third type of storms on the Pacific Slope, more rare than the former two, but more general in

CHART NO. 2.

their effect. These are the storms which are deflected southward, taking an inward course, and which move

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

THE CACTI OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THERE is something wonderfully fascinating in the cultivation of the cactus plant, and the enthusiast regards every new variety with a feeling of delight. He even gazes on the patches of common *tuna*, so plentiful on the wild lands of Southern California, with pleasure, and listens in horror to the exclamation still occasionally heard, "Humph! more sage-brush and cactus."

It has become a fad to tame these children of the sand and sun; to make them bear their gorgeous blossoms amid the luxuriance of the garden, though even here they are given a bed to themselves; and no hotel grounds or extensive private park is considered complete without its cactus bed, where the prickly giant of the desert and the spiny "barrel" cactus of the Needles' plains rise grimly above the flat lobes or crooked limbs of the *Opuntia*, the hoary head of the *Pilocereus Senilis*, or "old man" cactus, the prickly globes of the *Echinopsis*, or "hedge-hog" cactus, and others of the many peculiar and grotesque plants embraced in this family.

When it is known that there are over seven hundred varieties of cacti—not all of which, however, are indigenous to California—it will be seen how utterly impossible it is in a single article to enumerate even the classes of this extensive family. One Los Angeles firm makes a specialty of handling these plants, and keeps collectors constantly searching throughout the entire Southwest for new and rare specimens.

Many flower-lovers are unaware that the beautiful *Cereus Grandiflorus*, or night-blooming cereus, belongs to the family of cacti, or that it is of the same genus as the *Cereus Giganteus*, or giant cactus; yet it is so.

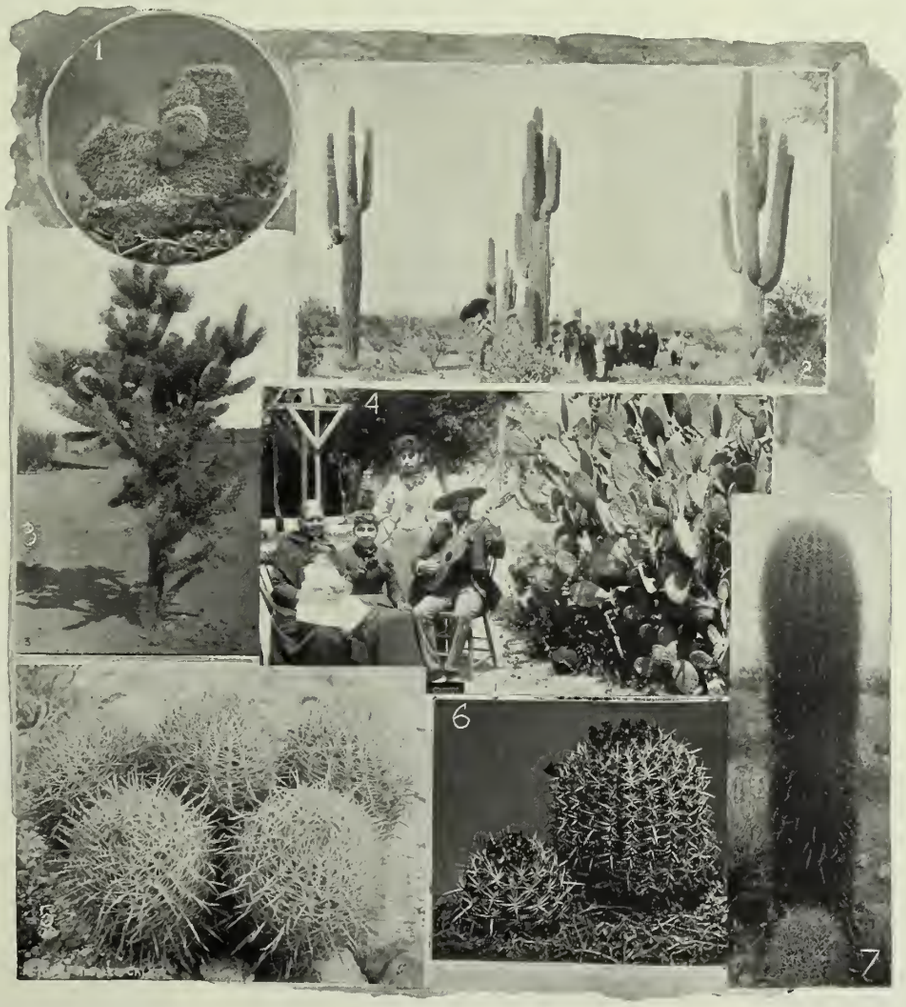
The giant cactus is familiar to every one who has crossed the Territory of Arizona, where thousands of them stand like an army of bristling giants guarding the sands that give them life, some of them attaining a height of sixty feet.

A variety of the *Echinocactus*, commonly called the "barrel" cactus, is found near the town of Needles, and presents an imposing appearance, as its convoluted body and regular longitudinal rows of spines make it quite a noticeable object. In a garden of East Los Angeles may be seen one of these thrifty plants which is nearly twelve feet in height.

A rather ludicrous scene is witnessed almost daily on the overland trains during the fruiting season of the *tuna*. Dense patches of this plant with its thick paddle-shaped lobes cover the uncultivated lands of Southern California. In May these patches are brilliant and beautiful with flowers that shade from the deepest carmine to the faintest pink, and from a vivid orange to a delicate canary. The bloom dies, and a small, round, green bulb appears, which gradually turns to a dusky purple in hue. This is the fruit, and the appearance it presents is inviting in the extreme. It allures but to wound the unwary, for the glossy, purple skin is covered with almost imperceptible barbed points. The tourist gazes on the tempting and abundant fruitage, and yields to the temptation. Cautiously he approaches the spot, avoiding the threatening spines so plainly visible on all sides of the leaves. Carefully he reaches over and detaches one of the innocent-looking globules, at the same time giving vent to an exclamation of pain as he hastily grasps the fruit in his other hand to examine the injuries in the fingers that plucked it, never for an instant thinking that the prickers are from it. He becomes almost instantly aware that they are, and the pear is dropped, to be picked up on a stick for further investigation, and, thereafter, the rest of the journey is devoted to removing the painful points.

In one instance, the desire to taste "California fruit" was so intense that time was not taken to investigate the fingers; but the tourist, a tall, raw-boned specimen with a twang to his talk, took a huge bite from the luscious-looking fruit. To this day he does not know the flavor of a *tuna*, but declares he has not yet succeeded in removing all the points from his lips.

It is a singular thing that the skin of many animals seems impervious to the spines of the common cactus, and a variety of rabbit, resembling the cottontail, but large and more delicious eating, known as the cactus rabbit, takes its name from the fact that its home is in the densest of the cactus patches. It feeds on the succulent plant, and runs through the prickly mass, where it is safe from pursuit, even if mortally wounded. In seasons of scarcity of food, the coyote subsists on the leaves of this cactus, and other wild animals sometimes find meat and drink in these juicy plants.



1. Mammillaria Phelospema (Pin Cushion). 2. Cereus Giganteus (Sahuara). 3. Opuntia Aboresceus (Satan's Club). 4. Opuntia Ficus Indicus (Prickly Pear). 5. Echinocactus Wislizeni (Nail Keg). 6. Echinocactus Emoryi (Nigger Head). 7. Cereus Giganteus, young (Sahuara).

In the broad valleys and deep canyons may be found many peculiar specimens of the cactus family, while high on the rugged mountains, where little else finds earth enough for sustenance, some varieties of cacti flourish. In the crevasses of fallen walls it secures a foothold, and even among the tiles of half-ruined buildings the *tuna* will send out its defiant shoots and brave time and storm alike.

In some of the sparsely settled, non-productive sections the *tuna* is extensively used as food for stock. It is first partially burned to remove the spines, and then chopped fine, making excellent feed, which the cattle relish greatly. The variety known as the "prickly pear" grows to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an impenetrable barrier. In the old mission days it was planted for fencing, and at some of the old missions these high, impassable fences may still be seen in all their spiny strength. The fruit is greatly relished by some people, and the Mexicans make a delicious jelly from it. When ripe it is about the size of a large lemon and light green in color, being, like the fruit of the common *tuna*, covered with fine brittle points which are very painful if they penetrate the skin. If, however, the pears are secured on a pointed stick, and held for a second in the flame of a match or fire, they can be handled with ease.

All travelers through Southern California are familiar with the *cholla*, or snake cactus, and the peculiarity it manifests in its desert home of seeming to spring toward an approaching enemy. Many persons have been stung with the spines of this aggressive plant when they considered themselves at a safe distance from it.

In the spring the *cholla* is certainly a "thing of beauty." Its slender, many jointed stalks are a delicate green in color, and its spines are very thick and so white that it looks as if covered with a soft sprinkling of snow. As spring wanes and its yellow blossoms fade, it becomes jagged and ugly, with nothing to mask its malice or its weapons. As it grows old the fiber becomes hard, porous and woody, and handsome canes are sometimes made from it.

The mass of prickly globes shown in the illustration belong to the *Echinocactus Le Contei*. This variety is common near the Colorado River, though it rarely grows in groups, the plants usually being entirely separate. The spines are particularly long and wavy, and the flowers are quite large and of a pale lemon color.

Another variety found in this region is the *Echinocereus Candicans*, commonly called the rainbow cactus, on account of the brilliant coloring of its spines, which range from a pure white to a deep crimson. The flowers are large, profuse and of a beautiful crimson hue, the plant itself being of a globose form. The species having slender, triangular stems, frequently seen in gardens and hot-houses, and cherished on account of the beauty of its brilliant red blossoms, is not a native of California.

There is quite as much difference in the size, shape, manner of growth and coloring of the spines as in the plant itself, and it is this fact which makes many of the varieties valuable as ornamental plants even apart from their beautiful flowers. In the bloom of the cacti a great diversity is also noticeable, both in shape and coloring, as well as the way in which the blossom is attached to the plant. Many small globose plants bear large, flat blossoms with a tube or stem several inches in length; again, the flowers are cup shaped, and appear to grow directly out from the plant itself. The color of the bloom is either very brilliant and gorgeous or most delicate in hue, and, while many of them have no perfume whatever, other varieties are very fragrant; indeed, the odor of some species is so heavily sweet that it is unendurable in a closed room.

From some varieties, particularly the *Opuntia Tuna*, a very vivid carmine pigment is obtained. One of the most important exports from Mexico is the cochineal insect, which has its home on the *Opuntia Cochinellifera*, a variety of cactus which grows very readily in Southern California, though the cochineal bugs thrive quite as well on other plants of the same genus.

All cacti are not spiny, being analogous to other varieties only in form, growth or bloom.

THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY, B. A., LL. B.

According to their own traditions, the Maoris (pronounced *Mowries*) came in large canoes to the north island of New Zealand from an island in the South Sea called Hawaiiki. The probable date to be assigned to their immigration is 1400 A. D.

They are said to be slowly approaching extinction; and, in support of this, it is stated that, while in 1820 they numbered 100,000, in 1874 they had decreased to 46,016, and in 1882 to 42,819. There are twenty principal tribes, of which the Ngapuhi and the Waikatos are the two strongest.

Physically the Maoris are a fine aboriginal race. They are of medium height, and are well formed, their

CHIEF IN FLAX MAT HOLDING GREENSTONE CLUB.

bodies and arms being longer than those of the average European, while their legs are shorter. As carriers of heavy burdens they are superior to the whites; but in endurance they fall short of them. The skin varies in color from a reddish-brown to a dark-olive. The hair is black or brown, and sometimes has even a reddish tinge. The expression is pleasant; and the girls often have fine eyes and regular teeth of remarkable white-

MAORI CHIEFTAINESS.

ness. The young women are frequently quite pretty; but, as they grow old, they become decidedly plain, not to say ugly. Tattooing, once universal among the men, is dying out, though even in Auckland one occasionally sees an old man whose face is deeply furrowed with tattoo lines. Women rarely have more than a few lines on the chin and around the mouth. In earlier times the tattooing of the men was of great importance,

MAORI CARVING.

and the patterns were exceedingly elaborate and intricate. The most ornate designs were found only on the bodies of men of rank, and the higher a man's distinction the more he was tattooed. The coloring was effected by the use of a red earth, the juice of a tree and charcoal, the implements used in the work being knives and chisels of bone or wood driven into the flesh with

MAORI WOMAN.

wooden mallets. The pain must have been very great, but it was borne without flinching. During the entire operation, which might extend over weeks, the subject was *tapu* or impure; and, had he not been carefully tended by the women of his family, would have died from starvation.

The Maoris are clever designers and carvers; and the fronts of their *whares* or houses are often elaborately ornamented, as were also the stems and sterns of their great war canoes. Their greenstone clubs were also very cleverly fashioned and gracefully curved.

During my fifteen-months' residence in Maori-land I had no occasion to acquire the native language, but most Europeans who live long in the country districts are able to use it with some fluency. It is akin to the dialects of the South Sea Islanders, and is so much like the Hawaiian tongue that a Maori and a Hawaiian can converse. The written language was formulated by the missionaries, and the bible and other books were translated by them into Maori.

Many Maori girls have married Englishmen; and I have met a full-blooded Maori lady, whom, except for the darkness of her complexion, one would have scarcely known not to be an Englishwoman. Like the members of many native races, the Maoris are great talkers, and possess incredible memories in regard to poetical legends and romances. In early times they were cannibals, but they did not eat human flesh from the want of other food or as a matter of daily habit, but only after great fights, and under the excitement and flush of victory.

In matters of dress they much resemble other aboriginals, being very fond of finery on great occasions, but laying it aside readily for their native costume. A Maori usually possesses a complete outfit of "store clothes;" and the women, when they go to church, or are visited by the "pakeha," adorn themselves with clocked stockings, silk skirts and embroidered petticoats. Ordinarily, a Maori girl or woman wears a print skirt and waist and a straw hat. The daughter of a *rangatira* or gentleman is usually educated at a mission school, and can speak and write both English and Maori. She has also an elementary knowledge of arithmetic, geography, and, perhaps, also of drawing. At the mission school she learns the European fashions, and occasionally decks herself in very fine feathers. As a girl she is free to accept all the admirers she can attract, but after marriage she is strictly guarded, and is generally entirely faithful to her husband.

MAORI KING TAWHAIO.

There are of course many half-breeds, but they do not seem to possess any strongly marked character, except that they are perhaps more indolent than either

of their parents. The women of mixed parentage are sometimes really beautiful, and, when well educated at Australian or English schools, are very attractive. Intermarriages between European men and Maori women—for this is the form intermarriages usually take—are not by any means regarded with the feelings of dislike that prevail in the East or in the United States against the union of whites with people of color.

In his uncivilized condition the Maori wears simply a breech-clout and a cloak made from the fiber of the *phormium* or New Zealand flax. The mat, blanket or cloak is often beautifully woven, and adorned with patterns and fringes of various colors. Those into which the feathers of birds, especially of the *kiwi*, are woven are the most elaborate, and are much prized. Even a rough mat takes half a year to make, and a *kiwi* robe might occupy several women two or three years. In early days the skins of the native dogs were also preserved and used for garments.

CURIOUS HABITS OF SOME INSECTS.

MISS BERTHA F. HERRICK.

One of the beetles most friendly to man is the sexton or burying beetle, which inters small dead animals such as frogs, mice, gophers and birds. These creatures are characterized by their shining black bodies about an inch in length, their truncated elytra or wing cases, their knobbed, orange-colored antennæ, and their stout legs and shield-shaped heads, the two latter serving the purposes of a spade and plow. Their method of procedure is unique and interesting. If the body lies on hard ground it is first dragged to softer soil, and, if of unusual size, several attack it together. A series of furrows is dug below and around the object, which presently begins to sink with its own weight, being assisted in its descent by vigorous pulls and pushes from the queer little grave-diggers. After many hours of hard work the task is finally accomplished and the earth neatly thrown back into the hole.

Another useful insect is the "sparkler," or tiger beetle, which keeps down hurtful crawling things. Clad in a metallic suit of mail, and furnished with strong jaws as well as with prominent eyes which can see in every direction, fierce and relentless in character, it is indeed the terror of its helpless victims. The larvæ, which are equally ferocious, live in holes in the ground.

Rove beetles, or "devil's coach horses," are common upon heaps of rubbish, their favorite food being mushrooms. They are sometimes known as "cocktails," from their curious habit of curling up the end of the abdomen when resting after flight, the trick being a provision of nature to assist in folding and tucking the large wings beneath the tiny elytra.

The June-bug, or cockchafer, is related to the sacred *Scarabaeus* of ancient Egypt, specimens of which were placed in the cases of mummies and carved in stone and precious jewels. They are clumsy, thick-bodied creatures with wing cases striped with white and fawn color, and short antennæ ending in several leaflets which open and shut. Although the grubs lie hidden in the ground for two or three years, the perfect insect lives but seven or eight days, and in both stages is very destructive, either to roots and grass or to the leaves of trees. Chickens and wild birds find in them a dainty morsel, especially for an early breakfast, as the cockchafer is mostly nocturnal in its habits.

Snapping bugs are readily known by the curious spring on the under side of the thorax, which is a sort of compensation for their extremely short legs; for by means of this contrivance they are able to jump to a distance of ten or twelve times their own length and right themselves when fallen upon their backs. The larvæ are called wire worms, and subsist on the roots of such plants as the forget-me-not. The largest species is about an inch and a half in length, and has two great eye-like spots on the thorax.

Lady-bugs are invaluable to the horticulturist, as their grubs feed greedily upon the swarms of aphids, or plant lice, which infest nearly every garden.

There are several kinds of aquatic beetles, the most conspicuous being the oval, flat-bodied divers, which fly from pond to pond, feeding on tadpoles and small fish. They breathe by means of spiracles beneath the elytra, and are provided with strong posterior legs, which serve as oars in swimming. The "whirligigs" may be seen circling in groups upon the surface of the water, their telescopic eyes ever on the watch for prey.

The dragon-fly, or "devil's darning-needle," has been aptly termed the shark of the air on account of its cruelty and bloodthirstiness. It haunts the vicinity of creeks and brooks, devouring immense numbers of gnats and mosquitoes, aided in their pursuit by its large compound eyes and gaping mouth. Their larvæ, which are also carnivorous, remain for nearly a year beneath the water gratifying their abnormal appetites. What may be termed the lower lip is capable of being protruded to the distance of nearly an inch, rendering escape on the part of the victim almost impossible.

1. June-bug. 2. Common Ground Beetle. 3. Water Beetle. 4. Rove Beetle. 5. Tiger Beetle. 6. Dragon Fly. 7. Burying Beetle. 8. Snapping Bug. 9. May Beetle. 10. Giant Water Beetle. 11. Bug. 12. Spring Beetle. 13. Lady-bug. 14. Capricorn.

Somewhat resembling the dragon-fly is an insect familiarly known in its crawling stage as the "ant-lion." This is an ugly, clumsy creature with a small roundish body and a flat head provided with six minute eyes on either side. By means of a series of curious backward movements it digs a conical trap or pitfall a couple of inches in diameter and of about an equal depth, ensconcing itself snugly in the loose sand at the bottom, with only its eyes and deadly nippers visible. Presently along comes some unsophisticated ant in which the bump of curiosity is largely developed, and, peering inquisitively over the crumbling edge, it is precipitated without ceremony into the very jaws of the foe.

Equally curious are the habits of the caddis-fly, though it is neither sly nor vicious. The larvæ are much prized for bait by fishermen, and, having wise heads on their small shoulders, they try to outwit them by building themselves portable houses of little pebbles, sticks and straws, cementing them together in tubular form and leaving only the head and legs exposed to view. Then, with a firm grip on the extremity of the interior they scuttle along the creek bed, dragging their neat little dwellings after them, very much after the fashion of the hermit or soldier crab of the seacoast, shooting in backward when alarmed. On approaching the chrysalis state they spin a strong grating over the entrance, and in due time come forth hairy winged flies, bidding defiance to both fish and fishermen.

WEATHER FORECASTING.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

along the line of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Storms of this nature produce snow in the mountains, and rain elsewhere throughout the State. Storms of this nature pass southward over Arizona, and are usually followed by what is termed "cold north wind," and by fair weather. The telegraphic reports show us the location of the storm, and its probable movement and results; and from these the forecasts are made. No two storms are exactly alike, though they may have similar characteristics. It is from the general appearance of the storm, its varying movements and effects, that it is possible, with a knowledge of former conditions, to deduce the forecasts. One storm may carry a greater amount of moisture than another, or a higher temperature; and its barometric depression, hence its radient, may be greater. These are all factors to influence or control the storm.

Herewith are two charts showing, in No. 1 (February 19, 1894), the weather conditions which prevailed at 5:00 A. M. of that date, and which illustrate typical rain conditions. No. 2 (morning of April 2, 1894) illustrates typical fair-weather conditions for California. The symbols at the stations are explained on the charts. The arrow flies with the wind. The figures at the stations show, first, the temperature. When the temperature figures are preceded by the minus sign it indicates that the temperature is below zero. The four figures under the temperature figures are the barometric readings. The word "high" indicates the location of the highest barometric pressure, *i. e.*, heaviest air; the word "low," the lowest pressure, *i. e.*, lightest air.

In chart No. 1 the "low" first appeared or developed off the northwest coast of Washington. Its eastern progress was checked by the very high pressure to the north of Montana, and by the latter forced southward along the coast of Washington and Oregon. The trend of the isobars shows that the storm moved southeastward to Nevada, thence southward to Arizona. It is here that the intelligence of the forecast official comes in. He must deduce the rate of movement of the storm, what opposing force the "high" will exert, to enable him to forecast the energy and duration of the storm. He must be able to determine how much of the "high" will flow southwestward and influence the weather and temperature conditions to follow the storm. The mountain ranges make the movements of the storm area, the "low," very uncertain. A rapid movement will clear the weather earlier than a slower movement. This storm was four days in passing to the southeastward, and was followed by fair, colder and frosty weather. It gave general rain to California, and snow and rain in surrounding States.

Chart No. 2 contains typical fair-weather conditions for California. The "high" pressure first appeared off the southwestern California coast. At the same time the "low" appeared over British Columbia. There was no impediment to the natural eastward movement of the "low," and the appearance in the south of the "high" facilitated the northern path and eastward movement of the "low." The "low," in its passage eastward, gave general rain to Washington and Oregon and extreme northern California. The northward movement, along the coast, of the "high," cleared the weather over northern California, and during the day of April 2d cleared the weather over Oregon and Washington. The appearance of the "high" over California gave cooler weather which, with the northward movement and its position in the north on the day following, gave fair, warmer weather to California.

SIDE LINES

TALES TOLD BETWEEN STATIONS

I was trying to find the man who had promised to paint my front stoop. At the shop they told me he had started on a job in Hester Street, so to Hester Street I went. The house the man was painting stood in an alley where humanity swarmed.

As I threaded my way through its humming midst, I heard a voice call, "Mulligan!" It seemed to come from a window above me, and immediately after I heard a woman remark to another woman: "The craythur! She's away lookin' for Mulligan again. Sure, her heart's broke with him!"

A moment later I had found my painter. He was saying to another painter: "Which brush do you mean? Mebbe Mulligan took it."

"Was he round here? Then he's got it, sure enough," said the other, resignedly.

At this juncture a mason came out of the basement, trowel in hand, "Did Mulligan fetch my tin pail out here?"

"Had it at the hydrant ten minutes ago."

"Well, say, why didn't you take it away from him? The good-for-nothing tough! He won't fetch it back, an' see how I'm fixed!"

I here endeavored to attract my painter's attention to the job I wished him to undertake. He listened with a wandering smile, due to the fact that the other two were engaged in discussing further instances of Mulligan's reckless depravity.

I was filled with wonder as to who or what Mulligan might be, and whence came the secret of his impressive individuality. Suddenly one of the men exclaimed, "There he is, by Joe!"

A chorus greeted him.

"Hey, Mulligan, you're goin' to catch it! Where's my brush? Where's Cooney's tin pail? They're hollering for you all through Hester Street."

Mulligan advanced with dignity, threw the tin pail at Cooney, and passed on. Mulligan was a baby three years old.

A west-bound train had just pulled out of the union station at Albany (says the *Express*), and the conductor was harvesting tickets. All the seats were taken, and several passengers were obliged to stand up. Among the latter was a diffident-looking, mild-mannered man, who refused to give up a ticket.

"When I get a seat, you get a ticket," he remarked mildly but firmly. "You are probably aware that the company cannot collect fares from passengers whom it does not provide with seats."

"O, come now, that don't go. I want your ticket, see?" Thus spoke the conductor.

"No seat, no ticket," laconically observed the passenger.

"We'll see about that," growled the conductor, who hustled around and finally found a brother conductor who was going up the road a way, whom he induced to give up his seat to the mildly firm passenger. "There's a seat for you; now give me that ticket," said the conductor, in a ferocious tone.

"Certainly, here it is." And the mild but firm passenger handed out a pass good to Chicago.

A certain Justice of the Peace from the State of Iowa having arrived, previous to a trial, at a conclusion upon a question of law highly satisfactory to himself, refused to entertain an argument by the opposing counsel.

"If your Honor please," counsel pleaded, "I should like to cite a few authorities upon the point."

Here he was sharply interrupted by the Justice, who stated: "The Court knows the law, and is thoroughly advised in the premises, and has given its opinion, and that settles it."

"It was not," continued counsel, "with an idea of convincing your Honor that you are wrong, but I should like to show you what a damn fool Blackstone was."

Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," desired, says the *Chicago Post*, to be supposed to be always on the most familiar terms with people of eminence. One day a brother barrister, who knew this peculiarity of his, called at his chambers, and in the course of conversation Warren could not help remarking that he was invited to dine with the Lord Chancellor that evening.

"That's capital," said his friend, "for so am I. So we shall meet there."

Warren looked a little put out. "But I am sorry to say I am not able to go," he said.

"Really? I am sorry for that, and so will be the Chancellor. I'll tell him."

After a little more talk the visitor rose to go.

"Don't trouble," said Warren, "to say anything about me to his Lordship to-night."

"It will be no trouble. I shall only tell him how sorry you are. Why not?"

"Well, the fact is," said Warren, with a flush, "I was not invited."

"No more," replied the other, with a smile, "was I."

On one occasion Tom Marshall, the brilliant Kentucky lawyer, was greatly provoked by a ruling of the Court, styling it a most infamous decision.

"I fine you fifty dollars," snapped the Court.

"Your Honor, I haven't the money," said Marshall.

"Borrow it from some of your friends," returned the Judge.

"Well, your Honor," replied Marshall, "I consider you one of my best friends. Lend me fifty dollars."

The Judge turned to the Clerk and in a serious tone commanded: "Clerk, remit that fine; the State can lose it better than I can."

Although American gentlemen have the reputation in Europe of allowing the female members of their families to do much as they please, they have not the name of possessing the quality which Frenchmen call gallantry. They are not makers of compliments.

In support of this view, a story told by an English-speaking guide in the Alps is repeated. The guide was conducting, through various points of interest in the mountains, an elderly American and his somewhat querulous and fault-finding wife.

In this direction," said the guide, "there is a most remarkable echo, which repeats clearly five times every word that is shouted. Shall I show it to you?"

"Well, I guess not," said the old American. "I can't holler none myself, an' I git words enough from my wife without hearin' on 'em five times over!"

The Buffalo *Courier* tells a little story of a gentleman who lately got out of a difficult place with what may truly be called "neatness and dispatch."

He had called upon one of the homeliest women in the city, who not long before had had her portrait painted. The artist had done his work well from a friendly and social point of view, and the lady was correspondingly pleased. She was not so blind as not to see, however, that the picture was, as one might say, a little "idealized."

As she showed it to her caller, she said: "There, what do you think of it? Don't you think Mr. —— has rather flattered me?"

The gentleman looked at the picture, looked at the lady, and with an eloquent sigh answered: "Ah, my dear Mrs. ——, how could a painter sit in your company and not flatter you!"

An old man, with a shock of flaming red hair, tramped up the stairs of the Administration Building one day and asked to see Major Handy. He was escorted into the room where the famous promoter sat, twisting uneasily in his chair.

"Major Handy?"

"Yes, sir."

"I came up here from Nakomis, down the State, to see ye about a leetle scheme of mine and pap's."

"Well, what is it?"

"Ter make mince pies, and sell 'em in the Fair grounds."

"What! Mince pies in the summer-time?"

"Zactly. Why not?"

"They won't take, that's why."

"Yes, but pap and me has got a scheme to make 'em cooling and soothing, and ef yer'll give us a chance, and b'gosh, Major Handy,—we don't want this for nuthing,—we can make the thing a go, sure'n preaching."

"What do you want to pay for a privilege?"

"To sell pap's and my mince pies?"

"Yes."

"Reckon we could pay right handsome,—say $100.00 for the whole Fair."

Major Handy rolled out of his chair. A guard came in and escorted the man from Nakomis to the door. As he left the room he said: "Major, them pies is as good as you ever pushed inter yer face; and if pap is willing we'll make that bid $200, and keep the crumbs off yer grass."

An exchange says that a lady who was looking about in a bric-a-brac shop, with a view to purchasing something odd, noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter.

"What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired.

The salesman's reply was given in a subdued tone: "Worth about half a million, madam. It's the proprietor."

On board a Baltimore train pulling into Parkersburg was a man whose demeanor conveyed the impression that he was matter-of-fact all the way through. No foolishness,—no trifling with or in the every-day affairs of this busy old life.

"Mr. Conductor, what time do we get into Parkersburg?"

"Ten-twenty," replied the official, politely.

"Yes. Well, what time can I get a train on west?"

"Nine-twenty."

"To-morrow?"

"To-night."

"Conductor, don't take me for a fool because my beard grows the wrong way and my clo'es suggest whip-poor-wills and pennyroyal. I'm serious."

"So am I, good friend. You can make it all right."

"W-a-ll now, how?"

"Just keep your seat."

"And leave town an hour afore I get into it?"

"That's the idea, my good friend—"

"Look h'yer. You may be a good conductor, an' know all the stations, an' the spotters, an' know how to knock down forty per cent o' the receipts, but, when you claim to have a reversin' lever on the sun, you're off, decidedly off."

"But the time changes an hour at the river."

"Then at this rate, if I go to San Francisco, I'll get there some time last week. I guess I'll get off and wait till I catch up with myself."

A good story is told of a member of the House of Commons, who had been paying attention to a young lady for a long while, and had taken her to attend the House until she was well posted up in the rules. On the last day of the session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet of flowers, and said, "May I offer you my handful of flowers?" She replied promptly, "I move to amend by omitting all after the word hand." He blushingly accepted the amendment, and they at once adopted it unanimously.

CHARACTER STUDIES ON THE MIDWAY.

MARY O. STANTON.
(Author of a System of Practical and Scientific Physiognomy.)

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.)

THE youthful face here represented is that of August Fox, the youngest "spieler" in the world. This young orator announces to the public from his rostrum on the "Midway" the attractions of the ostrich farm. After his duties are over here, he "doubles up" and goes inside, where from the platform he discourses upon the natural history of that omnivorous and awkward bird, the ostrich. The facial development of this juvenile lecturer, touter and "spieler" discloses many talents, which, added to his thirst for printed information, will sometime carry him higher than lecturing on an ostrich farm.

His chief expressions are those of wit, mirth, good-nature and keenness. He is of German descent, and possesses the broad and strong head of that sturdy race.

The physiognomic signs most decided in his countenance are those of language, music, mirth, memory, friendship, love of children and pets, and reason.

Self-esteem, shown by length of upper lip, announces dignity, self-control and true independence. This lad will never descend to clownish fun, although the facial signs for wit and mirth are uncommonly developed. Other signs of character in his physiognomy are love of home and patriotism, thus evidencing his descent from a patriotic and home-loving ancestry.

AUGUST FOX.

The color sense is well defined, shown by his dark-brown eyes and hair and ruddy cheeks. Constructiveness is large, as are also conscientiousness and firmness. His chin is slightly dimpled, thus disclosing esthetic tastes, proven by his aptitude for music and oratory. This lad is an inveterate reader, and reads good matter when he can get it. He is industrious and ambitious,—both inherited traits. I predict for him a useful and honorable career in some artistic or literary pursuit, for which his present occupation will not prove at all detrimental.

Travelers whose credibility is not doubted confirm the observations which the scientific physiognomist makes from his standpoint; and in the portrait of Miss Ologa of Samoa the reader will find many if not most of the facial and bodily signs of development which are recognized as such by civilized society.

Inexact writers describe uncivilized races as "undeveloped," leading the reader to infer that these races are congenitally deficient. In many instances this is not correct, as the bodies and faces of many members of certain races thus designated prove. The observations of Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African explorer, on the heads of uncivilized races, apply with equal propriety to the faces of bodies of such races. He remarks thus: "There is no proper race-form of the cranium. The same measures of skull, the same types, whether of classified purity and beauty or of savage degradation, appear in individuals of all races. Tiedman has met with Germans whose skulls bore all the characteristics of the Negro race; and an inhabitant of Nukihana, Africa, according to Silesias and Blumenbach, agreed exactly in his proportions with the Apollo Belvedere." This testimony as to the shape of the skull may be emphasized by evidence equally emphatic in regard to the facial development as observed in uncivilized races, in which nearly as many grades of perfect as of imperfect development are seen among them as are found in civilized races.

In all of the most highly developed civilized races we find many individuals whose physiognomies indicate a very low grade of mental and moral power. These may be known by very small or very receding chins, thin lips, exposed gums, hollow cheeks, flat or depressed noses, narrow foreheads, small, expressionless eyes, etc. The bodily structure of these individuals discloses, in whole or in part, the same undeveloped condition; and individuals thus characterized are wanting in many traits and powers which we are apt to describe as "savage" or "undeveloped" when observed in uncivilized people.

The half-length portrait of Ologa discloses the face and body of a good representative of Samoa, now exhibiting at the Midwinter Fair. Every facial feature in this picture is superior to many observed in civilized races. The forehead reveals the signs for several practical faculties. The sense of locality is well indicated; form and size are large, arithmetical calculation shows average development, and memory of events is excellent. The outline of the nose is straight, indicating artistic tastes. The signs of imagination, construction, veneration and self-will are quite pronounced in this feature. The eyes denote a certain fluency in language. The right eye is slightly oblique, probably a reversion to some sly, deceitful ancestor. The upper lip discloses the signs for amativeness and love of children and pets very largely developed. The under lip denotes generosity and sympathy; the mouth shows musical talent. The signs for love of home and of country, in combination, prove that this is a character of most decided domestic proclivities. The chin shows the signs for firmness and conscience above the average, while the lower cheek discloses a normal condition of the digestive functions as well as its associated faculties or sentiments of hospitality, approbativeness, mirthfulness and bibativeness, or love of liquid foods. Of the bodily contours what may be said except that the shoulders, chest, bust, arms and waist of no corseted belle in civilization can surpass them.

This Samoan lady is in the full dress of her country, and it is *en regle* calling, carriage and reception costume combined; while "at home" she is attired in somewhat scantier drapery which does not at all interfere with her native ideas of physical culture.

In the fine arts of her race she is well trained. She sings in a melodious voice her native songs, as well as hymns which were taught her by the missionaries to that distant land. Her dances are unique and interesting, being mainly performed while sitting on the ground or upon a rug.

MISS OLOGA OF SAMOA. *Taber photos.*

Sheik Baraket, an Egyptian from Cairo, is one of the drawing attractions in the Oriental Village at the Midwinter Fair. This person is a curious mixture of shrewdness, sagacity, wit, mirth, avarice and superstition, with a substratum of Oriental science.

He tells one's fortune by astrology, by palmistry and by physiognomy, ingeniously mingled, and discloses the "past, present and future" to the great satisfaction of the true believers in the power of the occult and mysterious. For the insignificant sum of "four bits," coin of the realm, he will promise the woman, lucky enough to have been born under the influence of the planets Jupiter and Venus, four husbands,—two "Jupiter men" and two "Venus men." Jupiter, as all know, gives wealth, power and position, while Venus imparts love and the softer traits. He will in addition for this small sum predict an existence of seventy-nine years on this planet,—surely a sufficient length of time in which to enjoy the society of two Jupiter and two Venus men.

SHEIK BARAKET.

Sheik Baraket prophesies through an interpreter, who, I am inclined to think, robs his predictions of much of their attraction, as his manner of unraveling the complexities of the "past, present and future" is very spirited and earnest, and oft-times witty and mirthful.

The signs of character which are the most conspicuous in the countenance of Sheik Baraket are those of love of home, of country and of children. Mirthfulness, friendship and approbativeness are very pronounced. Cautiousness and arithmetical calculation are well defined, while strong self-will and large credenciveness and veneration are indicated. The latter faculties are always conspicuous in Oriental races.

The facial signs for human nature and intuition are highly developed, and form the basis of his power as a natural character reader. His general memory is excellent. His face discloses the capacity for saving, as well as that for acquisition. The color sense is highly developed; the dark color of his eyes, hair and complexion shows that he prefers the rich and vivid hues of the Orient. The deep color of his eyes and skin tells us that he is jealous, high-tempered and vindictive under provocation.

The imagination is active, and prescience, the faculty for foreseeing by premonition, is quite pronounced. Altogether the Sheik is an excellent specimen of the Oriental seer—well endowed by nature for this position.

In Orientals, as a rule, the eyes are large, round and convex. This is the facial sign for the supremacy of the muscular system, and it is also one sign for fluency in language. Again, the large, convex eye indicates the dominance of the emotional over the practical or reasoning powers. If we examine the eyes of all Oriental races we shall find that all of them possess relatively small bones and large muscles. We shall also find that they are all believers in grossly superstitious religions, the foundations of which are based on the marvelous, the miraculous, and, to the scientific and practical mind, impossible theories.

We find among these several peoples the predominance of the artistic over the scientific. Most of these people are excessively amative and even licentious, fond of pleasure, art and beauty, full of mystic imagination, and given to the use of charms and talismans, and firm believers in omens, incantations, lucky and unlucky days, and the power of the "evil eye."

With this class of minds *faith* is the crowning virtue, and the best believer, he who can believe the most improbable theories, is regarded as a saintly character.

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

An Italian savant has been declaring that the scent of flowers has a beneficial effect upon the human organism. Now comes medical testimony which goes far to establish the theory that the use of strong smelling salts is responsible for the prevalence of deafness among fashionable patients. An English authority states that the smelling of freshly cut flowers, and even in a less degree of extracts and other artificial perfumes, has a pronounced and immediate effect upon the voice. Patti says that she is afraid of sachet iris powder, Nilsson of violets or lilacs. The violet, tuberose, mimosa, lilac and hyacinth are flowers to be avoided by all singers who wish to keep in voice. For this reason the continental directors of operas forbid the presence of bouquets in the dressing-rooms, or the passing of "floral tributes" over the footlights. Some temperaments are seized with hay fever from smelling a rose. All this may go to substantiate Leo Kotler's theory that the mucous membrane of the throat is phonic, and that the voice does not proceed entirely from the larynx. This is something else over which doctors may disagree. But what a new and excellent argument for those vocalists whose attempts are not crowned with success! "There was a strong odor of violets in the house" will be sufficient excuse for a false note or a poor attack.

Hanging baskets are always popular, both for conservatories and for out-of-door effects. But, at best, they are very unsatisfactory. They no sooner reach a point where they delight the eye than they begin to decline. Either the roots of their plants have absorbed all the earth, and so lack nutriment, or they do not get sufficient water. Some cultivators of hanging baskets are in the habit of suspending them in a tub of water, and letting them absorb all the water necessary. But this method is not always easy or convenient. My experience with hanging baskets was never very satisfactory until I evolved the plan of inserting perforated pieces of tin, each rolled into a tube, far into the basket. One end reached the center, the other projected from the side or top of the basket. By filling the tubes with water, slowly and repeatedly, the roots of the plants in the hanging baskets were well watered.

The post of honor in this column belongs to the American flag. This month there are several facts which will rejoice the hearts of all patriotic Americans. The first relates to the flying of other flags than ours upon our public buildings. I quote from the *Cincinnati Tribune*.

"The General Assembly of New York has passed a bill prohibiting the use of any other flag than the American upon public buildings. This prohibition does not apply, of course, to State and municipal flags. The law was made necessary by reason of the repeated attempts on the part of foreign-born citizens in New York to have public buildings decorated with the colors of other countries on certain foreign holidays.

"The American flag is the only national flag that should float from public buildings and school-houses in this country, and it is the only one our people will tolerate. Let us have as many American flags as possible flying from our buildings. We cannot have too many. There is a lesson in every star and every stripe in every one of them, which all good citizens of foreign birth will be glad to learn and remember. There is but one flag for this country, and that is the American flag."

As to this question there can be but one opinion, and if our public press, instead of truckling to the ignorant foreigner, and pandering to his prejudices for the sake of his nickels, and his want ads, and his vote, would give us a little more of the same strain of lofty patriotism, it would be better for our country.

The next fact is, that the American flag was adopted, during the Harrison presidential campaign, as the party banner to lead the Republicans on to victory, through the happy inspiration of a Californian, and he a citizen of our city. To Colonel J. M. Litchfield belongs the honor of sending the California delegation to the Republican nominating convention, equipped with silk American flags. The idea flashed like prairie fire and swept all before it. A member of that committee, with more zeal than knowledge, started in to have the California bear printed upon the face of the flags! Imagine the emblem of the State to place itself upon the flag of the nation! This folly, innocently attempted, but treasonable in that it elevated the State above the nation, was promptly abandoned upon remonstrance from those who saw that it was not a sectional enthusiasm but a national uprising that was to be created. Some idea of the great success of the flag idea may be gathered from the fact that one Eastern firm dealing in flags sold *thirty-six thousand dozen flags* of all sizes during the three months of the campaign.

The New York *Sun* is authority for the statement that it cost Uncle Sam over a million men to place the American flag in the proud position it occupies among the nations of the earth. From figures embracing the killed and wounded in the different wars in which the United States has been engaged, it will be seen that Memorial Day is in honor of over a million men who have given up their lives or limbs in the defense of the flag.

There is, I am told, a law to prevent the defacement of the American flag. If so, why are not those who use the American flag for an advertising sign prosecuted to its fullest extent? Why is a brewery allowed to print its "best beer" upon a pictured representation of our flag? Here is work for the women connected with the Grand Army of the Republic. Let them rescue the flag from this desecration. At the Midway Plaisance in Chicago I saw a dirty savage with an American flag used as a skirt. You can see him, in the World's Fair Views, squatting with the flag around his loins. These pictures we are sending broadcast to advertise to other nations our national negligence, our shame in regard to our flag. It is now a crime even to print a pictured representation of a coin of the United States; but as for the flag,—is it because "There's nothing in it?" Shame upon our lawmakers and upon the officers of the law that they allow such outrages to go unpunished!

It has been suggested, by the *Examiner*, I believe, that the surplus from the Midwinter Fair could not be better employed than by the construction of an aquarium at Golden Gate Park. By all means let us have the aquarium. What child that ever spent a day at old Woodward's Gardens can ever forget the delights of wandering through that dank, half-dark aquarium, and looking at the fishes in the tanks! Let the one at Golden Gate Park be built on a scale large enough to admit the crowds who will be sure to throng it all day long. The exhibit of the State Board of Fisheries, if that be its official title, at the last Mechanics' Fair, was simply unapproachable except by long waiting and standing in line. It must be that people like to look at life and motion, as well as at what is truly beautiful, for the ugliest and most active fishes had the most admirers. At the World's Fair, the aquarium was on a grand scale. It we could have something similar at the Park, it would be, as the boys say, "simply immense." At the Columbian Exposition, the building was circular in form, and in the central hall was a large, open fountain in which every variety and size of fish was swimming about. They remind me of a merry-go-round with fishes instead of horses for steeds. A stone rim encircled the fountain, and one had to watch for a chance to sit there and rest a while, and try to let the fish slip through his hands. I'm bound to say people succeeded: the fish always slipped through. The walls of the central hall were adorned with allegorical friezes in high relief.

But the tanks themselves—O, the fishes, the cute and cunning fishes, the great, big, fat, clumsy fishes, the creeping, crawling crabs, the wriggling, squirming eels, the long, lank spider crabs, the broad, flat, grate-blower-shaped horseshoe crabs, the greedy hermit crabs, that say to the inmate of a shell they covet, "Come out of that, come into here," and forthwith proceed to devour the helpless crustacean.

The chief charm of any aquarium is that the exhibit is alive,—very much alive too; and, after looking at all there is there to see, I felt that I myself could distance the old geographers in drawing maps of the unknown quarters of the globe.

The visitors, too, are always as great a curiosity in their way as the fish are in theirs. The sightseers stare in at the fish, and the fish stare out at the sightseers. The eyes of each bulge out with mutual surprise. How those fish dart through the water, and push each other out of the way. How the people crowd and jostle each other!

"Do you think that the condition of working girls is better in San Francisco than in other large cities?" writes a correspondent. They get more pay in San Francisco. They are not driven so hard. They are a much healthier, happier-looking class than those in the East, as far as I have been able to observe. It also seems to me that they are much pleasanter to deal with, as a class, than the girls in the East. But it cannot be said that their employers are equal to some of the Eastern houses. For instance, let me quote from the *Woman's Journal*, of Boston, which, by the way, is my authority upon all subjects relating to women, and, let me remark in passing, that a better edited paper and one more comprehensive or covering a wider area, in regard to either facts or territory, it would be impossible to find.

The *Woman's Journal* says: "'The Fair,' a large business establishment in Chicago, has started a school for cash girls. This is the only store in the world in which such a school is held. School hours are from 8:00 to 10:00 A. M. daily, and the children attend in alternate relays. Three or four hundred cash girls are employed in the 'The Fair,' and the average daily school attendance is one hundred and fifty. The subjects taught are exactly those taught in the third, fourth and fifth grades in the public schools. 'We knew that little girls who come here to work at the age of fourteen or thereabouts could not have had much chance for an education; therefore we opened this school, said the assistant manager."

If any one does not believe that child slavery exists in America, let him read the paper upon this subject, or rather the symposium, in the *Arena* for June, where the child, the factory and the State, and child labor as an obstacle to industrial progress, are considered the arguments being based upon important data compiled and condensed from original sources. The census of 1880 gave the total number of wage-earning children in the United States at 1,118,258. Think of it, fathers and mothers! Then read that array of appalling facts and figures, and you will say with Victor Hugo: "He who has seen the misery of man only has seen nothing: he must see the misery of woman. He who has seen the misery of woman only has seen nothing: he must see the misery of childhood."

The American people need to be awakened to the crime of permitting sweating shops to exist, and be aroused to suppress the unholy attempts of manufacturers to make exorbitant profits by selling "cheap goods" which are the winding sheets of murdered lives.

A gold-cure establishment for the relief of women addicted to alcoholism has been started in Oakland by some of that city's representative women. They realize the difficulties that beset their path. The worst of a woman drunkard is that she generally indulges her vice in secret, and, before she is suspected of being even a moderate drinker, has become confirmed in the habit. All physicians agree that it is much more difficult to reform a woman drunkard than a man who drinks.

I have known cases where a sudden shock has reformed a woman who was almost continually under the influence of liquor. How do women become drunkards? First, because, whenever a girl does not feel as well as usual, some one advises her to take a drink of whisky or brandy—"Something to give her a little strength." Then she is taught to use Jamaica ginger, and some of the worst cases of drunkenness among women have originated in just such a dose of a household remedy.

Some girls, for the sake of being thought tremendously dashing, and being under the impression that it will make their eyes bright, drink cologne. They thus acquire the alcohol habit. There are women who become slaves to tea-chewing, which, by the way, is the worst thing for the nervous system that can be imagined. Others have been a slave to a fondness for strong vinegar.

The punch-bowl at young people's parties has not lost any of its deadly efficacy as a drunkard-maker; and if our matrons, instead of fighting over the *chaperon* question, would combine in a noble endeavor to banish the punch-bowl and its temptations from our young people's parties, some good might be done.

Eastern tourists often profess to be very much annoyed at the prevalence of metal money in California, and sigh for some of the paper currency to which they are accustomed. There is no denying that, as far as convenience is concerned, the currency has the advantage over the heavy metal. But, as a Californian exclaims: "I can't help it! I can't make those old rags seem like money! Beside, they are so filthy; they ought to be washed and ironed before they presume to show their faces in decent society." Scientists tell us that the scrapings from an old piece of paper money will kill animals in short order, and with definite symptoms of infectious and contagious diseases. Ah, well, give us our bright California gold, and we'll manage to worry along. By-the-way, when the Eastern tourist looks around and says, "We Easterners bring a great deal of money into your State. Without the tourist you could hardly get along certain seasons of the year," we thank him for his presence, and politely ask if he knows that, since the discovery of gold in 1848, California has given to the world over one billion three hundred millions of dollars Rather more than a fair exchange, isn't it?

There are always selfish people in the world; but it is not fair, neither does it betray any knowledge of human nature, to say that society alone is insincere, hollow-hearted, and always alive to its own interests. There be those who love front seats in the synagogue as well as those who love uppermost rooms at feasts. I have seen as much scheming, self-seeking and discourtesy in a church entertainment as I ever have seen at a dancing party. Good manners may be only the veneer upon punk, but I am inclined to think that they are more likely to be enduring polish upon solid material. The acquired manner, the false ease, the not-at-home air, always betrays itself, and very quickly too. When an act is the outward expression of the inward, the heartfelt desire to please, it is apt to be clad in graciousness. It may be uncouth, but it is more apt to be courteous. The old rhyme sings:

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

Whoever tries to attain to this perfection of action cannot go very far wrong, even though he may fold up his napkin after a banquet or wear a turn down-collar when he should wear a stand-up one.

We cannot expect that all women will be familiar with the Delsartean principles, or that they will submit themselves to a course of training, but what a relief it would be to have them learn to stand a little more gracefully, subordinating the vital to the mental. Or, in other words, if they would let their backbones support their bodies, instead of making recurved bows of their spines! But that is too much to ask of women whose ideas of physical perfection are inspired by the fashion-plate, and whose conception of anatomy and physiology is formed by the puff of a cosmetic or the advertisement of a patent medicine.

While the late industrial disturbance was at its height a number of capitalists were discussing the outlook. With one accord they seemed to regard the danger to their property as of more importance than the fate of the Government. Or, rather, in the rebellion against unjust conditions that surround the workingman, they seemed to find a desire to subvert all forms of government. "I tell you," said one man of money, "even if this strike ends without subverting the Government, I will never put another dollar into manufacturing interests." I wanted to ask him if he had done so before because he loved the workingman, or because he saw in manufactures a profitable investment for his money. But I refrained. The man had been a jurist of some repute, and yet he went on to say: "This Government is a failure if it cannot protect a man's property. Let it go to the dogs, and give us a strong man at the head of affairs. The time has come to justify Macaulay's prediction, that liberty must be destroyed to preserve civilization. This is the time. What we need in America is a czar!" Now, say I, if that be not treason, what was it? That man loved his money more than his country, and he wanted a government that would take care of his money for him. I should like to know if he were like so many of our rich men,—assessed at a tithe of his true wealth. Defraud the Government with one hand, extend the other to her for aid in times of trouble, and blow hot and cold with the same mouth. That's the type of our latter-day patriotism, the patriotism that turns traitor at the first hint of danger.

David Lubin, a merchant of Sacramento, is a patriot of another sort. In *Frank Leslie's Weekly* of July 5th there is a comprehensive and an apprehensive review of his life, his work, and his plan to lift the burden of taxation from the American farmer, who buys in the dearest market and is forced to sell in the cheapest. Liverpool sets the price of wheat for the world. If the price of wheat is a dollar a bushel in Liverpool, and the cost of transportation twenty cents, the farmer who sells twenty-five of his hundred bushels in Liverpool, and the other seventy-five in the United States, gets but eighty cents a bushel for all his wheat. Lubin says that the manufacturer in the United States is protected. He claims that therefore the Government, instead of piling up a surplus from taxation, should share with the exporter the cost of transportation, so that at an expenditure of $2.50 by the Government, or ten cents on each of the twenty-five bushels, wheat would be worth ninety cents a bushel, and the farmer would get ten dollars more for his hundred bushels of wheat than he can do now under the present system. Mr. Lubin, himself a farmer, cultivating from one thousand to fourteen hundred acres of wheat land, has devoted years to the evolution of this freight scheme, which has been favorably noticed by leading men and journals in every part of the country. This has been prosecuted by him at his own expense; but, because it is beyond the power of any one man to educate sixty millions of people, Governor Markham has written letters to the executives of every State and Territory on the subject, to gain their interest and thus to form a propaganda for this novel idea. David Lubin, of California, stands forth and cries, "Protection to agriculture must become the watchword of every patriot."

Eliza D. Keith.

(DI VERNON.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Yosemite and the Big Trees: What to See and How to See It," by J. M. Hutchings, is a neatly gotten up book of a hundred pages, elaborately illustrated with full information to travelers, and just such a pocket guide to the great valley as the traveling public has for some time demanded. Price fifty cents.

ITEMS, ETC.

The London, Chatham & Dover Railway traverses North and Mid-Kent, and, passing through Rochester, Chatham and Canterbury, reaches Dover, whence a service of mail steamers connects with Calais and Ostend. A magnificent service of boats carries the traveler to Holland, North Germany, Norway and Sweden. This is by far the quickest and best route to that portion of the continent. The London, Chatham & Dover line has also a branch running to the Crystal Palace and other parts of South London, and from Swanley Junction on the main line a branch runs to Sevenoaks, Maidstone and Ashford. Passengers to the continent have the privilege of breaking their journey at the most important points on the road, notably Rochester, Canterbury and Dover. Travelers needing information as to their route cannot do better than consult with Mr. A. Thorne, the company's American representative, who is always ready to devote his time to securing the comfort and facilitating the progress of the tourist. He may be found by addressing him at the Continental Manager's Department, Victoria Station, London.

Mr. F. S. Presbrey has resigned the Chief Clerkship of the Hotel Northern, Seattle, and has been succeeded by Mr. Fred S. Kersey, who has been working for the past year under Mr. Presbrey at the same hotel.

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

Much sickness has resulted in the past from the use of unfiltered water, and the introduction of perfectly filtered water has proved a blessing and a necessity. The Rapid Safety Filter Co., 1209 Market Street, place their filters in residences and business houses. They are ornamented and kept continually in good order. The charge is only $1.50 per month.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and tailor. Fall styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

DR. R. E. BUNKER, Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence No. 601 California Street, San Francisco.
Office hours 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Telephone 1800.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

A Gold Medal and Special Diploma Given to a Well-Known Toilet Article.

People who believe in the ability of San Franciscans to compete successfully with the representatives of any other State or nation will be glad to know that Wakelee & Co., the pioneer druggists of this city, have been awarded a gold medal and a special diploma for their exhibit at the Exposition. A special diploma, which is only awarded in recognition of extraordinary merit, was given to "Camelline," which attracted so much attention in the south end of the Manufactures Building. The various kinds of preparations for the complexion were displayed by the leading druggists and perfumers of the United States, England, Germany and France, but in all the points of competition—freedom from all injurious substances, efficiency in accomplishing the result desired by ladies, perfection in chemical combination, appearance and style—Camelline was pronounced superior to all.

"Camelline" was introduced by Wakelee & Co. fifteen years ago, with the sole idea of giving to the public a harmless and efficient preparation for the complexion. It attained first place in its line at once, and is now well known not only on the Pacific Coast but abroad.

The firm was also given a gold medal for the superior quality and general display of its California perfumes.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., No. 214 Kearny Street.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.
650 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

NEW GOLD.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each for the other's being, and no heed.
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That, one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.
And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Even so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied: and this is fate.

—*Susan M. Spalding.*

Waif from days of puffs and patches,
As it watts its hint of musk,
Eerie strains of glees and catches
Seem to echo through the dusk.
Powdered dames in satin shimmer,
Dashing gallants gay to scan,
In the ghostly twilight glimmer
As I wave Belinda's fan.

I can view the lusters flashing
Down the bright assembly-room;
I can hear the fountains plashing;
I can scent the soft perfume.
Scores of eyes are blithely beaming;
Let them beam as best they can;—
Who can match the azure-gleaming
Eyes behind Belinda's fan?

In the courtliest of dances,
Fancy limns the fair coquette,
Thrilling hearts with dimpled glances,
Gliding through the minuet.
I can see the beaux a-flutter;
I can read the plots they plan,
And the vows they long to utter,
Whispering o'er Belinda's fan.

Out amid the gusty porches
Stands Belinda's sedan chair;
Drowsy lackeys wait with torches
For the footsteps of the fair;
And the gallants, when the revel
Withers 'neath the morning's ban,
Wish the dawn were at the devil,
Bowing o'er Belinda's fan.

Never owned a monarch's scepter
Half such power for weal or woe;
Venus' girdle never kept her
Votaries in half the glow;
Circe's spells in magic spoken
Weakly pale and yield the van:
Think of all the gay hearts broken,—
Broken by Belinda's fan.

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

A ribbon spun of threads of gold,
It winds through undulating green;
Gray mists sleep in the hollows cold;
The ridges laugh in jeweled sheen;
Like roseate clouds the red buds glow;
And through the woodlands, tinged with hope,
The dogwood's stars, as pure as snow,
Shine in a happy horoscope.

The mocking-bird is happy there
In wild parabolas of song;
The oaks hang out their tassels fair,
And their glad-hearted blackbirds throng;
And when as soft as thistle-down
The dusk has fallen, cometh white
Sweet Hesper through the shadows brown
And scatters there the musk of night.

—*Ingram Crockett.*

ALONE.

This is the blessed chamber where
She used to be,
Who made each hour of worldly care
So glad to me.
Or near or far, while this one spot
Her presence blest,
Fear or defeat I knew them not,
But all was best.

So light the armor, yet so strong,
Her fingers knit,
I rode triumphant over wrong
Because of it.
Stripped, scourged, unhelped to onward fare,
God pity me!
Alone within the chamber where
She used to be.

—*Charles Eugene Banks.*

Her lips were uplifted,
She leaned on his vest;
Her head touched the button,
And— he did the rest.

—*Anon.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

Chas. Y. Lamb photo.

A venerable and pompous English Bishop was having his portrait painted by an eminent artist. After sitting steadily for an hour he breaks the monotony with a remark. "How are you getting along?" he inquired.

To the astonishment of the Bishop the knight of the palette, absorbed in his work, replied, "Move your head a little to the right and shut your mouth."

Not being accustomed to such a form of address, his lordship said, "May I ask why you address me in this manner?"

The artist, still absorbed in his work, said, "I want to take off a little of your cheek."

The Bishop collapsed.

Customer—It's no good, Isaacs. I tell you, for the tenth time, you haven't a coat in your shop to suit me. I don't want a plum-colored coat; I want a brown coat.

Isaacs—Mine friendt, I assure you, on the word of a shentleman, dis coat I hold in my hand will fade brown.

Mrs. Potts—I will give you something to eat if you will take this soap and give your face a good washing.

Hungry Higgins—Not much. I may be purty hungry, but thank the Lord I'm not starvin' yet.

Two Americans at the Savoy Hotel were speaking of a certain New York hotel.

"How is it getting on?" asked Yankee No. 1.

"Badly; the patronage has entirely dropped off," said No. 2.

"Bless my heart, you do surprise me. I thought it was a hotel without a rival."

"No, sir; it's a hotel without an arrival."

Sir Augustus Lackcash (to tailor)—My son tells me that you have allowed him to run a bill for three years. I have therefore come—

Tailor—"O, pray, Sir Augustus, there is no hurry."

Sir A. L.—I know that, and therefore I have come to tell you that in future I want to get my clothes from you too.

"Ah, a son, eh? You are a very young-looking father."

"Yes, sir; but it's a very young son."

"It's a good thing people are not treated nowadays as Ananias was for lying."

"Why?"

"Why? Why, if we were, Albert, nobody'd be left alive but you and me, and you'd be paralyzed."

Visitor—A mysterious affair occurred in Worcester last week, and I thought I'd call your attention to it so you could get a scoop on the rest of the editors.

City Editor—What is it?

Visitor—A prominent business man has suddenly disappeared with $75,000.

Editor—And his creditors are in the hole?

Visitor—No; he don't owe anybody anything. It was all his own money.

The following telegram, dispatched by a cattle-dealer at Hanover to a *confrere* at Magdeburg, is rather curious: "To-morrow all pigs to be at station. I expect you also. Am only coming to-morrow, as train takes no oxen. Market prices bad. Look out, as cattle is rising If you want oxen remember me."

MANY a disciple of Izaak Walton hails with delight the advent of his naval majesty, the deep-sea salmon, one of the shyest, gamiest and most spirited fish that swims.

In view of the fact that the salmon is now coming into the bay at Santa Cruz, it will not be amiss to say something about the splendid sport this fish afforded in this vicinity last year, and is as likely to afford to summer loiterers in our beautiful little seaside city the present season which is just opening.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney's recent articles in *Forest and Stream* attracted much attention from sportsmen all over the States, and it is certain that throngs of lovers of that fine sport, trolling for salmon, will hasten to Santa Cruz as soon as it becomes known that the little, silvery, wriggling sardine is plashing all over the surface of the bay, hard pressed by the close-following salmon.

The professionals of Monterey Bay have long known that salmon could be caught here by trolling with hand lines, but it was reserved for a certain lucky sportsman, whose name will some day be handed down to posterity, to land the first salmon in deep waters with a rod and reel; and last year these implements of the fishing craft came into general use.

Of the great catches made last year, Mr. J. Parker Whitney took over a ton with his own rod during one excursion. Mr. J. R. Chace, of the Pacific Ocean House, together with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor (ladies are by no means debarred from the sport), took into their boat twenty-three fish in one day, the total weight being two hundred and forty-six pounds. On the same day Mr. J. T. Sullivan, the genial host of the Sea Beach Hotel, took fourteen fish weighing, all told, forty-one pounds.

The fish begin to arrive at any time from the beginning of April to the beginning of June, their coming depending entirely upon the weather. Intending fishermen are recommended to bring their own outfits in the way of rods, lines, hooks, etc.

Intending visitors can get their outfits from Clabrough, Golcher & Co., 605 Market Street, San Francisco, or from local stores here, and do not require to spend more than seven dollars for what is required. The expert reel, carrying two hundred yards of number four line, or bass line, is much used for this sport just now. Fresh sardines make the best bait, but the fish take the spoon readily.

Fishing commences at four o'clock in the morning, and most people return at lunch time, but the cranks stay on till late in the evening.

Messrs. M. E. Murdoch and H. F. Emeric, Fish Commissioners, are enthusiastic over the sport in Santa Cruz, and those veteran fishermen, Josselyn Quay and Colonel Eddy, have already been here, and expect to make frequent visits during the salmon season.

The popular Seigler Springs, in Lake County, has thus far done a good business this season, and quite a number of guests are ensconced within its walls. Its altitude, temperature and dry atmosphere, coupled with the well-known efficacy of its springs, will always serve as a drawing card for this delightful retreat.

Among the Lake County resorts, Adams Springs is doing its share of the business. The two routes by which to reach it, one via Calistoga, and the other via Pieta on the Donahue road, place it in an independent position so far as the recent railroad trouble is concerned. Adams Springs has a goodly number of guests, and the outlook seems favorable for a continuous good season.

Harbin Springs, in Lake County, is enjoying a year of prosperity. Its location at the base of the Coast Range Mountains, completely walled in from the winds, makes it a very exclusive and delightful retreat. The waters of Harbin need no additional advertising beyond the invariable good words spoken for them by those who have had the privilege of their use.

Laurel Dell, that pretty little resort located on the Blue Lakes, has just changed the name of the particular lake it overlooks from Lower Blue Lake to Laurel Dell Lake. The name of this place is no misnomer, at least so far as the beauty and picturesqueness of the surroundings are concerned. It would be difficult to find a more delightful resort for a general outing, where one can indulge in all the sports within the outing calendar.

Duncan Springs, located only two miles from Hopland station on the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway, is the most accessible of any of the Mendocino County resorts. Its furnished cottages and cabins, coupled with various sources of amusements, and an unusually effective assortment of mineral springs, have gained for it a well-deserved popularity.

Bartlett Springs, in Lake County, is doing much better this year than last. The character and extent of its accommodations are almost without limit. The Bartlett Mineral Water has almost a national reputation for the cure of kidney, liver and skin complaints, beside other minor disorders, so that a large army of people who are more or less indisposed in one of these directions takes the advantage of going direct to the springs, obtaining the pure water from the soil, and enjoying the general comfort and attractiveness of the surroundings.

Among the new resorts which have opened this year, Sisson Tavern should have special mention. Located at the base of Mount Shasta, it is one of the oldest and best-known resorts on the Oregon route. Here one

WHY DID'NT I ADVERTISE IN "THE TRAVELER?"

—BECAUSE I WAS AN ASS!

can enjoy every benefit of mountain altitude, fine hunting and fishing, good walking, driving, etc. The tavern is conducted under the oldtime system of its former owner, J. H. Sisson, and is at present being conducted by his widow. Those desiring an outing in that section of the country should not fail to give this delightful resort some consideration.

Mark West Springs, in Sonoma County, located only ten miles from Calistoga, seems to be in popular favor this season, and thus far has done well. The convenience in reaching it from San Francisco is an advantage, and the character of its waters need no encomium in these columns.

A quiet and unobtrusive resort is Agua Caliente, located on the branch line of the Southern Pacific, between Napa Junction and Santa Rosa. This charming place is only about half a mile from the railway depot, and is as picturesque and inviting as the most ideal country home. Its low ceilings, French doors, and green vines and trellises of various sorts, make it a most inviting retreat. Those who wish to enjoy real comfort, seclusion and good home cooking are reminded that they can all be found at these springs.

Early in July the St. Nicholas Hotel, this city, passed into the hands of Mr. Ira R. Doolittle and his son J. H. Doolittle, the well-known bonifaces of the Byrns Hotel, Woodland. The office and front part of the house are in charge of Major Joe Knowlton, Jr., and his son Harry. The St. Nicholas ranks next to the Palace Hotel in point of size and accommodations. The rooms are large and sunny, and, under the many improvements instituted by the new proprietors, it will no doubt enjoy a season of prosperity.

The following are some of the late arrivals at the Hotel Mateo, San Mateo: Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Conway, Mr. Earle Conway, Mr. Carle Conway, Miss Syble Conway, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. N. Wilson, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ackerman and son (for the summer). Mrs. S. Wertheimer, Mr. Wm. S. Taylor, Miss Dedee Taylor, Mrs. S. Storer, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ash, San Francisco. Master Alfred I. Zadig, of San Francisco, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. Blum. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hageman, of San Francisco, visited the hotel a few days ago.

The Hotel Pleasanton is the most elegantly appointed and successfully conducted family and tourist hotel on the Pacific Coast. It is easy of access, and thousands of dollars have been recently spent in furnishing and decorating, so that to-day it is virtually a newly furnished hotel.

From the upper stories one of the finest views in the world is obtainable. On three sides stretch the blue waters of the bay, covered with steamers, sailing vessels and smaller craft, with Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley extending far beyond.

There are two hundred and fifty rooms in the hotel, a certain number of which are always reserved for transient guests.

Every possible contingency is provided for, so that one could pass a lifetime pleasantly in this grand hotel of homelike elegance.

Although the existing depression in business circles incident to the strike has more or less affected the hotels, and particularly in Southern California, the Hollenbeck, at Los Angeles, seems to have held its own. The proprietors, too, are taking advantage of the comparative quietness by making many and extensive improvements in the hotel, and, when the season opens in the fall, the Hollenbeck will rank higher than ever as a popular hostelry.

The tourist trade in San Diego is over, but the Horton House continues to receive a fair share of patronage. Mr. Hadley, the proprietor, reports that he is generally satisfied with the condition of affairs as far as he is personally concerned.

The Ramona Hotel, at Los Angeles, continues to have a reasonably good trade, regardless of the strike. The Ramona will alway cater a certain class of patronage which cannot be otherwise diverted, owing to its accessibility, its service, and its reasonable rates.

Mr. A. E. Nutt has resumed the management of the Hotel Florence, San Diego, and it will remain open, as formerly, all the year round. The coming winter season will see many improvements in the hotel that will maintain its popularity.

Denver is rapidly becoming the convention city of the country. The Triennial Conclave, in 1892, established Denver's enduring fame in that regard. In 1894 there will be no less than sixty local, interstate and national conventions held in Denver. Several large gatherings have already been held, notably the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association. The Brown Palace Hotel has thrown its doors wide open to assist in welcoming the guests, and beneath its roof has been established preliminary headquarters for many of the important conventions.

In connection with the group of Utah scenery on our front cover it might be mentioned that few have done more to bring the attractions of Salt Lake City into prominence than Mr. G. S. Holmes, proprietor of The Knutsford, the finest and best equipped hotel in the city.

THE GEYSERS, June 29, 1894.

The Traveler:

Many thanks for your kindness, courtesies and persistent efforts to get me business.

Many have more money, but none a more grateful heart or a higher appreciation of the merits of THE TRAVELER than

Yours sincerely,

J. R. BOWLER.

Messrs. Johnstone & Bryan:

We have had the pleasure of entertaining several parties to whom you have kindly recommended our place.

WM. DOOLAN,
Prop'r Vichy Springs.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. SEPTEMBER, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A SAWMILL IN THE REDWOODS. *O. V. Lange photo.*

IF ONE were asked, after a sojourn at this famous watering-place, his impressions of the hotel itself, outside of its incomparable surroundings, he would say: The management is as nearly as possible faultless; the proprietors have covered all the details in a masterly way, evidence of which is apparent, wherever one turns, from the ground-floor to the top of the house. The absence of fuss and flurry is markedly noticeable. The visitor's wants are met without apparent effort, and the every-day machinery of this great caravansary moves with the regularity of clock-work. There is manifest at all times a smooth, even, careful, business-like management, that assures to every one a fair and impartial treatment.

Not the least important impression one acquires here is that of the reasonableness of the charges. It is safe to say that not only is the expense of a sojourn at Del Monte not greater, but it is even considerably less, than that ruling at other first-class establishments, both at home and abroad.

As to the cuisine, it is on record that this department is in keeping with the demands of its surroundings; and that is saying a good deal, for one naturally expects much in this direction, yet no one comes away disappointed.

The rooms are spacious, scrupulously clean, abundantly and lavishly furnished, conveniently lighted and heated, and the safety precautions in case of fire are complete and effective. As to the minor conveniences of every phase, there is nothing that one may need but that may be had for the asking. One is placed in telegraph and telephone communication with the outside world; the news arrives twice per day; express and postoffice services are at hand; and, in short, there is the possibility of catering to every desire (and even whim) of every reasonable person. It is a little world in itself, yet quietly secluded from its annoying bustle. A three-hours' pleasant rail ride transports one to the metropolis of the Pacific; and, as has been voiced by the great traveling world, it is a matter of great unwisdom for any traveler "doing" California not to visit Del Monte.

GEORGE SHÖNEWALD, MANAGER.

Specimen Pages of New Del Monte Souvenir.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IV. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1894. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES 8 FRANCS OR 6 SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

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THE TRAVELER'S
BUREAU OF INFORMATION,
conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

WE ARE anxious to please our readers, and would be glad to receive suggestions from them as to the best plan of improving the general character of our paper. Any honest criticism will be appreciated. Subscribers do not realize, perhaps, the value of an occasional hint to the editor, nor how quickly it is often acted upon. We will pay five dollars for the best all-round suggestion of this character, three dollars for the second best, and a year's subscription for the third, the merits of each to be decided upon by the proprietors of THE TRAVELER.

In writing upon this subject please to criticise the past policy of the paper. Have we devoted too much space to foreign or local subjects? Have we devoted enough space to fiction? Are we too prosy? Could more attention be given profitably to short subjects of a humorous character? Are there subjects pertaining to the development of the country from a scenic or industrial standpoint that have not been touched upon by us, the treatment of which would be of interest to the general reader?

WE HAVE not had the opportunity in our columns of noticing the advent of many illustrious travelers to our Coast, but now and then there comes to us a strange, unknown and unheralded wanderer who carries his personality and his baggage into and out of the country with an abrupt uncertainty that calls for more than a passing notice. The arrival of one of these illustrious visitors was on the evening of July 27th last, when he skelped our atmosphere with a clean-cut blaze of light that flashed across the sky, leaving behind a dark, smoky trail that was bewildering to the eye. The upper ten thousand didn't notice him much, partly because they were not looking in that direction at the time, and because he was traveling without credentials and had dropped in unannounced.

His career while among us was brief but brilliant. The interviewers had just got a good ready on when some one said he had gone. A scientific man of San Mateo started with his shovel to dig him out of the Howard mud flats, a mile east of town; a hot springs proprietor saw him alight behind Mount Diablo, and intended bagging him the following day; but the morning papers said that a man in San Bernardino, five hundred miles south, had marked the place where he had stopped, and would probably dig him up sometime during the day. Later reports proved, however, that it was a close chase between southeastern Oregon and northwestern Arizona, with Utah and Nevada to hear from; and so this giddy and erratic *visitor* went prancing around the country, first across one extradition line and then another, and now the latest reports are that he is well on his way to Saturn. We resent this sort of thing from any part of the universe. It is really not decent to have any neighbors, no matter how high their connections, break through the lines of propriety in this way and leave us nothing of their history to gossip over. We hope this will not occur again.

OF COURSE our militia did noble service in the late strike, and we cheerfully add our quota of praise; but there were occasions when we lost control of our gravity while traveling in martial-law times, and had to laugh whether the strike ended or not.

OUR BABY ARTIST. C. Y. Lamb photo.

At Dunsmuir our attention was called to a tall, slim figure in uniform who mounted the platform for the purpose of guarding the train down the canyon. He had a pale, boyish, innocent face, and his fighting weight could not have much exceeded 110 pounds. His rifle and a large tobacco quid, that he was having considerable trouble to keep in place, seemed about all the load he could carry. Some of our party referred to him as "Ivan the Terrible," others suggested Tamerlane, while others said it was a great shame to make such remarks, for he was doing his duty and protecting life and property, etc. But, in all seriousness, why do these spindle-shanked boys want to play soldier, and why in the name of all that is warlike are they admitted into the militia for active service until they grow up.

OUR frontispiece for this month, by O. V. Lange, is a familiar one, to most Californians at least, and comes very nearly telling its own story,—the busy mill, the great strong ox-teams with their red-shirted picturesque drivers, the dense, sweet-scented forests, fern foliaged in their undergrowth, and honest, clean activity on every hand, the whole forming a picture that always gladdens the eye.

IT WAS an exceedingly humorous episode, that of stealing a train at Dunsmuir and flying to the rescue of the Sacramento strikers. In fact it was considered to be about the best joke of the season. All down the road young men, and some old ones too, rallied to the cause more particularly on account of the huge joke it was on the railroad company. But this proceeding has not turned out in such an excruciatingly funny way after all: some of the participants walked home, some of them are looking on while others are filling their jobs, and some are in jail. What looks like humor to one man may have quite a serious appearance to another.

ONE of the joys of travel is to bring back happy recollections that can be called up and lived over and over again indefinitely. One of these pleasant episodes that will fill a pleasant niche in memory's archives was experienced in our camping trip, and occurred a hundred yards or so below the junction of Squaw and Tom Neal creeks. See cut on page 41.

We had had a glorious ride over Crag View Summit, *the* scenic vantage point of that whole country, and arrived in camp about the time of day that trout begin to rise. It is a superb stream, whose main source is from the snows and ice of Kanwakiton Glacier on the southern front of Shasta. It is a Sacramento in miniature, with the same overhanging black-oak branches and broad-leafed umbrella plants covering its rocky margins, often to the annoyance of the angler and the joy of the photographer. Down in one of these cool, green pools, into the ripple of which the late afternoon sun had just splashed a little color, I dropped a fly, and will never know whether the fish or fisherman was the most surprised. He hit the end of the line with the suddenness and force of a swordfish, and when he weakened and came up with his fins all on end, and his red gills champing on the little steel bit to make his last noble break for liberty, he made a picture that was worth a dollar of a miser's money. He measured nineteen inches in length, and was dappled in gorgeous colors and looked so handsome in my creel that I unstrung my gear and went back to camp.

HOP CULTURE IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

Eugenia K. Holmes

IF IT were possible for the toiling sons of men to choose an occupation which combines the picturesque with commercial profit; recreation with duty; diversity with a desired routine; geniality with gravity; ease with activity; mirth with a measure of thrift; health and at least a suggestion of that faint thrill called happiness,—the occupation would assuredly seem, to minds trending toward investigation, the culture of hops in California. For so favorable to their growth is the moist, mellow, mealy soil of certain localities in the State; so bountiful the sunshine; so suitable the climatic conditions; so free from the parasites which prey upon them in other parts of the world; so certain the harvest, in spite of the submerging floods of winter, the devastating dusts of summer, the fluctuations of the money market, the disparaging fates ever awaiting all human anticipations,—that it offers, were its possibilities fairly understood, not only a feasible solution to the complex labor question, now so vehemently agitated, but ready reclamation as well to the dank, dolorous marshes that lie, like leprous blots, upon the face of our fair earth, and speedily complete their conversion to bowers of beauty and avenues of utility.

As nature, when applied to plant life, cannot be far removed from beauty, it follows that hops come in for a share of the sensuous element, —somewhat more than their share, it might be affirmed, when compared with other and less favored members of the guild; for there is nothing in the whole range of the rural realm more pleasing to the eye than a hop-field. Whether viewed in early April, when delicate, lemon-dyed shoots begin to embroider the dark, velvety earth; or in genial June, when the sinuous bine encircles with a tender tenacity the swaying cords in their ascending journey to the sunnier chambered trellis; or in the golden reign of Saturn, when the harvest moon hangs low in the lucid interspaces, flooding with mellow radiance the interlacing leaves and drooping cones upon the loftier poles; when motley groups grace the arbored fields, each with contrasting countenance, costume and characteristic: at dewy morn, sultry noon, garish sunset or lanterned night;—in all seasons and under all circumstances hops may be said to partake of the picturesque.

A TYPICAL HOP-FIELD. *Stewart photos.*

Since the days when our fathers feasted in caverns and drank to one another's health in metheglin and mead and other honest old drinks made of boiled cider and spiced honey, with an innocent flavoring of ground ivy, hops have been one of the staple commodities of commerce, from their medicinal properties, first appropriated by the Arabian doctor Mesui, who lived and practiced in the year 845; their yeast-engendering ingredients, likewise known to our hoary antecedents; their most essential, and, it may be added, indispensable adjuncts to ale, porter and beer, discovered by German brewers in the year 1400, which consists in the prevention of fermentation and adulteration, and in giving to the amber-beaded beverages a wholesome, agreeable bitter.

They are also sanitary, because hops refuse to blend with noxious or poisonous drugs of any character.

The oil of hops is sedative, anodyne and narcotic, highly recommended by physicians for the relief of general or local debility, associated with morbid vigilance or other nervous derangements.

The hop is an ancient plant first mentioned by Pliny as one of the garden products of the Romans, who ate the young shoots as we eat asparagus.

The fiber of the stems has long been employed in Sweden for the manufacture of a coarse kind of cloth, white and very durable, but the fibers are found so difficult of separation as to require the steeping of stems in water a whole winter previous to their use.

In the year 1525, Henry the VIII. of England caused its importation from Flanders, in the form of roots, which were planted about the hedges of Kent and Surrey, much to the disgust of gardeners, who soon discovered its tendency to choke out other vegetation more prized at that time. Even after hops began to be used in English brewing, strong prejudice prevailed against the king's innovation, to such an extent that Parliament was petitioned against it as a "wicked weed," despoiling to the taste of drink and dangerous to the people. Nevertheless, the hop continued to thrive.

The next abode of this irrepressible was in the New England States and in New York, where it still flourishes; but the place of its most prolific development seems to have been reserved for the prodigal soil of California; for here we find this sly, sensitive, sprawling, wayward weed of plebeian origin, which strangled the more valued vines in English gardens, and stood, in the morning of botanical science, as the symbol of tickleness and effrontery, redeeming its dubious reputation upon foreign soil, where it fills a distinct and entirely unique position in the beautiful world of vines.

Imperially it rears its coned crown above the lowlier herbage. Assuredly it waves its wreathed wand into the faces of more pretentious flora. Indulgently and with generous equity it distills its delicious essences. In language that all may hear it says, "I have come to stay."

And California welcomes and cherishes it, not because of its beauty, grace and soothing aromas,—

SHOWING THE TRELLIS SYSTEM.

though to these she may not be averse,—but chiefly, since California is nothing if not commercial, for its rich revenue to the State, amounting, it is claimed, to the sum of one million five hundred thousand dollars per annum.

To China, Japan, Australia, the Southern Republics, Sandwich Islands, England, Scotland, France, Amsterdam, Bavaria, Prussia and Germany, into the very abodes of the brawny imbibers of malt liquors, the rich golden clusters of California go, after they are picked, dried, pressed, baled and placed aboard the ships that sail the seas.

The incomparable yield, which makes such varied exports possible, is the result of something more, however, than mere earth and atmospheric favor.

Men who have brought them to the high state of development attained on the Pacific Coast are authority for the statement that the successful culture of hops requires far more than ordinary agricultural ability.

If material possessions are products of mental supepiority, hop-growers may be regarded as the ensigns of affluence; for certain it is that, wherever hops grow in any great profusion, there is established a landed aristocracy, seated on well-kept estates, amid villages bearing an air of wealth and leisure.

Sacramento is no exception to this rule, as the growers of that locality represent much of the financial solidity and intelligence of the Capital City. Foremost among these may be mentioned Mr. William Gerber, Cashier of the California State Bank, Mr. Geo. Brewer, Mr. Richard Irvine, County Assessor, the Lovdal Brothers, Mr. William Leman, Messrs. Flint, father and sons. The pioneer grower of the Cosumnes section was Mr. S. M. Hoover.

The history of hops in California dates from the year 1857, when Mr. Daniel Flint, recognized by his craft as the father of the industry, brought roots from France and the State of Vermont, and transplanted them, experimentally, so to speak, in what are called the "bottom lands," which form the banks of the American and Sacramento rivers. The success of Mr.

Flint's experiment has been long assured. His hooded kilns are bronzed with the suns of many summers; his arbored acres still embellish the wide bottom lands, producing, year by year, an almost invariable crop, proving the marvelous capacity of the soil and the endurance of the roots.

Mr. Flint says in this connection: "I first received shrugs and cold shoulders from the brewers and dealers while trying to introduce my hops, but I kept right on cultivating. I read all the books I could find on hop-culture, and interviewed every person who ever saw a hop-vine climb a pole. By that means I gradually gained some knowledge of the business, and I am still learning."

The prejudice of brewers is entirely overcome, based at beginning upon ignorance of the article, accepted now with universal approval.

The specimen most in favor is the English golden cluster, an exclusive product of the Coast, for which a premium of one thousand dollars was paid by the Legislature, back in the early sixties, to Messrs. Flint and Olsen, in recognition of their triumphant treatment of the vine. This proved a powerful incentive to the industry, which has since flourished with assured success, Sacramento being booked the "banner" district, from the enormous acreage under cultivation there, numbering, according to latest statistics, three thousand acres.

The alluvial lowlands that margin the turbid Sacramento River lend themselves singularly to their adopted uses. Without the aid of artificial irrigation, the necessary moisture is supplied by the winter's copious rainfall, which causes "overflow." The desired fertilization is also secured in the sediment left by the riotous currents after the swollen streams have subsided.

The vines remain rooted, and are all the better for their bath. After this bath the roots are pruned and sometimes exposed to the sun. The sprouting roots which appear in early springtime are then trained to cords, tied to wooden stakes or iron spikes ringed at one end.

The cords extend to the trellis seventeen feet above the ground. This trellis is stretched horizontally across the field, and is formed of from No. 4 to No. 6 cable or steel rod wire, crossed and running in from five to eight feet squares, firmly wound to poles substantially set in the earth. These poles, hewn from the redwood forests of Humboldt, Mendocino and Santa Cruz counties, are appropriately called "anchors," as upon them hangs the solidity of the entire trellis. If they

RANCH HOUSE.

fall, *it* falls prone in the dust, and the hop crop is ruined for that year; hence the necessity of their strength.

To insure the greatest possible security, these poles are placed slantwise in the ground, at a depth of from three to five feet, and are further secured by anchor wires, braided in sixteen strands, and bound to a block imbedded from six to eight feet in the earth. These anchors form the letter "V" inverted, and flank the entire field. The trellis is also braced by poles placed perpendicularly at a distance of fifty feet square. This system is preferred in California to the pole method of training, from the fact that it affords to the vines greater sun exposure, which insures a more prolific production. Hops turn intuitively to the sun, twining from left to right.

A trellis is said to last, with proper construction, from fifteen to twenty years. Its cost is eighty-five dollars per acre. The cords are renewed yearly, as the bines lothfully part with anything upon which they fasten themselves. It is a prickly stalk to the touch, and difficult of entanglement when trained to anything so frail as a cotton or hempen cord. Roots are imperishable with proper care. The parent root is preserved from year to year. It is very hardy, and immures itself deeply in the earth, like the root of the grape-vine. They are placed about six feet asunder; the arms are trimmed, more than three stalks being undesirable in a hill.

Sex in hop circles is very distinctly defined. Male plants do not bear, but they bloom luxuriantly, and supply seed to the female flower, visible to the eye, in the form of chocolate-colored dust, borne in the month of June by the kindly winds, and secreted within the ovarian tubes of their consorts. These in time form the strobiles of commerce. The yellow, resinous substance confined within these tiny tubes, and sprinkled over the scaly carpels, is called lupuline, most precious to brewers, as this is the real acquisition to beer. The producing property of the male is termed pollen or farina. To insure a perfect impregnation, they are planted in every tenth hill throughout the yard. The females are considered of greater value. The male shrivels and looks ugly long before the harvest moon wanes.

The females retain their maternal beauty until shorn of their offspring,—the clustering cones and delicate

FIELD HANDS.

drapery of leaves. These children of the sun are carried, when severed from the parent stem, to houses called kilns, built, when the proper material is appropriated, of iron, stone or brick. In England brick is most used. The California kilns are of wood and iron. They vary in size, those of the Lovdal Brothers, on the banks of the Sacramento River, said to be the most extensive in the section, and also the latest improved, have four cupolas or conical shafts in the roof with latticed ventilators, which regulate the current of air.

The floor is laid in narrow slats set upon edge, on which is spread a cloth of coarse sacking. Air holes, like ports in a ship, pierce the walls, closed when desired by a slide for the confinement of heat. This heat is generated by a furnace on the ground, with radiating pipes running around the room parallel with the circular walls of the kiln. Fire in the furnace is started gradually, with the air holes open below and the cupola open above to admit a good current of cool air and allow the heated air to escape. The temperature is raised to 150 degrees Fahrenheit, and is maintained until the hops are dried. When they have become thoroughly warmed and are emitting a moisture, commonly called sweating, brimstone is burned on the stove for the purpose of bleaching, preserving and giving the hops a fine color. They are piled loosely upon the canvas floor to a depth of from three to five feet, and are frequently turned by men appointed to the task; otherwise they are likely to be scorched or insufficiently dried, subjecting them thereby to mildew, rust and early decay.

During the entire harvest season, varying from three to six weeks, the furnace is kept at fever heat night and day. Hops picked in the early part of the day are placed in the kiln at midday; those in the afternoon go on at midnight. From the kilns the hops are conveyed to the cooling house, a spacious structure located near at hand, where they remain until pressed and baled.

As in all industries, there are many emissaries between the producer and consumer. The grower rarely deals with the brewer. In the wide spaces that divide them, there are self-appointed factors who invariably make their profits out of the transaction.

The consumption of hops on the Pacific Coast does not exceed five thousund bales, while the growth

LOVDAL BROTHERS' KILN.

fully equals one hundred and fifty thousand bales. Good bottom lands will produce from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds of dried hops per acre; much of it yields three thousand pounds.

In the year 1882, when hops sold for $1.15 and in some instances for $1.50 per pound, the growers became bloated aristocrats, bringing unto themselves pompous titles, such as "hop barons," "knights of the trellis," "lords of the lupuline," "sovereigns of the scale," "kings of the kiln," and kindred emblems of distinction that still cling to them.

Though such fabulous prices are by no means maintained, the average results are far from unfruitful. At fifteen cents per pound hops may be said to pay, since one acre of ground produces fifteen hundred pounds.

The crop of '93 in the Sacramento district amounted to about twenty-five thousand bales, or five million pounds, fully one-half the product of the State.

During the harvest season fully seven thousand people are employed in the garlanded groves of Sacramento and Yolo counties, whose wages, accurately computed, quite equal $800,000.

So healthful and entirely free from objectionable features are the duties involved, that they have been called the recreation of labor, pursued with profit by all classes. One cent per pound is the nominal price paid, and an experienced hand can pick 250 pounds if he works from dawn till dusk.

Other than the winning of wage are the suggestions inspired in this gilded season of Saturn's sway, when wide moons walk low on vales where the lemon-dyed leaves are linked: most significant is that of the apparent harmony prevailing among people of such varied nationalities, classes and conditions, grouped in effulgent fields; the possibilities of their ultimate re-

HEIGHTS OF VINES.

turn, when strife's rude weapons are abandoned, to the simple, natural pursuits of life, remindful of that glamorous era when time was measured by the drip of the cool clepsydra, and the gods were not far out of sight.

OUR ORNAMENTAL TREES.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

THE private grounds and public parks of California are the wonder of our Eastern friends, who leave their bare-limbed trees bending under the weight of snowy robes, the lawns and flower beds white with the soft covering with which Nature has enshrouded them for their long rest, and, in the course of their wanderings, tread the clean walks of our pleasure grounds, where tall, foliage-draped trees bend with the gentle caresses of passing zephyrs, and the air is laden with the perfume of their delicate blossoms; where smooth-shaven emerald lawns invite the weary to recline on their velvety expanses, and bright-hued flowers toss their heads saucily in the sunlight, as if to defy the demons of storm and destruction.

The visitors walk our streets, whether in city or country, and gaze in admiration at the graceful shade-trees which border the sidewalks, and are never weary of commenting on the variety and beauty of our ornamental trees.

In the winter, the pepper—which, by the way, does not belong to the family of Piper, or true pepper—is the most admired of all. Its branches are much sought after for decorative purposes, and the feathery sprays, bright with crimson berries, or great masses of green fruit which the sun has not yet turned to a warmer color, or thick, fluffy clusters of the greenish white flowers, are in great demand, not only by amateur artists, but by professionals as well, many of whom add materially to their incomes by painting souvenirs decorated with this characteristic California foliage tree.

The leaves of the grevilla resemble the pepper somewhat, but the habit of the tree is different. Instead of having long, drooping boughs, its branches are shorter and straighter, the tree taking on more of a pyramidal shape, while the flowers are a vivid orange in hue. Its appearance is particularly light and airy, hence it is much in demand for bordering sidewalks. It is no uncommon sight to see several varieties of ornamental trees placed alternately along the streets; for instance, an airy grevilla may heighten the graceful effect of a drooping fan palm next to it, and on the other side a tufted draceana may bear aloft its spike of fuzzy-looking, white blossoms. Magnolia Avenue, in Riverside, is famous for the miles of palms, peppers and eucalypti that border each side of its double driveway, and is a favorite drive with the tourists, who return each year to gain a renewal of strength from our balmy climate.

1. Pepper. 2. Banana. 3. Umbrella. 4. Orange. 5. Palm. 6. Eucalyptus.

In Los Angeles palms may be seen everywhere, and even before the most humble homes a spreading palm tree will rear its head with as much dignity as though the bare earth was the velvet lawn before some stately mansion. There is something wonderfully attractive about a palm tree, something suggestive of luxury and oriental *dolce far niente*, when care is forgotten, and worries flee before the waving leaves which breathe slumbrous ditties to the ears of imagination.

Here may we see a dainty fan palm with regular, clean-cut, yet rather small, palmated leaves, and a trunk that is covered with a matted mass of dusty fibers; there is a huge tree rising some twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, with a clean trunk, and immense leaves, each one draped with long, fibrous hairs that float loosely in the breeze; this is a fan palm also, though of a different species. Not far away is, perhaps, a date palm, but, though the name suggests the rich fruitage of the Mediterranean, in California the fruit does not mature properly. It has great, long, feathery leaves, which droop gracefully downward when the tree is young, but, like the fan palm, when it is old the leaves form a sort of tuft at the top. The flowers are not particularly noticeable, but grow in long, thick bunches, nearly hidden by a mass of fibrous tendrils and the closely joined leaf stems; here the fruit forms, clinging to the stiff stems much after the manner of plums. There are several trees in Arizona which, it is said, have fruited successfully.

In Palm Canyon, in the San Jacinto Mountains, are found the only wild palms in California, and I have been told that, excepting the palmetto of the Southern States, they are the only native palms in the United States. They present an indescribably beautiful effect in contrast to the wild scene around them. From these trees were obtained the seeds by which this species has been introduced elsewhere, and, though no estimate has been made as to the number of trees in these canyons, the Indians, who knew them long before the feet of white men trod these shores, often term them "The Canyon of a Thousand Palms." The seeds are carefully gathered and sent to a firm in London, who have made a specialty of this species.

The magnolia is one of the handsomest of our ornamental trees, and its tall, symmetrical form, dark-green, glossy leaves, are much admired. The pure white blossoms are frequently from eight to twelve inches across, and, though the thick, waxen petals seem substantial, the slightest touch on their surface causes the flower to turn brown and lose its beauty. The fragrance they exhale is very sweet. When the bloom dies, an odd, compact, seed-bearing cone is formed that is not easily discernible amid the luxuriant foliage.

The leaves of the rubber tree bear some resemblance to those of the magnolia in shape, size and coloring, but they are larger, perfectly flat, and have regular and very perceptible ribs across them. In appearance the trees are also similar. No effort has ever been made to put these trees to practical use in this State, though they seemingly grow to perfection.

Some enthusiasts have endeavored to introduce the camphor tree into California, from its home in China, but without much success. It presents an attractive appearance, with light-green foliage and symmetrical shape, but, being rather tender, perhaps, it does not come to full perfection under ordinary cultivation.

Many of the streets in Los Angeles are bordered with the Chinese umbrella tree, which, while young, is very beautiful. The leaves are small, dark green and glossy, and the luxuriant foliage forms the shape from which it takes its name. A group of these trees makes a very attractive ornament for a large lawn, when they are still young; but as they grow old they become tall and straggling, losing their beauty. The blossoms form very pretty clusters of a purplish color, and emit a pleasing odor. The seeds are scattered by the wind, and grow so easily that they become a nuisance in a garden.

In my mind's eye I see a level avenue in a suburban town near San Francisco, where the long branches of giant locust trees interlace, and form a complete and continuous shade in the summer season. In the spring, great pendulous racemes of fragrant white flowers make the air odorous, and as the petals drop, the flat seeds form in airy sprays that are very graceful. This tree is deciduous, however, and, as suckers spring up from the roots constantly, it is not a satisfactory tree to cultivate.

An orchard of olive trees, in the spring, is a beautiful sight, but they do not create such an attractive appearance when planted singly, for one does not obtain the velvety effect of soft-toned greens that is presented by long rows of a similar size. However, they are so different in coloring from the majority of trees that they gain by contrast. The fruit is about the size of a damson plum, and nearly black in color, with a smooth, glossy skin: and the tree is not as pretty when undergoing the process of ripening.

The orange is so well known that description seems superfluous; still there is something ever fresh, always fascinating, about an orange tree, particularly when, amid the dark-green foliage, is seen a wealth of bright yellow fruit. The atmosphere in the vicinity of an orange tree in blossom is redolent with the fragrance of the flowers, and it pleases the senses of the loitering sightseer, stirs into activity the weary wayfarer, and floats into the carriages of the pleasure-seekers as they pass. It is charming at all seasons, because apart from its beauty of form and foliage is its promise of the future

Some twenty or more years ago, an enterprising individual became imbued with the idea that certain portions of this State were malarious, and imported, or caused to be, from Australia, specimens of that species of eucalyptus known as the "blue gum," which is said to possess the property of purifying the atmosphere. Its rapid growth won for it many admirers and numerous advocates, and it was planted extensively in parks and gardens, on sidewalks, and for wind-breaks. Soon people began to realize that it also possessed disadvantages, and that it was rapidly sapping the moisture from the soil: then it became apparent that it made excellent fire-wood. The leaves are also utilized in the manufacture of a preventative of scale in steam boilers. In some towns the trustees made rulings causing all gum trees within their jurisdiction to be removed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

THE REALMS OF SPACE.

MISS R. O'HALLORAN.

Through the courtesy of Professor Holden these choice selections of lunar landscape have been obtained.

BELIEF in the existence of any form of life on the moon has long since been discarded by astronomers. Below is an illustration of Mare Crisium, or the "Sea of Conflicts," a sea which may perhaps be more truly named "dead" than the famed lake in Palestine, for, though hundreds of miles in length, it is unknown to any geographical map. Moreover, there is no trace of water within its circling cliffs, no wind waking the echoes of its caverns, no life on its desolate shores. Still this so-called "sea" is no mirage nor legendary expanse nor ghostly fancy, but a solid, veritable tract that can be seen and measured and accurately delineated by the photographic artist. It can never be visited, however, as no aerial ship can plow the wastes of space; for the "Sea of Conflicts" is one of the dark-tinted areas on the surface of the distinctly seen but far-distant moon.

When telescopic observation was in its infancy, the light and dark sections were classed as land and water; but it was soon found that there was neither water in a fluid condition, nor atmospheric vapor, on the earth's satellite; that it was a dead planet, and that life in any known form could not at present exist on its airless tracts. Still the term "sea" may not be entirely inappropriate. The moon's surface teems with evidence of a different past,—a past of activity, when fire and water and internal forces *may* have wrought out the strange sculpturing so suggestive of extinct volcanoes, vanished oceans, and an upheaved and fractured crust. Bright waters may once have rolled

MARE CRISIUM.

between those indented coast lines, and the shady caverns so well shown in the illustration may be the work of the turbid tides raised by the large mass of the neighboring earth. Where then are the vanished water and atmosphere? Perhaps they were gradually drawn beneath a porous crust by the attraction of the moon's mass. Then the dried-up ocean beds would probably be of a different shade from the surrounding soil. Or perhaps the wild waves have settled down into a permanently frozen state which defies the transient heat flitting over an airless world. Such are the surmises of astronomical authorities.

Like the above beautiful illustration, the crater Copernicus is also a specimen of the highly valued work of the Lick Observatory in lunar photography.

Cold upon the dead volcano
Sleeps the gleam of dying day,

says Tennyson, but intensely cold it must be when the dead volcano is on the airless moon, and its fires have been quenched for many millions of years.

The moon is a mountainous land, but its mountains are in crater form, and on a gigantic scale far beyond that of similar terrestrial formations. If we imagine a portion of the Pacific Coast range 175 miles in length curled round a plain fifty miles in diameter, it will convey an idea of what Copernicus would be if transplanted to our earth; but the inner plain would need to be sunk eight or nine thousand feet below the surrounding outside surface. Hills two thousand feet high rise in the center, while the outer ramparts are branching, complex, sprinkled with small craters, and rugged in the extreme. The moon being only 2,160 miles in diameter, these immense craters, steep heights and deep ravines bear a greater proportion to its

BROOKS' COMET.

smaller surface, and tell of forces unknown on the earth. As none of the craters have ever been seen in a state of eruption, their volcanic nature is not fully established, though the silent evidence of form has to be recognized.

When an astronomer studies the aspects of the heavenly bodies, with some few exceptions he is observing vaporous masses in different degrees of density. The sun, Jupiter, Saturn, the fixed stars, nebulæ and comets are all supposed to be far from the condition of a cooled and solid surface. It is supposed, however, that, like the cold, hard moon, the ruddy tinted Mars is sufficiently cooled to have a permanent or at least a partially permanent crust. Nothing proves so impressively that the earth is one of many planets revolving round the sun, as telescopic observations of this little body, spherical like the earth, opaque but for sunlight, enveloped in an atmosphere, rotating on an axis, snow-capped with permanent shadings on its surface, and moons circling round it as it revolves about the sun in its allotted period. Here is surely a kindred world. No doubt there are many differences. It is but half the diameter of the earth, it is half as far again from the sun, and it is not certainly known that any of the markings on its surface are water. As to the question whether it is inhabited or not, evidence is beyond reach in the present stage of optical science.

When we see the difference between men in temperate and in frigid climes on this earth, it is not easy to think that life, as we know it, is to be found under entirely different conditions of light, heat, gravity and motion.

It is possible that intelligence in some inconceivable form may exist on all the planets, but science deals with facts, and is necessarily silent on this subject. Startling astronomical facts have been a stimulus to the investigating minds of the world since the earliest ages, but these facts are interstrewn with wide

WINTER AT LICK OBSERVATORY.

chasms where evidence melts away, leaving nothing whereon to build. Thus, though observation and study of cometary phenomena have been carried on at Mount Hamilton with the efficiency of genius, still these wandering visitants remain an unexplained marvel in many respects.

Whence have they come?

Of what are they composed?

Why is a long sunward tail never seen?

Why do they traverse the identical paths of the meteoric swarms?

What are the forces that shape them so strangely, and what the forces that sometimes shatter them?

To what mysterious goal do they speed away, often, perhaps, never to return?

These questions will probably continue to tax the theoretic ingenuity of the astronomical world for a long time yet. The hope of solution lies in persistent observation. Last October a telescopic comet of the usual symmetrical outline was photographed by Professor Barnard of the Lick Observatory. To the surprise of the famous discoverer, a photograph taken two days later revealed the dilapidated looking form shown in the illustration. Misshapen, crushed and rent, the ill-fated wanderer seemed to have met with some catastrophe in the dim depths of space. A collision with some ethereal and invisible matter in the direction of its motion is the theory of the practiced observer, who is singularly qualified to discriminate as to the cause of cometary freaks. As in the case of

COPERNICUS.

Biela's divided comet, a fragment was straying off in a separate path; but, as cloudy weather and moonlit nights interfered with further observation, the unique pair may never be identified.

While the plains of California are glowing in the verdure of their far-famed winter months, the lofty peak of Mount Hamilton, lifted above the beneficent, balmy air, often experiences the rigors of a Canadian clime. Dense clouds wrap the isolated settlement, severing it from even a view of the flowery lands beneath, wind and snow rule the atmosphere, fierce hailstorms beat on the closed domes of the Observatory, and icy fetters in all directions still the activity of the scene. The giant telescope, like Samson blinded and imprisoned, is powerless in the hands of its enemy,—atmospheric disturbance. But how superb is the contrast when the clouds pass away and the wind is calmed. The outer world comes in view again with all its bright details, and the distant worlds of space shine down once more on the polished lens, and reveal their various aspects to the skilled gaze of the astronomer at his post.

FOREST FIRES NEAR MOUNT HAMILTON.

Summer too has its casualties. Twice already have forest fires swept down the neighboring canyon, and with fierce flames fifty feet high menaced the slopes of the renowned and costly shrine. Then had the high priests to turn from the calm study of the glowing fires of far-distant space, and with practical measures face the fact of terrestrial devastation. The micrometer, the spectroscope, the camera, the problems deep and sublime, were abandoned, and down the mountain side in working garb went the learned corps to battle for the safety of the scientific pinnacle intrusted to their care.

Nor soldier nor sailor nor fireman in the hour of peril ever worked more earnestly than these scholarly men at their unwonted task. On the first occasion, in 1891, such a demand on their energies was unforeseen and unprecedented. With a limited number of workmen, a scarcity of water, and only such implements and resources as could be hastily made available, Professor Schaeberle held the encroaching enemy at bay for several days, until more aid and the absent members of the staff arrived at the scene.

This first visit of the fire fiend suggested the necessity of provision being made to combat any recurrences of a like nature.

The recent fire that occurred a few days ago was encountered with equal zeal and efficiency, and also with an outfit and resources suitable for such emergencies. The miles of ashes and charred roots in the adjacent canyons tell the extent of the conflagration, which needed the efforts of thirty men, aided by the astronomical staff and the entire settlement, before it was effectively suppressed. Then the astronomers turned from the flames, that needed neither telescope nor camera to reveal their intensity, and resumed the study of stellar conflagrations. Truly, Observatory Peak is a wonderful mountain. Like a volcano, it writes its history in letters of fire, but happily it is chiefly in the fire of distant suns, in the gleam of new discoveries.

TEN HOURS TO YOSEMITE.

If in the advertising matter of California that we send broadcast over the face of the earth there should appear something like the following,—"To Yosemite by daylight; an easy, cheap, delightful trip, unparalleled scenery, first-class accommodations. Round-trip ticket, including a ride around the valley, $20.00,"—what a grand thing it would be, and how many thousands of people it would bring to the State annually. And this is not at all a visionary idea: an electric railroad up the Merced is an altogether feasible proposition, and is even now being seriously considered. The Merced River, with its tremendous waterfalls, could furnish an electric force that would not only supply the needed power for transportation of cars, but transmit a large surplus to the cities and towns of the San Joaquin Valley. Our Yosemite has been very inadequately advertised, and it would be a matter of surprise to the public to know how small a percentage of local or foreign travelers visits this world-famous valley. Time and money, the great obstructionists to tourists, are the causes for this condition of affairs. Let every one interested in the welfare of the State raise his voice in favor of this much-to-be-desired project, so that our native sons and daughters and the strangers within our gates may have the privilege of gazing upon this eighth wonder of the world.

Honest Advertisements.

Advertisements are not invariably composed to enhance the value of the wares they describe. We meet with them of all kinds, and many of them, so far from appealing to our love of gain, suggest, if not loss, great trouble and inconvenience, which only philanthropic natures can be expected to face. Here is one clipped from a church paper, inserted, no doubt, by some good woman who has done her best for a young person of her own sex in vain before appealing to a Christian public: "Will any one undertake, as servant, a bright, clean, neat girl, who is deceitful, lazy and inclined to be dishonest?" Let us hope that somebody will. The carefulness she exhibits to enumerate the virtues, such as they are, of her *protege* seems itself a guarantee of good faith. One can fancy her saying to herself, "What can I say with truth in favor of this unfortunate girl?" "Neat, bright and clean"—one could say as much of a drawing-room grate—and yet it is manifestly all that can be said.—*Printers Ink.*

OUR ORNAMENTAL TREES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

There are over one hundred and fifty varieties of eucalypti, some of which are highly ornamental. The flowers are fluffy, feathery blooms, that attract from their oddity; both leaves and seeds diffuse a strong, resinous odor. The eucalyptus is one of our ornamental trees that combines usefulness with beauty; for, apart from its utility as fuel, an oil is obtained from its leaves that possesses great medicinal properties, and it is said that the leaves, used in various ways, have great curative qualities.

Another very important imported tree is the banana, which has received a great deal of attention in Southern California during the last few years, in an endeavor to produce perfect fruit. This tree is very susceptible to frost, and the fruit matures only in absolutely frostless localities. In the Cahuenga foothills, near Los Angeles, and in the vicinity of Yuma, success has attended the efforts in this direction, though there is not yet a sufficient number of trees under cultivation to make the business profitable.

The tree itself gains a luxuriance of growth that is similar to its habit in its native land, and it sends forth its long stem and develops its bloom in a manner that would betoken perfection of fruitage; but our auspicious seasons are too short, and the fruit shrivels before it matures. It is quite popular as an ornamental tree, and large clusters of them may be seen in most of the gardens of Southern California that are large enough to give them space.

The various other trees which ornament our parks and gardens are transplanted from mountain slopes, or are brought from Eastern homes to grace the new home in a more hospitable clime; and, though the forest trees are grand in their stately beauty, they lack the airiness and grace of the trees that have drank the warmth and light of the sun's fervent rays until he has infused his brightness even into the leaves they bear.

Waste Waters.

There is an enormous quantity of medicinal waters, hot and cold, running to waste in California, sometimes in rivulets and sometimes in torrents. Of the latter class we can recall no more notable an example than the hot springs of Santa Ysabel. Every visitor drinks as much as he can hold, a large lake has been formed from its overflow, and we believe some of it has been turned into irrigating ditches, but the residue that pours out into the Salinas River would slake the thirst and cure the ills of half the inhabitants of Uncle Sam's dominions.

LAKE YSABEL.

Scattered through the Sierra are many springs that are running wild, whose waters are composed of various medicinal properties, but whose reputation and knowledge of location is as yet merely local.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

THE Hollenbeck Hotel, Los Angeles, is undergoing an extensive improvement which will result in an outlay of something in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand dollars. A fine ladies' entrance, eighteen new rooms, and the enlargement of the office, are among the additions. The house will also be wired for electric bells and lights, and an electric plant will be put in in the fall. The present court will be entirely remodeled and decorated. The bar changes hands this month, and an elegant grill-room will be attached to it. There will also be provided a separate dining-room for guests, on the American plan. Notwithstanding the dull times, the Hollenbeck Hotel has done an excellent business for the past few months, and, as usual, will be filled to overflowing during the coming winter.

The Revere House of Eureka, Cal., under Kramer Bros'. management, is enjoying more than its share of trade. One cause for this liberal patronage is the excellent table which they set. They have a reputation of serving the finest meal in Humboldt County for the money. The accommodations are fully equal. They have our liberal indorsement.

The following are some of the recent arrivals at the Hotel Mateo, San Mateo: Mrs. I. M. Leach, Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Verrinder, Dr. A. S. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hovey, J. M. Miller and wife, R. I. Kimball, Mrs. Dr. E. R. Field, Miss Lillie Field, Miss Lizzie Mills, Thos. Denigan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. D. Sachs and son, R. B. Dickinson, Ed. Denigan, C. G. H. McBride, Chas. Orcutt, Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. M. Thomas, of San Francisco. The Hotel Mateo, on account of its accessibility to San Francisco and the excellent service maintained, has enjoyed an unusually good season. Mr. Knights, the manager, is progressive and up to date, and deserves credit for the efficient manner in which he has conducted that pretty hostelry.

J. B. Hopkins is the proprietor of the Napa Hotel, Napa, Cal., and is doing a rushing business. The hotel is full. One cause for the attraction is the excellent table set. The others are the convenient location (in the heart of the city), and the genial manner in which he treats his guests. He deserves and has the patronage of that section.

The Galindo Hotel, at Oakland, is still prospering under the new management of B. Wright & Co. The Galindo will be always popular as long as it is maintained at the standard of excellence it now enjoys.

Byron Springs has been doing an excellent business for the past few months. The grounds now are very pretty and attractive, and the value of the springs does not grow less. Those who visit Byron for the many ills that flesh is heir to never regret the time and money spent at these springs.

With the close of the summer season the Hotel Metropole, at Catalina, will have recorded one of the most profitable periods in its career. Catalina Island is increasing in popularity each year. The Wilmington Transportation Company leave no stone unturned to add to the improvements and attractions at beautiful Avalon, and through their extensive and judicious advertising they have made the name of Catalina almost a household word. Sportsmen have not been disappointed this year in the size and quantity of the fishing at the island.

Since the railroad was completed from San Diego to La Jolla Park, Messrs. Johnson & Ritchie, the hotel proprietors, have been reaping a harvest. Located only twelve miles from San Diego it is easily accessible. Those who are fond of splendid fishing, excellent surf-bathing and other seaside sports will not be disappointed in a visit to La Jolla.

Highland Springs, Lake County, is still full to the doors, and, in consequence, manager Craig is happy. Highland has been crowded all summer, and will probably be so, at least until the first of October. Forse's Stage Line, running between Pieta and Highland, is likewise reaping the benefit of Mr. Craig's prosperity, and it deserves it, because there is not a better equipped line nor a finer turnpike in the State than between those points.

Vichy Springs, Mendocino County, reports an excellent trade. One would have to go a long way to get better water than that at Vichy, particularly for a certain line of ailments. The baths there are a never-forgotten delight, and the entire surroundings of the place are picturesque and secluded.

The Hotel Green, Pasadena, still continues making some extensive improvements preparatory to the coming winter. Last year the big hotel had all it could accommodate for a long time, and, from the reputation it gained during the first season, it is safe to infer that this year will test its capacity to the very utmost.

The Hotel Brewster, at San Diego, is making preparations for the reception of its winter guests. It would be difficult to find a more model hotel in the way of equipments, service, etc Proprietor O'Brien prides himself on these points, and as a result he caters to a very large proportion of the tourist element that visits his section of the State.

Manager Robertson, of Paraiso Springs, was in town a few days ago and reports a better business at the springs than has been experienced for many years past. A large number of improvements and changes have been made and are still being made. The dining-room is kept up to the highest standard of service, and Mr. Robertson makes a specialty of the entertainment of his guests, treating them as "guests" in the fullest sense of the word. Picnics, drives, hunting and fishing parties are among the attractions provided by the manager. One need never lack for enjoyment at Paraiso, nor for the efficacy of their baths and mineral springs, which have a world-wide reputation.

The Hotel St. Nicholas, San Francisco, has undergone such a complete change throughout that its former patrons would hardly recognize it. The proprietors, Messrs. Doolittle & Son, are celebrated for the neatness of their hotels, and the St. Nicholas is no exception to the rule. It contains over four hundred rooms, being second in size to the Palace Hotel, and each room has been thoroughly cleaned, renovated and remodeled. They have been fortunate likewise in the selection of Captain Jos. Knowlton, Jr., as assistant manager. Captain Knowlton is a practical accountant and of well-known executive ability, and every effort is being made to bring the hotel up to the highest standard of service and respectability. Tourists coming to San Francisco will not make a mistake by stopping at this beautiful caravansary.

Bartlett Springs is still enjoying a flattering patronage from the lovers of recreation and the indisposed. Located in a canyon it never experiences the extremes of heat or cold. The scenery is picturesque, and the walks and drives enjoyable. The waters need no encomiums and carry their own advertisement, not only from the hundreds who have been benefited by their use but from their unusually agreeable taste. Amusement and sport are here provided for in every conceivable direction, and it would be difficult to find a more charming resort for a few weeks' recreation and recuperation.

Mr. E. F. Bouton, proprietor of Orr's Springs, Mendocino County, has been doing a good business. The hot sulphur baths at these springs are celebrated for the cure of rhuematism, dyspepsia, blood diseases, etc. The location of Orr's Springs is most picturesque, being among the great redwoods, which in that section abound with game of all kinds. The fishing is likewise excellent, so that one can enjoy a few weeks' outing even though he may not need the use of the waters.

Ukiah is one of the chief diverging points, on the San Francisco & North Pacific Railway, for many of the prominent springs of Mendocino and Lake Counties, and the Grand Hotel captures most of the transient trade. Mr. Hirsch, the proprietor, is one of the most affable of hotel men, and tourists will make no mistake by taking up their quarters at the Grand.

THE DUSTY ROAD. *O. V. Lange photo.*

Lange was driving along up a dusty road in the San Mateo hills one warm sunny afternoon lately, not caring very much whether the school kept or not, but keeping an eye out for the picturesque; and as there was nothing in sight of a notable character he dawdled along, brushing the flies away with his broad-brimmed straw hat, wondering whether a turn in the road might not develop something of interest. Suddenly looking up he saw ahead of him a picture lacking a few important features. These were soon supplied as a shingle team was sighted lumbering down the mountain, which, if properly placed, would make the picture complete; and that he was ready when the team came along is verified by the above result.

A GRAND OUTING.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE.

A FISHING and hunting trip of two weeks was ostensibly our object in starting out for the mountains of Northern California. We knew, however, that there were a great many other features of the trip that would fully compensate us for the time spent; and as we were not disappointed in our primal object, and also found the "other features" of much greater interest than we had anticipated, we feel like giving our experience for the benefit of outing-seekers.

We left Castella with a party of eleven, using that number of saddle horses and five pack animals; and we were as jolly a lot as ever entered these famous forests.

From past experiences in these mountains we knew we were in good hands, for there is no better mountain guide in California to-day than Conway. He comes as near knowing where to go and what to go for as any man we know of, and, when it becomes a necessity for him to draw upon his imagination as regards fishing and hunting, he fills the bill clear down to the bottom of the column.

The north-bound traveler through the Sacramento Canyon, if his attention is called to it near Castella, will notice a peculiar pile of high gray crags lying against the western horizon, some ten miles distant, and a single half cone that thrusts itself up above the pine ridges of the Trinity Mountain foothills. These are Mount Eleanor and Tamarac Peak, respectively 8,200 and 7,000 feet in altitude. In the little railroad brochure of "Shasta and the Crags," the elevation of the former is given as 11,000 feet, and, to be honest about it, the error lies at the door of the writer.

It was toward this country, with its lakes, peaks, meadows, forests and streams, that we were heading to drown our sorrows in relaxation and bring back pleasant reminiscences and yarns enough to last us until another outing.

WINTUN HEIGHTS FROM CASTLE CREEK. *A. H. Green photo.*

Entering the Big Castle Creek Valley, we closed the gates of care behind us; neither the pity of the poor nor the envy of the rich followed us, and our enemies were forgotten. There was no sin in the enchanted realm we had entered, except the little we carried with us, and possibly a few patches that the summer sun and the ozone-blessed pine forest had failed to eliminate in the neighborhood of the quicksilver mines of Altoona.

Our first camping-place was at Big Meadows, nine miles from the railroad, elevation 6,000 feet, and our first night in camp; can we write of it with any degree of moderation? How restful, quiet and grand everything was; how sweet-smelling and clean; how, though tired, we sang and shouted around the camp fire; how our shrill bugle blasts cried back to us from the deep silent woods and rang down the canyons and up over the cliffs to be finally lost in the far heights of Mount Eleanor; how we ate, drank, slept and waked to find that the moon had stolen in upon our retreat and flooded the high pine corridors, the meadows and the mountain sides, with a supernal radiance almost painful to the nerves. No; the first night in camp is never duplicated. It seems to be like one's first impression of Yosemite or Shasta, which, though looked for on subsequent visits, never returns.

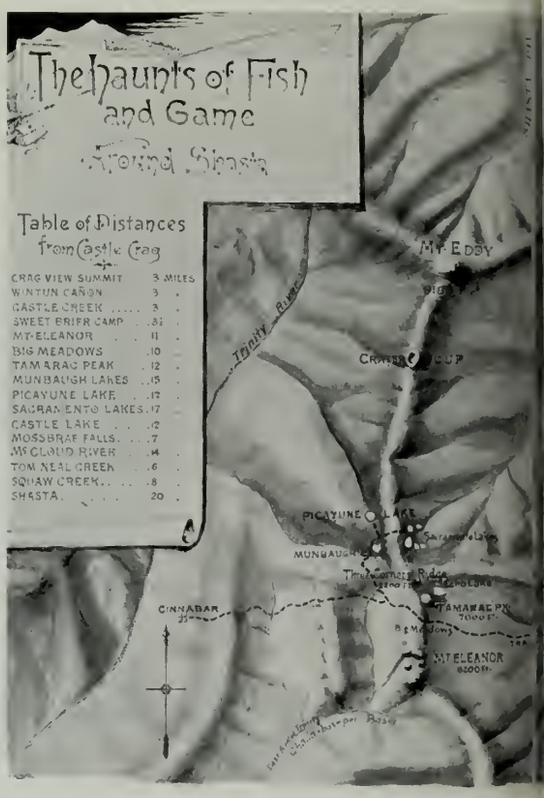
Big Meadows Camp is a fine pivotal point from which to go a-gunning with either camera or rifle, and the east fork of the Trinity that rises in the meadows is good for a down-stream whipping of several miles. It yielded our camp all the fine, luscious beauties we could use, which, when curled up in flour and done to a brown, are certainly up to the mountain-trout standard.

About two miles south of Big Meadows lies the rugged group of gray rocks, already referred to, the highest peak being Mount Eleanor. The statement, that in formation and structure this group is identical with Castle Crags, we found to be erroneous. There is a striking resemblance in structure, but, while the latter are composed almost entirely of granite, the former are of volcanic origin. There is a very well-defined crater on the north side of Eleanor whose northwestern rim has been melted away; and, all the way down the mountain to East Fork, evidences of the fiery washout are seen in the huge, scoriaceous boulders that have warped and fused and conglomerated into a thousand fantastic shapes, which lie like stranded hulks from timber line to the base of the mountain.

To the southwest of Mount Eleanor lies the basin of Challa-bos-pom (Indian for good camping-place), and near it is "horse heaven," which is even a more remote and unexplored region than Munbaugh, and of equal interest to the sportsman.

The geological formation of the country, however, is not so interesting as the superb views to be had from all the main peaks of the Trinity Range, especially from Eleanor, Tamarac, Three Corners and the Picayune Lake ridge.

One of the marked characteristics in the foreground of these panoramic outlooks are the small, deep, crater-cup lakes that snuggle against the base of mighty precipices almost under one's feet; and such colors as flash up from their olive-green waters are not to be spoken of or described in ordinary language. Shasta, with the retrograding lines of the Sierra, furnishes a background of surpassing interest and grandeur; while the blue, hazy middle distance is marked by crags, deep green pine canyons and wild gorges that are confusing in their immensity. These scenes are utterly paralyzing to the photographer, for he knows how flat, stale and unprofitable they appear through the ground glass as compared with their actual appearance to the eye. Our camera man, however, had the temerity to level his lens upon one of them, and, not so much from an economical standpoint as from a lapse of memory, made what is known as a "double exposure," which, through careful development, has resulted in a most extraordinary picture. The first exposure was intended for an illustration of camp furniture or bric-a-brac. We hung the bugle on the trunk of a large yellow pine, and strung a fishing-rod, rifle and other implements of the chase in a picturesque *negligee* way on the ground around it. The second exposure was of Shasta from Three Corners Ridge, with Bluff Lake in the foreground, and a few long, straggling snow lines on the northern ridges that added interest to the view. The result is that the bugle hangs complacently on the Thumb Rock of Shasta, thirteen thousand feet above the sea, and is of such proportions that even Gabriel might feel proud to toot such a horn. The fishing-rod is at least a mile long and bends appropriately toward Bluff Lake, while the "royal coachman" that dangles at the end of the line is a monster compared with which the *Dinotherium Giganteum* of the Middle Tertiary Ages isn't in it.



The small meadows that are fed from the little brooks heading near the summits of these mountains are objects of special interest. Around their margins are found the tiger lily of the valley, and the "delicate, stately and fair" Mariposa lily, the azalea, that superb mountain flower with its rich dainty perfume, the larkspur in pink, purple and blue, columbines and lupines, snap dragon, pitcher plants, buttercups, wild sunflowers and daisies, all in the highest bloom in the last half of July, while the hills and valleys lower down in the State are brown and almost verdureless.

SHASTA FROM THE TRINITY MOUNTAINS. *E. W. Jensen photo.*

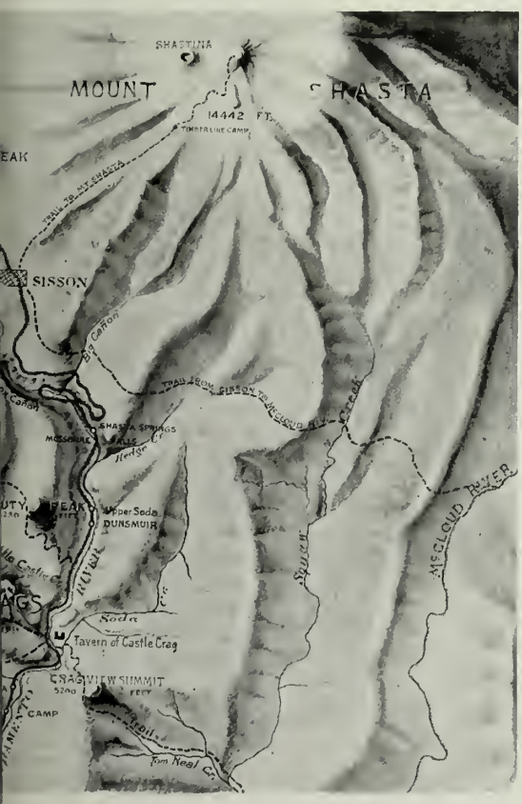
To these clear, cool pools the deer come in the twilight, and at midday the bears wallow in their sedgy shallows, while above them flits the butterfly, the humming-bird and the dragon-fly. These pools cannot be referred to as oases in the desert, but they are quite as refreshing to the eye, as they occur in unexpected places, often rugged and uninteresting.

Our second camping-grounds were made at the Munbaugh Lakes, midway between Big Meadows and Picayune, a remote retreat,

out of any sight, sound or suggestion of civilization, the only place on the trip, by the way, that we thought of discussing the possible need of a physician's services, which, on account of our excellent appetites and general good condition, was not a subject to worry over.

From this camp we fished Crow Creek successfully, and procured what venison was necessary for the camp table, and we found deer plentiful, especially on the north slope of Crow Creek and the headwaters of Thistle Creek.

There are several fine bucks in that country, upon which we drew a bead, that candor compels us to state are now, and as far as we know shall continue to be, oblivious of the existence of Mr. Winchester as a rifle manufacturer. In every such case there were extenuating circumstances, such as "the deer moved his head just as we shot," or "he was farther away than we thought," or "the blamed rifle went back on us," etc.; but, strange to say, these plausible and most just reasons for not bringing in a buck every morning and evening did not seem to be received around the camp fire with that enthusiasm we could have wished, so that all we said finally was about as follows:



"Fired at a great big buck, forty yards away; clean broadside shot; said buck cantered up the mountain and was soon lost to view; seemed quite hearty and well when last seen; took his unpunctured hide and fine horns along with him." *Vale cervus*, or, in other words, good-by, dear.

About a mile east of the Munbaugh Lakes lies the Three Corners Ridge (elevation 7,300 feet), so named from the fact that Siskiyou, Shasta and Trinity counties corner at this point. Upon the east one may roll rocks almost into the headwaters of the Sacramento, and turn around to enjoy the same exercise in the sources of the Trinity.

MOUNT ELEANOR.

The view from Three Corners is surpassingly grand and impressive. From some standpoints we are willing to concede it to be the grandest panoramic view in Northern California. Nearly a dozen lakes cluster around its base in the counties named, several of which are situated in the Windhaven Basin at the head of Big Castle Creek, a half dozen just over the divide to the north, and the balance are girt about by great Munbaugh tamaracks and firs on the west. Whoever has stood on an elevation of one thousand feet, almost directly over one of these Sapphire Tarns of California, will never forget the impression he received of the wondrous colors of its waters. Surely there is nothing on earth like them, and they are nearly all swarming with trout.

A BIT OF SHASTA.

From this grand Nebo height, Shasta is king of the landscape. He overshadows, overreaches and overpowers all his competitors, rising in his scarred and rugged majesty a perpendicular mile above them all. His right there is none to dispute, and his noble upreaching profile lines and mighty proportions increase in interest and impressiveness the higher one climbs. The gray Castle Crags a few miles away rise in savage, treeless spires, exhibiting an aspect of their grandeur directly opposite to the Sacramento Canyon view. From the Haystack and the Wintun Heights, on the extreme right, they rise in sharply serried ranks until the highest peak towers hundreds of feet above the familiar castellated forms seen from the railroad. The stern and sterile aspect of their southern abutments is, if anything, intensified in the upper heights. Their hard granite hearts are almost entirely closed to any form of vegetation.

On the west, thirty or forty miles away, and reaching away into the hazy distances as far as the eye can reach, in either direction lie the snowy ridges of the Swift Creek, Stewart's Fork, Salmon and Scott mountains, and down the Trinity Range in the foreground are Tamarac and Mount Eleanor; while far away North, South and Middle Balley, Bullychoop and Chanchellula skirt the southern horizon, and on the north an unnamed but beautifully defined crater cup and Mount Eddy, the former attaining an elevation of ten thousand and the latter at least eleven thousand feet in altitude.

We verily believe this wondrous region to be the finest camping-grounds on earth. The air is light, dry and warm (never hot), and there are fine cold-water springs in abundance on all the mountain sides. One may sleep out-of-doors with safety, and acquire a surprising and unappeasable appetite; and, as may be inferred from what has already been said, the scenic and sporting attractions are well-nigh unapproachable.

And, by the way, we had almost forgotten the birds. The particular one that clutches the arrows on the large, scarce dollar of our fathers, and is supposed to scream on the slighest provocation, showed us what he could do in the way of defying the lightning and wheeling himself out of sight in the thunder-cloud. Then there were the black-cap titmouse and the snow-bird, or, as we used to know them away down in Maine and Nova Scotia, the chickadee and the bluebird, the oriole that raises his cheery note as he swings on the alder branches over the streams, the robin, the scolding jay and the humming-bird, the yellow-hammer and his kin that beat their tattoo on the hollow trees in the early morning, and, among game birds, the mountain quail and the grouse, shy, quick-flighted and alert, that startle one in their abrupt way of getting out of sight before the idea of having a gun in your possession flashes across your mind.

Perhaps a few suggestions to campers might be given here, not so much what to take along as what *not* to take. Well, don't take along a single purpose or idea, such as the capture of so many fish, the killing of so many deer, the absolute necessity of bagging a bear, or returning with untold prizes in the photographic line; go prepared for bear, etc., and a good time generally, and don't be disappointed if you don't bring Bruin into camp. The writer has tramped these mountains for many years, and has been blessed but once with the sight of a bear. The story of his attempted capture, distorted into a most amusing tale, is still told in the mining hamlets and around the camp fires of this country, as well as in San Francisco. An amateur camper's longing for bear is an innocent and perfectly respectable one, but the satisfying of this yearn is apt to be attended with many heart-sickening and soul-harrowing experiences. No; don't take a full determination for bear with you; half full will be plenty. Don't take any books with you on a short outing of say two weeks in these mountains. Nature will furnish enough stories for you to read, and there are no lies in her books. If occasionally she produces an unnatural growth she stamps it in her blunt, honest way as a freak, but art has a faculty of mixing error and truth together so that many times we fail to discover which is which.

Cultivate your senses: Impress new images upon the retina of the eye that will obliterate past pictures of checks, columns of figures and choked-up waste baskets. Give the organ of smell some extra work by filling your lungs full of balsamy, bracing air many times a day: active exercise will do this. Cultivate the ear: there is plenty of music in the forests if one would but listen carefully for it; and that most unruly member of the five that gets us into more trouble than all the others could be reformed in more ways than one. Even

JUNCTION OF TOM NEAL AND SQUAW CREEKS.

the subtle and underestimated sense of touch may be quickened and revivified by contact with the soft "cat's-ear daisy," or the little, busy insect with the brown body and black stripes, known as the yellow jacket.

Don't be too fussy about ants and little trifles of that sort, and don't jump over any snakes till you come to them. Don't worry about ashes getting into the coffee or smoke into the tea, or a little seasoning of pine needles into the "Sockeye." Don't worry for fear some one will get lost, and by all means go around a yellow-jacket's nest instead of over it. Experience will prove to you, in this latter connection, that discretion is the better part of valor.

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

A Detroit man is advocating the idea that the national flag ought to be used as a design for letter postage stamps. He suggests that the flag could be represented in fac-simile on a smaller sheet than the Columbian stamp, and thus not only popularize the national symbol but give the nation a permanent design as beautiful as any yet devised.

This idea, meant to be patriotic, is idiotic. The fate of a postage stamp is to be canceled. It is bad enough to give the historic worthies a punch in the face, but systematically to deface and mar even the pictured representation of our flag would be a sacrilege. But I suppose that the eyes which can gaze calmly upon our flag used as a beer sign can see no harm in using that flag, in miniature, for a postage stamp.

Where are the men who will enforce the law that makes it a crime to deface the American flag, or to use it as an advertising sign?

The man who edits *Frank Leslie's Weekly* must have some sense in his brain box. He calls for suggestions from his readers, asks that they be given freely and frankly. He well says, "The editor's desk is in much closer touch with the public in these days than it used to be, and those are the largely successful journals which reflect most truly the thoughts and impulses of their constituency." The ladies are especially invited to indicate their preferences among subjects for pictorial representation.

Desiring to avail myself of so courteous an invitation, I take opportunity to respond through the columns of THE TRAVELER.

First, I entreat *Frank Leslie's Weekly* to rescue the American flag from the advertising fiend, to foster and propagate the patriotic sentiment that seeks to have the American flag saluted every morning by the children in every public school in our land.

Next, to endeavor to save our forests from destruction, and to encourage the planting of trees by school children, as a means of teaching them to love their country, and to stimulate municipal pride to the extent of making American cities both cleanly and beautiful.

One more suggestion. Let *Frank Leslie's Weekly* undertake the task of educating conservatives to a better understanding of the mental needs of the people, so that our public libraries, museums and art galleries may be open on Sundays.

Some recently published statistics illustrate in a very striking way how we are absorbing into our citizenship the very worst classes of foreign immigrants. Immigration is just now at a standstill, but the curious fact remains that the work of naturalization goes on as briskly as ever. The largest increase is among the Italians, but it is also large among the Poles, Russians, Hungarians and Bohemians. Among the desirable class of immigrants there is no increase in naturalization. Is it not time we should reconstruct our whole code of naturalization laws? If intelligent women are not to be allowed to vote, why should illiterate foreigners be given the privilege denied to native-born, well-educated, taxpaying women?

Some months ago I made a statement in this page, regarding the indigestibility of oatmeal, which was questioned as to the foundation for my disgust for the "poultice" mush. It is exceedingly gratifying to me to find that no less an authority than Ruth Ashmore, in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for August, advises girls to let oatmeal alone as a food, because it is too greasy and too indigestible for an early morning meal.

In speaking of dancing, Ruth Ashmore tells her readers that while she would not countenance dancing in public places or in crowded assemblies, she considers dancing at home, in a private parlor, both an excellent and innocent amusement. That sounds well, but I wonder if Ruth Ashmore ever heard of the dust lung. As one old lady said, "I never object to the young folks dancing in the best room in the house. It's most as good as beating the carpet. It gets the dust out so. Next day it can be swept up by the panful." Moral: Don't dance on carpet or canvas if you can help it.

"So many people advise me to take a cold bath early in the morning," writes one of my correspondents. "Do you believe it is good for a girl to take a cold bath as soon as she gets up?" That depends. Some very robust natures can stand it, but for the generality of American women it is too heroic a treatment. If you find that the cold water makes you gasp and start, and if you cannot seem to get warm quickly, if you shiver for half a day after taking a cold douche, give it up by all means.

In looking over the advertising columns of an Eastern magazine, I saw a "pocket stove" advertised at the modest price of one dollar. I laughed and felt a fine satisfaction that we know better than that in California. For five cents one can get a Japanese *kiaro* or hand stove, and, for five cents, a package of ten sausage-shaped punks which will burn, each of them, for four hours. The stove, which is variously called a hand or a pocket stove, looks like a small sardine box, perforated with star holes, and covered with calico. The punk of powdered charcoal is lighted, and then the lid of the stove slid into place. The stove is just the thing to take to the theater or to church in cold weather, and as for toothache or a stiff neck or a pain anywhere that needs heat to drive it away, a Japanese *kiaro* acts like a charm. Don't send your dollars East for any pocket stove when ten cents will buy a hand stove here.

"What are the blue prints of ferns?" writes another correspondent. "I do not think that I have the name right, but perhaps you will know." Do you recall the "spatter work" craze of a few years ago? Don't you remember how people pressed ferns and flowers and fine sprays of leaves, and then pinned them down on a piece of bristol board, or of perforated board, and then spattered ink over the exposed places by means of scraping a toothbrush, wet with ink, with a hairpin? Well, the fern prints are only a variation of the same idea. Ferns are arranged over a sheet of ferro-prussiate paper, care being taken not to expose the paper to the rays of the light while the ferns are being arranged. Then a plate of glass is laid over the surface, and the direct sunlight allowed to fall upon the paper. After a proper time has elapsed, the ferns are removed, and the paper washed in luke warm water, bringing the ferns in white on a blue background.

Max O'Rell is writing his personal reminiscences for an American magazine. I never see that man's name without a feeling of indignation. I once heard him lecture at the Grand Opera House in this city, and he took occasion to be very witty at the expense of Americans. Some of the things that he said were true, some of them were obvious exaggerations, all of them were very funny, but without exception they were insulting to us as a nation; and it made my blood boil with indignation, and my heart sink with shame, to see that houseful of Americans sit there and laugh at his caricatures of Americans, and his insufferable assumption of the part of a mentor to the American nation. We Americans have faults as a nation and as individuals, but we do not need any passing foreigner to teach us our duty to our God or to our country. We make a mistake when we pay our money to hear ourselves lampooned.

In the races between the *Vigilant* and the *Britannia* there have been many incidents that furnish food for thought, but to my mind there is none more significant than the refusal of the English sailmaker to fit out the *Vigilant* with a new set of sails. "No," said he; "she came over here to prove the superiority of American yachts. Now let her do it with American materials." And patriotism with that sturdy Britisher was above prices. Money couldn't tempt him from his determination. Perhaps he was churlish, but he was right. If every citizen of our country would make its cause so decidedly his own, as Ratsey, the English sailmaker, did with England in that instance, we should have better citizens here in America.

"I am nearly wild from insomnia," writes another of my correspondents. "Do you know a cure for it?"

The time-honored mathematical devices of counting sheep and saying tables are now considered useless for the purpose of inducing slumber. An authority on the subject says: "If you fear a sleepless night, undress in the dark, for light stimulates the activities. Chopped ice in a rubber bag at the lower end of the spine is recommended as particularly quieting to the nerves. Throw away your pillow, and relax every muscle. Lie on your face instead of on your back; this will rest the spine." How these rules may work I do not pretend to say, but people troubled with sleeplessness can easily find time to try all of them.

Here is a good description of a dog's activity in running about. It came from *McClure's Magazine*. The dog's master, "Kidlex, usually took him out after supper and gave him the exhilaration of chasing nothing for an hour or two."

Kate Field, in her *Washington*, thus sums up the woman question. "In a Christain civilization men will be the bread-winners, and women the bread-makers. Women will take part in the government of the world, but their womanhood will not be ground out of them by physical labor inimical to the race. Nothing will be demanded of women which interferes with a noble womanhood."

The harmless, necessary cat gives diphtheria to children. Promiscous kissing of children and the exchange of kisses between women and between children transmit disease germs. The "mooly" cow has been caught in the very act of tainting her milk with tuberculosis, and has paid for her act with her life. Children's toys are the means of spreading infectious diseases after they have been beslobbered by the child in the tortures of teething. These are things to think about.

In an Eastern exchange I read that "A good many ladies naturally and unthinkingly hold coins between their lips." Do they? Probably any well-brought-up woman can recall that admonition of her childhood, "Don't put money in your month." But in all my street-car riding in San Francisco, a city of street cars, I do not remember ever seeing a lady with money in her mouth. It is funny, the use and abuse of that word "lady." I am reminded of a story told by a little wharf-rat in school as an instance of lack of politeness. Said he, "Last night a drunken lady came into the saloon next to my house, and asked the saloon lady for a drink, and the saloon lady threw a glass of water over the drunken lady." Poor *lady!* Poor *ladies!*

Speaking of street cars, I wonder how many people outside of San Francisco know that the cable car was an invention of a San Franciscan, and that his invention was first put in operation in this very city. When I was in Chicago, an inhabitant of the Windy City said to me, "You must see our cable cars. They are really quite an institution. We invented them, you know." It is needless to say that the Chicagoan was speedily enlightened as to the place and date of Mr. Hallidie's invention. Californians are boastful, but they can't help it. God made them so when He let them be born in this glorious climate.

It is safe to say that there is no city in the world where there are so many street-car facilities as in San Francisco, or where people ride more, and for such short distances. Strangers comment upon the number of people who enter a car, and ride two or three blocks only, and then leave the car. It is often urged against our San Francisco climate that it fosters catarrhal colds. Riding on the dummies and in the open cars does, and it would seem that our car companies often impose upon a good-natured and long-suffering public by compelling it to ride in windy, blustry or rainy weather in open cars, where it is impossible to escape chill winds and unkind draughts.

At the very moment when we are considering the advisability of introducing military training into our schools, at the very moment when "Boys' Brigades" are forming and drilling in nearly every church in the country, there comes a protest from over seas against teaching boys and girls warlike ideas and associations. "The war spirit is to man what ferocity is to the tiger." In the *Arena* for August, the editor, B. O. Flower, taking for his text an article from a daily paper, which bestows unstinted praise on a rich New York church for fostering the war spirit in the minds of a number of working boys, and seeing that they were supplied with deadly muskets, muskets which had already been used for slaughtering human beings, utters a protest against the "iniquitous military drill" now being carried on in many of our churches and schools throughout the United States. The paper should be read by all those who are interested in Boy's Brigades. Mr. Flower makes out a strong case against military training for the young. He shows how it fosters an un-Christlike spirit, and a desire to engage in real war; and he disposes of the claim of the advocates of military training for boys as a means of physical development by quoting Dr. D. D. Sargent, of Harvard University, in the negative.

Mr. Flower closes with an appeal to the mothers, wives and sisters in this great Republic to demand an immediate cessation of "this ungodly and savage drill which belongs to the plane of the barbarian, and which is a crime against civilization, the Republic and the young."

Let me see, if my memory does not deceive me, Henry Drummond, whose book, "The Greatest Thing in the World," is one poem on love and christian charity, is an ardent advocate for Boys' Brigades. I think he wrote an article indorsing them in one of the initial numbers of *McClure's Magazine*.

Somehow, I think that Mr. Flower has the best of the argument. It will be of interest to see how this attack on Boys' Brigades will be met in this city, where they are considered such a success.

Is there not the sarcasm of fate to be seen in the fact that the recent riot in Milwaukee, caused by a small-pox scare, was led by women who resisted the officers of the law in their attempts to take a small-pox patient to the hospital, and that a woman, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, was the one to introduce the idea of inoculation for small-pox from Asia Minor to England? It was not until fifty years after the noble lady's attempt to benefit her nation and serve humanity that vaccination was generally accepted, and to-day there are those who would resist it with force if necessary. Within the past month woman has taken a front rank in the unwomanly avocation of inciting men to unlawful acts and deeds of violence. Let me quote a paragraph from the Sacramento *Record-Union*, a paper whose editorials are among the most scholarly and patriotic of all the editorials published in America.

"It is all very well to talk of chivalrous conduct, the mercy that a woman's sex should invoke, and the forbearance her weakness bespeaks: when she makes these the armor from behind which to do criminal deeds of violence, let her be treated as are other criminals, and she will learn that her sex is not a license to defy the law."

Some one who appears to know what he is talking about says that more babies are made ill from bad ventilation than from any other cause. They are put to sleep in beds and in perambulators with the head under the bed clothing, so that they must inhale the air already breathed and further contaminated by exhalations from the skin. How many babies taken out for "an airing" are so smothered under veils and silk handkerchiefs that the only wonder is that they are alive at all when these modern mummy cloths are unwound.

The poor babies cannot help themselves. All that they can do is to get sick and die. But what shall be said of the grown people who deliberately lend themselves to this slaughter of the innocents? There is too little an appreciation of the value of pure air. Some people are so afraid of a draught that they will live and sleep in veritable Black Holes of Calcutta. Too few people have plenty of fresh air in their sleeping apartments, and yet they wonder why they awake in the morning with a headache and a feeling of lassitude and discouragement. Let us have fresh air and plenty of it.

In this connection it is worthy of remark that Dr. Anderson Brown, one of the foremost women physicians of England, has established an industrial farm for inebriate women. The test of the practicability of outdoor life as a cure for drunkenness will be made under the auspices of the Women's Temperance Association.

To the August number of *Table Talk*, Eliza S. Turner has contributed a thoughtful paper on "How to raise the character of the work, and the status of the worker, in domestic service." To raise its character it must be made skilled labor, since, in the eyes of the community, unskilled labor is always low in social standing. Next, beyond all other considerations, the great present obstacle to securing better material is the loss of social position. To briefly sum up the writer's excellent article, schools should be established to turn "greenhorns" into skilled laborers, and the girls should be encouraged to preserve their own social position by being hired to work during the day, and allowed to return to their own homes at night. Where portions of the work are beyond a girl's physical strength, a man or a muscular woman should be hired to do the roughest, unskilled labor.

In Geneva there is a society to protect the wild-flowers, and to prosecute those vandals who, not content with culling a nosegay, ruthlessly pull flowers up by the roots. In the printed directions sent out by the Boston Flower Mission, people are implored not to uproot the delicate ferns and rare wild-flowers in their zeal to send flowers to the sick. California can invite the world and his wife and all their family to roam over her hills and gather her flowers in prodigal profusion. "There are plenty more," says the queen of the western world. "Don't be bashful; just help yourself."

It is a satisfaction to me to see that our oriflamme, the gorgeous California poppy, has thrown off the yoke of the usurper, and refuses to be known by that barbarous jargon of German consonants under which it has struggled so long. To be a "California poppy" is honor enough. No matter about any foreign appellation. We must stop unrestricted immigration.

It seems that the lumbermen have been choking up the Truckee River with sawdust. The Truckee is one of our best fishing and most picturesque mountain streams. Its source is the overflow of Lake Tahoe, 6,216 feet above the level of the sea. The Fish Commissioners of the State of California have taken up the matter in good earnest. Our fish streams must be protected.

Eliza D. Keith.

(DI VERNON.)

ORD AND ORT.

Mr. J. Craig, manager of Highland Springs, writes under date of August 25th: "We are now for the first time since May able to accommodate a few extra comers. We are hauling lumber now and are beginning the erection of a new hotel and mineral swimming bath, and will have accommodations next year for two hundred more people. Game has been plentiful, and this week a bear was killed on the Highland Springs and Pieta road. We are making some large and valuable improvements, and next year this will be the best-equipped resort in California."

In a Chicago restaurant the other day a gentleman left his wife for a few moments to chat with an acquaintance at another table, and while he was there his friend persuaded him to partake of some lamb. Under a misapprehension the waiter removed the lamb before he had eaten it, whereupon he exclaimed, "Goodness! where is my lamb?" His wife, overhearing the question, answered in a clear voice, "Here I am."

An impecunious fortune hunter having been accepted by an heiress, at the wedding, when that portion of the ceremony was reached where the bridegroom says, "With all my worldly good I thee endow," a spiteful relative of the bride exclaimed, "There goes his carpet bag."

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion, and those containing piosonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

THE POODLE DOG.—A little, old, gray, muzzled curmudgeon with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turns up; his mouth is drawn into wrinkles so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world.

When he walks he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from the ground. This wretch is called "Beauty."

—*Washington Irving.*

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them.

Much sickness has resulted in the past from the use of unfiltered water, and the introduction of perfectly filtered water has proved a blessing and a necessity. The Rapid Safety Filter Co., 1209 Market Street, place their filters in residences and business houses. They are ornamented and kept continually in good order. The charge is only $1.50 per month.

Attention is called to the advertisement of C. Herrmann & Co., the hatters, in another part of this paper. The fall season has opened, and they have secured a splendid line of the latest styles. You will do well to give them a call.

Curran, the witty Irish lawyer, was a very small man. Once quarreling with a fellow-counselor, he called him out. The other objected: "You are so little that I might fire at you a dozen times without hitting, whereas the chance is that you might shoot me with the first shot." "To assure you," said Curran, "that I don't wish to take any advantage, you shall chalk my size upon your body, and all hits out of the ring shall go for nothing."

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and tailor. Fall styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

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Office hours 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Telephone 1800.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., No. 214 Kearny Street.

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.
650 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

NEW GOLD.

WHEN MOLLIE BATHES THE BABY.

When Mollie bathes the baby
I lay my book aside,
And watch the operation
With deep paternal pride.
I scan the dimpled body
Of the struggling little elf
For undeveloped points of
Resemblance to myself.

When Mollie bathes the baby
She always says to me:
"Isn't he just as cunning
And sweet as he can be?
Just see those pretty dimples!
Aren't his eyes a lovely blue?"
And then, "You precious darling,
I could bite those arms in two."

When Mollie bathes the baby
I alway say to her,
"Look out now, don't you drop him,"
And she answers back, "No, sir!"
Then I talk about his rosy cheeks,
The muscles in his arms,
His shapely head, his sturdy legs,
And other manly charms.

When Mollie bathes the baby
The household bends its knee,
And shows him greater deference
Than it ever shows to me.
But I feel no jealous goading
As they laud him to the skies,
For every one assures me
That he has his father's eyes.—

—*Thomas Bewsy Holmes.*

At the hushed brink of twilight,—when, as though
Some solemn journeying phantom paused to lay
An ominous finger on the awe-struck day,
Earth holds her breath till that great presence go,—
A moment comes of visionary glow:
Pendulous 'twixt the gold hour and the gray,
Lovelier than these, more eloquent than they
Of memory, foresight and life's ebb and glow.
So have I known in some fair woman's face,
While viewless yet was Time's more gross imprint,
The first faint, hesitant, elusive hint
Of that invasion of the vandal years
Seem deeper beauty than youth's cloudless grace,
Wake subtler dreams, and touch me nigh to tears.

—*William Watson.*

Jamie kissed me! Jamie kissed me!
I know that it was wrong!
He caught me neath the linden-tree;
And in his arms so strong
I had no chance to run away;
'Twas no use to resist.
He asked me neither yea nor nay,
But caught, and kissed and kissed.

He knew quite well no one was near
To help me get away,
And Jamie seems to have no fear
For aught the neighbors say.
I'd think 'twould shame one of his size
To catch a mite like me,
And kiss her lips and cheeks and eyes
Beneath the linden-tree.

But there was heaven in his kiss
That thrilled me through and through,
And in his arms was greater bliss
Than e'er before I knew;
Yet, though his kisses were so sweet,
I'm angry as can be:
I'll tell him so next time we meet
Beneath the linden-tree.

There's beauty in the dawning light;
And twilight fair or starlit night
Has each its charm and grace;
But lovelier still on earth to me,
The fairest thing my eye can see,—
The beauty of thy face.

There's calmness on the ocean's breast
As deep and blue it seems to rest
'Neath bluer heavens above;
But deeper, calmer, still to me
Than ever sea or sky can be,—
Thine azure eyes, my love!

There's music in the running stream,
And music when the woodlands seem
Awake with songs of birds;
But sweeter, dearer, still to me
Than nature's voice can ever be,—
The music of thy words. —*G. Roxby.*

Naked from out the far abyss behind us
We entered here;
No word came with our coming to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us,
Naked we glide.
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide. —*E. R. Sill.*

THAT REMINDS ME!

Chas. Y. Lamb photo.

A man with a donkey for sale, hearing that a friend wanted to buy one, sent him the following, written on a postal card: "Dear D——, if you are looking for an A1 donkey, don't forget me."

—*American Youth.*

An enterprising local reporter handed in the following to the city editor of an esteemed contemporary: "A large crowd assembled before Mr. Sellow's fancy goods store this morning and watched him while he was engaged in the interesting occupation of dressing the four large, handsome, French windows that make his place so attractive. The display was much enjoyed."

But the compositors were in a hurry and neglected to put any "n" in the "windows." —*Truth.*

I once had an adventure with a droschky driver in St. Petersburg, whose tactics, in order to obtain extra payment for driving me, were more ingenious than a threat to hang himself or throw himself into the Neva. I wanted to give him eighty kopecks, and he demanded a ruble; but, as I was determined not to give way, he suddenly, to my amazement, flung himself on his face on the floor of the open droschky, joined his hands in an attitude of supplication, and began to bawl a wild screed of, to me then, incomprehensible Slavonic. "What on earth is he howling about?" I asked my interpreter. I was informed in reply that my Istrostchik was praying that the soul of the wicked stranger might not be consigned to eternal torment for his cruelty in seeking to reduce a humble droschky driver, his wife and family, to a condition bordering on starvation. The prayer "fetched" me, and I gave him the disputed twenty kopecks.

—*Sala in London Sunday Times.*

Manager—You do not eject enough contempt, spite and venom into that word.

Actress—I can do no better.

Manager—Nonsense! Speak it just as you say "plush" when you meet a rival in an imitation sealskin.

Taper—I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend.

Mr. Gingham—It must be a very dear friend, indeed, to make you want that much time. Who is it?

Taper—Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife.

Husband—Our office-boy died to-day, and I think you ought to go to the funeral.

Wife—I'd like to know why?

Husband—For the past month he has been eating the lunches you have put up for me.

What is a friend? A friend is a man who points out the silver lining in the clouds to avoid lending you an umbrella.

A few days ago a Pittsburg citizen cut into a pound of butter which he had purchased at a grocery whose proprietor did not advertise, and found therein a small tin box, which contained a piece of paper bearing the following, written in a neat, feminine hand: "I am a girl of eighteen years, good-looking and an excellent housekeeper. Should this be found by some unmarried Christian gentleman, will he please write to the following address," etc. The finder, being a bachelor, decided to unravel the affair, and succeeded, only to destroy the romance. The girl who had written the note had died many years ago, leaving an aged husband and a grown family. Yes, the tradesman who doesn't advertise keeps his goods on hand a long time.

LAKE COUNTY RESORTS.

America's greatest health and pleasure resort. Open summer and winter. Fare to Springs, round trip, $8.00. Rates $1.50 to $2.50 per day; $10.00 to $16.00 per week. Baths free. Thirty different kinds of mineral water. Fine bathing, boating, hunting and fishing. Accommodations first class. Handsomely illustrated pamphlet sent free by addressing

J. CRAIG, MANAGER HIGHLAND SPRINGS, Lake County, Cal.

SEIGLER SPRINGS,

LAKE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

THIS delightful watering place is located in the mountains, 2,400 feet above sea-level. No fogs; air dry and bracing. THE SPRINGS are celebrated for their curative properties, and can be taken in unlimited quantities. WARM MINERAL BATHS are provided at the different springs, and are beneficial in all Rheumatic, Skin and Nervous affections. Good swimming pond, fine walks and drives, fishing, hunting, etc.

RATES $10.00 TO $14.00 PER WEEK.

For further particulars address

JNO. SPAULDING, PROPRIETOR.
SEIGLER SPRINGS, LAKE CO., CAL.

ADAMS SPRINGS, LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

DR. W. R. PRATHER, PROPRIETOR.

LAKE COUNTY, California, has many alluring attractions for the pleasure and health seeker, but chief among them stands

HARBIN SPRINGS.

They are located only twenty miles from Calistoga, at an altitude of 1,700 feet above the sea. The Springs are noted for the relief and cure of Rheumatism, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Biliousness, Skin and Blood Diseases. Good hunting and fishing in the vicinity. Fine table and home comforts.

RATES, including use of water:

PER WEEK,	$12.00 to $18.00.
PER DAY,	2.00 to 3.00.

ROUTE:

S. P. to Calistoga. Stages daily on arrival of train. Returning from Harbin guests can leave at 10:30 A. M., making close connection with afternoon train from Calistoga.

HAYS & WILLIAMS, Proprietors.

SUMMER BOARDING

—AT—

Laurel Dell

COTTAGES.

Situated on LAUREL DELL LAKE. Boating, fishing, hunting, riding, driving, picnics, tennis, etc.

Excursions to Clear Lake.

Take S.F. & N. P. Ry. to Ukiah and stage to Laurel Dell.

H. WAMBOLD, Prop., Bertha P. O., Laurel Dell, Lake Co., Cal.

BARTLETT SPRINGS,

Lake County, California.

This delightful resort is reached by two routes, the Southern Pacific Co. via Calistoga, or the S. F. & N. P. Ry. via Pieta. The hotel and cottages are run on the American plan, the rates being from $10.00 to $15.00 per week. Cabins for housekeeping from $2.00 to $6.00 per week.

Tickel Offices: 613 Markel Sl. (S. P. Co.); 2 New Monlgomery Sl. (S. F. & N. P. Ry.)

Circulars and other information at THE TRAVELER'S Bureau of Information, 602 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW STAGE LINE To HIGHLAND SPRINGS, LAKEPORT and BARTLETT SPRINGS, via PIETA.

Close connections made at Highlands with stages for Kelseyville and Soda Bay. Tickets for the above places can be had at the general office of the S. F. & N. P. Ry. Co., or at No. 2 New Montgomery Street; also at Tiburon Ferry landing.

Take the 7:40 A. M. boat from San Francisco, and arrive at Pieta at 11:55; take stage at Pieta, arriving at Lakeport at 4:00 P. M., and Bartlett Springs at 8:00 P. M. W. H. FORSE, MANAGER.

ORR'S HOT SPRINGS,

14 MILES NORTHWEST OF UKIAH.

Rates $1.25 to $2.50 per Day. $7.00 to $15.00 per Week.

Hot sulphur baths, possessing rare medicinal qualities, which render them equal to any springs in the State for the cure of rheumatism, dyspepsia, blood and malarial diseases, stomach liver and kidney complaints. The location is very charming, being situated in the heart of the giant redwoods; a hunter's paradise, game of all kinds being found in abundance, and splendid fishing. The hotel is conducted on the most generous principles and accommodates guests the year round. Telephone and livery stable in connection with Springs.

E. F. BOUTON, PROPRIETOR.

DUNCAN ⁂ SPRINGS ⁂ HOTEL,

HOPLAND,

MENDOCINO COUNTY, CAL.

ONLY two miles from Hopland Station, on the S. F. & N. P. Ry. Duncan Springs occupies a picturesque position on the mountain side overlooking the Hopland Valley. Elevation, 1,000 feet above sea-level. The hotel is new and hard finished throughout, the table is first class, and the splendid MINERAL WATERS are a prompt and certain cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the blood and kidneys.

Terms $10.00 to $15.00 per week. Cottages furnished for $5.00 per week.

LIVERY STABLE IN CONNECTION.

For circular and further information address

O. HOWELL, PROPRIETOR.

The Magnolia Springs Hotel,

CALISTOGA, CAL.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

Livery Stable connected with the house.

Hot Sulphur and Steam Baths at all hours.

The waters are of value in the treatment of chronic rheumatism, gout, chronic arthritis, white swelling and joint troubles, and for chronic cutaneous diseases.

E. C. CHESEBRO, Prop.

Analysis of the Springs Showing Grains per Gallon.

Sodium Chloride	20.76
Sodium Carbonate	5.10
Sodium Iodide	.16
Sodium Sulphate	1.75
Potassium Iodide	Trace
Magnesia Sulphate	2.90
Calcium Chloride	5.57
Calcium Sulphate	.63
Alumina	.47
Silica	4.55
Organic Matter	Trace
Free Sulphureted Hydrogen Gas	4.74 cu. in.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

One day, not long since, a citizen of our town was out hunting, and during the day a rain-storm came on, and, in order to avoid getting wet, he crawled into a hollow log. When the rain began to fall the log began to swell, until our friend could get neither way. He thought his end had come, and he thought of all the wrongs he had done, and when he recalled that he had not paid his subscription to the *News* he felt so small that he crawled right out of the log without difficulty.—*Blenheim (Ont.) News.*

KINGS WEAR CROWNS,

but private citizens of taste prefer our fall Derbys. If you come to us

YOU CAN WEAR A HAT

that is correct in style. You may be proud to have your friends see our name in the lining of your hat. It means that you are a man of taste.

C. HERRMANN & CO.,
328 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. OCTOBER, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

McCLOUD VALLEY FORESTS, CAL.

J. W. Jensen photo.

Glimpses of Del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told; and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate some interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, bath-house and beach, there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IV. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1894. NUMBER 4.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM. V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE - 602 MARKET STREET,
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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,
conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

HAIL! to the little Mother Carey Chicken of a republic away out there in the Pacific that has just chipped its shell,—the land of *dolce far niente*, sugar and volcanoes; the land of poi, negligee-attired tribes and cocoanuts. And so you have decided that kings and queens are unpopular in this Western Hemisphere! You prefer to get along with every-day citizens for rulers! Well, perhaps that is better, since it cannot very well be worse. Being a brand new republic, washed all about by the clean waters of the Pacific, you have probably made a New Year set of resolutions to avoid the political pitfalls of your big brother on the east. As there is quite a sprinkling of American blood in your administrative core, you should profit by the mistakes that the larger republic has made in its century's history. We could give you a whole lot of advice, but perhaps, like all young people, you prefer to work out your own salvation. So good luck to you, and best wishes! Since you are now in a settled condition, we will feel more like shouting the praises of your scenery, climate, etc.; and we shall certainly advise the globe trotters that come our way to drop in and have a look at you.

JUST why the Emperor of China has taken Li Hung Chang's yellow jacket away from him seems hard to understand. If Li Hung wanted to keep a little pet of this sort in the house to stir up the servants once in a while, why should his Celestial Gorgeousness interfere? To be sure it is a strange fancy. It is possibly the only case on record where a great statesman could find the time or nerve to toy with so uncertain and erratic an insect as *Vespa Vulgaris*; and it is possibly the only case on record where such a seemingly small matter was cabled around the world, and printed in all the modern languages. Rumors are rife that Chang has several times attempted suicide over this little waspish episode, which is proof positive to us that trifles make up the sum of life.

THERE has been a great deal of difficulty in the western half of North America as to ascertaining the correct heights of the great mountain peaks. Mount Hood was formerly set down as possessing an elevation of over seventeen thousand feet altitude; and Fremont, in his early reminiscences, classed Shasta as over eighteen thousand feet, an error of about five thousand feet in the former case, and of four thousand feet it the latter.

As to the greatest elevation on the continent, it has heretofore been nip and tuck between Orizaba and Popocatapetl of Mexico, and Saint Elias and Mount Logan of British Columbia. The latter peaks were, until lately, supposed to be located in Alaskan territory, but it is probably a fact that Mount Logan, the highest peak in North America, belongs to Canada. From the latest and most authoritative reports, its elevation is a little over nineteen thousand five hundred feet, which is, without doubt, several hundred feet higher than Orizaba.

Since Uncle Sam has had to relinquish his claim to these colossal giants of the North, it is with a feeling of pride that we call attention to the fact that California has the honor of possessing the highest mountain in the United States, namely, Mount Whitney, which boasts an elevation of a trifle over fifteen thousand feet.

LITTLE FISH—You are the great big chump that I thought always got away with the fly, the line and a part of the rod, leaving nothing behind you for the angler but the possibility of lying about your size; and you have had the gall to go and get yourself measured.

BIG FISH—Well, little one, misery likes company, and as we are both in the same line I am above abusing my smaller relatives; but really, if I said anything, it would be that you are not worth lying about. Any angler worthy of the name would toss you back into the water as a fingerling. You are fresh even to rawness. I have dodged the wiles of the fisherman more times than you could shake your pectoral fin at in a week, but I'll bet a dollar against a gravel stone that you jumped at the first silly little homemade fly that dropped in your neighborhood.

THE thought has occurred to us that, while life-preservers are eminently convenient in cases of emergency, their location and manner of adjustment are so little understood that in case of accident they would be the last thing to be thought of. For instance, should an accident occur on any of our large ferry-boats on the bay,—all well equipped in the matter of life-preservers,—how many of the passengers would know how to avail themselves of their use?

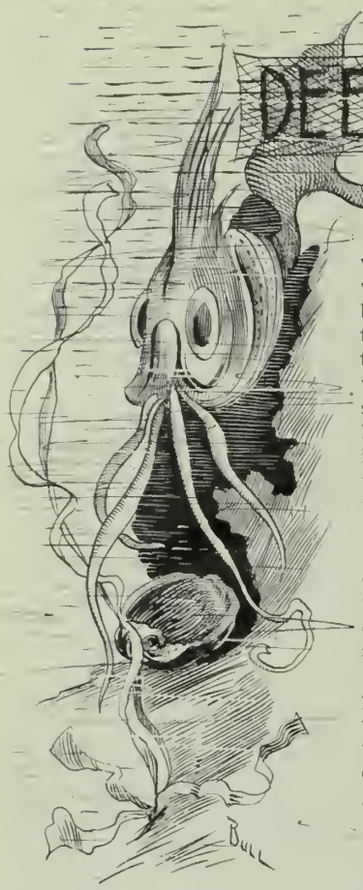
Would it not be a feasible proposition to educate the traveling public in this regard? Just how this could be done to the best advantage would be a matter to be decided upon by the parties most interested.

How embarrassing it would be to a society lady to find herself floundering around in the bay with her life-preserver on upside down! And the suburban resident of Alameda should be taught that they are not put on like snowshoes, nor are they supposed to button around the neck; while it might be well for the commuter from Mill Valley to understand that in the best society they are not now worn *a la* liver pad.

Then, too, it often happens that persons attempting suicide change their minds after a dip in the briny deep. Would it not be advisable to have a separate department for such cases, where the goods would be marked: "For suicides; to be charged for unless returned within fifteen minutes." These special preservers might have a line and rubber bob attachment, and be so constructed that, in case the party interested did not care to go ashore again, he could easily disconnect himself therefrom and finish the job, in which case a higher price might be charged.

We respectfully call the attention of all owners or proprietors of ferry-boats, yachts, ocean grayhounds, or any vessels, cruisers, catamarans, or other floating crafts that sail or steam the seas, to this important question.

THE McCloud Valley forests, the subject of this month's frontispiece, are situated to the south and southeast of Mount Shasta, and embrace an immense body of the finest timber on the Coast. The ring of the woodman's axe, and the whirr of revolving saws, are as yet strangers in this locality, and, from a scenic standpoint, we wish it might remain so; but the demand for sugar pine lumber will, no doubt, soon cause the devastation of these magnificent forests.



DEEP SEA FISHING

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL

O, ye disciples of Izaak Walton, to whom the mere mention of fishing recalls visions of cool retreats beside shady brooks, on whose rippling waters fall the glint and shadow of sunlight through leafy, interlacing branches, where in dark, deep pools under shelving rocks speckled beauties lurk, what would ye think of landing a fish that tipped the scales at three hundred and fifty pounds, whose home was in the wide expanse of ocean, with the broad heavens for a canopy, and the only shadows on the pulsing waters those cast by floating clouds or swiftly moving vessels?

Does not the two or three pound trout, which has always seemed so large to you, appear suddenly to diminish in size, and his gamy fight at the end of a slender line seem insignificant beside the struggles and vain endeavor of a monster quarry that swallows a bait three times as big as your largest trout, and tugs at the end of three hundred feet of line with strength sufficient to tow the boat through the water with marvelous rapidity?

That is the kind of fishing which tests, not only a man's nerve, but his muscle, his endurance, and his science.

The Jew fish (black bass) is the largest game fish that haunts Southern California waters, and during the summer season he may be hooked anywhere from the Santa Barbara Channel to the Coronado Islands; but he is at his best in the vicinity of that gem of the Pacific, Santa Catalina Island, and in the deep water near San Diego, where black bass fishing is one of the great sports, and many have been the mammoth specimens hauled up on the shingle of beautiful Avalon Bay, and the sands of Coronado's charming beach.

There is nothing in the piscatorial line that can compare with fishing for Jew fish. Imagine yourself in a boat apparently too frail to withstand a great shock, while at your feet lie great coils of rope. Now you pause over a spot where somebody caught a three hundred pounder last week, and you cast the mammoth hook, on which is impaled a wriggling four to six pounder, down, down, until forty or fifty feet of line have played out over the side; then you keep fast hold of the slack, and wait. It is this waiting that adds zest to the sport,—this blissful uncertainty, in which pictures of gigantic fish flash athwart your mental vision; and, in fancy, you are just hauling in the largest specimen of the season, when, twick! the line is jerked with such force that it is only the unconscious effort at self-preservation that prevents it from playing out so rapidly that there will not be enough left to get a purchase on.

The fish is darting through the water with the rapidity of thought, and you realize that it is time to call him back; so you brace yourself and give a tremendous jerk, which you feel is successful and has lodged the hook well into your gamy victim; now he may dart and dash to his heart's content. As he turns and rushes toward the boat as if to upset it in his fury you gather in the slack as fast as your arms can move, balancing yourself well to prevent a catastrophe. As he nears you he changes his mind, and off he goes like the wind, towing you out to sea with as little effort as though your boat was an egg-shell. You are enthused. You follow his moves with the intuition which the keen sportsman possesses naturally, and you know that even a Jew fish cannot keep up such tactics long; still you dare not relax your vigilance. Gradually you draw him closer; his rushes, while quite as violent, are shorter in duration, and at last the time comes when he feels the end is at hand, and he gives one last frantic plunge for liberty. It exhausts him, and he is at your mercy; so, with a feeling of compassion that you cannot suppress, you finish his struggles by a bullet in the head or a blow from a heavy ax.

It is not an easy matter to tow one of these monsters to shore, and pull it up on the sands, but the desire to prove one's prowess and ascertain the weight of the catch is an impetus that overcomes all obstacles.

The old fishermen know all the sunken rocks in the channel, and Avalon, San Diego, Santa Monica, Redondo, Long Beach and San Pedro each has its quota of fishing boats. Morning after morning, with the first flush of dawn, these boats may be seen, some with sail set and swelling out with the freshening breeze, others manned by hardy oarsmen, each one bound to his favorite fishing ground, there to remain until the catch seems to him sufficient. Lucky is the amateur who has won the confidence of these rugged men, and received from them an invitation to join them in their labors. He cares not that he must sacrifice his precious morning nap, and sit for hours, perhaps, under the intense rays of the sun; he knows that, down there amid the nooks and crannies of that fissured ledge of rocks, gamy rock bass with shining red skins are hiding, and sea bass with glistening silver scales are skimming hither and thither, and that out yonder great flat-bodied halibut are searching for food, and will soon spy the smelt adroitly fastened on his sharp hook.

The waiting counts for nothing when the line twitches and is pulled through his hand with a rush. How he enjoys the frantic efforts of the captive for liberty! He knows now how the cat feels when she plays with a mouse, and it is almost with a feeling of regret that the sport has ended, and he hauls in an eighteen or twenty pound sea bass, or flops a fifteen-pound halibut over the rail into the bottom of the boat.

Sometimes he joins a party in a yacht, and they sail away out into the channel and cruise about for a school of yellow-tails, barracuda, or albicore. Then comes the sensation of keen enjoyment so dear to the heart of the true sportsman, for the yellow-tail is a gamy fish with a great deal of determination; but in the end he too is conquered, for his strength ebbs with his frantic dives, his impetuous rushes, his dodges and counter-dodges; and, as the reel spins out the line or takes up the slack, he yields at length after a last frantic effort.

Barracuda fishing is a novelty in its way. No wriggling fish or cut bait allures this wary creature. His taste is fastidious and only to be satisfied with something out of the common order of food; so the cunning fisherman fastens short, floating strips of red and white flannel to the hook. The strange object tempts the fish, and he seizes it to investigate, his curiosity proving his ruin.

Passengers on the steamers that ply between the coast and Catalina find sport in trolling for albicore, and many are the fine specimens of this weighty fish thus captured. Occasionally a flying-fish, unable to guide his flight, strikes the side of the vessel with such force that he falls back into the water, prey for his pursuer. Sometimes he clears the rail and falls exhausted on the deck. Hundreds of them may be seen skimming over the surface of the sea, often making quite extended flights, but seeming to drop back into the water through no volition of their own.

Perhaps more general sport is obtained on the wharf at Redondo than at any other point, except perhaps the wharf at Avalon; for day and night during the summer it is lined with men, women and children, whose poles project over the water in such close proximity and at such varied angles that they look like quills on a gigantic porcupine. Sex, age and social status are forgotten, and for the time enthusiasm, good comradeship and a neighborly interest are paramount; but woe to the luckless individual who is so inexperienced as to allow his line to become entangled with another: it matters not that the cause be an unusually

350-POUND JEW FISH. *Waite photo.*

gamy and unmanageable mackerel who has seized the hook and made off with it so quickly that the party up on the wharf has not been able to swing him clear of the pendant lines.

For a time all is confusion and excitement, and the fish usually succeeds in escaping, sometimes carrying hooks and a section of line with him; then come moments of painful silence while disentanglement is going on, or a stillness that is broken only by muttered imprecations from the impatient fisherman, who begrudges the time spent in twisting and untwisting as he enviously watches the shining fish that are being landed all around him. At last his line is loose, and he rebaits his hooks, gives the line a fling, the pole a flip, and settles down on the edge again regardless of mangled fish and decaying bait which litter the spot. Eagerly he peers over at the gleaming waves lighted up in circles by the line of lanterns suspended from ropes until they reach nearly to the surface of the water. He can see the gamy mackerel flashing here and there, or a sudden streak of light that betokens a pompano or an agile smelt.

How rapidly they bite! How they run and fight for liberty, and how, when they are landed and tossed into box or basket, they flip and flop in the struggle for life! Suddenly there is a scurry, a darting hither and thither of flashing objects, and then all is still until a huge form plows through the waves, and somebody cries, "A shark, a shark!" and somebody else lets down a shark line. For a long time silence prevails. One by one the lanterns are drawn up, and the fishermen, grown suddenly weary, wend their way homeward. Then a dark body is again seen to dart through the circle of light, and the shark line is straightened out with a jerk; but experienced hands hold the other end, and after a series of strategic playing out and hauling in the shark is landed on the wharf, where his six feet of harmless ugliness excite exclamations of wonder or disgust that the school of mackerel should have been so summarily frightened away. The sharks caught near the seaside resorts are of several varieties, but are quite harmless.

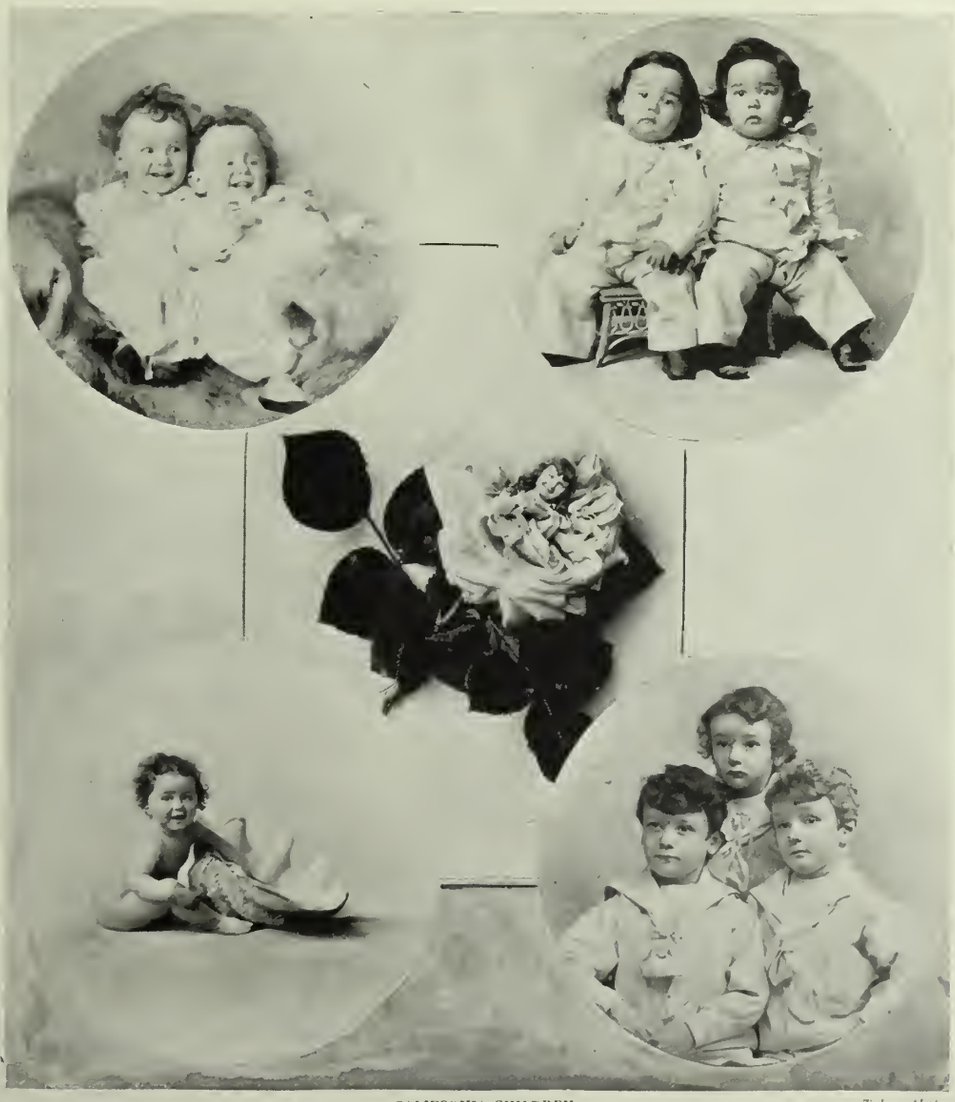
The following prophecy was made between 1800 and 1817, by one Cornelius Woodruff, a tavern-keeper in Connellsville, and found on the fly-leaf of one of his account books in his own handwriting.

"Those who come after us will find vast and undeveloped mines of material for men to work upon,—treasures of untold wealth that are now hid from us. All must have observed that the progress of the arts and sciences and the gospel, like the sun, is from the east to the west. As the celestial light of the gospel was directed here by the finger of God, it will doubtless drive the heathenish darkness from our land, and, marching through the vast deserts now westward, will develop the hidden gems and stores of gold and silver. Huge mountains and mines of these ores will be discovered. It will give employment to millions, not only for war but for peaceful occupations and the wants of life. These vast quarries will give work for the mechanic to build monuments for the renowned of America,—those heroes who gave their warm blood to save this land for the coming millions. Some great invention will be made to carry on commerce and communication in this to be great country."

CALIFORNIA CHILDREN.

ELSIE DOUGLASS.

California children are the brightest, happiest and healthiest children in the whole world. Look at the faces on this page, and see if they are not the perfection of childhood. Could any one ask more? They have plump, well-developed little figures, soft, beautiful skins, luxuriant hair, and eyes of heaven's own blue, or of the tropic twilight. "Glorious climate again," do you say? Well, yes; I suppose so. You see, our children fairly live out-of-doors. It seldom happens that there are many consecutive days the year round when they cannot venture into the open air, during some portion of the day, to take a little run around the block, or to play for a little while upon the sidewalk. For in winter, when it rains, it pours down all at once, as if in a laudable endeavor to get through with it, or it rains a soft, warm drizzle that wouldn't harm any one. In San Francisco the water runs away as soon as it is through raining, the sun comes out, and the streets dry up, and out rush the children to play between the showers. I well remember how I, as a child, spent many of my winter days trying to persuade my mother that "it was not raining in the mud puddles," thus watching for a chance to get out; and I used to think that, if we could only get started upon an excursion before it began to rain, it would not matter how soon it poured afterward, since all showers in those bright days seemed to be over so quickly.



CALIFORNIA CHILDREN. *Taber photo.*

Not much likelihood, you see, for pale, cooped-up little specimens of humanity in this climate of ours. In summer it is seldom too hot for comfort, except, of course, in the interior of California, where so far there are not many children. Our children do not have to endure those days of prostrating heat, those nights of sweltering misery, which sweep children away as if they were a lot of drowsy flies.

There is health, there is life and energy, in the ozone which they breathe in with the salt sea air; and the children have clear voices and broad chests, and their bright red blood goes bounding through their pulses, painting the exterior of the human house each lives in with the most beautiful and delicate of flesh tints.

They are bright and quick, full of nervous intensity and mental ability. They learn readily, and, in our cosmopolitan city of San Francisco, their eyes and ears are trained to observe and to notice strange sights and sounds from their youth up. Mentally they are quite as alert as their Eastern cousins, and physically they are far better developed. Infantile disorders do not rage so fatally among the children of California as elsewhere. California children have great capacity for hearty play,—boisterous play if you will; and I am willing to believe that we have more than a fair proportion of tomboys. But my heart goes out to the tomboy. She is Nature's protest against the subjugation of the weaker sex by whatever means it be attempted, be it the iron shoe of the Chinese, the steel corset of the French, or the dwarfing of soul as well as of body.

California children are hospitable in their games: they let every one come in; there is comparatively little caste or class prejudice except among the children of snobs. The others are democratic as to playmates, and are good friends with all the babies on the block, except when they happen to fall out, and then they fight, as they themselves would express it, "like anything."

Young California grows up on terms of intimacy with dumb beasts, for we have beautiful dogs here; and dogs never have hydrophobia in California, so parents do not have to instill a horrid fear into their offspring, with the continual warning: "Take care; don't go near a dog; he'll bite."

It is not easy to impress a California child, or to over-awe him. He is not surprised at anything. Even in his short life he has seen and heard of so many wonders. He can gaze up into the blue vault of heaven, stand unabashed before the sublimity of our mountains, and look out upon the rolling, restless sea, in one moment and in one glance. Nature opens his heart and enlarges his soul at every breath he draws. It is not possible for a California child to be either ignorant or narrow minded;—I speak, of course, of those who have come from good stock, and who have enjoyed ordinary advantages. Our lower classes are not inert either.

Our seasons slip by with nothing to mark their change, and the child is often a man before he has decided what is to be his vocation. The Californian is not apt to be systematic, or to characterize his work with precision. He is too apt to put his trust in Providence and—to-morrow.

I once heard one of San Francisco's noted lecturers deliver a peroration on our school children. Of course he had to refer to them as the hope of the future,—that is always done,—but the point of his remarks that I recall most vividly was the strong picture he drew of the exuberance of our youth. He said "it was a sight never to be forgotten to see the cataracts of children pouring out of our public schools in torrents of tumbling glee." Surely the future of the State will be safe in such a sturdy and noble childhood.

THE ADVENTURES OF A STAR-FISH.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LILLIE B. BOLLARD.

One balmy day in June I lay on the Santa Barbara beach and idly watched the waves roll in and break on the pebbly shore. The noise of the breakers, the warm sun, cool breezes, and profound stillness (save for Nature's harmonies) lulled the senses to repose. The sunbeams danced on the waves; fleecy white clouds sailed across the sky: the islands in the distance showed dark blue against the paler background of the horizon; sea-gulls circled above me, alighting almost at my feet. I heard the sound of a gun announcing the arrival of a steamer at the pier, but could not see the vessel, for I lay in a snug nook on the farther side of Castle Rock, where there were no bath-houses, no bathers, and where one might enjoy a *siesta* without fear of interruption. Lying on the warm sand, every muscle relaxed, every nerve in repose, a drowsy feeling stole over me. Gradually the noise of the waves and the cry of the sea-gulls grew fainter and fainter, when suddenly I was startled by hearing a voice at my ear murmur, "Excuse me; are you looking for an echinoderm?" Turning, I saw a star-fish gazing at me.

"No, I am not," I replied, "but I know enough of zoölogy to know that you are one."

"Ah! that's the word—zoölogy," he murmured, his eyes turned from me now and thoughtfully fixed on the ocean. The dreamy tone, as well as the words, aroused my curiosity.

"Why! What do you know about zoölogy?" I asked. "I didn't know it was a science taught in schools of fishes."

"It is not," he replied, "but it would take some time to tell you how I came to learn about such things,—to what branch, class and order I belong, and by what name I am known among men."

Astonished, I urged him to relate the circumstances by which he became the subject of such an extraordinary amount of new-style pisci-culture. He closed his eyes reflectively, lost for a time in retrospection. I, meanwhile, carefully noting his appearance, compared it with all that I had learned at school about this wonderful and beautiful creature. I saw that he consisted of six purple rays, the tip of each adorned with a small red spot—the eye. There, between two of the rays, was the coral-plate—a brick-red sieve through which water is taken to expand the ambulacral suckers, or tentacles, several rows of which were situated on the lower side of each ray, and by means of which my companion had attached himself to a piece of wood which had been washed up by the waves.

As the star-fish crawls mouth downward, the suckers bring it over its food, which is thrust through the mouth into the stomach, or, if the morsels be large, the stomach is everted, and the food digested outside the creature, the stomach being afterward drawn back into the body. How I wished I could see my new acquaintance go through this interesting process!

"I never knew or thought anything about myself till that day," said the star-fish. "Most of my life had been spent on the shore near the great city whose cliffs overlook the rocks where the seals bark and play. There I lived with many friends,—about one hundred and fifty families in all; and great sport we had among the oyster beds, that part of the garden of the deep which we like best. Sometimes the fishermen, on finding that we had eaten their bait, vented their spite by tearing us in pieces and throwing us into the sea again. But as each arm contains special branches of all the necessary organs, we can endure severe mutilation. Lost arms are replaced, and even single arms finally develop into complete stars. So the fishermen, by tearing us in pieces, multiply what they would destroy.

"One day when with my brothers I was enjoying myself in an oyster bed, I found myself caught in the net of a fisherman. Admiration for my beauty, or perhaps, in part, the modern taste for adorning the home with natural curiosities (a most repulsive fashion!), induced him to take me to his home alive. Fortunately for me he knew that to immerse a star-fish in cold fresh water would be instant death. He filled a large glass bowl with sea water, and placed me in it, and kept me supplied from day to day with food convenient for me.

"There I remained a long, long while, a member of the fisherman's family. Through the glass walls of my little ocean I became familiar with every member of the household. Instead of having to search for my food and fight for my rights, always on the alert to avoid the fishers' toils, and escape a thousand enemies, I did nothing but learn some new thing. The language of men and their way of life became to me as my own. The fisherman's son was a student at the State University, his daughter at a young ladies' institute up town. Morning and night the talk of these charming young people was of science, art, duty, their hopes, their plans, their ambitions. All day I pondered on that which I had heard.

"How great was my delight when one day the maiden said she would take me in my globe to school! There I remained several days, and there I imbibed much knowledge of men and their affairs, but especially of zoölogy in general, and myself in particular. The maidens were, I must say, much interested in me.

"The last day of my stay at the school the teacher said, 'Young ladies, name the branch, class and order to which the star-fish belongs.'

"'Branch echinodermata, class asteroidea, order asteridea,' was recited in unison. Then all the maidens gathered around to take a last look at my beautiful proportions, and I was carried away. A professor of the university had borrowed me. On the ferry-boat he stood the globe on the rail. I saw the tossing waves, I heard the sea-gulls cry, and saw them circling round me. 'Come, come,' they seemed to say. The boat gave a lurch—the globe slid overboard—I was in my native element, and soon I found myself at home among my kindred.

"How glad they were to see me! But they all seemed very strange to me. I have taught them many things, however.

"When the cool weather came we traveled southward, sometimes encamping for days together among oyster-beds, sometimes descending into beautiful valleys, or climbing magnificent mountains. Many-colored flowers, huge trees, gay shrubbery, noble rocks, glittering sands, delighted us at every turn. To-day, for a change, I let myself be washed ashore with the tide. I fear they will miss me."

The voice of the echinoderm was growing fainter.

"I must be going," he said. His voice was so faint I could hardly hear him. As I watched him crawling down toward the water, the sound of the waves seemed to be dying away. The star-fish turned as if to speak, but I only heard a confusion of sounds, among which the words "rhetoric," "Pinchem," "history," could be distinguished. The islands receded in the distance; the curling waves faded slowly away.

"What a dark, unpleasant day!" I exclaimed, struck by the contrast between the sunlight of the shore and the gloom of my room.

"Only fog," said my sister; "it's going to be a beautiful day. You fell asleep over your zoölogy, didn't you? No wonder; you must be about worn out over those horrid words."

* * * *

"Class will name the branch, class and order of the animal kingdom to which the star-fish belongs," said Miss Pinchem.

"Branch echinodermata, class asteroidea, order asteridea," I mechanically repeated with the class, but my thoughts were far away. I saw a star-fish gazing pensively over the waves that dash on the Santa Barbara shore, and I wondered what made his look so sad. Probably (if, indeed, it was not all a dream) he had found out that, as is the case with human beings, the more he learns the less he will find he knows.

While out on our northern camping trip we met the chief of a surveying party who had been doing some work on the west side of Castle Crags the previous summer. As we had been a guest at his camp at that time, we made inquiry regarding the camp boys and how he had made out on his job. "Well," he said, "I had considerable trouble with my men,—chainmen in particular. You know how they work: the forward man prods his steel in the ground, shouting, 'stick!' while the man at the other end of the chain shouts, 'stuck!', which operation occupies but a moment. Well, I had the misfortune to employ two men for this work, both of whom stuttered, and this was the dialogue that passed between them all day long: 'Us-stit tit-tit-us-tit-tit-us-stick!' 'Stut-tut-tut-us-tut-tut-tut-us-stuck!'"

The Rev. George Madder, Rector of Ballybrood, an old bachelor, lived with a maiden sister, an elderly lady, solemn and stately, whom he held in great awe. She was very fond of flowers. When arranging some one morning in the drawing-room, she found a curious blossom which she had never seen before. Just as she had discovered it, her gardener passed the window, which was open. "Come in, James," she called to him; "I want to show you one of the most curious things you ever saw." James accordingly came in. Miss Madder sat down, not perceiving that the bottom of the chair had been lifted out. Down she went through the frame, nearly sitting on the floor. James went into fits of laughter, and said: "Well, ma'am, sure enough, it is one of the most curious things I ever seen in my life." "Stop, James," she said; "conduct yourself and lift me out." "O, begorrah, ma'am, I can't stop," said he; "it's so curious; it bates all I ever seen." It was some time before she could make him understand that her performance was not what he had been called in to see; and, when he had helped her up, he was dismissed with a strong rebuke for his levity.

—*Argonaut.*

THE NEW FOOTBALL.

R. L. PORTER.

TWO years ago many rumors came floating down from Cambridge about the wonderfully efficient new style of play adopted by the latter college. As the practice of the Harvard team was conducted with the most rigid secrecy, the football world had to wait till the crimson faced the blue at Springfield in order to see a demonstration of the wonderful new tactics. The Cambridge men came onto the field confident that victory was theirs. It must be confessed that to many outsiders it seemed that Yale was doomed; but those who knew how football was taught at New Haven had no fear but Mr. Camp's veteran ability as a coach would more than offset any wonderful discoveries of Mr. Deland.

On the day of the match the Yale men must have been just a little more anxious than usual, waiting as they were for some sign of the new plays. When Harvard got the ball her men lined up for the now famous flying wedge which had gone swirling and smashing twenty yards into Yale's territory before Hinkey nabbed the man with the ball. A murmur of admiration and surprise ran through the crowd. If Harvard had many more plays as effective as that, Yale's team was surely beaten; but, as the game went on, the crimson showed that their other Deland tricks were of no more effect than the ordinary plays, and, at the same time, were very much more exhausting. In a little while the Harvard men had so wearied themselves that Yale was enabled to score the touch-down that won the game; and when the Cambridge boys again essayed their flying wedge their opponents had it smashed, and the runner down with a gain of only eight yards.

This game is of interest as the first in which the momentum mass plays were used. By momentum mass plays is meant the grouping of a body of the players some yards behind the ball, and starting thence before it is put in play, using the momentum of the mass to open a way for a half-back, who has received the ball just before the mass strikes the opposing line, or, as in the case of the start-off, just as the mass comes opposite the center of the field.

Harvard's faith in the new style of play was not broken, and she went home to prepare for the next battle, in which she introduced many new types of the same play, but with no better effect than the year before. Harvard had many variations of this play. always with the object of hurling a mass of men at some vulnerable point,

THE REVOLVING V.

and opening a way for a runner who came close behind. Captain Hinkey's men soon found that by letting the mass pass they could close in and stop the runner, and before the game was very old everything was going Yale's way. After this game it became apparent that these new tactics contained many things that were detrimental to the game. In the first place the strain on the players, both in performing and stopping the sallys, was terrific, and left football open to just censure as a brutal if not unscientific game. Such inventions would have been much more suited for Ashantee war tactics than a game of pleasure for gentlemen. In the second place the game began to lose interest for the spectators. The fact that so many men were moved so closely massed and were under way before the ball was in play caused the spectators to become confused and lose interest. The contrast between the swinging, open style of Princeton's play and the close hammer and tongs work of Harvard brought this phase of the question forcibly forward.

A HARVARD MASS.

One glaring possibility of evil among the many others lay in the fact that the smaller colleges often place much dependence on one or two players who are stars, and by this style of play a rival team might drive a mass of men time after time at the best man on the opposite line till either he is worn out or injured.

It did not take long for the football men to decide

THE START UNDER NEW RULES. *Andrews & Lange photos.*

that these plays must be legislated against; and at the same time it was decided that the public who patronized the games should be considered, and as they seemed to want more kicking in the games many alterations were suggested leaning to that end.

The chief changes in the rules are the giving of fifteen instead of five yards to any player interfered with while trying to make a fair catch. This form of fouling was very common last year, as the penalty of five yards was less than a good runner could make, so it paid an opponent to foul and pay the penalty; then, too, the new rule robs the catcher of his chance to run, for he must signal his intention to make a fair catch by holding up his hand. The penalty for fouls has been increased to ten yards gain for the opponents of the fouler if they then hold the ball, or in case that they do not they then receive it with no gain of ground.

Any piling upon a man after he has been decided down by the referee will cost the guilty team fifteen yards, instead of five as formerly. Whenever a team within the twenty-five-yard line has tried a drop kick for goal on the first down and missed, the kickout shall be from the ten-yard line instead of the twenty-five-yard line.

Rule 10 says: "In all cases where the rules provide for a kick the ball must be actually kicked a distance of at least ten yards into the opponents' territory unless stopped by them."

Then the rule which forbids momentum mass plays defines a momentum mass play as one where more than three men start before the ball is put in play; and furthermore it orders that not more than three men shall group for that purpose more than five yards behind the ball.

These rules put a premium on kicking. The day of the full-back is undoubtedly here. In fact if a captain is wise he will have three kickers behind his line, and keep his opponents guessing who is going to kick with a *bona-fide* kick demanded on the start-off. A pair of good sprinting ends coming down on the ball will call forth a return kick on the part of defenders. Every time a drop for goal fails, the opponents, only ten yards from their own goal line, will almost have to kick; and the need to kick will breed good punters, and good punters will bring more and more kicking into the game, for it is one of its prettiest features. Well handled it is a most potent factor in defense, as the U. C. team showed last year, and it has great and undeveloped possibilities as an offensive tactic. The committee is to be heartily thanked by every lover of the game for placing so great a premium on kicking. It does look as though a team of sharp tacklers with a good kicker behind them would be the winner this year, although the best kicker must have a sturdy line in front of him to keep the opposing from line breaking through and spoiling his kicks.

So much talking was done last winter about the evils of Vs, wedges, mass plays, and momentum plays, and so many suggestions offered of rules that would abolish them, and all the so-called evils of the game, that many players, especially in minor teams, are somewhat confused as to just what plays are barred by the new rules. Very few of the plays barred have been used on this Coast. The old revolving Vs are still perfectly legal plays. The Pennsylvania interference play has not been outlawed, nor any of the plain interference plays. In fact the only play common hereabout which has been legislated against is the flying wedge start-off.

The Pennsylvania interference play was adopted with marked success by Yale in its game with Harvard last November. In this play the end and tackle and half of say the right side are sent to the left on the run. Just as they pass the quarter-back the ball is put in play, and the runner has the benefit of the interference of at least six and usually more of his team.

All the more dangerous features have been eliminated from the sport, and there is no doubt that it will continue in favor with students and the public.

Through the courtesy of Captain Benson and Manager Lang of the University of California that excellent artist, Mr. O. V. Lange, was enabled to obtain some good illustration of typical plays.

EVERY one who travels our way does not realize the magnitude of San Francisco Bay, or how many fine resorts there are found around its shores. In area "the bay," as it is familiarly known all over California, is about as large as the State of Rhode Island, and within a few miles of its shores are located fully a quarter of the entire population of the State.

Students of our early history will recall the fact that Benicia, at the head of San Pablo Bay, was intended for the site of the State's metropolis; but a glance at the situation will explain why the present site of San Francisco was chosen.

The islands of the bay are admirably situated for purposes of fortification, and are all under Government control. Alcatraz, at the mouth of the harbor, directly in front of the Golden Gate, is the only one upon which any extensive work has been done, and yet even here there are no fortifications worthy of the name. It seems to be a reasonable conjecture that the heads at the entering in of Golden Gate will be the future site of redoubt works, etc.

From the standpoint of pleasure the waters of our great harbor are not of a high order of excellence. The currents are strong and variable, and the breezes often of a fitful character. There is, however, a great deal of yachting and boating indulged in on the bay, but one feels safer to be along with experienced hands.

To make a pleasurable tour of the bay one should start at its most interesting point, the "Heads," or pillars of the Golden Gate entrance. Journeying citywards, keeping always to the right hand, the following interesting features may be named: Fort Winfield Scott, better known as Fort Point, the Presidio, Fort Mason or Black Point, Telegraph Hill, the Water Front and City of San Francisco, Union Iron Works, Hunter's Point, and Coyote Island in San Mateo County. Then your steamer skims across the bay to the Alameda shore, some ten miles wide at this point, past Alameda, Oakland and Berkeley, and enters San Pablo Bay, visiting Mare Island Navy Yard, and returning by Raccoon Straits, past Angel Island, Belvedere, Sausalito, Alcatraz, and across the channel again to the point of departure, a one-hundred-mile trip full of interest in every mile.

The above cut is from an unfinished sketch of a map now being prepared by Mr. W. H. Bull, artist of the Union Photo-engraving Company, San Francisco. Mr. Bull's qualifications as an engineer, accurate draftsman and painstaking artist stand as a guarantee that the work will be done carefully and well. When completed, the map will be printed in four colors, size twenty by twenty-four inches. Around its border will be grouped fine half-tones of scenes on and around the bay.

This useful and attractive piece of work will be sold at quite a low rate, probably fifty cents a copy, and will be just such a souvenir as one would wish to send abroad.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

THE system of ventilation lately inaugurated in the Palace Hotel Restaurant of this city is a most unique and effective one. By an ingenious arrangement the entire 120,000 cubic feet of air in the room may be changed every ten minutes, and this is done without any perceptible draft or any other annoyance to the guests. The warm air is simply drawn out by suction through a register in the ceiling, leaving a cool, clean, sweet-smelling atmosphere that is at all times delicious.

The Hotel Northern, Seattle, is more than holding its own, in spite of new houses opening on every side, the traveling public testifying by their continued patronage the place in their hearts that this old reliable house occupies. Improvements are now under way which, when completed, will place the hotel superior to all others in the city.

The famous mud, soda and sulphur baths at Paso Robles Springs are more sought after every year. Some of the leading doctors of the State are spending their vacations there. The beautiful evenings and the freedom from mosquitoes make the broad verandas of the handsome hotel a favorite promenade for young and old. Among those registered are: Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood, Col. O'Byrne and wife, Dr. and Mrs. Whitney, Dr. Clinton Cushing and wife, Dr. and Mrs. Hunt, Captain Wall, Mr. Rowell, General Wall and wife, Captain Bradley, Col. George Peney, Captain N. T. Smith and wife, Treasurer of the Southern Pacific Company, J. T. Hosilin and wife, Mrs. Kohl and family, Judge Buck, Judge Baldwin and wife.

At present, times are lively in Denver. National and State conventions are coming and going in quick succession, the State campaign has just begun, and several State exhibitions are under way in that beautiful city. The result of all this is the lobby of the Brown Palace Hotel, the delight of the hotel man's eye. The Palace, of course, is the headquarters for everything; and its splendid equipment has given to Denver one of its strongest factors as a convention city.

We are in receipt of a letter from Messrs. Hays and Williams, proprietors of Harbin Springs, Lake County, that, notwithstanding the recent fire which swept away many of the cottages, they are ready to receive guests at any time. A new kitchen and dining-room have been temporarily built, and visitors at the springs are assured of every comfort. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; after all, the result of the conflagration will be a fine new hotel and modern cottages, the plans for which are already under way. Next year will see this beautiful resort in a brand new dress, and there is no good reason why the increased patronage they will receive incident to the splendid improvements will not almost compensate for the loss of the old buildings. Messrs. Hays and Williams are wide awake and energetic young men, and will take every advantage of the rebuilding to make it one of the most comfortable and delightful sanitary retreats in the State.

The new Alhambra Springs, of Contra Costa County, has been doing an excellent business. It is accessible from San Francisco, and the waters are said to be a speedy and certain cure for many of the most common ailments. It is less than six miles from Martinez, at the head of the valley. The climate is nearly perfection, and the delightful little cottages are neat and comfortable.

The close of September concludes a most delightful month at Paraiso Springs, that gem of Monterey County resorts, six miles from Soledad Station. Settled at the springs one enjoys a seclusion and retirement rarely obtained. The avenues of little cottages, the great shady oaks, the graceful palms, and the tall mountains forming two sides of a triangle, combine to make one of the most picturesque spots in California. A plunge in the hot soda spring is an everlasting delight, and one of the most pleasing stimulants even to the robust and healthy. Manager Robertson is an all around good fellow. With a keen appreciation of the humorous, he was never known to be otherwise than jolly, and takes good care that both the mental and physical divisions of his guests receive equal rejuvenation. Still further improvements are in contemplation, among them being an extensive water system and fresh-water swimming tank.

DON'T BE ANGRY.

We are giving away a finely colored lithograph of the above subject to new subscribers. Its size is twelve by twenty inches, and when framed it makes a picture worthy of a place in any drawing room. We have two other subjects, "The Long and the Short of It" and "A Five-cent Shine," and we will mail any one of them, together with "The Traveler" for one year, to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico, for just one good, big, American dollar.

A. R. Keen has been engaged as manager of the Hotel Mateo, San Mateo, in place of J. V. Knights, resigned. Mr. Keen came here about a year ago from Chicago, where he was formerly connected with the Palmer, Richelieu and Lexington. He bears high recommendations from his Eastern home. He was with the Palace of this city for some time, where he made many friends.

The Rowell Hotel, Riverside, Cal., is a welcome home to the weary traveler. Its clean, large, airy rooms, polite attendants and superior table make it a favorite stopping place for the traveling public. E. J. Davis is the popular proprietor. E. H. Hess, chief clerk.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL IN THE WEST.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

"On and Off the Saddle: Characteristic Sights and Scenes from the Great Northwest to the Antilles." By Lispenard Rutgers. G. P. Putman's Sons, 27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York. The Knickerbocker Press.

I took up this book with anticipations of pleasure, for among the titles of the twelve chapters of which it consists were Alaska and its Islands, Southern California, the City of Mexico, and other familiar names. My hopes, however, were somewhat dashed when on the eighth page I was startled by "the geysers of Yellowstone Park suddenly *erupting* near by." What a pity it is that people who write will not learn that there is in the English language no such word as "erupt." The verb, if any such there were, would be "erump," but why is not *burst out* good enough?

Our author's grammar, too, is very open to criticism. We find singular verbs linked to plural subjects, and the preposition *with* followed by the subjective case: "The bear with * * * *we* in front of him." Several pet words, one of which is "seemingly," occur constantly. Fish is queerly described as "the fountain of perennial previousness." On page 60, in the chapter on the Yosemite, a singular expression strikes us which our author likes so well that he uses it again in describing the Selkirks of British Columbia, "the ensemble forming a wilderness of solitude."

The chapter on Alaska is a disappointment. Mr. Rutgers has taken no pains to familiarize himself with a subject upon which there are already several good books. He has just dotted down hasty impressions, and filled them out with a few inaccurate statements. He mentions alligators as a common device on totem-poles; probably no such thing as an alligator was ever seen by an Alaskan native. What Mr. Rutgers took for an alligator was meant for a whale, the badge of one of the great families of Alaskan Indians. He seems to think that the Paris gold mine on Douglas Island is situated on the opposite shore of Gastineaux Channel at Juneau, and that the Killisnoo oil-factory is at Chilcat.

On first meeting with *pulque*, the national drink of Mexico, he apparently did not know what it was, for he describes it as a "white liquor of Mexican manufacture, which we were informed was deadly in its effects." Later on he seems to have learned its name, but even then he can hardly have drunk it, for he says it possesses "an agreeable flavor resembling lemonade." After giving an account of a bullfight, which shows fairly accurate observation, he goes all wrong before the end of the chapter when he speaks of the *picadores* hurling their *banderillos*. The *picadores* do nothing of the kind; this is the work of the *banderilleros*.

But I might go on for a column or two picking holes of this kind, so let me say that I read with interest the account of a cockfight in Mexico, not having been fortunate enough to see one during my visit to that old and delightful country. There is nothing at all new in the book, nothing that has not been said, and said better, by former writers; and we are at a loss to understand the purpose of such a volume, written as it is by a man evidently unpracticed in literary work. It is hard to see what pleasure a writer of so little skill can derive from his work except the gratification of vanity. Yet it is only fair to say that Mr. Rutgers has a genuine love for nature, though he is not felicitous in expressing that love, and that he puts up with hardships and discomforts in the cheery manner that marks the *traveler* as distinguished from the *tourist*. The book is well gotten up, and people familiar with the scenes described, and one not sensitive about literary form, may spend some pleasant half hours with it.

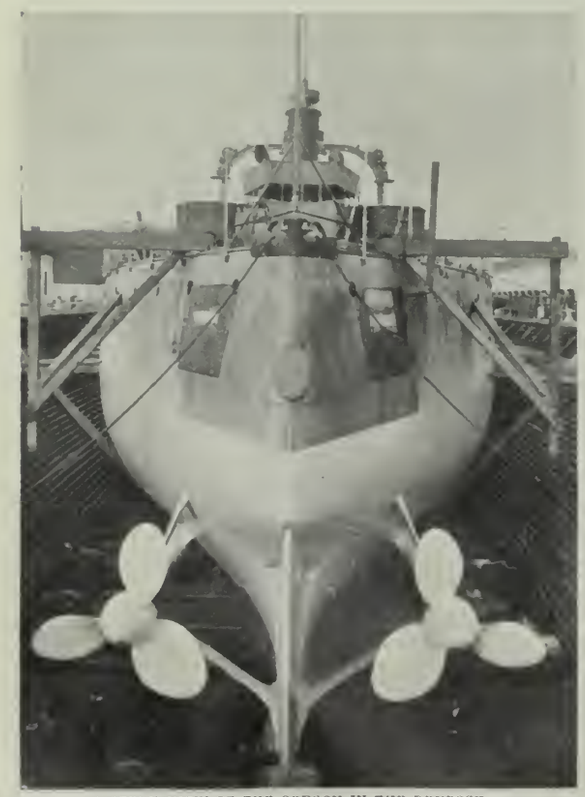
On purely esthetic grounds it is a pleasure to turn from the work of a prentice hand like Mr. Rutgers to that of so experienced a tourist and practised a journalist as Mr. C. A. Stoddard. The descriptions in "Beyond the Rockies" are clear, the narrative is vivacious, and the book interesting throughout. Most of the "lions" of California were visited by Mr. Stoddard, and there are chapters on Coronado, Pasadena, the San Gabriel Valley, Santa Barbara, the Yosemite, San Francisco and other places. Yet Mr. Stoddard is not what I should call a real traveler; he is only a tourist, a cultivated one it is true, one who knows what to admire, and how to express his admiration, but only a tourist after all. "He never cares to wander" far from a well-stocked Pullman car, or a paradise like the Del Monte, or the Coronado Beach Hotel. He groans terribly about the hardships of visiting the Yosemite, and says that "there was an amount of physical pain and privation of cold and hunger connected with the transportation that made us rejoice that the end of our pilgrimage was near." On leaving the valley he says, "a vision of future misery was before us. We braced ourselves for the unmitigated punishment of the next two days." He is delighted with the varied beauties of Del Monte, and speaks of it as a "place of rest."

The book is well printed, by Charles Scribner's Sons, and contains twenty-three process cuts from photographs by Taber and Watkins of San Francisco, and Jackson of Denver.

The October *Overland Monthly* contains the first of a series of articles giving a lively and exact account of the doings of the Vigilance Committee of '56. The writer is Mr. Almarin B. Paul, who took an active part in the stirring events which he narrates. The chief poetical contribution is the first part of Joaquin Miller's "Song of the Balboa Sea," which the poet considers the best work that he has done. The most highly illustrated article is a criticism on "Mountain Art," by H. L. A. Culmer, a mountain painter of Salt Lake City. Colonel Chas. D. Poston's "History of the Building of Arizona" is concluded, as also is Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman's strong and original romance of Malayan life, "The Panglima Muda." There is an article by Irving M. Scott on "The Naval Needs of the Pacific," and a poem by General Lucius H. Foote.

The building of warships on the western seaboard of the United States approaches nearer to what might be termed an industrial romance than perhaps any other event in the history of the material development of the Pacific States. To write an article, limited as this one is to two thousand words, descriptive of what it is to build a line of battle ship like the latest production of the Union Iron Works, means that each word must describe five tons of the most elaborate kind of work.

The battle ship *Oregon*, as illustrated herewith, now lying at the works waiting for certain portions of her armor, is one of three sisters which will soon take their place at the head of the United States Navy. These three vessels may be regarded as the most powerful additions yet made to our navy, or, for that matter, to any other. Considered from a structural point of view, every possible effort has been made to increase their ability to withstand the fire of modern ordnance to the greatest possible extent. Both the thirteen-inch and the eight-inch guns forming the main battery are not only provided with complete and heavy armor protection for the guns themselves and their mounts, but the gun stations are connected by armored tubes with the armored deck above the ammunition passages, thus protecting the ammunition on its way from the magazines to the turrets. In the case of the thirteen-inch guns, this protection forms a redoubt of thirty-three feet diameter, the plating of which is fourteen inches thick, extending from the armored deck to the base of the turret. In addition to the heavy side armored belt, which is eighteen inches thick and covers sixty-six per cent of the water line, thin armor, five inches thick, forms a casemate protecting the central portion of the ship from the fire of machine guns. The immense battery and heavy armor of these ships have been unfavorably criticised in Europe, because of the necessity of limiting the coal supply under fighting conditions; but, as the bunker capacity is great, this simply means that these vessels will start on any long cruise somewhat below their best fighting trim. Naval authorities in this country believe that in the *Oregon* class, of ten thousand five hundred tons displacement, we have fighting machines equal to the British *Royal Sovereign* class of fourteen thousand tons displacement.


A STERN VIEW OF THE OREGON IN THE DRYDOCK.

It is difficult to convey to the mind of the average citizen what the building of such vessels in San Francisco means to our industrial progress. For three years, seven hundred and fifty men have found constant work in the construction of the *Oregon*. Twelve hundred and fifty men have had constant work for six years on the five ships built by the Union Iron Works for the Navy Department. Every payment made by the Government on this work has liberated so much money that was locked up in the Sub-treasury vaults, and sent it coursing through the financial veins of our industries. Six million dollars have been paid out in wages on these vessels, and, better than all, our mechanical ability to produce work of the greatest skill and magnitude has been established the world over, and will yet bear fruit. The building of such a vessel as the *Oregon* in San Francisco, thousands of miles removed from the great industrial centers of the country, means much more to the builders than if they were so located as to be able to divide the work with others.

There are 126 steam engines in the *Oregon*, all of which were built in the Union Iron Works. In a sister ship, built by the Wm. Cramp & Sons Co., Philadelphia, seventy-two of her engines were built by other firms throughout the East.

It is remarked by naval officers that there is a unity of design throughout the ships built here that is lacking entirely in the vessels built on the other side. The Navy Department has also learned to put great faith in the ability of the Union Iron Works to carry out all problems involved in the moving of heavy turrets, hydraulic devices for steering, moving armored doors, etc. Hydraulic machinery, on that account, is used more extensively on the *Oregon* than on her sister ships.

When this vessel goes into commission, and is brought into comparison with other great battle ships in all parts of the world, whatever there is of superior excellence in any of her appointments will be a help to the industrial progress of our State and city.

The Japanese naval officers saw and admired the electric-light engines on the *Charleston*, and a set was ordered from the Union Iron Works for one of their ships. No one can tell what the result will be upon the industries of San Francisco by the building of warships at these yards. It has certainly demonstrated what the possibilities are. When we consider the varied character of the work, and the many branches of engineering brought into active operation in the building and equipment of such complicated structures, the magnitude of the undertaking by a single firm in San Francisco becomes at once apparent. In the construction of the hull proper, means of handling great armor plates—some single plates weighing over forty tons—had to be provided: the bending and tooling of hard deck armor required special appliances, and these were produced from the resources of the works.

In marine engineering the construction of the main engines for such vessels requires the application of the most advanced engineering, both as regards material and workmanship. Bronze castings of great strength and size must be produced, and the experience to produce them acquired at the usual price.

THE OREGON AS SHE LIES AT THE

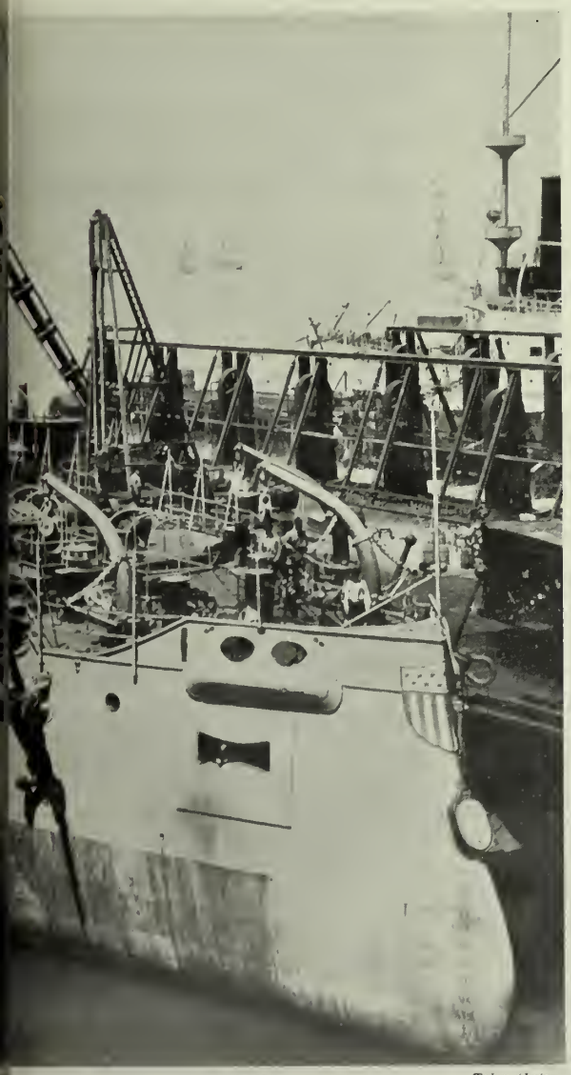
The recent preliminary trials of the *Oregon* illustrate the present value of that experience. Starting the first day at two thousand horse-power, each succeeding day an additional two thousand were added, as per the programme, until the full ten thousand horse-power were reached, and this without any hitch of even the most trifling character.

In hydraulic engineering the *Oregon* presents a fine example of advanced practice. Besides a magnificent steering gear designed and built at the works, there is a pumping plant, under armor protection, to provide power to operate the great turrets for the thirteen-inch guns. This plant can deliver two thousand one hundred gallons of water per minute to the turrets, under a pressure of six hundred pounds per square inch. This is the power of a waterfall of two thousand one hundred gallons, from a height of one thousand four

hundred feet. The hydraulic engines for operating the turrets have also been designed and built at the works. These turrets weigh, with the guns complete, nearly seven hundred tons each; and the engines must revolve them at the rate of one revolution per minute, with the vessel rolling in a sea to an angle of ten degrees.

In electrical engineering these vessels give opportunity for the application of the very latest improvements. The generators are driven direct by special engines designed and built at the works, and the installation is all carried out by our own mechanics. The great searchlights of the Mangin type are made in France, that being the only part of the work done abroad.

Steam cranes for hoisting boats, the windlass for getting the anchors, winches for winding the steel cables, fan engines for forced draught and for ventilation, are all designed and built here; so that when a warship is to be produced on the Pacific Coast nearly every branch of mechanical engineering is brought into



DOCK, WAITING FOR HER ARMOR. *Taber photo.*

active operation within one establishment. And it is this fact that gives significance to the question of what effect upon our industries will result from the building in San Francisco of a portion of the new navy of the United States.

And here another question comes up for consideration: What should be the programme of our Government for further additions to the new navy that has been begun and prosecuted thus far with such marked success? The vessels now constituting that portion of the new navy in commission are of the cruiser type, either protected or unprotected, and gunboats. These vessels are, of course, very desirable, and are of the class that we necessarily had to begin with. They do not, by any means, collectively constitute a navy; in fact they are but the branches. The grand central body must be composed of line of battle ships. Of these, four are now under construction, none of which will be ready to go into commission for a year or maybe more. Three of these vessels, of which the *Oregon* is one, have been in course of construction for over three years, and are now waiting for armor. Our best naval authorities are of the opinion that what we need now to make our little navy complete and effective in time of need are battle ships. Should conditions arise requiring a naval demonstration on the part of this country—and such conditions are apt to arise without warning—in such a time of need merchant steamships could be converted into cruisers or transports; torpedo boats could be produced rapidly; but a battle ship, even with the spur of actual war to force her along, would be a question of at least three years. One piece of armor plate requires months for its production. Great guns with their mounts, and the ponderous machinery to operate them, require years of steady effort to bring into successful operation, and years of practice on the part of the crew to get out of them all their possibilities; so that a battle ship is not a machine that can be brought into existence on the spur of a sudden demand.

The United States, in order to have any security for her position as a naval power, must depend upon a solid foundation of first-class line of battle ships, able to meet anything in the form of a fighting ship possessed by any other power.

No new vessels of this class are at present authorized, and none likely to be for at least a year to come; so that, say in two years, we will have four battle ships ready for service. And, even should the next Congress authorize more of these ships, at least five years must elapse before they appear in our navy.

The last naval appropriation bill just approved makes no provision for any addition to our navy. It should have provided for at least two more battle ships of the first class, and it appears to us that not less than two should be the annual programme for new battle ships of the first class, until we possess at least twenty such vessels. This is an absolute necessity for the protection of our extended coast lines. We have enough vessels designed merely to prey upon the commerce of an enemy. In fact it should be a disgrace to build vessels whose only functions would be, in time of war, to destroy commerce. Could we not invent some method of destroying other nations more effectively than building commerce destroyers? We have managed to legislate our own commerce out of existence. Let us try some wise legislation to build up a merchant marine and establish a real power on the ocean in the advance of our own commercial interests, rather than in having the means of destroying our neighhors'. And we must remember that vessels designed to prey on the commerce of an enemy would be of little service to us, if they and our harbors that protect them had no defense against the enemy's ships of the line.

This is a question of vital and national importance—one in which every State and every citizen has an interest Many years are required to work out such a programme; and to put it off now with the idea that, should a sudden demand arise for the means of defense, such demand could be promptly responded to from the resources at hand, would simply be to court disaster.

The first two vessels built for the navy at San Francisco, the *Charleston* and the *San Francisco*, have taken a very prominent part in all the work that has been required of the warships belonging to the United States for the past three years. They have also taken part in the principal naval maneuvers of this country. In fact the *San Francisco* has been from the first the show ship of the navy, and our naval officers invariably refer with pride to this magnificent specimen of the shipbuilder's art. The *Monterey*, although not taking so

A BOW VIEW OF THE OREGON IN THE DRYDOCK.

prominent a part in the outside work required of the navy, has nevertheless become a familiar object along the whole western coast of the United States, and has managed to show very conclusively that she is a model ship for coast defense purposes.

Unfortunately, the delay in providing the Harveyized armor for the turrets of the *Olympia* has prevented that vessel from going into commission as soon as was expected. From what has been learned of her official trial trips, and those she has made from San Francisco to the trial ground in Santa Barbara Channel, it is safe to predict that this vessel will be the fastest cruiser of her class in any navy at this date. A remarkable thing about this vessel is that she can obtain the contract speed of twenty knots per hour without any extra effort whatever, and under ordinary conditions.

Altogether San Francisco may be proud of the record that the vessels built for the United States in her harbor have made, and may confidently look forward to grander results from the two latest additions to the navy built here that have yet to go into commission.

A PRELIMINARY TRIAL OF THE OREGON. *Andrews & Lange photo.*

ORD AND ORT.

SOME NAMES THAT MISLEAD.

The tuberose is no rose, but a species of polyanth.

Pompey's pillar has no historical connection with Pompey in any way.

Cleopatra's needle was not erected by the Egyptian Queen, nor in her honor.

Whalebone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths, only heated chambers.

German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm-leaf.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is resin and palm-oil.

Sealing wax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar.

Cuttle-bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once inclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttle-fish. —*Boston Home Journal.*

ADVERTISERS ORGANIZE.

There is in process of organization at Detroit an advertisers' protective association for the purpose of guarding its members against fakes and snap advertising schemes. The job printers of the city are included, and the members not only ask for reports from the secretary upon any scheme called to their attention, but report all solicitations made for advertising in anything but regular publications; and it is not unlikely that these will be given a periodic rating. Job printers and merchants alike suffer from a large class of "fly-by-night fakirs" who always have some plausible scheme that in reality is but an easy method of getting the living that the world owes them. One thing is certain, legitimate advertising has everything to gain by the formation of such protective associations.

—*The Fourth Estate.*

So far as a young man "sowing his wild oats" is concerned, it has always seemed a pity to me that the man who framed that sentence didn't die before he constructed it. From the way some people talk one would imagine that every man had instilled into him at his birth a certain amount of deviltry which he must get rid of before he can become a man of honor. Now, what is called "sowing wild oats" is nothing more nor less than self-degradation to any young man. It doesn't make a man one particle more of a man because he has passed through a siege of riotous living and indiscretion when he was nineteen or twenty; it makes him just so much less of a man. It dwarfs his views of life far more than it broadens them. And he realizes this afterward. And he doesn't know one iota more of "life," except a certain phase of it, which, if it has glitter for him in youth, becomes a repellant remembrance to him when he is matured. There is no such thing as an investigating period in a man's life; at one period it is as important to him to be honorable and true to the teachings of his mother as at another.

—*Edward K. Bok.*

Mr. Justjoined—What on earth are you trying to do?

Mrs. Justjoined—I was reading about cooking by electricity, so I hung the chops on the electric bell and I've been pushing the button for half an hour, but it doesn't seem to work. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Did Miss Flyppe receive many proposals while at the seashore?"

"Many! Why, receiving proposals got to be a habit with her. She got so she could not even hear a soda-water bottle pop without exclaiming, 'This is so sudden!'" —*Indianapolis Journal.*

GROWN WISER.

I used to watch her girlish head
  Bent over work; the sunlight stole
To touch her wayward hair, and spread
  A soft, encircling aureole.

She looked so slight, so innocent!
  I thought at twenty-one or so,
With all-sufficient self-content,
  I knew so much she did not know.

For men grow old in knowing, taught
  By evil things as well as good;
My life was in the world, I thought,
  And hers in gentle solitude.

But now, at twenty-four, there lies
  Such wisdom won of joy and pain,
Deep shining in her quiet eyes,
  As I may never more attain.

I might not learn it, if I would,
  This strange, sweet thing she understands:
It came to her with motherhood
  And tiny touch of baby hands!

—*Charles Buxton Going, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

ITEMS.

In response to our request of last month regarding suggestions as to the best means of improving THE TRAVELER we have received many valuable hints, some of which we will act upon. It is our wish and purpose to make our paper popular, so that it will be welcomed at the fireside, that children may look eagerly for it, and that mothers may find it good enough to place on their parlor tables, and point to it with at least a smattering of local pride.

Physician and surgeon, eleven years in practice, wishes to reside in first-class hotel in California, south of San Francisco, where he can get the hotel patronage. Best of references. Address "Physician," TRAVELER office.

The necessity for attention to the complexion is recognized by ladies in every climate, and it therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to discriminate between those articles which preserve and improve the complexion, and those containing poisonous or deleterious ingredients. "Camelline" is sold by druggists everywhere, and is one of the few articles certified by competent medical authority as being absolutely harmless. Wherever introduced it speedily becomes the leading article among society ladies, and is remarkable for its soothing and agreeable effects.

King Rainey may be the leader of the Democratic party, but the San Francisco Business College, 1236 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., is the leader in the line of business education. The fact that this school received for its methods of teaching the first premium, a gold medal, at the Midwinter Fair, shows conclusively that it must be the school for you.

The managers of this institution notify us that they are enrolling many pupils each week, and that it would be well for any one expecting to enter the school to write in advance in order to insure their securing a desk.

The Ellis method of teaching business, which is attracting so much attention all over the United States, is used in this school.

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

DR. GEORGE K. FRINK, Physician and Surgeon, No. 47 Post Street, corner Kearny, San Francisco, Cal. Hours 1 to 3 and 7:30 to 8 P. M. Residence 3005 Jackson Street. Telephone 4286. Specialties: Women's and Children's Diseases and Obstetrics. At office on Sunday by special appointment only.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

DR. R. E. BUNKER, Physician and Surgeon. Office and Residence No. 601 California Street, San Francisco. Office hours 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Telephone 1800.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

Travelers, Attention!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.
650 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW GOLD.

Ye happy birds, oh, whither flying?
So swift ye wing away
I scarce can mark your trailing pinions.
Does there a warmer day
Await on other shores,
To your glad summons quick replying?

Oh, linger yet a while! Ye carry
The summer on your wing:
Too long will winter seem without you,
Too tardy coming spring;
But melody of song
In warmer climes delights to tarry.

Alas! we may not more entreat you
When bluer skies await,
When other birds will carol welcomes,
And tales of joy relate.
We can but pray, sweet friends,
That no harsh storms will ever greet you.

And so—Away!—far out of seeing
Into the heaven high,
Leaving no mark save that of music
On earth and sea and sky,
No sweeter song than made
By your light pinions southward fleeing.

—*Edith Vernon Mann.*

He was tall and thin and dignified,
  With ministerial look,
And he took from out his gripsack
  What looked like a small hymn book;
Then inquiringly he looked around
  And said ('twas in a smoker),
"Would any gentleman like to take
  A little hand at poker?"

—*Kansas City Journal.*

Some folks they're complainin'
  Because it ain't rainin',
An' some 'cause the weather is dry;
  But I kinder content me
  With all that is sent me,
An' don't go to askin' 'em "why."

There's lots o' good fun in
The world the Lord's runnin',
Though it's sometimes a song an' a sigh;
  But when troubles are rilin'
  I just keep a-smilin',
An' don't go to askin' 'em "why."

Jes' hear the birds singin'
  When death-bells are ringin'
An' thrillin' the world an' the sky!
  They'll sing so a while hence
  When I'm in the silence,
But I don't go to askin' 'em "why."

If life has one flower,
  One beautiful hour,
One song that comes after a sigh,
  For me there'll be fun in
  The world the Lord's runnin',
An' I won't go to askin' Him "why."

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

Down in the redwood canyons, cool and deep,
The shadows of the forest ever sleep.
  The odorous redwoods, wet with fog and dew,
  Touch with the bay and mingle with the yew.
Under the firs the red madronya shines,
  The graceful tan-oaks, fairest of them all,
Lean lovingly unto the sturdy pines,
  In whose far tops the whistling bluebirds call.

Here, where the forest shadows ever sleep,
  The mountain lily lifts its chalice white.
  The myriad ferns hang draperies, soft and light,
Thick on each mossy bank and watered steep.
  Where slender deer tread softly in the night,
Down in the redwood canyons, dark and deep.

—*Lillian H. Shucy.*

Cycling along with a girl at your side
Is the blissfulest sort of bliss;
But it isn't such fun
When you bump on a stone,
And
  land
    on
      your
        head
          like
            This!

—*Buffalo News.*

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

She does not heed the cable car
  Which goes with speed intense;
She cares not for the trolley wire
  Whose voltage is immense;
The old excursion steamer brings
  No terror to her brow;—
But when she's in the country she will run across
    acres of ground and climb barb-wire fences to
    escape the affable though inquisitive gaze
  Of an aged, docile cow. —*Washington Star.*

THAT REMINDS ME.

C. Y. Lamb photo.

Oh! these old jokes
make me so sleepy.

"No," said Floatinhair, the poet, "I shall never call on that editor again—never, never!"

"What has he done?"

"He has been rudely sarcastic I handed him a bundle of manuscript this morning, and he told the office boy to hunt up his overshoes."

"Overshoes!"

"Yes. He said he had a lot of slush to wade through." —*Washington Star.*

Mistress—You must really break off that dreadful habit, Babette, of always wanting to have the last word.

Maid—But how am I to know, ma'am, that you have nothing more to say? —*Le Figaro.*

Miss Vander Astor—Well, everything comes to him who waits. Most of us have to wait too long. Are you one of the waiters, too, Count?

Count Spaghetti di Macaroni (with unnecessary excitement)—I never vas! I never vas! Who said so?"

"Mary, I'm tired of your carelessness. Look at that dust lying around in the corner, and even on the furniture. It is six months old at the very least."

Mary (stiffly)—"Then it's no fault of mine, mum, for I've only been with you three months. It's the last girl you should blame, not me."

An ancient man from Devon saw a card in a window of a little hostelry with the inscription, "Devonshire cider sold here."

The old man's heart warmed to his native beverage, and entering the house he called for "a pint o' zider." When he drank it he remarked, "That isn't Holbrook's, nor Woolway's, I'll warrant. It's very poor stuff."

One of the boys standing by, thinking to have a joke, said, "I say, mister, do you know how that cider was made?"

"No," said the farmer.

"Well, I'll tell you; they stuck up a barrel of water at one end of a shed, and stood back at the other and threw apples at it."

"Did they?" said the farmer slowly, sipping the cider. "They didn't hit that barrel mor'n once."

"I am not rich," he said, "but if the devotion of a true and tender heart goes for anything with you, dear Clara——"

"It goes well enough with me, Mr. Spoonhill," interrupted the fair maiden with a pensive look on her sweet face. "But how will it go with the butcher, the baker, the grocer? Those people must be considered, you know."

Sniggins (angrily)—Do you know that you chickens come over in my yard?

Snooks—I supposed they did, for they never come back again.

Aunt—So Teddy, I hear you were flogged in school to-day.

Ted—Yes; but it didn't hurt.

Aunt—But you cried?

Ted—O, I did that to satisfy the teacher. I know what pleases him.

"No," said Farmer Corntassel's wife, "fame ain't fur everybody. There's John. He done his best, but he never will git famous."

"What was his ambition?"

"Ter git his picter in the paper. He set up nights tryin' to think of some ailment ter take patent medicine fur, but he was so overpowerin' healthy that they wuzn't a single thing fur 'im ter git cured of!"

Something to Look Forward to.—*Farmer Brown* (after fourteen hours at haying)—Never mind, Tommy; hayin' don't last forever. Jest remember that winter's comin' soon, an' nothin' to do but saw wood an' 'tend the cattle an' go to school an' study nights. —*Harper's Bazar.*

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

The press of our country reflect the spirit of patriotism which animates the hearts of all true Americans. That was an eloquent cartoon published in *Judge* on July 7th, and reproduced in a recent "Review of Reviews," entitled, "Let us have another Declaration of Independence," and representing an irate Columbia waving a proclamation which read, "From this date none but the American flag shall be hoisted on public buildings. July 4, 1894." Dwarfed into insignificance on either side of the Goddess of Liberty are representative aliens with their old-world flags in their hands trailing in the dust.

Has it ever occurred to those who refuse social equality to women that there is just the least little bit of inconsistency in their attitude, or, perhaps it would be a pleasanter way to put it, in the symbolic figure of this great republic being a woman? Justice is represented by a woman, but the real woman cannot vote.

In the July *Century* the memory of Francis Scott Key is honored by J. G. Carpenter in a paper on "The Star Spangled Banner." Concerning the song itself, the writer says, "Of all national airs it breathes the purest patriotism. Those of England, Russia and Austria are based upon a sentimental loyalty, long outgrown by this agrarian and practical age. The 'Marseillaise' is a stirring call to arms, and upholds only the worst, the passionate military, side of a nation's character. 'The Star Spangled Banner,' while it is animated, patriotic, defiant, neither cringes nor boasts. It is as national in its spirit as it is adequate in the expression of that spirit."

The Pacific Coast alone, of all the United States, in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, in one of the most beautiful of personal monuments, has acknowledged the service of Francis Scott Key to his country.

Is there not a coincidence peculiarly fitting in the fact that, while San Francisco is the only city thus to honor the author of our national air, it should also have been the first city to adopt through its Board of Education a series of patriotic resolutions making the singing of that song and the salute to the American flag a part of the regular course in our public schools?

Women who wish to vote, who desire to have a voice in making the laws by which they are governed, and under which they are taxed without privilege of representation, are told that all the interests of women are fully protected under masculine rule. It is probably true that those making this assertion believe that they are stating a fact, but every now and then evidence to the contrary seems to upset their pleasant theory of masculine protection. For instance, a wowan in Manson, Iowa, fell into a municipal water main which had been left open by the city workmen. She sustained severe injuries, and sued the city for damages, which were awarded her to the amount of thirty thousand dollars. But the town authorities appealed from the decision of the District Court, and their appeal was sustained by the Supreme Court decision rendered in June of 1894, on the following assumption: "A married woman being a 'mere housewife' for her husband, and he being bound for her support, her earnings belong to him, and any loss of time occasioned by the wife's injury is solely his loss. Therefore the husband only can recover damages, and the wife's claim is not valid, as the time lost is not her time." Is Iowa a part of the wild and woolly West?

"I wish you would say something against women on bicycles," writes some one who forgot to sign his name, "for I don't think any lady will ride one of the horrid things." It is too bad that my correspondent and I cannot agree, and, as I certainly will not adopt his narrow and prejudiced views, he had better come over to my way of thinking. Instead of talking against women and bicycles, I am inclined to advocate the exercise as not only harmless, but healthful and invigorating. Besides, bicycle-riding is becoming very fashionable; and what more could one ask than that a recreation should receive the great seal of society's sanction?

Do you think it is right for a girl who does not need the money to work for pay?" is the way that another of my correspondents makes inquiry. It does not seem to me that one who is not compelled to earn her living should enter the ranks of bread-winners for the sake of pin money. At the same time it is better for the wage-worker that the *dilettante* should be paid for her labor, even if she does not need the money; and the higher the price she is paid the better it will be for the rest of the workers. Those who work for cut rates necessarily bring down the standard of wages. I understand that there are women who are teaching school, and typewriting, and doing newspaper work, when they do not need to do anything. While it would not be right to say that these women who may have the ability and the desire to do good work should be denied the opportunity to seek congenial employment, it is safe to say that every one of them should be very certain of her "call" to enter the ranks.

It is said that, at Newport this year, almost every society man or woman who is not physically incapacitated is either riding, or learning to ride, a bicycle. One of the most curious facts connected with this growing fashion among women is a general adoption by the bicyclers of something closely relating the bloomer costume. The taste for out-of-door exercise and athletic sports may result in emancipating women from the long skirts and tight corsets that have so long impeded their physical activity.

The San Francisco *Morning Call* recently published an interview with a lady who is an expert bicycler. She accompanies her husband on all his outing trips, and the happy pair have recently returned from a trip to Yosemite. Although they encountered some obstacles to rapid progress, by way of sandy roads here and there, they report a delightful jaunt, and are now planning one over the high Sierra.

California is certainly the paradise for bicyclers, as it is for campers, and indeed for all out-of-door sports, for we have no rigors of climate with which to contend or to spoil sport. Each year our roads are improved.

The Sacramento *Record-Union*, always in the van advocating advanced sanitary, moral or physical improvement, has been publishing a series of forcible and convincing editorials upon the necessity for good roads, and demonstrating what advantages must accrue to any community when it has roads which offer the least resistance to traffic For every extra particle of friction means an additional loss of power and a waste of force. It is hard to convince some taxpayers that a large sum of money spent at once to construct a good road is more economical in the end than much more money spent in driblets to repair a poor road. But after all there is nothing like a campaign of education. It is bound to win in the long run.

Acting upon this assumption, three years ago, Colonel Albert Pope, of the Pope Manufacturing Company of Boston, sent a circular letter to every newspaper, and to every writer of known address, in the United States. The circular was an epitome of all the arguments in favor of good roads. It appealed to the civic pride of the citizen, to the financial interests of the farmer, the merchant, the owner of work-horses, to the lover of equine sport and the devotee of the wheel. Colonel Pope made a personel request to all members of the newspaper world, to all workers in the ranks of journalism, in fact to all who were able to present an idea with the pen, to make an earnest endeavor to educate the community first to want good roads, and second to have them. It is no exaggeration to say that there are to-day in the United States thousands of miles of good roads which would never have been built had it not been for Colonel Pope's circular, and the efforts of enthusiastic bicyclers.

As I write there is considerable ill-feeling between horsemen and bicyclers in Golden Gate Park. The wheelmen feel that they are the victims of a rank injustice by being ruled off the main driveways as a measure of safety to prevent accidents through horses taking fright at the silent steed. The Park Commissioners claim that the rule is not unjust but necessary, and if they had the necessary money they would gladly construct a level road to the beach for the bicyclers, and so do away with the compulsory ascent that now prevails; "but we have not the money." Here is an idea. Could not some one get Colonel Pope to donate sufficient money to construct that road, and in his honor let it be called "Pope Road," or the "Columbia Spin?"

Yes, I do believe in the newspaper as an educational factor, is my reply to several inquiries on the subject. Take the newspaper into the schoolroom. Let our boys and girls read the daily news for themselves. It will make a difference with the whole future of boys and girls if they learn at an early age to read the daily paper with discrimination and intelligence,—if they learn to see how the news of the day bears upon fundamental principles. Perhaps some one will say that there is nothing in the daily paper for children of a tender age. It is a mistake to think so. In every daily paper there is something within the intelligence of a child of seven or eight to comprehend, to stimulate thought, and consecutive, logical thought. I know, for I have tried it. I use the daily paper in my class-room every day as the source from which to draw incidents for the children to reproduce in their own language. Not only do the children listen with interest, and then write out the story in well-chosen words and with a dramatic presentation of facts, but also do they remember the next day to ask if there "is anything more in the paper" about the subject which claimed their attention twenty-four hours earlier. Further than that, the newspaper may furnish many a moral lesson for children, and educate them by force of example or by the power of contrast.

But is the influence of the newspaper always elevating? Is it safe to place the daily paper of to-day in the hands of a wide-awake child? It is not every paper that can stand that test. Sensational journalism is the curse of the present day. The paper that strives to sell the greatest number of copies, and to catch the most want ads, is the one that has the biggest scare-heads, and that is generally the furthest from the truth. Being sensational and causing a sensation are not always one and the same. Publishing the unsavory details of a nasty divorce case belongs to sensational journalism. Exposing wickedness in high places, and exposing rascality in political life, are some ways of causing a sensation. Sensational journalism has no moral right to exist. To cause a sensation is often a moral necessity. But one of the chief counts in the indictments against the modern newspaper is its flippancy of tone in dealing with crime. It burlesques drunkenness, and makes a hero of the murderer and the anarchist. It announces a "carnival of crime," and then revels in the details. Crimes must be recorded, must be ferreted out and punished, but it should not be done in such a light and trifling manner as to take the edge off the moral law. A series of very funny pictures illustrating the career of a drunken man will rob drunkenness of all its disgust for the boy who looks and laughs. Instead, let the young gaze on Hogarth's pictures on the "Progress of the Rake" and the "Progress of the Harlot." Every face in each of those wonderful pictures preaches a sermon, and, confronted by the creation of that master's pencil, any young man or any young woman on the down grade must stop, however unwillingly, to think.

By adopting a cynical, sneering tone, or acting upon the desire to write readable articles with no care as to what influence they might exert, newspapers have often killed beneficial reforms or new projects. It would be impossible to attempt to estimate the amount of harm a sensational newspaper can do its community by representing that community in the eyes of the civilized world as a plague spot among nations. In this connection it might be well to pay a passing compliment to those peripatetic preachers who are to the pulpit what the sensational newspaper is to respectable journalism,—an excrescence, a malignant ulcer, who delight to exude a poisonous vapor to cast a glamour over the eyes of others, that they may believe that their city is a sink of iniquity, and the most wicked well on earth. In many papers the business office dominates the policy of the paper to such an extent that for fear of giving some project, some firm, some man, a free advertisement, much news, not only of an interesting but often of a helpful and instructive nature, is suppressed.

The business office often uses the other departments of the paper as a club to discipline some unwilling or reluctant advertiser. More than one man has been driven out of business, financially ruined, or unnecessarily disgraced, because he either would not or could not advertise to the desired extent. San Francisco has recently been the scene of a similar line of action by one of our leading papers. Because Manager Hayman of the Baldwin and the California theaters would not respond to a demand that he give the entire receipts of one night's business to the paper in question for charitable purposes at the holidays, Manager Hayman, his theaters, his plays and his companies have been systematically assailed through the columns of the indignant and revengeful paper. Such a course has been a shameful prostitution of the high privilege of independent journalism. All the departments of the paper have been suborned to perjury, so to speak, to bulldose the plucky Hayman. For example: The paper, in commenting upon the play, "Charlie's Aunt," at the Baldwin, said that a large first-night audience filled the house and waited expectantly for the laugh that never came, or which when it came was only a cut-down smile, or words to that effect, giving its readers the idea that the play was a failure. Now that farce comedy was simply unroariously funny, and I noticed that the audience laughed and laughed and laughed until from sheer exhaustion they could laugh no more.

What is the use of such misrepresentation?

Some of the interior papers have hard things to say about the metropolitan press. The Sacramento *Record-Union* alleges, and offers to bring proof to the truth of what it states, that certain papers in San Francisco enter into a contract with litigants to the effect that the journals in question are to have a certain sum of money contingent upon a decree of the court in favor of the litigant with whom these contracts are made. These attempts at blackmail are made chiefly in relation to the estates of deceased persons, and the idea is so to falsify and distort the testimony as to bring the pressure of public opinion to bear upon the Court not to do justice as between the parties, but to find a verdict in favor of the party employing it. Corrupt lawyers endeavor by this means of approach to get evidence before the jury after it has been ruled out of court. The *Record-Union* calls for the speedy enactment of a law to suppress this species of journalistic villiany.

It is because the mission of the newspaper is so high and noble that the objectionable features should be removed, and with a very sharp knife in the hands of a surgeon who knows how to cut.

A sensational newspaper often starts a ball rolling down the bowling alley of its own imagination, and makes people say and do things they never did. This may be called enterprise in the editorial room, but it is plain lying all the same.

ELIZA D. KEITH (DI VERNON).

IN AN HOUR: LOVE'S WAITING.

In an hour I shall see her—
In an hour, do you hear,
Little watch that ticks so slowly?
Do you count the moments holy
That you linger so on each?
Hasten, hasten till you reach
That sweet moment when my dear
In the doorway shall appear.

Then, my little watch, I pray you,
While I clasp her to my heart,
Let your hands, so softly creeping,
Move as if old Time were sleeping:
Let each minute that we spend
To an hour, a day extend;
Stay the wheels of Phœbus' cart
Till the moment we must part.

Then, when she has left me lonely,
When I call her back in vain,
Let your hands fly round the dial,
Of their utmost speed make trial;
Let the hours in headlong flight
Speed throughout the day and night;
Haste with all thy might and main
Till my love be come again.

—*Pall Mall Budget.*

Yes, death is at the bottom of the cup,
And every one that lives must drink it up;
And yet between the sparkle at the top
And the black lees where lurks that bitter drop,
There swims enough good liquor, heaven knows,
To ease our hearts of all their other woes.

—*W. D. Howells.*

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Newton invited a friend to dinner, and forgot it. The friend arrived and found the philosopher in a fit of abstraction. Dinner was brought up for one. The friend, without disturbing Newton, sat down and dispatched it. Newton recovered from his reverie, looked at the empty dishes, and said, "Well, really, if it wasn't for the proof before my eyes, I could have sworn that I had not yet dined."

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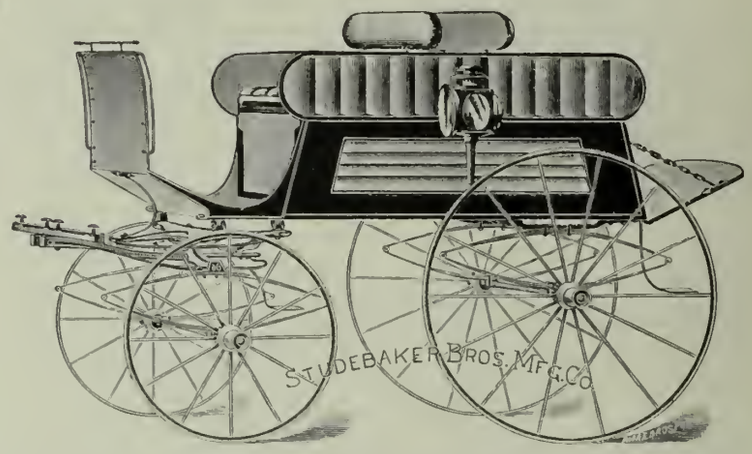

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Calcium Sulphate	.63
Alumina	.47
Silica	4.55
Organic Matter	Trace
Free Sulphureted Hydrogen Gas	4.74 cu. in.

REMINISCENCES OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Mr. D. F. Walker of San Mateo furnishes THE TRAVELER with some interesting reminiscences of Artemus Ward, whose intimate acquaintance he made while the famous humorist was making a temporary sojourn in Salt Lake City on his Western lecturing tour. "As a lecturer," Mr. Walker says, "he was often disappointing. He was certainly eccentric. He seemed to rely upon the spur of the moment for an inspiration, and if the audience was apathetic and undemonstrative his talk was dull and uninteresting; but if he was stirred up by any emergency in the early part of the evening, whether it was simply applause or a voice from the audience, it seemed to break the ice, and he was likely to keep the house in a roar the rest of the night.

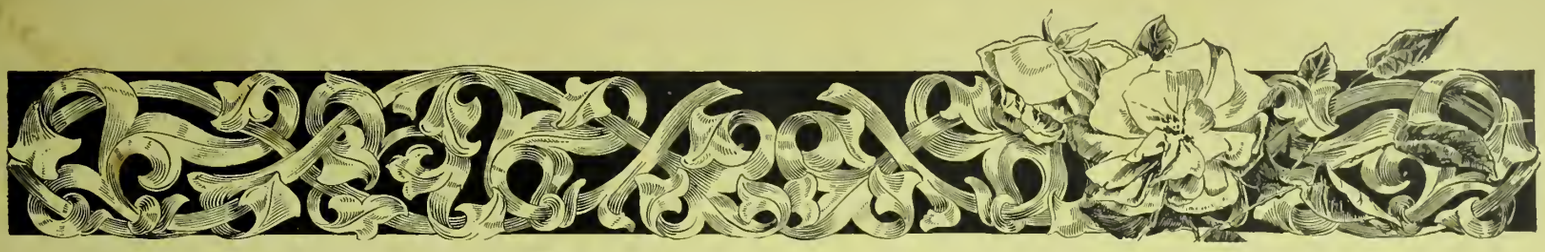
"I recollect one evening that Artemus was laboring along, in the early part of his lecture, in a dull sort of way, when he seemed to be suffering from a severe cold, and he made a play upon his own name, saying that he was suffering from the 'brown critters,' etc. At this juncture an old fellow, a wag in his way, who was known to every man, woman and child in the audience, rose up and said: 'Mr. Lecturer, I don't know what you're suffering from, but it seems to me we're suffering from "brown cheat-us!"' The balance of the evening was thoroughly enjoyable. It was certainly an emergency that called forth the best that was in Artemus Ward. With a few boon companions he started out one clear, moonlight winter night for a visit to Fort Douglass. The team was a double bob-sled, and on their return the horses took fright and ran away with the forward end of the sled, leaving Artemus and his friends floundering in the snow. A rancher who had witnessed the catastrophe rushed down the hill and exclaimed: 'Hello! What's the matter? Did the horses run away with you?' Artemus, who had just caught his breath and was brushing the snow slowly off his face, remarked, in his drawling way: 'No, darn the thing! They ran away without us!'"

THE GENERAL'S COW.

At Plymouth there is, or was, a small green opposite the Government House, over which no one was permitted to pass. Not a creature was allowed to approach save the General's cow, and the sentries had particular orders to turn away any one who ventured to cross the forbidden turf. One day old Lady D——, having called at the General's, in order to take a short cut bent her steps across the lawn, when she was arrested by the sentry calling out and desiring her to return and go the other road. She remonstrated. The man said he could not disobey orders, which were to prevent any one crossing that piece of ground.

"But," said Lady D——, with a stately air, "do you know who I am?"

"I don't know who you be, ma'am," replied the immovable sentry, "but I knows who you b'aint—you b'aint the General's cow."



AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. NOVEMBER, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DONNER LAKE, CALIFORNIA

W. H. Jackson, Denver, photo.

Glimpses of Del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told: and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate some interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, bath-house and beach, there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IV. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1894. NUMBER 5.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

THE new limited train of the Southern Pacific Company between New Orleans and San Francisco, which was inaugurated the beginning of this month, is an event of great importance to the traveling public, mainly on account of its speed and comfort. It will consist of one composite car containing a baggage-room, smoking-room and cafe, library with writing tables, barber-shop and bathroom; two ten-section (double drawing-room) sleeping-cars; one dining-car (meals *a la carte*). The entire train will be lighted by the latest designs of the Pintsch Gas System. The cost of traveling on the Sunset Limited is no greater than on ordinary first-class trains, and all first-class one-way or round-trip tickets will be accepted.

The schedule of this train as now laid down commences on November 1st, and leaving New Orleans and San Francisco every Thursday thereafter.

JUST why Californians have opposed the introduction of smaller change than the nickel is unexplainable. There was a time in the history of the State when fifty-dollar "slugs" were so plentiful that small change was not made much account of; but those days of prodigality have passed away, and now nickels or dimes look much larger than they used to; so that possibly some of these days we will stop laughing at what we call the penuriousness of our Eastern brethren and come down to a one-cent currency.

The shopman says, "while a small article may not always be worth five cents, we give you two or three for that amount." This encourages extravagance and leads to waste, and, in the aggregate, is a great injustice to poor people. Children should be taught the value of single cents, and if they were current in our community they would read us lessons of economy in a hundred ways.

A SAN FRANCISCO lumber firm sent a representative to make inquiries regarding a sawmill man in whom they were interested in Humboldt County, whose business was apparently not in a prosperous condition. The firm soon received the following facetious communication:

"*Gent'n*: Pursuant to your instructions, I made my way to your Eel River property and found Mr. Machias sitting on a bunch of shingles whittling. He is a slab-sided native of Maine, and does not seem to pine a great deal for hard work. The neighbors say that when he first struck the camp he pitched into his work in good shape, and then he kind of lumbered along, and now he is knot making his board, and that's the resin he's gone up the flume.

"His logs are all in soak, his skid road is tied up, and the deuce is to pay generally, and no pitch hot. I would recommend that immediate axe-yon be taken in the matter. Yours, etc."

THE NEW FARM HAND. *C. V. Lamb photo.*

THE question has come to us as to why the Pullman Palace Car Company charges the same rates for upper berths as for lowers. This is not by any means a recent query, but upon the face of it is a natural one. Why should the upper flat of a house rent for as much as the lower one? Why should the traveler be put to the inconvenience of climbing up a step-ladder and falling into an attic chamber, where he has to pay as much as for a room on the parlor floor, with a possibility of falling out into the aisle and laying himself liable to an extra assessment from the porter for picking him up and replacing him in bed, or furnishing a step-ladder in the middle of the night?

The other side of the question as furnished us by the Pullman Company, however, seems plausible and is certainly worthy of consideration. The upper berth is better ventilated than the lower, and the bed is better, for the simple reason that the cushions of the lower berth become worn by constant usage, and then, too, they affirm that passengers as a rule would rather sleep upstairs than in their living-room. So perhaps the question has been settled as satisfactorily as the circumstances will allow.

DONNER LAKE, a cut of which appears on our front cover, is situated near the summit of the Sierra Nevada Range, and on account of its proximity to the railroad is perhaps better known to tourists than any of our California lakes. The tragedy that associates itself with and has given the name to this beautiful sheet of water is well known, and the tourist of to-day, even though snowbound on the old pioneer overland highway, can scarcely conceive of the hardships and privations that sometimes overtook the argonauts of '49 in this neighborhood.

The account in another page of the present number will give our readers some idea of the terrible storms that sweep over this mountain country, obliterating *pro tem.* every symbol of travel, even the telegraph poles, leaving a white waste of snowy desolation.

WE HAVE become so accustomed to fence signs and all manner of unseasonable and unreasonable forms of bill posting on all hands that it is only when some startling innovation in this connection presents itself that we arise and cry "enough." It is certainly enough that our eyes should be tortured all day long with visions of posters in flaming lines of awful colors devoted to the virtues of soap and cigarettes, without being followed to our firesides by these apparitions. Lately some of our ferry-boats have allowed space for advertising matter (and that, too, of a very inferior order) in their saloon cabins. It was not enough that the approaches to the ferry depots have been plastered and painted on every available inch with cheap ads; not enough that the piles and piers and warehouse roofs should be patched and daubed and desecrated by these sheets, but the traveling public must be compelled to gaze upon their unsightly forms in the *parlors* of the ferry-boats. Is this not carrying the advertising craze just a trifle too far? If it is not, why then let us sell space in our drawing rooms or even in our churches. How would it do to tack up in the organ loft something like the following: "Cleanliness is next to godliness: use Blank's Soap;" or, "While the lamp holds out to burn, you should call and see our choice assortment of students' and other lamps."

WE call the attention of our readers to our new tinted cover, the paper for which we have had specially shipped from the East. It is our purpose to keep on improving our paper until it stands not only *at* the top but *on* the top of the ladder.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

AS THE eyes of the whole world are at this moment turned toward China and her people, it may not be amiss for us to give a passing glance at the Chinese on our own shores, whose social and physical conditions have been so greatly improved by the change of residence that they seem to feel little interest in the mother country, beyond the fact that it is the home of their revered parents or grandparents, and is to be the repository of their bones when they have no further use for them.

"John Chinaman" is a complex being, and what to do with him has agitated the great minds of our statesmen, but "What would we do without him?" is as often the query of our housewives. His good qualities far out-balance his evil ones, and, while he is susceptible to kindness, he must be made to recognize authority. Like a child he respects and even loves the person he is obliged to obey; but, also like the child, he watches with keen eye for signs of weakness or lack of firmness or resolution, and unhesitatingly takes advantage of it.

As a house servant "John" is neat, quick, quiet, industrious, and, under the conditions noted above, faithful. In contrast to the majority of "help" which every steamer from the old world pours in upon us, he is restful; and the housewife who listens to "Bridget's' loud voice and dictatorial remarks, and reflects on her questionable honesty, her flippancy and want of neatness, and her entire lack of knowledge of the first principles of cookery, remembers with regret the respectful mien, monosyllabic answers, noiseless footsteps, and perfect service of Wong or Lui.

A CHINESE CHOIR.

As a purveyor of fresh vegetables for our larders the Chinaman is a marvel, so deft, systematic and conscientious is he; and surely California, without her capable, almond-eyed laundrymen, would not seem like home to her old residents. During fruit-picking season he is always to be depended on, and though he may demand his money every Saturday night, "all same Melican man," he will be on time as regularly as Monday morning comes; and an order to "strike," issued from every union in the land, would have no effect whatever on his desire to work and endeavor to do so if he could obtain employment.

There is but one debatable question between him and his employer, and that is the subject of wages. When he is sure that he will receive a just compensation for his labor, he is ready and willing to do his best to earn it without complaint or protest.

A great many people doubt the sincerity of the Chinese in accepting the Christian religion, though why they should do so is a question. The Chinese missions are doing a great work, but, in comparison to the thousands of heathens in this State, their progress seems slow, perhaps. It is doubtful if many people are aware of the extensive mission work that is carried on in California, particularly among the women and children. The Chinese women, where they have opportunity, are more inclined to be devout and accept Christianity than the men, and they are less liable to persecution, because, when they really give up the religion of their ancestors, they usually leave their old associations, unless they are wives of Christian Chinamen. If Americans realized the amount of persecution Chinese, who even evince a desire for Christianity, have to endure at the hands of their heathen brothers, they would have less doubt of the sincerity of their professions.

Chinese mission work in San Francisco was begun as early as 1852, and a building on the corner of Sacramento and Stockton streets was then used for a chapel, school-rooms, and residence for the missionary. To-day there is not a city or town of any importance in the State but has its Chinese mission school and church, many of them presided over by native "helpers" who are earnest in desire and enthusiastic in endeavor. The Southern California Presbyterian missions are in charge of a regularly ordained native minister, Ng Poon Chew, a graduate of the San Francisco Theological College, who holds services in the various cities as his time permits, and who possesses a library that might well excite envy in the heart of a bibliophile.

A great deal of good is accomplished by what is termed "house to house visitation," where tender-hearted women and noble-minded men meet the family on terms of equality and strive to instill into their minds the necessity for learning and the principles of Christianity. Sometimes their spirits falter as progress seems slow, but the work goes on, and each year's report shows an increase in membership, funds, workers and churches. As a proof of the sincerity of these converts, it may be said that they have missionary societies of their own, and support not only their churches here, but teachers and native missionaries in China.

All the Chinese in California come from a few districts in the Canton province.

Eighteen years ago there was not a Christian church or school in all that region; to-day there are many, a result incident almost entirely to the efforts of Chinese converted in California; and the Christian Chinamen in this State have contributed largely to the erection of these places of worship.

In California the Christian Chinese in the different cities have formed not only Foreign Missionary societies, but Young Men's Christian Associations and Christian Endeavor societies. Open-air services are also held on the street corners, and entertainments, closely emulating those given for like causes by "white" churches, are presented in the Chinese chapels.

There is less interest apparent in the schools than one would suppose would be manifested, from the seemingly intense desire to learn English, though in the evening schools, attended only by males, the English branches and Chinese classics are taught. In the schools of Los Angeles, Spanish is added to the curriculum with excellent results. In the kindergartens and schools devoted to young children considerable interest is exhibited by the mothers, who often urge the necessity of punishment in the good old-fashioned way; and if, during a visit, the teacher seems somewhat derelict in this respect, the mother proceeds to administer it in a way that shows a complete knowledge of the *modus operandi*.

It is interesting to note the ability of these little ones to commit to memory quite difficult "pieces," and they

QUAINT CHINESE COSTUMES.

betray a taste for drawing, particularly map drawing, that is somewhat remarkable. These schools are devoted entirely to secular studies, though, as an indirect way of impressing Christianity upon the students, each session is opened and closed with singing and prayer.

In Los Angeles alone seven different denominational churches and schools are maintained, and in Bakersfield some of the children traverse the distance between the new and the old town (two miles) on foot to attend the schools.

The sewing schools, where girls are taught to use a needle, are most interesting places to visit, and it is surprising to observe the ease and facility with which these round-faced, narrow-eyed little maids learn to sew neatly and rapidly. However, they possess neither the patience nor the perseverance of their brothers, and soon weary of the unaccustomed task; but they are quicker to note Americanisms and to acquire the language. To see a wee Chinese lassie, clad in fine embroidered nainsook gown similar to the one our own little one wears, sitting in a tiny rocking-chair tenderly clasping a real doll in her arms, as she gently rocks to and fro, crooning one of the Sunday school songs, is a sight worth going to see.

As the child grows toward girlhood, and nears the age of nine or ten years, sometimes a year or two younger, the mother, who has taken such pride in dressing her little daughter in the dainty garments which American mothers affect, lays aside the nainsooks and embroideries, the ginghams and percales, and clothes the child in the garb of her ancestors,

A CHINESE KINDERGARTEN.

making a picture that catches the eye from its very incongruity. Less attention is paid to the clothes of the boys after babyhood, and they wear a sort of misfit garb that is neither graceful nor attractive.

VICTOR VAN VLECK.

O, the snow, the beautiful snow!
Up to your neck wherever you go.

This was the refrain sung by the snow-shovelers along the line of the railroad over the Sierra Nevada during the great snow blockade in January and February, 1890. How many people appreciate the magnitude of the efforts that were put forth or the amount of money that was spent in the attempt to keep the road open during that memorable winter?

The first blockade, that is to say the first actual stoppage of traffic, occurred on January 2d, and lasted for sixty hours. This was only a foretaste of what was to follow. On January 16th the line was again rendered impassable, and this second blockade was not raised until January 30th. After that traffic was again entirely suspended by a third blockade which lasted from February 16th to 21st.

The average snowfall on the western slope of the Sierra ranges from seven to twenty-four feet on the level, and is not infrequently found in drifts fifty feet deep. The official measurements taken and preserved by the railroad company during the winter in question show the total fall for the season at Cisco, fourteen miles west of the summit, to have been 755 inches, or sixty-three feet.

This must not be understood to mean that there was this depth of snow on the ground at any stated time, although there would have been no difficulty in finding places where it was thirty feet deep on the level for weeks at a time.

From the limit of the snow belt on the western slope of the mountains to Truckee on the eastern slope is about sixty-five miles. Of this stretch of track about forty miles is, ordinarily, almost entirely covered with snow-sheds and galleries, but a fire in the fall of 1889 destroyed something more than a mile of shedding near Cascade station, a very exposed place, and this had not been rebuilt when the winter snows came on, and the uncovered piece of track was the scene of one of the fiercest battles.

As soon as the railroad company saw that a very serious interruption to traffic was imminent they called for help, and it came from the East in the shape of a newly invented steam snow-plow, known to the initiated as a "rotary." It consists mainly of a huge wheel about ten feet in diameter, suitably mounted and revolving at right angles to the track, on the face of which are fitted a set of knives, standing out at oblique angles like the blades of a windmill fan. This wheel is rapidly driven by a stationary engine carried in a car which is a part of the plow. The machine is run up against the snow, the wheel revolves, the snow is carried back by the angles of the knives to another wheel fitted with fans, which is also rapidly rotated and throws out the snow on either side of the track desired, in the form of a rainbow, to a distance of two hundred or three hundred feet.

Then there were the old-fashioned push plows used for "bucking" snow, as it is called. Propelled by eight or ten enormous locomotives, weighing sixty to eighty tons each, these plows are driven into the lighter drifts of snow until they can make no further headway, and then the engines back up and take another run at the snow, going further into the drift by the momentum thus gained. This manner of snow-fighting affords a very thrilling spectacle and is attended with some danger, owing to the rapid speed at which the engines advance to the attack.

As an auxiliary to the plows, there were 3,000 men employed day and night in shoveling snow by hand. These men had to be victualed, furnished with suitable clothing, organized and maintained in all respects the same as an army; they also suffered to some extent the privations of soldiers, but withal they seemed almost to a man to take a personal interest in getting the line open and traffic moving in the shortest possible time. Where the depth of the snow was so excessive that it could not be shoveled from the track to the top of the drift, recourse was had to "benching:" a space would be leveled off say eight or ten feet from the ground, forming a "bench;" above that another bench, and so on to the top. The snow was then passed from bench to bench by different sets of shovelers.

With this army of men to direct and control, one of the prime requisites was sure means of communication between different points along the line. There were no trains, and the telegraph line was one of the first structures to succumb, poles and wires going down in many places under the enormous pressure of snow in the form of slides. For more than two weeks there was no direct communication by wire over the summit, and for a time officials in charge of work stationed at Emigrant Gap, thirty-six miles from Truckee, were able to reach the latter point only by having their messages sent to San Francisco, thence via Portland and Chicago to Ogden and Truckee.

The first passenger train that was moved when the last blockade was being cleared was drawn by nineteen engines, and even then was stalled in the loose snow and had to be shoveled out.

The longest detention to passengers at any one place was nine days at Reno. At other points the trains moved forward from time to time as the work of clearing the track progressed, but all trains had to be kept near a base of supplies.

As before stated, those engaged in the work of clearing the blockade suffered some hardships, and so also did some of the delayed passengers; there was constant danger and some loss of life; and in addition there was a vast sum of money spent in this battle with the elements. Just what figure this sum reached perhaps no one can say definitely, but those competent to judge place it at a cool million of dollars. This, it must be understood, represented merely the extraordinary expense incident to opening the line to traffic, and did not include the ordinary current expense of piece of railroad which is perhaps more difficult of maintenance than any other piece of equal length in the world. Nor is account taken of the loss of revenue resulting from the complete suspension of traffic.

CLEARING THE TRACK. H. C. Tibbitts photo.

ELLEN COIT ELLIOTT.

(Approved by Professor David Starr Jordan.)

The picturesque history of Stanford University has been full of a peculiar interest both to the people of the State and to a wider public. From the time—only twelve years ago—when the people of the Palo Alto Ranch watched the boy Leland galloping about the place on his white horse, up to the day when the Stanford wealth was sadly and generously dedicated to the children of unbereaved parents, California was interested and sympathetic. From the laying of the corner-stone, through the years of slow and interrupted building, California looked on with ever-growing curiosity, and indulged in a romantic riot of speculations. Some said the University would possess the most fabulous wealth and embrace every conceivable opportunity "from the kindergarten up." Others pronounced it a visionary scheme which could never materialize. Some said, judicially, that the founders ought to have put their money into the State University instead of trying to create a new institution; while to others the Senator's idea promised a fulfillment so gigantic that Berkeley, along with all the other colleges of the continent, should shrink at once into preparatory schools. Meantime, quite oblivious to the fancies of the public, the walls of the inner quadrangle rose slowly, the red roofs capped the scholastic buildings, the arcade sprang its arches from column to column around the interior court, and, in its own time, the home of the future University began to assume a look of completion.

THE MAIN ARCADE. *Taber photo.*

It was about this time that the educational world was roused to its first intimate interest in the project by the appointment of a president, and, rapidly following, the choice of the first fifteen of the new faculty. To the dismay of all the experienced teachers who had grown old in the service of letters, and now desired to spend their declining years in California, these men were all young, and, to these hoary heads, entirely unheard of. Only a few years out of college themselves, they had their spurs to win, and they responded enthusiastically to the president's call to win them in a new, fair field. Through the summer of 1891 these later argonauts came over the mountains and down to the new homes just built upon "the ranch." October 1st the friends of Stanford gathered in the court of the quadrangle to celebrate the formal opening of the University. One hundred and fifty students had been expected for the first year: more than four hundred were seated in the audience that day. To a great throng of people Mr. Stanford spoke for himself and his wife, Judge Shafter for the Board of Trustees, President Kellogg for the University of California, and President Jordan for the new faculty. The students signalized their first appearance as a college body by roundly giving down a sonorous college yell. The hearers applauded, the newspapers spread their reports of the occasion before a continent, and then the public fell back to watch the further exercises of this giant baby.

In the three years since that day the original faculty of fifteen has become eighty, the four hundred students have grown to 1025. The ten cottages then forming "Alvarado Row" in the midst of an unmitigated oat-field have become the oldest portion of a community of some thirty houses. The town of Palo Alto, a mile from the college buildings, consisting then of a couple of houses, a land agent's office and an extensive network of the little white posts of the surveyor, now presents to the astonished eye the aspect of a good-sized, flourishing village, with churches, schools, "business blocks," and all the other paraphernalia of corporate civilization. Truly this is an all-around boom which could never have taken place under other skies than those of the farthest West. To develop a brand new University into size, vigor and maturity with such rapidity and such *nonchalance*, belongs not only to the end of the century but to the verge of the continent,—to the very crest of the wave of Occidental empire.

Now that it is built, manned and launched, what do they do at Stanford? Chiefly, they study. Isolated as it is from all other interests, the community is a settlement of scholars and students, and, practically, the only activities are those of the University. It is facetiously said that everybody must "take work" in the University or be able to show good cause why not.

Yet the tourist who drives curiously about the campus

ENTRANCE TO THE QUADRANGLE.

in a bus, "doing the University," would hardly get the impression that this was merely the home of the dig. Here is the boys' athletic field, where spectators gather day after day to witness the prowess of football or baseball. Here are tennis courts which, from six in the morning until latest dusk, are never empty. Here is the girls' gymnasium with the fun of basket ball within and of tennis without. Here are hundreds of bicycles stalled against the curb of the arcade, or shooting back and forth on all the paths and avenues. Here are reception evenings and "at homes" posted on the bulletin boards, and open-air promenade concerts presided over by the student band.

The quadrangle itself is a constant silent contradiction to narrow activity and one-sided culture. Calm and bright, secluded yet open as the day, cloistered and scholarly, yet lazy with the *dolce far niente* of the South, it softly restores the balance between science and fancy, fact and imagination. By day the sunlight from the bluest of skies floods the warm colors of red tile roofs, buff stone walls, gray asphalt court and green jungles of tropical foliage. On dark nights, with the electric lights twinkling down the gloom of the colonnade, it is a place of familiar mysteries and shadowy suggestions. Under the moon it is an enchanted stretch of white columns and arches standing out against black shadows,—of tall bamboo and palms idly moving their dusky heads against a moonlit sky. Even in the rain, the hurrying passer, looking out from the shelter of the arcade, realizes suddenly a gray beauty of glimmering, wet pavement, shining, wet foliage and misty distances. With an amphitheater of foothills curving behind, and the fine line of the Coast Range rising across the horizon in front, and itself so worthy of its place and purpose, the quadrangle can hardly fail to be to the Stanford student an inspiration through his college life, and a unique memory in all after years.

THE QUADRANGLE.

THE MAZAMAS ON MOUNT HOOD.

W. G. STEEL.

MUCH interest was taken in the summer of 1893 in the idea of organizing a mountain-climbers' club on the summit of Mount Hood. The season was then too far advanced to carry out the plan at once, so nothing was done except to confer with interested parties. Late in the following winter several informal meetings were called to discuss the situation. On March 19, 1894, a public meeting was called in Portland, Oregon, at which time a preliminary organization was formed and committees appointed for the purpose of perfecting a permanent organization. A prospectus was issued and a general invitation extended to all lovers of Nature to attend a meeting to be held on the summit of Mount Hood, Thursday, July 19th. In response to this invitation, over three hundred persons appeared at Government Camp, on the southern slope of the mountain, on Tuesday evening, and participated in the bean-bake. At this time, by vote of those present, the writer was given entire charge of the expedition. Every party was requested to select a leader, who should not allow his party to separate. The strong were asked to manifest a generous spirit by remaining with and assisting the weak. By thus working in harmony it was hoped that most of those attempting the climb would reach the summit. On Wednesday camp was moved to extreme timber line, three miles above Government Camp, and, long before dark, tents were securely fastened and everything in good shape for the night.

Slowly the sun sank to rest in a crimson haze. As the rays of light struck the waters of the Pacific at a proper angle, a beautiful golden streak came in view, and we saw the sun setting in the ocean over one hundred miles distant. Nearer the mountain, and fading from view in the west, the Columbia River stretched away like a path of gold. Threatening clouds lurked here and there below us, and the whistling wind reminded us of dire possibilities for the morrow. Many camp fires were stretched up and down the mountain, along the crests of three narrow, timbered moraines. Happy voices filled the air with shouts and music, and the full moon shed a soft light over a picturesque scene. From a distant camp comes the sturdy club yell of some enthusiastic party, while from far below we hear the musical voices of a happy party singing songs written for the occasion. From a camp near at hand come floating through the breeze a melody wafted afar by the well-trained voices of the Multorpor Quartette. Time rolls on, and at nine o'clock, from far up the moraine, come the familiar notes of "America." As if prearranged, three hundred voices take up the strain. Following "America," the bugler sounds "taps," and from here and there come musical voices with words to fit the tune and surroundings. After "taps" every voice was silenced, and every heart filled with awe to hear the notes of "Nearer My God to Thee." Softly the notes crept into our very souls and awakened there a responsive echo, so deep and hallowed, we knew not of it before. The bugler ceased, and camp was silenced for the night.

At two o'clock Thursday morning the reveille was sounded, and in a few minutes the attack on the mountain began. Far below us the ominous rumble of thunder could be heard, while streaks of lightning darted here and there. The morning was chilly and the snow was hard. Like an army of ants seemed the climbers as they stretched up the mountain, two hundred and fifty strong. By six o'clock the storm had risen and attacked us on the flank with hailstones and snow, driven before a strong wind. The air became colder, and eighty-four climbers started downward, a few of whom subsequently repented and attained the summit. All day long parties were reaching and leaving the top, and, when the final count was made, it was seen that one hundred and eighty had succeeded in getting to the summit from the south side, and twenty-two from the north. Music and speaking were had on the summit, and later in the day a constitution was adopted, the club was named "Mazamas," and the following officers were elected: W. G. Steel, President; H. D. Langille, Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, Prof. C. H. Chapman and A. J. Johnson, Vice-Presidents; C. H. Sholes, Secretary; F. C. Little, Treasurer; Miss Fay Fuller, Historian; L. L. Hawkins, Mrs. Ida V. McElvain and E. C. Stuart, Executive Council. The list of charter members is limited to those who composed the party of July 19th and who reached the summit of Mount Hood. To become a member it is necessary to have climbed an acceptable snow-capped mountain to the summit. The entrance fee is ten dollars, and annual dues three dollars. It is proposed to assemble in the mountains every summer, and in the city on the first Monday in October. It is a part of the general plan to have substantial club houses at convenient points throughout the mountains for the use of members, such houses to be appropriately fitted up with furniture, dark rooms for photographers, and such scientific appliances as may be necessary.

The Mazama is that species of the chamois found in the mountains of the Pacific Coast of North America, and commonly known as the mountain goat.

The view from the summit of Hood embraces, to the north, the great giants of Rainier, Adams and St. Helens, while Jefferson, the Three Sisters and McLaughlin guard the southern horizon. Almost the entire scope of the Willamette Valley and the gorge of the Columbia by The Dalles lie at one's feet.

MOUNT HOOD FROM LOST LAKE. *W. H. Jackson photo.*

A PERILOUS STAGE RIDE THROUGH ARIZONA

John J. Valentine.

Early in the month of January, 1881, having business on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe lines that claimed attention, and not wishing to consume the time required for a roundabout journey via Ogden, Denver, Pueblo, etc., the writer left San Francisco by the Southern Pacific Railroad, intending to go to the eastern terminus of that line, then located near the boundary of Arizona and New Mexico, and then take stage and go, via Marcho Springs, Fort Cummings, etc., to Rincon on the east side of the Rio Grande, the then western terminus of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company and about eighty miles distant, easterly, from the Southern Pacific terminus.

After leaving San Francisco, in company with Mr. L. F. Rowell, one of our superintendents, I received a telegram from the railroad front in Arizona, saying that the stage between Rincon and the Southern Pacific terminus had been attacked by Apache Indians and the driver and passengers killed, and that to attempt the journey in that way would be very dangerous. The same day the Indians met a Mexican fish peddler, traveling in a wagon along the route mentioned, accompanied by a woman and child, and murdered the entire party.

On receipt of this information we telegraphed ahead asking the officer in command of the United States troops at Fort Cummings if he would give us a military escort, and received an affirmative answer. So we went forward, but, upon reaching the terminus twenty-four hours afterward, we failed to find our promised escort. A four-horse Concord "mud-wagon" stage was waiting, however, to take its usual trip, the driver evidently more than anxious for company on the road, and that Mr. Rowell and myself should make the journey with him, which we decided to do. A young stranger, nineteen or twenty years of age, asked if we had any objection to his going along, and we answered, "Of course not:" and the three of us, beside the driver, mounted the stage and started about sundown.

The argument of the driver to convince us of reasonable safety was that it would be a night ride, and as the troops from Fort Cummings were out after the Indians because of the murders committed a few days before, he would be less likely to encounter the savages than otherwise: and we accepted this view of the case, although, so far as the shelter of darkness went, we had none to avail ourselves of. The night was one of the brightest moonlight; the stars, too, shone brilliantly; the atmosphere was cold, and the roads dusty.

We journeyed on without interruption, though in an extremely anxious and apprehensive frame of mind, until about midnight, when we reached Marcho Springs, an adobe-walled corral station, formerly of the Overland Mail Company, at which the stage company which carried us kept a relay of stock. The doors or gateways of the corral were barricaded, the hostler and stock-keeper excusing themselves for the precaution by telling us that during the evening eight Indians had approached within sight of the station. This certainly was not comforting to us, but we changed horses and pushed along, reaching Fort Cummings about two o'clock in the morning. Here our party was reinforced by a stage driver, with a repeating rifle, who had resigned his job because his companion had been shot by the Indians in the brush the day before. This information did not increase our sense of safety, but we kept going on, the night being passed without sleep, our nerves upon a tension, and all of us constantly on the alert with eye and ear in momentary expectation of being saluted by a volley from the pesky Apaches.

When I was a lad an uncle gave me a little book containing a story in verse telling how a boy on the Western frontier had been given a pair of skates with the injunction not to go out of sight of the parental mansion which was situated on the bank of a river, frozen over at the time; but, while the old man was absorbed in conversation with a guest who had sought shelter over night, the boy grew impatient and slipped away with his skates, put them on, and in the eager pursuit of his diversion soon left the house far behind him and out of sight, and before he knew it found himself confronted by wolves. Turning, he fled with might and main, while

> Over his shoulder, wild with fear,
> A hasty glance he steals,
> And all the wolves in Christendom
> Seemed scampering at his heels.

as the verses set forth, until he reached a lumberman's deserted cabin on the river's brink, into which he plunged headlong and closed the door, around which the wolves quickly gathered and howled their disappointed rage. The situation at that point of the narrative was described thus:

> But Johnny found some heavy stones,
> And made the entrance fast,
> Then sat him down and tried to think
> How long the night would last.

In my cogitations during our journey I thought of the incident, heartily sympathizing with poor Johnny in his predicament, not unlike our own. At daylight we reached a station on the west side of the Rio Grande, and by a little after sunrise had crossed the river and reached the "town" of Rincon, New Mexico, appreciating that line of the hymn which says, "All journeys end in welcome to the weary."

In the afternoon our driver started on his return trip to the Southern Pacific terminus, and was intercepted, shot and scalped by the wily redskins when only a few miles away from the town. A party of surveyors of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe were also attacked and killed by them that day a few miles from Rincon, on the same road over which we had traveled in the morning.

JNO. J. VALENTINE.

The day in Rincon was scarcely less invested with peril than the preceding night had been, because congregated there were the outcasts and off-scourings of our Western States, who in those times sought the frontier camps of railroad construction parties for the purpose of plying their nefarious callings, prominent among which were robbery and prostitution. After an experience on the Western frontiers of thirty-three years, being from personal observation familiar with every State and Territory in the United States, and the Republic of Mexicó, and having made one hundred and nineteen journeys between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts by stages, ocean steamers and railroad cars alternately in the period named, I say deliberately and without local bias of any kind, that the town of Rincon, New Mexico, at that time contained the most abandoned lot of wretches that I have ever seen in the whole course of my experience. Robbery, murder and every form of vice and wickedness that disgrace poor erring humanity, intensified and multiplied, here flaunted themselves in public view without let or hindrance and without sense of shame or guilt. I could fill pages by reciting the exasperating and disgusting incidents of that day, but it is better far to let them sink into oblivion.

As another illustration of the lawlessness then prevailing in that section of the country, I will mention an incident that befell me later at Nogales, the border-town and inland port of customs, where Arizona is divided from Sonora, in Old Mexico. Upon the completion of what is known as the Sonora Railway, between Benson, A. T., and Guaymas, Mexico, I started in company with Mr. C. C. Wheeler, then manager of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company, and a party of friends from Benson, for Nogales, to be present at the formal opening of the line. Arriving the afternoon before the day of celebration, our car was side-tracked, and during the evening we kept within doors, as the population of Nogales, at that time, especially on the American side, very much resembled that of Rincon which I have already described. During the night we were awakened by pistol shots and agonizing cries that quickly subsided, and the next morning we found, just across the street, with a bloody sheet over his face, a fellow creature who had been shot to death. The terrible deed was committed upon the most trifling pretext,—a mere bawdy quarrel; yet the coroner's inquest, held during the morning, decided that it was justifiable homicide. It is almost needless to add the verdict was rendered by a jury of the peers of the murderer.

I could furnish you with an account of a dangerous trip through Northern Nevada and Southern Idaho in 1866, where I ran the gauntlet of the Snake Indians, much after the same fashion as that during the journey through the Apache country just narrated, though for a greater distance and for as long as three days and nights. During that season the Snake Indians infested the route of the stage line from Nevada to Idaho, and among other of their exploits they had decimated two bands of Chinese, *en route* to Idaho, each about fifty in number. Although evidences were plentiful that the savages were in our vicinity, the stage upon which I traveled escaped attack, but a few days later the driver with whom I rode through the Owyhee River and Jordan Creek valleys to Ruby City was shot from his box by Indians that lay in ambush.

I have traveled on railroad trains, not a few, when they jumped the track, or were derailed by collision, wreck or the like; on steamers that grounded, and on one that, rent by a snag, dashed forward rudderless and helpless in mid-stream; on stages crossing swollen streams or on such as narrowly escaped falling a prey to murderous Indians; but, by the kind favor of Providence, I have been permitted to always reach my destination in safety, and to survive till now to make this passing allusion to the good fortune that was vouchsafed to me under such a variety of dangers.

Upon one occasion in the early seventies, I was at the San Carlos (Arizona) Apache Indian Reservation upon distribution day, and saw 3,500 Indians and sixty chiefs in attendance. Amidst all these there were only four white men, including myself, but the reservation was policed by Indians, under pay as United States soldiers, who had been organized by a gentleman named John P. Clum according to a method afterward elaborated by General George Crook, of the United States Army, and everything passed off in a peaceable and orderly manner.

AMONG THE RESORTS.

THE Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, has, on exhibit in the lobby, a very costly collection of all the minerals of Colorado. They are displayed in a cabinet built of bronze and onyx, and the case is illuminated with the incandescent light. There are hundreds of the rarest specimens in the groups, and many of them have high scientific value.

Southern California is looking at her best just at present, and active preparations are being made to receive the winter pilgrimage from the East. Indications point to the largest influx that has been experienced for many years, and in consequence the hotels and others interested in the traveling public are correspondingly happy.

The Southern California Railway is prepared to offer special attractions to the tourist in the way of some of the prettiest little trips and jaunts in the State. There is hardly a section of road on the Coast that can offer as many inducements to the sightseer as the beautiful attractions along the line of this road.

Los Angeles is prosperous and lively. The traveler arriving there will find many splendid hostelries for his convenience. Notably among them may be mentioned the Arcade Depot Hotel, hardly a stone's throw from the landing-place of that name. Parties stopping at this comfortable little house will find every convenience and comfort. The proprietors who manage it also control the eating-house in connection with the depot, which, of course, assures an excellent cuisine.

Wandering up town we find the Hollenbeck Hotel enjoying the most prominent location in the city. A. C. Bilicke & Co., the proprietors, have just spent many thousands of dollars in improvements, principally in the way of a complete electric system, new carpets and furnishings, and a change in the arrangement of the office and reading-room. They have also finished the finest wine and grill room in the city. They are to be congratulated on their success and commended for their untiring energy in catering to the comforts of their patrons.

A couple of blocks from the Hollenbeck stands the Argyle, a pleasant family boarding-house, where one can be assured of feeling entirely at home and of the best attention and service.

Then comes the Hotel Ramona, which has recently changed hands, being now under the proprietorship of F. B. Mallory, formerly of the Galindo Hotel at Oakland. Mr. Mallory has had much experience in the hotel business, and his new venture gives every indication of popularity and success.

On the way up from the depot we find towering above us the great walls of the Hotel Westminster, which has enjoyed a standing reputation for many years. This is a quiet, homelike and comfortable hotel and is much patronized by parties making an extended stay in the city. This likewise has undergone many changes and improvements, and the coming winter will undoubtedly see it strained to its utmost capacity.

The St. Elmo is another hotel worthy of prominent mention. It is an old-stablished hostelry, and its proprietor, Mr. Dudley, leaves no stone unturned to cater to the comfort and convenience of his patrons. Its rates are strikingly reasonable and appeal to a very large class of people.

The season at Catalina Island is over, but the Hotel Metropole at Avalon will remain open during the winter as it did last year. The Wilmington Transportation Company are now building a magnificent new steamer, which is expected to be finished about the first of the year. Its capacity will be about 150 passengers and its speed equal to that of the *Hermosa*, which is so well known. Catalina is becoming more prominent every year with the traveling public, and there is no reason in the world why it should not prove as great an attraction in the winter as it has shown itself to be in the summer seasons.

Taber photo.

In our gallery of interesting subjects for illustration, we present herewith the handsome face of Lady Randolph Churchill. In addition to her many charms she is a native-born American, and graces her high position in a way that has made her exceedingly popular in London society. From time to time we shall reproduce on this page the photos of some of our local beauties, believing that many of them will compare more than favorably with the above subject.

Leaving Los Angeles one can take the Santa Fe or the Terminal Railway and in thirty minutes be in Pasadena. Here can be found one of the most magnificent hotels in the State of California, in fact in the West. The Hotel Green is a stone structure built by Colonel Green, and under the effective management of J. H. Holmes, unquestionably one of the most affable and popular hotel men in the South. Those who know him concede this point. It is not too much to say of the Green that its service is *par excellence* in every respect. The cuisine is faultless, the attention unremitting, and its beautiful suites beyond compare. The Green has already booked many guests for the season and will be well filled in another month. Mr. Holmes has been fortunate in securing the services of Arthur Gleason, who will act as cashier during the season. Mr. Gleason is well known in the North, having been connected with the Hotel Vendome for some time past.

A short distance, near the outskirts of the town, stands the Painter Hotel on a picturesque eminence overlooking the San Gabriel Valley. It is quiet, refined, homelike and first class in every particular. Mr. Painter, the proprietor, conducts his own livery on the grounds, and with the beautiful drives for which Pasadena is noted one can never be at a loss for diversion.

Continuing farther, another pretty place is the town of Redlands at the head of the valley. The Terracina has just changed hands, being under the proprietorship of W. G. Howard. It is a delightful and unique place and receives a very large share of the tourist element each winter.

The Windsor Hotel, located in the same town, likewise bids successfully for the patronage, and is conducted on its usual good lines under the proprietorship of Mrs. H. L. Squires.

A tour in California would not be complete without a trip to San Diego and Coronado. Mr. Babcock, the Manager of the Hotel del Coronado, is jubilant over the prospects of a big season. Every preparation has been made therefor, and the big hotel has been renovated and refitted throughout. The beautiful drive-way from the ferry to the hotel has been completed and forms a jaunt well worth making. Balls, parties, entertainments, drives, hunting, fishing and other varieties of amusement will be instituted with vigor during the winter, and one will never be lonesome while making a stay at this caravansary.

The Hotel Florence, situated on the bluff overlooking the bay and ocean, is always an attractive abiding place. Mr. G. W. Lynch, the new manager, is well known through his connection with the Redondo Hotel. Mr. Lynch is an all-round practical hotel man, and we may look for exceptional results in the patronage that will be extended the Florence this winter.

The Brewster, enjoying a prominent location in the center of the town, will always hold its own. No criticism can ever be made upon the neatness and system which characterizes its management. The café is finished, and is naturally a great convenience.

The Horton House, likewise centrally located, is almost as well known as the city itself. Mr. Hadley, the proprietor, has instituted a line of improvements and general rejuvenating, which does not lessen the popularity of his hotel.

It will also interest the traveling public to know that Messrs. Gaty & Dunn have leased the Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara. The changes instituted by them have been remarkable, and its old patrons would hardly recognize the interior. The grounds and surroundings have also undergone many changes, and when the hotel is ready for guests we may look for a liberal patronage of the City of Flowers.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE.

"Those projects which abridge distance have done most for the civilization and happiness of our species." LORD MACAULAY.

If you take up a map of the United States and look at California (keeping in mind the heading of this article), you will probably be struck by at least two facts; first, the isolation of the State from the great centers of population, and second, the two great rocky barriers that seemingly shut it out from the rest of the world. The towering, jagged peaks of the Sierra on the east of the State seemed to defy the westward progress of civilization, the ocean guarded its entire length on the west, the north gave no encouragement, and the south yielded up no natural highway.

Now, if you will take up a history of California, you will learn that in about the year 1849 there arose from this then far-away land a cry of gold such as was never before heard in this round world. It did not matter that this country was 2,500 miles away from anywhere: that it was in the possession of a people speaking a strange language; that ferocious animals and savage men inhabited the plains and mountains leading thereto;—the desire to get there outrode all these and many other obstacles. The cry was *gold!* and the query in this mad, wild scrabble was, How soon, in the name of the eternal verities, can I get there? And so about the first great question that this omnipotent loadstone, this glittering, golden god (or devil as you please), set in motion was "transportation facilities."

It very soon transpired, however, that there were three roads leading to this new El Dorado, which might be designated as follows:

1st. The antarctic-aquatic-around-the-horn route.

2d. The tropico-malarial-over-the-isthmus route.

3d. The trans-montane-Pike's-Peak-or-bust-ox-team-get-there-if-you-ain't-scalped route.

The distance traversed by the old line of clipper ships from New York to San Francisco, via the "Horn," was from seventeen thousand to eighteen thousand miles, consuming from four to six months. This route had its Cape Hatteras bugbear to weather, the perils of the southern seas to brave, and the tedious rounding of the stormy cape, before the peaceful ocean with its doldroms and sunny isles was reached. The second had also Cape Hatteras to dread, but an uglier devil in the shape of Panama fever. Across this little neck of land that holds two continents as by a thread there runs a railroad whose every sleeper represents the loss of a human life, but in the battle of '49 (as in every other) human life was of very small moment.

Travel by the last-named route has furnished so inexhaustible a field of romance that the dime novelists are nibbling there yet. There were perils by fire and water, by wild men and beasts, by storm and tempest, across the trackless desert, and, until the seas and the vast illimitable plains of the West give up their dead, no estimate can be made of the hosts who started for, but never reached, the land by the great sea westward: some were even permitted to look out over Jordan, but a cruel fate forbade them entering the promised land. There may be sadder and more cruelly harrowing tales of suffering and privation found in the wanderings of the Russian exiles into the frozen lands of Siberia, but scarcely anywhere outside of it than was experienced in the six months' trip across the plains.

There is a page of American history yet to be written of this marvelous hegira to the West. In the study of it I am always forcibly reminded of a certain allegorical painting representing a beautiful young damsel (which in this case might personate gold) floating along the wind, having a nice pleasant time scattering flowers and playing upon a harp, etc.; she keeps at a tantalizing distance from a mob of awfully earnest pursuers, each individual of which seems bent upon her capture, irrespective often of the consequences to his neighbor.

To the great majority of those who crossed the plains, transportation was something they themselves had full control of: they had their own teams, in fact the bourne of all early-day comers was the mountains, and to those of the ox-team route these lay at the threshold of the State.

For several years after the discovery of gold, transportation from San Francisco to principal points in the interior was by water. The great rivers of the State, before the days of hydraulic mining, were navigable for hundreds of miles, and that, too, for vessels of considerable size. From points along these rivers, principally the Sacramento and San Joaquin, communication was had with remote points by stage and the old prairie schooner freight wagon. This last style of locomotion, the prairie schooner, to which there were oftentimes attached fifteen and sometimes twenty mules, was slow and not always sure. If the animals went out on a strike, further progress depended upon when they would change their minds; and, if California to-day stands in the front rank as regards rare and ingenious forms of profanity, it may be attributed to the fact that mules entered largely into her early transportation questions.

Life in the far West developed many new and strange traits of character. Forms and manners that were perfectly satisfactory in the East were discarded as entirely inadequate here, and when the old-fashioned, mild-mannered profanity of New England was applied to a fifteen-mule team in California, it was found utterly flat, stale and unprofitable and at once discarded for a more forceful code.

Many of these grand old pioneer profanity experts have gone on into the untraveled country, and it is doubtful whether we shall see their like again.

Prior to the era of railroads in the State, stage and express lines were the mediums of communication with nearly all the world, the history of whose achievements and adventures would fill a volume. In 1859 there was a company formed whose title, if not euphonious, was decidedly startling, namely, "The Central Overland California & Pike's Peak Express Company," which was afterwards abbreviated to read and was known the world over as the "Pony Express." Its eastern terminus was St. Joseph, Missouri, its western, San Francisco, the distance between being a few miles short of two thousand. It was quite as important a project to California as the first submarine cable was to the Eastern States. The express charges were five dollars per quarter ounce. The pony riders were, on account of the extra hazardousness of the way, paid in some instances one thousand dollars per month, and were expected to ride seventy-five miles per day in all kinds of weather, and in quiet or troublous times; the maximum weight carried was fifteen pounds. The first messenger of this company started from the East on April 3, 1860, carrying among his documents a daily *St. Jo Gazette* extra, containing the announcement that it was the first newspaper to cross the country to California via Laramie, Salt Lake, Carson, Placerville to San Francisco. The overland stage route, which formerly followed the old Santa Fe trail, reaching San Francisco via Yuma, Los Angeles and Tulare, was shortly after this time changed to the central route. The "Pony Express" venture was not a financial success, and when the first overland telegraph line was completed in 1862, it closed its brief, eventful life without even a Latin epitaph to mark its last resting-place.

Of the numerous express and stage companies that were organized in the early days, the most important of the former was that of Wells, Fargo & Co., and the only one of them that has maintained an existence up to the present time. Its early career in California was a brilliant one, its projectors were men of courage, energy, tact and foresight; their successors, by the way, are men of the same stamp. They soon absorbed many of the smaller companies, and in a few years were the most important carriers in the country. In 1857 they transported over their lines in California $59,884,000 in gold. The business of this company has always been ably conducted, and its standing at present the world over is A1. Whatever legislation, wise or otherwise, may have had to do, off and on, with other great traffic concerns in the West, it seems never to have interfered with this company. It has at present 2,709 offices, and its territory of distribution to all parts of the globe by rail, stage and steamer covers a mileage of 36,308.

Its business briefly is to carry and deliver money, valuable parcels, etc., collect invoices, notes, drafts, etc., fill commissions, reclaim baggage, transfer money by telegraph, attend to custom-house clearance of baggage for foreign travelers, foreign and domestic coin exchange, record deeds, etc., for non-residents, a general banking business, etc.

The first railroad on the Coast was called the Sacramento Valley Railroad, twenty-one miles in length, running between Sacramento and Folsom. This road was completed in 1855, and was of prodigious consequence in its day. An attempt of its management to lay rails through a portion of the town one night against the good will and wish of the townspeople resulted next day in the rails being summarily torn up and demolished. One of the pioneer conductors of this road was the Honorable George T. Bromley, and many a good story of early railroading comes from "Uncle George," whose humorous, unique style of description has made him famous the country over.

THE PIONEER ENGINE, GOVERNOR STANFORD.

At the Jarrett and Palmer dinner given at the Palace Hotel, June 4, 1877, in honor of the accomplishment

of that wonderful eighty-four hour railroad run across the continent, John McCullough was called upon for a speech, but excused himself in favor of Mr. Bromley, who said: "I had the honor of being connected with the first railroad enterprise in the State. We determined at one time to have a trial of speed between Sacramento and Brighton. We invited General Sutter to make the trip. He had never seen a railroad before; he was much impressed, especially with the conductor. I was the conductor. In order to give you an idea of the rate of speed we traveled, I will mention that we accomplished the four miles in twenty-eight minutes. The General was so much struck with the velocity at which we traveled that when asked to return with us he replied that he lived only two miles back, and, being in a bit of a hurry, he guessed he would walk."

In 1862 the Oakland people found it necessary to build a four-mile road through their town, afterwards constructing a wharf extending three-quarters of a mile to reach deep water, thence connecting by ferry with San Francisco. The rate of ferriage, as formerly fixed by law, was one dollar per single trip; the commutation rate now is about five cents. In connection with rates it might not be out of place to mention that fare in the old days by steamer from San Francisco to Sacramento, distance ninety miles, was twenty-five dollars; it is now one dollar and a half. The Oakland road was the second that was constructed in the State; the third was the San Francisco & San Jose Railroad.

THE FIRST STEAMER ON THE COAST.

The latter road ran their first train from the Mission Dolores, San Francisco, to Big Tree Station, San Francisquito Creek (now Menlo Park), on October 17, 1863. In January of the following year this road was completed to San Jose.

The question of a transcontinental railroad was mooted certainly as early as 1848. The earliest action taken by the Government in the matter was the appointment in 1853 of a commission to survey for a railroad route from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. From this date to the passage of the Subsidy Act in 1862, both political parties advocated the measure in substance as follows:

"That one of the greatest necessities of the age, in a political, commercial, postal and military point of view, is a speedy communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans."

Ground was broken at Sacramento on this important enterprise on January 8, 1863, and the last spike was driven at Promontory, 842 miles east of San Francisco, on May 10, 1869.

There have been scores and scores of transcontinental roads built since then,—on paper,—and when all the lines now said to be heading for California get here, we will have communication with the East through every chink in the Sierra Nevada, and across every county in the State. Everybody will then be happy; the railroad lion will lie down with the granger lamb, and peace, joy, good will and long suffering shall abound and be multiplied upon the face of this western earth forever. Amen.

From May to December of 1869, the western terminus of the overland route was located at Sacramento. On the latter date the Western Pacific Railroad Company had nearly completed its road to Sacramento, and was assisted by the Central Pacific Railroad to a completion, and in June, 1870, was consolidated therewith. The Oakland and Alameda local road, that had by this time reached Haywards, was, in June, 1870, purchased by the Central Pacific Railroad and pushed to a connection at Niles with the transcontinental line, thus completing an all-rail line between San Francisco and New York.

Since 1870, railroads have been completed south from San Francisco through the San Joaquin Valley and Southern California to El Paso, Texas, a distance of 1,286 miles, connecting at that point with the great railroad systems of the southwest.

Railroad connection is now made with the East at Portland on the north, Ogden on the east, Mojave, Deming and El Paso on the south, east and south.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company was the pioneer carrier of the Pacific Coast. Originally its objective point was Oregon, as prior to '49 that country was better known in the East than California was; but the discovery of gold deflected the course of its trade, and Oregon was temporarily lost sight of. This company brought to San Francisco, via the isthmus, from the year 1862 to 1879, 203,173 passengers. Its through traffic from New York was seriously interfered with by the completion of the railroad. After this time its attention was more especially called to the Pacific Central American trade and the opening up of new lines to China and Australia.

The line to Australia was eventually abandoned, but the Cnina and Panama lines have been maintained and now form the largest part of its immense business.

The up freight from the Central American ports consists of coffee, tropical fruits, spices, etc.; the down freights are breadstuffs, general merchandise, etc. The local passenger traffic of this line is of considerable importance. A steamer leaves San Francisco for Panama about every ten days. The outward freight is chiefly flour, fish, quicksilver, etc.; inward, tea, sugar, rice, silks, etc.

The Occidental & Oriental Steamship Company was established in 1875 for the purpose of opening up more thoroughly the business between San Francisco and the Orient. For Old World travelers to Japan and China the preferable way undoubtedly is via San Francisco, alike in point of health, comfort and speed. By this route the traveler from London not only has the great continent of America with its thousand and one attractions to cross, but he may enjoy the salubrity of his native air throughout the entire voyage, having neither to subject himself to the burning equatorial heat, nor to the continued monotony of a long sea voyage. A trip is made about every twenty days; the distance from San Francisco to Yokohama is 4,535 miles, and the sailing time about seventeen days; to Hongkong, 6,135 miles, time, twenty-five days.

The return voyage, on account of generally favoring winds and currents, is made in about two days less time. Since the establishment of this line the sailing time of the voyage has been cut down several days. The following table shows some of the notably short trips made by steamers of this line:

	DAYS.	HOURS.
October, 1882, *Arabic*, Yokohama to San Francisco ...	13	21
September, 1886, *Gaelic*, " "	13	22
May, 1887, *Oceanic*, San Francisco to Yokohama.. ...	15	23
July, 1887, *San Pablo*, " "	14	23
July, 1888, *Arabic*, Yokohama to San Francisco.....	13	23

The Oceanic Steamship Company was organized in December, 1881, and part of the work abandoned by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company on the Australian route was taken up by this company. Its four steamers, the *Mariposa*, *Zealandia*, *Alameda* and *Australia* are announced as having "all the latest and best improvements in steamships."

FIRST BUILDING OF THE C. P. R. R. AT SACRAMENTO

It is confidently expected in the near future that this company will supplement its already untiring efforts to promote trade and transpacific travel by building new steamships on the latest and most improved models, and lessen the time to Honolulu, which is now performed in seven days, to five days, the passage to Auckland, New Zealand, to fifteen days, and to Sydney, eighteen days, making the time of the transportation of the through mails from Sydney to London between twenty-eight and twenty-nine days. This will be the quickest time possible between the antipodes and Great Britain, and a royal highway for the transport of passenger travel from Australia and the islands of the Pacific to the Old World via the New.

The following table of distances, etc., may be found interesting:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO	DISTANCE.
Honolulu	2,100 miles
Auckland	6,050 "
Sydney	7,200 "
Melbourne	7,740 "
Adelaide	8,100 "

San Francisco sends by this line to the countries along its track, lumber, wines, canned goods, hops, etc. She receives in return tin, coal, wool, sugar, rice, coffee, tropical fruits, etc.

The trade with the Hawaiian Islands for seven years ending with 1887 shows the merchandise and treasure exports to have been $23,010,124.00; the imports for same period amounted to $59,391,815.00.

The passenger travel out and in in 1887 was 6,670 persons. The most important of the above imports was sugar, the second was rice.

The Oceanic line has full control of the Samoan Island trade, and, in conjunction with other companies, reaches out into the broad realm of Oceanica.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company had a small beginning and was in its inception a purely local institution. It has grown with a steady, regular growth from a fleet which consisted of the old steamer *Salinas* and three schooners to be the most important coast carrier, with over a dozen fine steamers of large accommodations and all the late improvements in the matter of speed, elegance and style.

As to the place that San Francisco now holds in the world as a maritime port, and what the future may develop, it may be confidently asserted that her importance is not likely to wane. She is broadening her connection with the Orient and with the great islands of the southern seas; she will sit at the entering in of the gates as a city proud, not only of her imperial position among the nations, but a city set upon a hill that shall draw the commerce of the four winds within her fair haven, and send forth from her radiant western light an influence that shall beautify the dark pagan world, dispel the shadows of serfdom and savagery, transform the cannibal, and control the commercial destinies of the western seas.

ITEMS.

Fear of the future drives many to desperate acts. No one need fear for the future if he be properly educated. A proper education is not one devoted exclusively to polish, but is one that can be turned to account, that can be used to evolve the daily bread and butter. Such an education can be gained at the San Francisco Business College, Murphy Building. No graduate of this school ever lost a position through incompetency, and they are to be found in every place of importance.

If any one will take the trouble to drop a postal card, or letter, to Mr. J. H. Holmes, Manager Hotel Green, Pasadena, Cal., he will receive a complimentary copy of their beautiful new souvenir of twenty pages. It is printed in two colors, handsomely embossed, and shows a choice selection of views of both Pasadena and the Hotel Green, which, by the way, is the handsomest hotel west of Chicago.

It is well worth mailing to your Eastern friends, and can be had for the asking by simply mentioning this notice.

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

DR. GEORGE K. FRINK, Physician and Surgeon, No. 47 Post Street, corner Kearny, San Francisco, Cal. Hours 1 to 3 and 7:30 to 8 P. M. Residence 3005 Jackson Street. Telephone 4286. Specialties: Women's and Children's Diseases and Obstetrics. At office on Sunday by special appointment only.

John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

DR. R. E. BUNKER, Physician and Surgeon. Office and Residence No. 601 California Street, San Francisco. Office hours 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Telephone 1800.

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When visiting San Francisco, The Maze will be found a place of interest and profit. It is the only department store in San Francisco. Dry goods, fancy goods, millinery, cloaks and suits ready made and made to order; crockery, music, toys, drugs, shoes, etc. Ladies or misses can be outfitted completely from head to foot in ready-made attire or made to order in twenty-four hours. Everything the best, one price and cash.

A Sovereign Remedy.

Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

Travelers, Attention!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.
650 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW GOLD.

I heard the deep, strong, strenuous, godlike sea,
An ardent wooer, bending suppliant knee
To smiling earth, plead earnestly for love,
Now whispering soft and low
In the tide's tender flow,
Now, storm-swept, raging, fierce thro' fiord and cove.
But beauty, sitting there,
So sweet, so heavenly fair,
Repulsed her lover brave,
Spurned every pleading wave,
And in her pride defiant,
Haughty and self-reliant,
Said, "I will dwell alone."
And then I heard the sea utter a moan
So deep, so true, 'twould melt a heart of stone!
And ever more,
From every shore,
From unlit caves,
From wind-whipped waves,
That heart-cry of the sea
Comes sobbing back to me.

— *Horatio Mills.*

Still as of old the morning breaks;
The brook delays its mimic flood,
And in its soft embrace it takes
The ivy-mantled wood.

Within the elm the robin sings;
The lilac blooms beside the bars;
And through the shadows evening brings
Look down the early stars.

And day by day the cheerful sounds
Arise of those who sow or reap,
Who wake to tread life's common rounds,
And turn again to sleep.

The seasons come and go apace,
And naught is changed my eye can see;
But in its grave lies one dear face
That was the world to me.

—*Rev. James B. Kenyon.*

I hear the scrunch of the editor's shears:
I smell the smell of his sour paste;
And the sound of his voice rings in my ears:
"Declined with thanks; I am yours in haste."

Oh, the King is coming fra' ower the sea!
Ride on, ride on for the King!
Hielandmen, fearless and leal, are we,
Riding along for the King.
Cry, "Hey for King Jamie, the King of us a'!
Hey for Ogilvie and Hey for Earl Mar!
Hey for the Standard that leads us to war!
Ride on, ride on for the King!"

The pipes they are skirling. Up, Scots, and awa'!
Ride on, ride on for the King!
The claymores are turning and flashing, Hurrah!
Ride along for the King!
To hell wi' the traitor, the Earl of Argyle!
His castle shall burn to the cellar, the while
We hunt him through England for many a mile;
Ride on, ride on for the King!

There be twa crowns await ye, King Jamie, to-day,
Ride on, ride on for the King!
To win them your Scots are in battle array,
Riding along for the King.
We'll crown ye in Scotland, and crown ye again
When we've swept into England and scattered the men
That skulk between Carlisle and London, and then
We'll a' ride hame wi' the King.

—*Ralph Adam Cram.*

When the maple turns to crimson
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster's on the wold:
When the moon is lapped in vapor
And the night is frosty cold:

When the chestnut burrs are opened
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail,
With the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail,—

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her that still is dear;
She is near me in the Autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

I dream of thee the livelong day
Till daylight ebbs in dusk away:
And 'neath the pale moon's tristful ray
My thought still flies to thee.
I long and sigh to see thy face;
In every song thou hast a place;
Each flower recalls thy winsome grace;
Come back, dear Love, to me.

THAT REMINDS ME.

C. Y. Lamb photo.

Oh! these old jokes
make me so sleepy.

Farmer Wayback (starting home from the station)—Please ma'am, do you wear false teeth?

Fair boarder (for the summer)—Sir!

Farmer Wayback—Oh, I don't mean to be cur'ous. Only this road is a leetle rough, and ef your teeth a'n't good and fast, you'd better put 'em in your pocket. —*New York Weekly.*

Doctor—Your husband, madam, is suffering from nervous prostration.

Madam—Yes, sir.

Doctor—And he needs something to quiet him. What is his business?

Madam—He is a policeman, sir.

Doctor—Well, slip a quarter into his hand, when he isn't looking, every two hours during the night, and I'll call again in the morning. Good day.

He was a good-looking young man, and somehow I fancied him one of the sort who dashes off little gems on one side of the paper only, with the very best ink and in a legible hand, and then wonders why he is not more successful in literature.

He evidently had stopped in the postoffice on his way to the train to get "the returns," and from the number of bulky envelopes in his hands he evidently had received quite a lot.

I felt sorry for him. He sat there kind of sad-like, when suddenly the newsboy came through yelling: "Thi' smonth's mag's, here—*Censbry, Hoppers, Scrib., Cosmo., 'Tlantic*, or——"

He paused beside my literary seat-mate to display his wares. And then a transformation took place. Shoving his hat back on his head, the spirit of revenge flashing from his eyes, the young writer exclaimed, in tones of most cutting sarcasm:

"Thank you for the kind offer of the publications you name, but I regret to say that I must respectfully decline them. Rejection does not necessarily indicate a lack of merit, however, and you may be successful elsewhere. A variety of reasons may make it impossible for me to make use of them at this time."

And then the young man sank back with a smile of triumph, and the newsboy, with a stare, remarked, "Whach'er givin' us?" and passed on. He didn't understand it, but I did.

I am an author, too. —*Truth.*

Housewife (showing sample of milk to local dairy-keeper)—Look here! I bought this milk from you—it's half water, and the rest is chalk, and you sold it as "pure country milk."

The "Milk Maker" (with dignity)—Madam, to the pure all things are pure. —*Tit-bits.*

Young Housekeeper—Have you a small hand-bellows for blowing the fire?

Dealer—Something like that, madam?

Young Housekeeper—Yes, that will do. If you will fill it with wind and put a cork in the end, I'll take it with me.

Reporter—Are you going to work to-day, Pat?

Pat—Sure, I dunno. My ould woman says she'll break me head if I don't, and the union men will break me head if I do. Sure, these are hard times for dacint men. I think I'll just take me chances with the ould woman.

Guest—Will you not give me a kiss, beauteous creature?

Waiter Girl—Not much do I give you any kiss.

Guest (resignedly)—Well, then, you might as well bring me a portion of Schweitzer cheese and a glass of bock beer. —*German Joke.*

Tommy has a pop-corn ball and a penny. Frank has a bag of peanuts.

Frank—Let's play store. You buy a penny's worth of my peanuts, 'n'en I'll buy a penny's worth of your pop-corn; 'n'en you can buy some more peanuts, 'n' I can buy more pop-corn, 'n' you——

Tommy—Yes, but (cautiously)—but who'll have the penny when everythin's e't up?

—*Kate Field's Washington.*

RAMBLES IN BOOK-LAND.

"Before the Gringo Came." By Gertrude Atherton. New York. J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

This is a collection of eleven stories of early Spanish California reprinted from various periodicals and dedicated to the Bohemian Club. The tales are vigorously told and present a vivid picture of the days when California was first occupied by United States troops. The pride, vehemence and passion of the Spanish-California men and women, their dress, manners and social customs, are dramatically presented by a skillful narrator. The book is a valuable record of a period rendered peculiarly picturesque by the clash of opposing and incompatible forms of civilization.

"The Mountains of California." By John Muir. 12mo, 350 pages, illustrated. The *Century* Company.

This book is a description of the meadows, forests, animals, glaciers and lakes of the Sierra Nevada Range, by one who knows whereof he speaks. Familiarity with Nature in her sternest or her sweetest moods is unlike familiarity with our own kind. It not only does not breed contempt, but an over-increasing appreciation and love. No one knows the mountains of California better than John Muir, and no one loves them better.

The Midland Monthly. October. Vol. II, No. 4. Published by Johnson Brigham, Des Moines, Iowa. 15 cents a copy: $1.50 a year.

This periodical is devoted to Midland art and literature, but beside poems and stories of local flavor it contains articles on general topics. Alma D. Whitaker's paper on "The Art of Conversation" is, as most prize compositions are, a little over-ambitious, and settles off-hand some rather large questions, such as, for example, the origin of language; but it is suggestive and readable. I wonder whether Mrs. Whitaker has ever read Mahaffy's charming treatise, written in a style that is Aristotelian for clearness and exhaustiveness on this subject. If not, I earnestly commend it to her notice. The issue contains some interesting notes on Alaskan fishing, on the work of a newspaper correspondent, and on the English Lake District, also a prize story by Verner Z. Reed: "The Herald of the Great White Christ." *The Midland* is doing a good work for the great section it represents.

Demorest's Family Magazine. Published by W. J. Demorest, 15 East Fourteenth Street, New York. 20 cents a copy: $2.00 a year.

This old family magazine completed its 30th volume with the October issue. Each number contains sixty quarto pages of good paper, a colored frontispiece, a full-page photogravure, eight portraits of celebrities, and from 150 to 160 smaller illustrations, beside stories, short comments by notable people on questions of the day. There are notes on home decoration and copious details and illustrations of the fashions. The September issue contains a well-written and fully illustrated account of the sponge industry in Florida, and the October issue an article on life at West Point by a cadet. In the November issue appears the first of a series of sketches of China, Japan and Corea, by the well-known correspondent, Frank Carpenter.

The Peterson Magazine. October. Penfield Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 10 cents a copy: $1.00 a year.

In September this very old periodical came out under new management and in an entirely new guise. The October issue is an excellent one. The principal short stories are "The Chronicle of Cora," by Edgar Fawcett, and "Patience Appleby's Confessing-up," by Eila Higginson. Mary Field Hammond contributes an article, copiously illustrated by photographs, on palmistry. The article on San Gimignano, of the beautiful towers, an out-of-the-way old-world town of Italy, is illustrated from photographs, and some capital water-color sketches by the author, E. E. Garnsey. The magazine contains twenty full-page photogravures and forty-five smaller ones which, with poems and literary essays, make up a marvelous 10 cents' worth.

Arthur's Home Magazine. October, 1894. 10 cents a copy: $1.00 a year.

This periodical is owned by the proprietors of *Peterson*, the Penfield Publishing Company of Philadelphia. It caters especially to the requirements and interests of women. A well-illustrated article by Patty Pemberton Bremann tells of "Some Famous Second Marriages." There is a boys' and girls' department, and one of fashion and needlework, the latter edited by Marion Alcott Prentice, and abounding in details and pictures. The leading feature of the November issue is an article on the "The Gilbert Islands and Their People."

Recreation. Published by G. O. Shields, 216 William Street, New York.

The first issue of this new monthly contains forty pages, five full-page illustrations and about a dozen smaller ones. President D. S. Jordan tells "How the Trout Came to California," and four officers of the United States Army furnish records of travel and sport in Alaska, the Shoshones and elsewhere. The editor is the author of "The Big Game of North America," "Cruisings in the Cascades," and several other books of sport. The magazine will deal with hunting, wing-shooting and fishing, and will touch on travel, indoor and outdoor games, and every form of *Recreation.*

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

The newspaper women of the United States are uniting in an appeal to English justice in the case of Mrs. Maybrick, now undergoing a sentence of imprisonment for life upon conviction of having poisoned her husband. I quote from the petition sent to me by Laura Dayton Fessenden, the Corresponding Secretary of the Chicago Press League, who, with Miss Mary H. Krout, of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, are working in the unfortunate woman's behalf. All actual press women are asked to sign the petition.

"It is now well understood throughout the United States that, in the trial of Mrs. Maybrick for the alleged murder of her husband, her guilt was never proved. The testimony of expert toxicologists was summarily set aside in conformity to the specific instructions of a judge, who, when the jury had retired, said to the Clerk of the Court, 'It is impossible to find her guilty in the face of the medical evidence;' who, when pronouncing sentence, did not concur in the verdict; who, after the trial, publicly proclaimed a doubt about the facts, and who was suspected at the time of the trial of mental unsoundness which afterwards rapidly developed into insanity and death.

"That the Home Secretary, Mr. Mathews, when he commuted the sentence of death to imprisonment for life, gave a reason which destroyed the whole foundation on which the verdict rested, is in itself tacit admission of the unfairness of the trial and over-severity of the sentence. In view of the new evidence submitted and the fact that the present Home Secretary had laid it aside upon the pretext that it is insufficient, a conclusion reached in a manner not easy to comprehend, we American women and representatives of the American Press condemn his action as monstrously unjust and opposed to all rules of honor and fair dealing. We therefore ask that the new evidence be impartially examined by competent representatives of the prisoner as well as of the Crown, and pledge our willingness to abide by the results of such examination, believing confidently that it will result in the liberation of a woman who was unfairly tried, unfairly condemned, and who has already suffered wrongs in the English courts which can be neither forgotten nor condoned."

One of my correspondents writes asking if it be possible for a woman to make money at farming in California. Statistics show a growing interest in the subject of farming as an industry for women. In proportion to the population more women are engaged in farming in California than in any other State in the Union. Of course this is largely owing to the climate, also to the fact that many a woman has come to California in search of health which her physicians have assured her was to be found only in an out-of-door life. I have secured facts concerning some of California's leading women horticulturists and orchardists. Communication with any one of them would doubtless give my correspondent more facts upon which to base her conclusions.

One of the foremost of these women is Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd of Ventura, who is well known as a cultivator of plants, bulbs and seeds. She cultivates over twelve acres of her specialties, beside having several greenhouses for the choicer varieties. Mrs. Shepherd is an enthusiast upon the subject of hybridizing. In one year Mrs. Shepherd grew nearly two tons of sweet pea seeds of the choicest varieties. It is a noteworthy fact that some of the rarest varieties of sweet peas, the Exford, were originated in England, yet in California the sweet pea attains its perfection. Mrs. Shepherd, beside being a florist and seedswoman, is possessed of literary talent of a high order, and is a constant contributor to leading periodicals, and in great demand as a speaker at women's parliaments.

Mrs. Georgia McBride, residing near San Jose, is a successful orchardist; so is Mrs. E. P. Buckingham of Vacaville, who yearly ships a vast quantity of fruit from her place to the East, where it commands a high price.

Mrs. Jennie Starr of Yuba City is another enterprising woman who turned to ranching, upon being left a widow with the management of sixty acres of orchard and vineyard resting upon her. She has mastered all the details of the practical part of the work and is an authority upon the subjects of budding, grafting and pest extermination.

Mrs. Harriet Strong of Whittier is known all over the United States for her plumes of pampas grass. Mrs. Lucy C. McCann is a cultivator of small fruits at Santa Cruz. I see that Mrs. McCann has lately been admitted to the bar. With her powers of oratory she will make a grand success.

Mrs. Whittell has a rose ranch at Los Gatos. Miss Sessions is a seedswoman somewhere near San Diego. Mrs. Brooks, the fig-grower of Riverside County, is well established in commercial circles, and—well, the list might be prolonged indefinitely, but certainly enough have been named to show that there are a number of women engaged in extracting a living from the soil; and since some of them have been in the business for ten and twelve years, it is at least safe to assume that they have found that farming for women pays in California.

Table Talk tells us that ninety-five per cent of the home-makers in this country do their own housework, and that the cry to-day for rest is louder than the cry for bread. "The Indian squaw, in an attempt to be civilized, died of too much house."

Perhaps, in a little while, we shall not cry for bread at all, for there is a scientist among us who says that most of the ills which flesh is heir to come from eating too much bread and too much of the product of cereals; that starch is burdensome to the stomach and that it keeps the organs of the body too hard at work in turning the starch into sugar. This gentleman declares that in ripe fruit we have the fruit sugar already, thus relieving the digestive organs of some of their labor. He advises us to live on our own California nuts and fruit. If we take his advice it will be a big thing for the produce trade.

Another authority declares that the nutritive power of the raisin as compared with meat is as four to one; that the raisin contains sugar in its healthiest form; and that less meat and more raisins would avert the occurrence of the dyspepsia and stomach trouble of the present day. Perhaps this is all true. But as children we were told not to eat too many raisins because it would cover our teeth with tartar. It's always the old question over again, When doctors disagree, who shall decide?

A practical joker without any capacity for arithmetical computation is what *Kate Field's Washington* calls the person who started the rumor that a sum of money would be paid for a million canceled stamps. Two hundred dollars is the sum now mentioned. It was three hundred dollars when a number of deluded souls in San Francisco started to help in the collection, which when amassed could find no buyer, the party who was always referred to as "a lady in New York" not being found anywhere. There is a steady demand in Europe for American stamps by those who are making collections, and by those who use the stamps in the manufacture of articles, either in the form of papier-maché or for decorative purposes, the stamps being used according to their colors.

The New York "Fresh Air Fund" takes poor children out for an airing on the sad sea waves. The "Floating Hospital" carries 1,100 upon a trip. When the children arrive with their mothers, they are met at the gang-plank by physicians whose duty it is to see that none infected with contagious diseases go on board. The lunch baskets are also submitted to rigorous inspection; green fruit, sausages, cold potatoes, salt pork, beer, brandy or whisky are at once thrown overboard, and something more wholesome is substituted. Twice a day good meals are served, sterilized milk is distributed to the babies, and the company are under the general supervision of nurses and doctors who accompany the Floating Hospital on each of her trips. This idea is also being carried out in Boston with good results.

Thanks to our climate and the delicious influence of the sea breeze that gives ozone to the air and invigoration to the human body, San Franciscans do not suffer from the heat as do their cousins on the Atlantic sea-board.

But alas, our Eastern friends do not know how fortunate we are. In a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, I read the astonishing statement that San Francisco was cursed with cold fogs and raw winds. That is really too bad! Our winds certainly are disagreeable to people of nervous temperament, chiefly, however, on account of the amount of dust with which they are burdened. But since the new regime of street-sweeping and municipal cleanliness inaugurated by the Merchant's Protective Association, of which Mr. Dohrmann is the worthy and efficient President, our winds blow high and blow low without finding any dust or dirt to blow about. As hygienic agents, our winds are not to be despised. San Francisco is a healthy city.

Thanks to the enterprise of our merchant citizens, San Francisco may yet become the winter city of the American continent.

As for our fogs, it would be hard to find a sensible San Franciscan who regards them as "curses." The fogs are seldom cold, never raw, and generally follow a day of great heat, as a gentle agent of refreshment and a quieting influence. After a heavy fog at night, the next day dawns bright and clear, the air is fresh, and every breath is an inspiration.

When we read of the storms that sweep the Atlantic Coast, the fierce tornadoes that wreck towns and destroy life in the great prairies, of the forest fires that devour everything from the face of the earth, of the intense cold and the prostrating heat of the East, we say, "Give us our summer trade winds, and our heavy, life-laden fogs."

The same issue of *Harper's Weekly* contained several full-page illustrations of Sutro's salt-water baths, which are, so the writer declares, the finest and largest salt-water baths in the world. Score another one for California.

Our local press of late have been trying to inspire our community with the desire to make the most of the illimitable resources of California. Among other things we are told that while we lead in the production of fruit, we import orange marmalade from Scotland, preserved pears from France, and strawberries and other small fruits from Germany. We should not only supply our home market, but we should compete in the markets of the world. One of the factors necessary for success is neat and artistic packing. When we can arrange our preserved fruit in as tasteful and tempting a way as do our European friends, then we can hope to drive them from the United States markets, just as our raisin-growers, having mastered the art of the most attractive and artistic presentation of their goods, have taken the place of the Spanish products. The *San Jose Mercury* says: "A very large proportion of the persons employed in preparing and packing our fruit are girls who have every qualification for doing the work in the most artistic way. They have all the natural tastefulness and lightfingered skillfulness requisite for the work."

This being the case, would it not pay Boards of Trade in fruit centers to engage a capable person, possibly at the expense of the county, to instruct the employees of the different packing establishments how to do artistic packing? This would be better than to have each establishment have an instructor. For by a united effort, which indeed might be made by the establishments themselves, a higher price could be paid, a more capable instructor imported and a higher grade of excellence attained, to the increase of trade and the gain of a permanent market.

Mrs. Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army has made an appeal in behalf of the immigrant girls who are in danger of being entrapped by the agents of vice, and made to swell the ranks of the army of the lost, while seeking honest labor. The human harpies meet these ignorant peasant girls as they land and offer them good wages and engage them on the spot for "most desirable situations." Mrs. Booth knows whereof she speaks; she has not lived and labored for years in the Salvation Army now to be deaf, dumb and blind in humanity's cause.

There recently died in San Francisco a wealthy widow whose disposition of her property was marked by such justness, such philanthropy, such wisdom, and such patriotism, that it might serve for a model for the thousands of rich men who make their wills with no thought of the community in which they live, and where they have made the bulk of their fortunes, whose only thought seems to be the perpetuation of their family name and the keeping intact of a great estate. Mrs. Lux, by providing a fund for the establishment of trade schools, has raised a fitting monument to a life spent in good works. And yet that woman could not vote. She was the political peer of idiots, lunatics, criminals. Out upon such distinctions!

The wholesale destruction of the most magnificent trees in the world, the California redwoods, is to be pushed with more rapidity by the introduction of steam-cutting machinery. This act of vandalism calls forth protest after protest from the lover of the forest and from the scientist, who see in the denuding of the land of its trees a great and undesirable change in the climate of the region so robbed. But still the work goes on; there's money in it. The extinction of the species is the work of but a very short time. Why our Legislature should not compel lumbermen to plant the districts which they have denuded of trees with young saplings that in time might take the place of their predecessors, I do not see. We have no right to rob posterity.

Our clergy are sounding notes of alarm about the lack of respect shown by the rising generation for their elders. After a few more years of moral suasion fads, or persuading children to do as they are told instead of upholding parental authority by enforcing it, we shall see a generation of young people with absolutely no respect for any authority whatever. Solomon was right when he said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." The children are being spoiled by the absurd idea that a child's feelings must never be hurt, that he must never be whipped, and, what is worse, by his knowledge that his teachers have not the means to enforce his obedience. But all fads must run their day. This will have its end after a time. The child who says in defiance, "I will," or "I won't," and "You can't make me," is already an anarchist.

Smallpox is already held in check by vaccination, snake poison is to be rendered harmless by inoculation; diphtheria, that scourge of childhood, is to be laid by Dr. Behring's cure of blood serum. Why should we not live in hopes that consumption and cancer may yet yield to science? In the meantime sanitary precautions to prevent the spread of pulmonary complaints cannot be too severe in their nature nor too rigidly enforced.

Speaking of sanitary precautions, if a law of kitchen inspection, such as is in force in Paris, were to be put in operation in San Francisco, what a confiscation of utensils there would be! In Paris everything used in the preparation of food, pots, pans, beer faucets, in brief all sorts of food receptacles or utensils, are subjected to the care of the inspector. The law forbids the use of lead, zinc and galvanized iron in the manufacture of cooking utensils. Tin cans must not be soldered on the inside; poorly glazed pottery is seized. All copper vessels must be tinned and kept in good condition. All the great restaurants and eating establishments have a skilled tinner in their employ. The health of the people is of some consideration.

In view of the fact that every season records its list of victims from mussel poisoning, would it not be just as well for campers and trampers to forego the pleasure of catching and eating shell fish regarding the nature of whose habitat they are ignorant? It is better to be penny wise than pound foolish.

ELIZA D. KEITH (DI VERNON).

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She is Going to Get Married!

All her friends should remember her on the festal occasion, and bestow upon her rich tokens of esteem. Privately, we will tell you that she is going to Southern California on her wedding trip, and

What a Pity!

it would be if she didn't spend the honeymoon at the Hotel Green, Pasadena? Everybody goes there. It is brand new, four stories, in the center of town, and can accommodate 400 guests. See this beautiful spot if you see nothing else.

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is located one thousand feet above the sea-level and thirty miles from the ocean. The view of the San Gabriel Valley from the veranda is charming. The drives are a feature of the location, and the table is fully up to the standard.

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claims to combine all these essentials, and, in addition, is homelike, cheerful and refined. We should be pleased to have you come and see us when you arrive at

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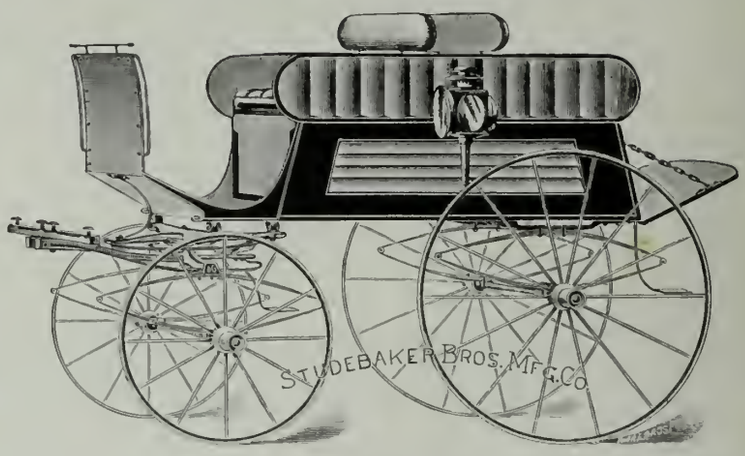

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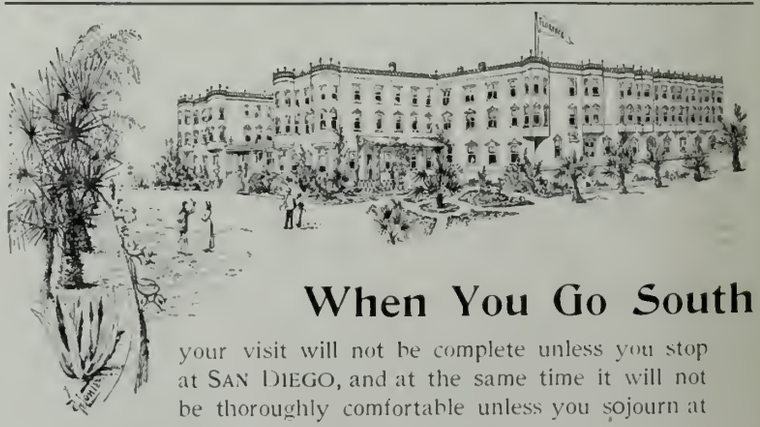

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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

PRICE TEN CENTS. DECEMBER, 1894. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Miss M. E. Faucompre photo.

FLOOD TIDE.

Glimpses of Del Monte.

NO ONE picture or group of pictures can do more than serve as a suggestion of the great attractions of Del Monte. There is such a wide variety, and everything is on such a broad scale, that from no one standpoint can the story be told: and while we have attempted in the above cut to illustrate some interesting bits of the grounds, hotel, bath-house and beach, there are scores and scores of other scenes of equal interest and attractiveness. It is yet to be placed on record that any stranger has visited this resort and been other than agreeably disappointed. Everything is up to (and beyond) the brag. The grounds and the flowers are a revelation, the eighteen-mile drive around the ocean shore and back through the sweet-smelling pine forests is a marvel, and the hotel itself is as near perfection in all its appointments as it is possible to reach. We put it down as little less than criminal for strangers visiting California to miss seeing Del Monte.

THE TRAVELER.

VOLUME IV. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER, 1894. NUMBER 6.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

E. McD. JOHNSTONE AND WM V. BRYAN,
PUBLISHERS AND SOLE PROPRIETORS.

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conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish, *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

THE old nickel-in-the-slot machines in our railway stations and public places that offered to weigh you, take your photograph, slip a package of chewing gum or candy into your hand, etc., were innocent devices to allure nickels from the pockets of the waiting and impatient traveler; but now there comes upon the scene a number of other methods of extorting nickels that are not quite so innocent, notable among which is a glass-faced box with a row of small drawers at the bottom containing small sums of money. If the nickel is fortunate enough to hit the right spot it opens the drawer and yields its contents to the operator.

Of course, at first sight, this seems a cheap and harmless form of gambling, and too trivial for serious consideration; but is it so? Are these devices (and there're scores of them) not dangerous to young people? If one form of gambling is illegitimate, why should not another be?

FIRST comes the nervous man near the front end of the car who objects to the draught from the small window in the car door. He says it is an injustice to the passengers in the neighborhood of the water cooler, who have to cramp their knees against the stove and submit to many other indignities; and he scolds because the door is not closed immediately the train leaves the station.

Why, he asks, do the railroad people not invent, or have invented for them, some kind of a door that won't bang with a terrific noise every minute, to the discomforture of their patrons, as the conductor, brakeman, newsboy and nervous passengers pass in and out?

Then comes the man in the second seat, who, finding that he cannot turn his seat over so as to monopolize a "double," calls the attention of the conductor to the fact that the wind is whistling in through the sky ventilator at a rate that threatens him with pneumonia and sudden death.

A little farther back sits a man who periodically gets a cinder in his eye from an open window against which a woman always sits; and his growl is that it is not the parties who sit next the open window who suffer, but the ones who sit behind or opposite them, and, while they find it comfortable for themselves, a dozen other passengers suffer; and, unless it be a pretty woman with a baby who demands this form of ventilation, he calls the conductor's attention to the outrage. If attention is not paid to his demands he either sullenly buttons up his overcoat around his neck, pulls his hat down over his eyes and makes the best of it, or changes his seat.

A few seats back, or near the center of the car, is situated the fat man fanning himself with a newspaper. He interrogates the conductor in a half good-natured way regarding the temperature of the car and whether he does not think that something might be done to improve it; whereupon the brakeman is instructed to open some of the ventilators on the windward side of the car; and, when the ticket of the maiden lady on the next seat back is punched, she simply shudders and looks daggers at the inoffensive, obliging official. The poor man knows well what she means, but what can he do? If he has the time he sighs, if not he passes on and finally reaches the rear of the car to meet the genial, hearty face of an old granger who remarks that "it is a mighty comfortable day to travel in; don't you think so?" The man of few words and many annoyances says pleasantly, "Yes, very," as he passes on into the next car to meet the same experiences.

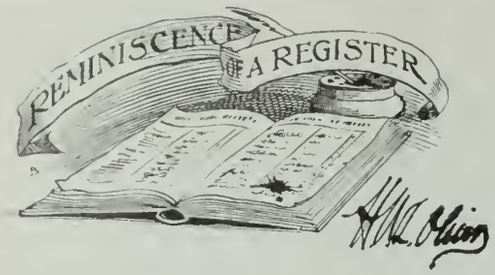
YACHT "WHIRLWIND." W. H. Lowden photo.

IT SEEMS hardly fair, at this season of the year, to taunt our Eastern friends with a comparison of climates, but the difference has been so great during the month of November that we cannot resist the temptation to refer again to our glorious climate. We had copious showers about the first of October which lasted for two or three days, which have been succeeded by six weeks of heavenly Indian summer weather. Roses, chrysanthemums and violets are blooming profusely in the open gardens, the hills are green, and, now and again, dotted with wild-flowers. The robin—our winter bird—has not yet put in an appearance, which is evidence enough that he finds it quite agreeable yet in the mountains; and our little tropic birds that usually flit as the sun crosses the line are with us yet.

And, in addition to this delectable state of things, we have scarcely had an earth tremor during the year, so that our snow-bound, blizzard-blighted friends across the Rockies cannot throw back at us that stale and always exaggerated cry of earthquakes.

"FLOOD-TIDE," by Miss M. E. Faucompre, is a scene at the portals of the Golden Gate. There is a suggestive rock profile to the right of the view, the figure of which, with a slight stretch of imagination, might be set down as the earth swallowing the sea. Certain it is that this land and water battle has waged for many an age, and which shall ultimately triumph no man can tell. This is one of the spots in the neighborhood of San Francisco that all travelers visit on various accounts. The transportation cost is only five cents. It takes about an hour to reach it from the center of the city; and to Eastern visitors it is of paramount interest as being the first grand view of the Pacific Ocean. Here, too, are the Seal Rocks, the old Cliff House, Sutro Heights, and the great salt-water bathing pavilion.

THE reports just now current to the effect that Mount Rainier is in a state of eruption calls to mind many like sensations of the same character. A few years ago it was reported that the summit of Mount Shasta had caved in; but nothing of the kind occurred on Shasta's summit, and it is probable that no gigantic convulsion has occurred. It is well known that this great mountain is in a continual state of agitation. The experience of a party that once made the ascent and bivouacked for a night in an ice cave at the head of the glacier fields described the situation as follows: "The noises all night from the grinding of the glaciers were terrific; avalanches of snow and ice fell with a sudden crash, and every puff of wind brought showers of stones from the tops of the crumbling cliffs to the ice-fields below; while above all other sounds could be heard the deep boom of the boulders rushing along the rock-bound channels underneath the glacier."



I am a hotel register, and it might be thought that my task of lying here on the mahogany desk of the Palace day after day, year after year, would be a tiresome one; but it isn't a bit. There is a constant succession of faces leaning over me, now writing a new

H.H. the Nawab of Rampur

name for my collection of autographs, now studying my pages for an expected friend, and each giving me an opportunity of, in turn, making an additional observation in physiognomy.

Well do I remember, in 1879, a genial and care-worn face bending over while its owner inscribed U. S.

Hyacinthe Loyson
prêtre

Grant, and remarking at the same time, "America again." He had roamed around the world, been greeted with friendly hands by the princes and potentates of the East, but mine was the first face on which his name was written on the return to his native soil, and a proud day it was for me.

U. S. Grant

A few weeks passed, and again I was treated to the reflection of brass buttons as little "Phil" added his dashing chirography, shortly after followed by General George B. McClellan. Not to be outdone by the Army, the gold lace of the sleeve of Admiral Skerritt scratched across my page, blotting, just a little, the

Henry George

not yet dry signature of the famous, but unfortunate, De Lesseps. Then he was in the heydey of his fame. The laurels won by meritorious work on the Suez had not been dimmed by Panama, and he was greeted by we Californians with open arms.

Queen of song, too, has smiled upon me at various times, and the names of Adelina Patti, Christine Nils-

Wade Hampton

son, Gerster, while later Emma Juch and the universally mourned Emma Abbot. O yes, and there was the divine Sarah.

Many a specimen have I of the signature of Leland Stanford, John Mackay, Flood and O'Brien. In fact my *debut* into the hotel world was made at about the

R. G. Ingersoll

time these bonanza kings were at their zenith, and many a good story have they told across my pages.

About this time I was introduced to the then newly elected king of the Hawaiian Islands, David Kalakaua. He was about six feet, possibly a trifle over, splendidly formed, with a swarthy complexion and regular features, and a most jolly fellow. A sad day it was when, on the 22d day of January, 1891, his body was carried past where I lay and out to Trinity Church, where funeral services were held, and from there he was taken to the United States man-of-war *Charleston*,

Lilian Adelaide Nilsson

which had been assigned the sorrowful task of carrying to the dusky residents of that kingdom the remains of their monarch.

The care-worn, pleasant face of Henry Irving followed that of Ellen Terry, to which added years but seemed to have lent a charm: a recent memory. And

Ellen Jackson
"H. H."

only yesterday a little red morocco tablet was passed over me to some one behind the counter as a reminder of the night he "came in late" from the reception tendered him by the Bohemian Club, - a unique reception, too.

I've also smiled with that quaint little humorist who could scarcely reach up to my level. Marshall Wilder,

Irving

Bill Nye and J. Whitcomb Riley have also lent me the luster of their high foreheads, the latter often quoting some of the clever dialect stories for which he is greatly famous.

I distinctly recall the task put upon the clerks and porters when one day I showed them a list of the

Antonio Ezeta

eighty-three attaches and attendants of Yang Yu, the Chinese Minister to the United States. Wagon-load after wagon-load of queer-looking boxes, bales and bags, bearing red, yellow and blue labels, were dumped in the court in inextricable confusion, while the colored porters turned pale. "Sort it out? Send it up? Oh,

W. T. Sherman
General

yes! Just you sort out your plunder and camp on it till your turn comes;" and how those Chinamen chattered. Their signatures were all of a monosyllabic character and to infidel eyes looked extremely grotesque. There was Mr. Hi, Mr. Ho, Mr. Hum and Mr. Li, Mr. Lo, Mr. Lum, and so on down through several of my pages.

Kalakaua

Yes, I have had the signatures of representatives of almost every tribe and nation on the globe inscribed on my face, and I suppose, without boasting, I may safely say no register in America to-day has the unique record that I possess.

THE WATER OUZEL.

"MOUNTAINS IN CALIFORNIA."
JOHN MUIR.

The waterfalls of the Sierra are frequented by only one bird,—the ouzel, or water-thrush (Cinclus Mexicanus, Sw.). He is a singularly joyous and lovable little fellow, about the size of a robin, clad in a plain waterproof suit of bluish gray, with a tinge of chocolate on the head and shoulders. In form he is about as smoothly plump and compact as a pebble that has been whirled in a pot-hole, the flowing contour of his body being interrupted only by his strong feet and bill, the crisp wing-tips, and the up-slanted wren-like tail.

Among all the countless waterfalls I have met in the course of ten years' exploration in the Sierra, whether among the icy peaks or warm foothills, or in the profound Yosemitic canyons of the middle region, not one was found without its ouzel. No canyon is too cold for this little bird, none too lonely, provided it be rich in falling water. Find a fall or cascade or rushing rapid anywhere upon a clear stream, and there you will surely find its complimentary ouzel, flitting about in the spray, diving in foaming eddies, whirling like a leaf among beaten foam-bells,—ever vigorous and enthusiastic, yet self-contained, and neither seeking nor shunning your company.

The ouzel seldom swims more than a few yards on the surface, for, not being web-footed, he makes rather slow progress; but by means of his strong, crisp wings he swims, or rather flies, with celerity under the surface, often to considerable distances. But it is in withstanding the force of heavy rapids that his strength of wing in this respect is most strikingly manifested. The following may be regarded as a fair illustration of his power of sub-aquatic flight. One stormy morning in winter when the Merced River was blue and green with unmelted snow, I observed one of my ouzels perched on a snag out in the midst of a swift-rushing rapid, singing cheerily, as if everything was just to his mind; and, while I stood on the bank admiring him, he suddenly plunged into the sludgy current, leaving his song abruptly broken off. After feeding a minute or two at the bottom, and when one would suppose that he must inevitably be swept far down stream, he emerged just where he went down, alighted on the same snag, showered the water-beads from his feathers, and continued his unfinished song, seemingly in tranquil ease, as if it had suffered no interruption.

The ouzel alone of all birds dares to enter a white torrent. And, though strictly terrestrial in structure, no other is so inseparably related to water, not even the duck or the bold ocean albatross or the stormy petrel. For ducks go ashore as soon as they finish feeding in undisturbed places, and very often make long flights overland from lake to lake or field to field. The same is true of most aquatic birds. But the ouzel, born on the brink of a stream, or on a snag or boulder in the midst of it, seldom leaves it for a single moment. For, notwithstanding he is often on the wing, he never flies overland, but whirs with rapid, quail-like beat above the stream, tracing all its windings. Even when the stream is quite small, say from five to ten feet wide, he seldom shortens his flight by crossing a bend, however abrupt it may be; and, even when disturbed by meeting some one on the bank, he prefers to fly over one's head to dodging out over the ground. When, therefore, his flight along a crooked stream is viewed endwise, it appears most strikingly wavered,—a description on the air of every curve with lightning-like rapidity.

The ouzel's nest is one of the most extraordinary pieces of bird architecture I ever saw, odd and novel in design, perfectly fresh and beautiful, and in every way worthy of the genius of the little builder. It is about a foot in diameter, round and bossy in outline, with a neatly arched opening near the bottom, somewhat like an old-fashioned brick oven or Hottentot's hut. It is built almost exclusively of green and yellow mosses, chiefly the beautiful fronded hypnum that covers the rocks and old drift-logs in the vicinity of waterfalls. These are deftly interwoven and felted together into a charming little hut, and so situated that many of the outer mosses continue to flourish as if they had not been plucked.

Once there was a man who got tired traveling over the face of the earth, and he said to himself, "I am going to bore a hole through to the other side, and fall into it and see what happens;" so he invented a queer-looking electrical drill, and made a hole about two feet in diameter clear through the world, and, bidding his friends in San Francisco good-by, he took a header and down he went. For a few minutes it was very warm on account of the ventilation not being very good, but by and by he became accustomed to this strange mode of traveling, and in an hour or so he began to enjoy it very much.

At first he traveled very fast, faster indeed than he had ever done before; but some time during the night he found that he was slowing up in his speed, and, taking a small volume from his pocket, he read that "Near the center of the earth, what we know as 'weight' is entirely wanting, and any object is held in suspension;" or, in other words, when he would reach the center of the earth he couldn't fall any farther. Then he felt very bad indeed, and was half sorry that he had started out; but he determined not to cross any bridges until he came to them, and then he went on again. Soon he stopped with a bump, although he did not seem to strike anything but air, and then he bobbed up and down for some minutes. After a little he collected his thoughts, and, taking a drink of nice cool water from a rill that oozed out of the earth, he began to plan what to do next. Of course he couldn't call in any of the neighbors, and so he sat there, right on nothing, as you might say, and wondered what he had better do.

He thought of the man who had jumped into the bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes, and repeating the operation had scratched them in again, and so he thought and thought and thought, because he "had nothing else to do."

And what do you think he did? He took out his watch and he said: "Let me see; it is now about noon; I'll crawl up this shaft about three thousand miles so as to overcome the measly law of gravitation, and when the earth turns over in the night I'll fall out;" and sure enough the next morning he found himself in Madagascar, having made the trip in about twenty hours.

THE WHITTIER BOYS IN CAMP.

DE WITT C. LOCKWOOD.

The booming of canon reverberating among the cliffs and mountain sides of Avalon announced the arrival and emphasized the welcome of the advance guard of the Whittier cadets. Later, the *Hermosa* brought over a large reinforcement, and the annual vacation of the boys' brigade was begun in earnest.

For three summers it has been the custom of the State officials to extend to the boys of the institution, and afterward to the girls, the privilege of two weeks' sport on Santa Catalina island. This effort in a cause so admirable has been liberally promoted by the Messrs. Banning, who give transportation by sea, camping facilities, including water, fuel, etc., without remuneration, and the Southern Pacific Company, which furnishes gratuitously special trains to San Pedro and return. In other words, these excursions, which represent an outlay of $2,000 annually, do not cost the State one dollar.

Under certain restrictions, the boys and girls are allowed to fish, row, bathe, clamber over the mountains or up the canyons. The effect of this close contact with and absorption of the charms of Nature, which are here almost limitless in their variety, is not only a physical but moral tonic for the lads and lassies who somehow seem to have missed that fair start in life which should have been their rightful heritage.

The cadets are on dress parade each day at 4:00 P. M., and it is then that visitors are invited to inspect the camp.

It is a charming half-hour's sail on power yacht or launch to Camp Banning. The boat skirts the channel and sheltered side of the island, past Sugar Loaf, Sugar Cove, Lucky Beach,—how alluring the names which mark one's progress,—until the little cove at Swain's valley is reached, and inspiriting notes from the Whittier Brass Band are already on the wing.

It would be difficult to find a more delightful location on the island, or one better adapted for the purpose to which it is annually applied. A level bit of land, possibly a dozen acres in extent and triangular in shape, rises almost imperceptibly from the sea and gradually closes in until its converging lines are lost in the twin canyons, which can be traced for miles in their sinuous inland course, and which, even in this rainless season, are a mass of restful, vari-shaded green.

WHITTIER CADETS.

At the upper end of the parade ground, and almost at the feet of the steep mountains which loom up on either side, a score or more of tents are erected,—the smaller ones occupied by the officers and guards,—the larger by the rank and file. In the latter dormitories, the blankets, which in the daytime are carefully rolled up, are spread, when in use, over a liberal supply of hay. Lines of rope stretched from end to end of the tents contain the temporarily discarded clothes; and, these preliminaries over, Nature's sweet restorer is wooed and quickly won by the boys of Whittier camp.

All visitors invariably find their way to the culinary department. A dozen tin buckets with curious combinations of bread and meat and vegetables which sputter and seethe and exude a not unappetizing odor are swung over a blazing log fire, while a little farther on several huge sauce-pans containing fish and potatoes are browning nicely over a crudely constructed range, under the supervision of a trio of cooks.

Just at the left, convenient to the *al fresco* kitchen and protected by a "fly," are the long, narrow dining tables at which, with standing room only, the boys are regaled with food, in which fresh fish naturally predominates, three times per diem. Two hundred and fifty loaves of bread is one item of daily consumption. "You see," explained one of the cooks, "the boys eat twice as much here as they do at Whittier."

"Why were you sent to Whittier?" the writer inquired one day of a bright-faced lad who was eagerly watching the fish and potatoes sputtering on the range.

"'Cause I was always runnin' away," was the reply. "I wouldn't never stay home."

"And what do you propose to do with yourself when your time is up?"

"Well, sir," with a sigh of resignation, "at least, I guess I'll stay where I'm put."

"What brought you to Whittier?" I asked abruptly of a boy of sixteen or thereabouts. There was an upward glance from a pair of deep-blue eyes, and the face of the young cadet flushed as he stammered out:

"I—I stole some money." Then he added, pathetically, "You see, sir, I had to have it."

"My mother married a stepfather," explained one. I couldn't get on with him, and one day I up and struck him." Then the boy looked up with a smile. "We have great times on Catalina," he said.

Something on the principle, perhaps, or lack of it, extant among Sunday-school children prior to the Christmas festivities, the boys are especially tractable as the time of their summer outing approaches, but when their vacation is on the wane the heel of the oppressor grinds, and occasional futile efforts are made to throw off the yoke. During this summer's encampment two of the boys rowed across to the main-land, but were soon apprehended and returned to the fold. On one occasion a cadet made off in a sailboat, but his unfortunate efforts to beach the unfamiliar craft proved his undoing. A rescuing party went to his relief and saved his life, which was once more restored to and directed in its disciplinary channel.

Few realize the vast amount of work and worry involved in these yearly trips to Catalina, but no intelligent mind can be blind to the incalculable good resulting therefrom.

"As an evidence of the great advantage which the excursions are to the school," writes Dr. Lindley, "before going over this year there were several cases of fever in the hospital connected with the boys' department, eight being ill at the time of our departure from Whittier. There was no sickness while in camp, and since our return there has not been a single case of sickness of any character, which alone would demonstrate that the annual camp is a pronounced success.

"Further, both the boys and the girls work better and study with more enthusiasm, and are in every way more satisfactory for weeks after returning from Catalina than they were before. The routine of the school, which lasts twelve months in the year, and in which the pupils are not allowed to go away from the grounds, becomes very irksome, and this summer vacation of three or four weeks is a perfect godsend."

Hotel Service.

A successful hotel man in America says that the way to be successful with guests is to "strike a happy medium in your service. Don't smother them with servile attentions. On the other hand, don't neglect them. First impressions are lasting. When a man walks up to register let him be received courteously and made to feel at home. It's very easy to overdo this. If a man's first impressions are not pleasant it will take time and the best of service in all other departments of the house to make him content. This is especially true of strangers. A snappy, indiscreet clerk can do as much as a bad cook to drive away the guests. A too-familiar, patronizing clerk will bore a great many persons. Strike the happy medium. Experience will tell you what it is."—*The Hotel, London.*

AT THE CHINESE THEATER.

ANNA C. MURPHY.

MORNING and evening make grand transformations. It was after eight o'clock in the evening when we crossed the plaza where Chinatown in Los Angeles joins odors with Sonoratown, the old Spanish quarter. The streets were swarming with Chinese men walking single file, as the "books have ordained," in order that seniority of age or station may be maintained always; and there were also hundreds of prying visitors like ourselves.

Many Chinese were huddling over tables where a game of dice like our casino was in progress, to the monotonous chant of counting.

Worse gambling games were no doubt hidden in safe back rooms with the innocent signs, "As you wish," "Happy and lucky go in," speaking persuasively to those skilled in hieroglyphics; for the Chinese will gamble, and fan-tan is to the stolid Mongolian what newspaper reading is to the American, content to take his excitement vicariously. Stepping into narrow hallways we could see opium smokers in various stages of stupor, sucking at the long-tubed pipes, or reclining in cheap, animal ecstasy upon their wooden pillows.

Busy couriers were hurrying to and fro with just issued reports of the latest lottery game, which accountants put on record upon hairy paper with their little daubing swabs dipped into seeming shoeblacking, or told off on the schran-pan, or counting-frame.

The gay patches of scarlet or orange placards smutched with hieroglyphics of good will or compliment came out brilliantly on the black walls under the Chinese lanterns, inscribed with chromos of the Goddess of M — or others, and felicitations such as, "A thousand sons and ten thousand grandsons to you."

The narcissus or shivisien was in every window in its pebbly bed. and sent out its individual odor strong amongst the seven and seventy musty, rancid, fetid stenches that were palpable.

Our leader parleyed a moment with the doorkeeper of the theater,—our tardy appearance entitling us to reduced rates, according to a graduated scale of admittance,—and then we were ushered up stairs so steep that they almost pitched one backward, and into a bare high room, the "Chamber of ten thousand untold delights."

There was sounding all about a terrible jumble of discord from strings tightened to the highest pitch that human ears can measure, and a voice that seemed the very edge of all rasping sharpness was careering upon dizzying treble notes.

The orchestra was solemnly pounding and sawing at a pair of cymbals like the bottoms of tubs, a drum like an empty kettle, a gong like a frying-pan, and a two-stringed fiddle, while the star of the evening was outreaching them all in skrieking her part.

Stupefied by the noise, we glanced about to see only men in the audience below, all wearing hats and talking and smoking sociably while the venders cried their fruits and cigars amongst the crowd.

The musicians were upon the stage at the extreme rear, and right above them, high over the platform, sat a pompous Chinese of high degree, as the button on his cap announced, with a child on either side of him. In another compartment a youngster reached forward rapturously like a cherub from Raphael, while its mate leaned back on the fur-spread seat in blissful absorption.

Just after our entrance a half dozen Chinese women, guarded by a decorously important and corpulent man, clattered in, noisily shuffling their wooden soled shoes.

They took seats near us in a tier of benches at the left, and we saw that they all wore blouses and pantalets in hues of delicate lavender and green, quite the fashionable shades of our own modes, and with lavish embroidery and gimp adornment.

Most of them wore their hair gummed smoothly back, though some had little eddies stiffened over the ears, and all had tinsel flowers and ornaments of jade and brass skewered at the back.

Their faces were all heavy and dull, and they chatted mirthlessly throughout the play, though we could see that sometimes they jibed at our party.

Each one had a fan, as did most of the men. Indeed, we had seen fans everywhere that we had gone during the day, a fact we were interested in noting; for the missionary had told us that fan-making and fan-wielding are fine arts in China, where the number of plats is even ordained,—sixteen being the acceptable radii in order to accommodate a set of accompanying verses, constructed with the rigidity of our sonnet.

The stage was as untidy and variously bestrewn as if it were set for a house-cleaning scene, and the orchestra ranged at the back of it was perched upon a miscellaneous pile of rubbish, which we afterward found constituted the stage properties, the musicians being asked to move whenever the exigencies of the play demanded an article.

A table and two clumsy chairs made of plank were in front of the orchestra. There were no curtains, no slides, no attempts at illusion. All was bare as in the days when Burbage played and auditors sat on the sides of the stage and visitors passed to and fro across it.

The play had begun when we entered, and we marveled how any one even acquainted with the tongue could understand the falsetto piping of the speakers, through the noisy badinage amongst the audience, the continuous din of that distracting orchestra pursuing its own way of anguish, until one longed, instead, for the comparatively soothing symphony of a backwoods charavari.

After about the twentieth round of a motley procession of actors variously draped and painted, who had passed on and off the stage in a slipshod circle, there came a lull of all but the tom-tom, and we differentiated

STREET SCENE IN CHINATOWN.

the heroine (a man, of course, on the Chinese stage) who pattered up before a pompous judicial personage sitting at the table, and began a recitative, with her voice in high, nasal staccato,—ear-splitting and throat-tearing, and as nearly in key with the unearthly violin as the human organ could reach.

"Oh! the atrocities committed in the name of music," screamed the Paderewski worshiper near me, in a comparatively gentle aside.

"For shame," I cried to her. "This music was probably written in one of the sixty-nine unimprovable books of music over 3,000 B. C., for then the missionary says the poor music was gathered all over the kingdom and burnt."

"No trouble to me to believe that," shouted the youth. "I'm willing to believe that the Heavenly Maid was in the agonies of teething when this song and dance went down."

The heroine of the stage still went on. Her motions were of the most languishing Del Sarte. She bent, she writhed, she salaamed, she raised her streaming eyes to heaven and cast them again to the ground, like Amanda of the Abbey.

She wiped those eyes intermittently upon sleeves which have the seeming of pillow-slips, and with that action there flashed to me the recollection of the refrain of a Japanese poem, borrowed perhaps from the Chinese, which is the classic to Japan that Greek is to us: "My eyes with tears are always wet; I have forgotten to forget."

Closely watching the heroine while she gyrated, and protested and implored, and even groveled and writhed, bringing in the acrobatic element, which belongs to every Chinese drama, as the horseplay feature to the modern American farce comedy, stood the baleful-eyed villain.

He was swarted in gorgeous robe, with a dragon or ogre grinning from the front panel, and all blazoned in gold thread and stage jewels. Flags and tassels were at his shoulders, and a turban of pompons and posies and streamers adorned his head. His nose was painted a deadly gleaming white, and we recognized the scoundrel by our knowledge of the general villainous earmark of our own stage, the scathing glance, the fearsome folding of the arms and thrusting forward of the right foot.

Two friends of the afflicted lady now began to speak in her cause, when all at once the irate villain broke in with violent opinions to the contrary, and, at the rash disputing of his word by the two, he asked the property-man for his sword, slashed it right and left, and then, with a crescendo whoop from high C upward, he thrust his blade through the heart of each, *i. e.*, under their arms very perceptibly lifted to make way for death.

The corpses lay there while the remorseless murderer made a few recital remarks over the remains, and then they deftly got up and scurried away, after the fashion of the obliging dead of the Chinese drama.

Just as we were getting to a stage of nervous prostration, yelling to each other above the music (always the music remember), trying to settle upon a theory to fit the facts above related, we noticed the entrance of a young Chinese in American costume, clipped hair and a high collar, that plainly lacerated him in the most civilized way.

"A Jee Kli Chinaman" (local term for converted Chinese) shouted our youth, and went through a pantomime of shaking hands with himself, in token of the warm friendship he meant to establish with the newcomer.

Yes; he knew all about this play; his father had explained it all to him long ago. It was the play "Bo-Yo," and we were delighted to see that Edward spoke fine Sunday-school English.

The tearful lady, he said, had been kidnaped from her home by the white-nosed villain while her loving husband was off on an ocean voyage, and the endless procession we had seen on entering was the forced march of the captive.

The brothers-in-law had followed in all haste to demand her liberty. They were the two slain who had gone off dead.

Now we had the actors up to the present moment. This was the first night of the play, and it would run ten days.

We settled back feeling the leisure of centuries, and Edward Ling, in shrieks no louder relatively than the whispering at our own theaters, unfolded the play to

us as it dragged its slow length along. He listened eagerly himself, for a Chinese drama has always an element of novelty in the improvisation of the actors, who but fill out a skeleton of action according to their own inspiration, all plays being ordained by the books to fall under one of seven heads, this one evidently coming under the title of "Persecuted Innocence."

Now the severe judge had come back again, and another brother-in-law of the John-Rogers-like family that Bo-Yo had married into was again demanding her from the unpopular villain.

The kidnaper now stalked back himself; he outscreamed everybody else, laughed fiendishly, and swore that the lady of dole was his own lawful wife, and chased the timid brother-in-law off the stage; while the lachrymose Amanda pattered away in terror, and the deep-dyed scoundrel, to an accompaniment of the tom-tom's most tympanum-torturing tune, chanted some Mongolian lo Triumphe.

THE HEAVY VILLAIN. *Taber photo*

Another scene followed, though the music never stopped and the stage remained unchanged.

An actor, until now unseen, tottered in, and the two scarlet and green clad ladies who had always remained as silent witnesses before were with him.

They were beaming with delight and at once asked the melancholy property-man to get the weak-kneed arrival a cup of tea; whereupon the factotum routed up the drummer of the orchestra and found a cup and saucer, which he handed to the women, they in turn carrying it to the newcomer, who sipped its emptiness with great avidity.

This man was the long-absent husband, Edward Ling said. He had just returned from his sea voyage and was still very seasick.

"Those lady are not womens at all," screamed Edward. "They idol ladies; they see evelly ting alle time and heap sabe dis man troubles. Now man say he much 'bliged that tea and ask where he wife is. Now, idol womans tell him bad man steal her long time." And he watched the gorgeous females gesticulate and vociferate in hideous confusion, till the injured spouse gathered the story at last, burst into a wailing shriek, high above the agony of the violin, and really the vocal effort of an evening of superlative hullabaloo.

The emerald and vermilion robed women bent over the husband, now prostrate in ecstasy of woe. "Now idol lady say he better let that wife go, and mally them; they long time velly much like him," quote Edward Ling melodramatically.

The afflicted husband of the lost Bo-Yo roused himself at this untimely invitation to matrimony and muttered (a hoarse yell) that he could not entertain this proposition for a moment. He would find his wife and wreak vengeance on her captor.

Exit wretched husband amid maledictions from the scorned and enraged deities. A new scene opens.

The wife, theoretically thousands of miles away from her just departed husband, shuffles in with more woe and more tears. In fact through the whole of our installment of the play she was as dismal as the lady in Cavaleria Rusticana who never ceases to weep.

Edward Ling bends forward, lips apart. She has escaped from her captors and gazes weeping out upon the vast ocean. "Ocean," explains Edward Ling, "mean him place," pointing to the right of the stage where a group of auditors sat smoking. "See him board nailed there? lead him liting. He say, 'Here are ocean.'"

We glanced at each other in quick smiles, thinking of the admirable fooling in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," where the lantern meant the moon.

Edward Ling looked puzzled and grieved over our uncalled-for levity at this grievous crisis.

"She say her husband way out there," said he, continuing. "She can never see him 'gain, or show him her nice little new baby got borned last night. Bad man will pretty soon get her 'gain. She going dlown herself in that ocean." And she walked toward the board on the box, then started back with a wail that betrayed some new variation of misery.

"For one litte minute," says Edward Ling, leaning forward in deep sympathy, "she forget that litte new baby." And she evidently orders the property-man to bring her the infant, for he disinters a rag doll in a long robe from under the first fiddler's seat and hands it to her. She hugs and dandles it, talking baby-talk that seems quite familiar. She cannot kill the baby, her first son; she has no food for it; she cannot live longer herself; she will leave the child by the wayside to the charity of passers-by. She bites her finger until it bleeds, and with her blood she writes on the infant's robe her story (as plain penmanship as any Chinese we ever saw), and begs the finder to send the baby to its father's home.

Now she will hide the baby beside that great rock. "See him sign?" said Edward, pointing to a low stool. "Him say, 'This is velly big stone.'"

The sorrowing mother now proceeded to take her farewell of earth in a soliloquy of great anguish to every one's nerves. She laid the child away and went toward the ocean. But no, she could not drown in the deep, cruel water; she preferred hanging, and asked he ubiquitous property-man to get her a rope and scaffold, both of which he promptly burrowed from beneath the orchestra.

The rope was round her neck, when in burst another of the endless brothers-in-law, who had just heard of the family scandal and tracked the villain.

The captive and her rescuer were in the midst of a duet of reminiscence, which Edward Ling was feelingly explaining, when, though it was only twelve o'clock, our chaperone and party decided that we must go home.

The youth begged to stay, but they were inexorable. They had not heard Edward Ling's every word as we had; they knew only such scraps of the play as we had time to scream to them; they had been sated with bad smells, and driven to the point of lockjaw by the alleged music, they said.

They were a-weary of child's play. Who wanted to see eight or even ten more brothers-in-law fail to deliver the disconsolate Bo-Yo from the villain.

We pleaded that our conception of the Chinese drama might be fatally biased if we saw no more. They argued that another hour and a half, out of the nine more nights it must drag its slow length along, would hardly reduce the ratio of that possibility.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

This is a noteworthy difference of the Chinese theater from the practice in Occidental countries of having the play finished in one evening. A Chinese play may last for months. The audience is thereby induced to attend regularly to maintain their knowledge of the plot.

Edward Ling saw my desolation of spirit, and hastened to assure me that next week Bo-Yo would come out all right; that the bad man would yet be killed by a brother-in-law, and she and the "nice little new baby" restored to their home.

Dear Edward Ling, he realized in me a kindred soul of deep susceptibility, I know. He came to the outer door with us, and as we were leaving he slipped into

THEATER BALCONY.

my hand his vermilion New Year card, on which he had written in pencil: "Kung Hi. Edward Ling."

It lies before me now a tangible remembrance of the play Bo-Yo.

I respectfully wish you joy.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOTEL MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

GEO. W. LYNCH.

The Southern California Hotel Men's Association was organized at Redondo Hotel, November 21, 1893. About twenty hotel-men responded to the call for the purpose of organization. The membership has more than doubled during the first year. At the initial meeting officers were elected and a constitution and by-laws adopted. In making an unbiased review of the work done and under way I do not hesitate to say that the practicability and absolute necessity of this Association has been fully demonstrated. Such an organization is needed not only in Southern California but throughout the State for the following reasons: First, as a matter of protection. It guards members against drunken, dishonest, unreliable employees. When an untrustworthy servant is found all members of the Association are immediately warned by the Secretary. Hotel "beats" are duly reported, the present system in this respect being almost perfect for the mutual protection of hotel proprietors and managers. The Association is a powerful factor in preventing improper legislation and a guard against unreliable insurance companies, etc.

A second reason for the existence of this Association is the influence it has in fostering good-fellowship among its members by semi-annual meetings. Thus does it help eliminate sectional and personal jealousies by reason of pleasant social intercourse, which in all ways makes us happier and better, with broader feelings toward our fellow-laborers. To accomplish these aims in their fullness, and to reach out after greater benefits possible from this organization, the officers must be men who can grasp the various problems brought before them in a broad-minded spirit, sinking any tendency to personal prejudices, and earnestly working for the common good of all sections and individuals. The present Executive Committee very efficiently carries out this broad-guage policy. This committee, and the present very able, painstaking Secretary of the Association, are entitled to the credit for our present flourishing condition, and I hope that they may be continued in their work of contributing to the future prosperity of the Southern California Hotel Men's Association. It gives me pleasure to make this public recognition of their services, which I have no doubt is acquiesced in by all members of the Association.

The Association is prosperous beyond my expectations. All hotel-men of Southern California are active members, and we hope that the new officers placed at the helm for 1895 will finish the plans already outlined and accomplish additional benecial work.

The establishment of protective associations of this character has been found an actual necessity from the degeneration of competency and reliability among hotel help. There is perhaps no business in the world more dependent upon the efficiency of labor than the hotel business. The whole success of any hostelry depends upon its corps of servants and clerks, and a proprietor without the ability to govern absolutely the actions and ability of his employees is simply repelling the patronage of his guests.

The hotel may be properly catalogued with the railway, steamship and other transportation lines who are common carriers, and whose dependence is not upon any one class or classes of society, but upon the world at large. It is essentially a public inn, and the law of custom requires that its doors shall be always open to to all. Society in general is therefore vitally interested in the service of the caravansaries at which they stop.

The scope of an organization of this kind is without limit, and, while many advances have been made in the improvements and general service of our hotels, there is yet room for others. The problem of help is virtually solved so far as the course adopted to secure its greater excellence is concerned. One suggestion seems *apropos* at this time. It is a matter which is of paramount importance to both the hotel-men and the public, particularly the latter, because they are the ones who suffer. I refer to the much discussed but unsettled question of "tipping" the waiters in the dining-rooms, cafes, etc. It would seem that, with the combination of our Association acting in concert, we should be able to at least reduce if not eradicate this evil. It is in every sense demoralizing, and a menace to hotel interests. Its existence has most naturally been taken advantage of by the hotel fraternity in the fact that servants are not so expensive to the hotel as if they were required to subsist on their wages only. The tipping is really part of the wages which all servants expect. Would it not be a better proposition for the hotels to pay a little higher scale of wages and discharge the first servant accepting a tip? We are aware that the change would be a radical one, and perhaps take some time to achieve complete success, but we know that it has been done, and in one first-class restaurant in San Francisco it has been in force for years with perfect results. There is no question but what it can be accomplished by the Association, and it seems to me it should receive serious and active consideration.

1. GEO. W. LYNCH. 2. O A SMITH. 3. E. J. DAVIS. 4. M. PIEPER. 5. V. D. SIMMS. 6. J. H. HOLMES. 7. PROF. G. WHARTON JAMES. 8. A. C. BILICKE. 9. WM. M. TISDALE. 10. J. E. O'BRIEN. 11. S. REINHART. 12. A. H. PRATT. 13. DR. WELLWOOD MURRAY. 14. DR. W. CHAPMAN. 15. PROF. T. S. C. LOWE. 16. C. H. RITCHIE. 17. TONY MESMER. 18. M. D. PAINTER. 19. M. M. POTTER. 20. E. P. DUNN. 21. S. G. RANDALL. 22. W. E. HADLEY. 23. M. A. DUDLEY.

We must not forget, however, that we still have something to be thankful for, and we are not yet as degraded in the extent of this iniquity as the Fatherland from whence it came. Perhaps there is no country in the world where tipping is so universal, extended and compulsory as in Germany, where it is even carried to that point where everybody in a household who receives wages, from the governess to the cook, is ready to accept gratuities from visitors and callers on the family. After a visit of a week a family friend would be criminal indeed without making his little present to the servants. If a young man stays later than ten o'clock when calling upon his best girl, he must give a penny or two pence to the servant who unlocks the street door for him when he leaves. And yet these Germans, who indulge in this nefarious practice in the most elaborate and extensive manner, have the effrontery to claim that the indiscriminate tipping by English and American tourists has spoiled the servants at Heidelberg, Bingen and Wiesbaden.

And so, while we are all striving to attain perfection as near as possible, we must not rest content because we may be better off than our next-door neighbor. The secret of the success of any business is never to feel satisfied at the results, no matter how flattering they may be. Keep on improving, be tireless in your efforts to better your existing methods, and you may be sure that your patrons will notice and appreciate your efforts.

AMONG OURSELVES.

THE office bore is perhaps one of the most annoying and vexatious of this species, and nowhere, perhaps, is he more conspicuous and frequent than in a publisher's sanctum.

If there is anything conducive to hard thinking or clear business perception it is quiet and relief from interruption. But the bore has no regard for these necessities and seems utterly oblivious to even the amount of time he may take from the unfortunate listener.

A crisp definition of a "sociable man" is "one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't."

Now isn't this nearly true? And that man will come to the counter with a corner-bakery smile, inquire for the editor, at the same time inviting himself into his private office. He smokes a cigarette, tilts his hat back on his head, puts one foot on the rung of your chair, and, with every phrase punctuated with that exasperating smile, he tells you one of the "latest jokes" just out on the street, and a regular "scoop" for your paper.

Not caring to offend him, however, we tell him our joke column is crowded, without mentioning that we read his little "gag" about six months ago in *Life*. After half an hour or so's talk, during which we are burdened with accounts of his personal associations with funny incidents, he takes his departure like a woman at an afternoon call, and with a reserved sigh of relief we turn to our desk with a vague idea of where we left off.

Then there's the fellow that wobbles in on rainy days, walks right over your mat before the railing gate, tracks his muddy extremities on your Axminster carpet, and deposits his dripping umbrella where it will do the most harm. This species knocks his ashes on the carpet, it being natural for him to regard your cuspidor as merely an ornament, talks loudly, and in general surrounds you both literally and figuratively with a most disagreeable dampness.

Again there is the editor of some obscure weekly who is "willing" to exchange, the fellow who wants to borrow your cuts and forgets to give credit, and, last but not least, the average advertising solicitor who drops in on you at your busiest moments, sits on the top of your desk and tells you what everybody said, with full details of the conversation. When he brings in an order he has little to say except to ask for his commission, but the generality of publishers are something like the Jewish firm who wrote to the traveling man, "Vat ve vant is orders."

It indeed passeth all understanding how little good judgment is used by callers on a business man, as to when he has finished what he came for. Say what you have to say concisely and to the point, and when the object of your visit is attained don't start off on another tangent, but withdraw. Be assured you will be mentally blessed by the auditor, and further you will be welcome at all times because he knows you understand the meaning of the word "time,"—especially if you ever attended a prize-fight!

Patrons of the Pacific Postal Telegraph-Cable Company find a most striking change in the general offices of the company in the Hobart Building. It has been beautifully finished off in colored marble, and reminds us of the interiors of the handsome buildings of Chicago and New York. This indicates the right spirit of progressiveness and prosperity. The Postal, since its establishment in this city, has made marvelous strides in public favor. Its general service, its acknowledged rapidity, correctness and reliability, have served to elevate it to the front rank of popular approval.

The Los Angeles Hotel Gazette has recently completed its twelfth volume, and starts upon its thirteenth with every indication of prosperity. It is bright, up to date, and the personality of its proprietors make us all take a warm interest in its deserved and continued success.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* will shortly entertain us with an article by Conan Doyle expressing his opinion on American women under the caption, "How Your Women Impressed Me." This, together with Mrs. Burton Harrison's sketches for and about society girls, will add much interesting reading to that already popular monthly.

A lady writing a private letter about her recent visit to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado says: "The Grand Canyon is undoubtedly the most sublime spectacle on earth. I saw it by sunrise, sunset and moonlight, and, while the climax is reached by sunset, the early morning effects are a never-forgotten delight. The trip can now be easily and comfortably made, and many new trails have been opened that take you to all the points of vantage."

MISS QUEEN THOMSON. *Taber photo.*

The Knutsford Hotel, at Salt Lake City, has sent out recently one of the daintiest bits of advertising novelties we have seen. It is in the shape of a souvenir spoon of genuine sterling silver with the name of the hotel stamped in the hollow of the bowl. While seemingly extravagant, experience has proven this to be one of the most effective methods of advertising a really first-class place, and no one can gainsay that of the Knutsford.

"Grand Opera in Colors" is what they call an Indian summer sunset in Denver. The superb mountain view from the dining-room on the eighth floor of the Brown Palace Hotel is a feature of surpassing interest to lovers of the beautiful.

A postal card addressed to Mr. M. D. Painter, Painter Hotel, Pasadena, will bring you a copy of a neatly illustrated little brochure which has just been published for him by THE TRAVELER. It is worth sending for, and then forward it to your Eastern friends.

The new Echo Mountain House at the summit of Mount Lowe, in Los Angeles County, is entirely completed. It would be difficult to find a more novel and delightful trip than that to Mount Lowe. Taking the Los Angeles Terminal Railway at Los Angeles one is whirled through the most picturesque portions of the San Gabriel Valley to Altadena, from which point the journey is made to Rubio Canyon at the base of Mount Lowe, the conveyance being an electric railway. Here the queer-shaped car of the great cable incline is taken, and the ascent of the mountain begins, the grade being as nearly perpendicular as it is possible to have it. Over three thousand feet above Rubio the summit is reached, and one of the most pleasant surprises in store for the visitor is the magnificence and splendid equipment of the hotel. Commodious, airy, comfortable and cheerful, one could sit by the day on the veranda of the hotel and drink in the grand panorama over the valley and the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

The first of January will see the retirement of Mr. Geo. Schonewald from the Hotel del Monte, and the installation of Mr. Geo. H. Arnold, until recently with the Palace Hotel. Mr. Arnold has had wide experience in the conduct of first-class hostelries, and his personality and ability have carried him steadily from the beginning to the eminence he will now occupy.

Over three hundred guests is the present count of the Hotel St. Nicholas, really a remarkable showing in comparison with that of its former management. Messrs. Doolittle & Son are making a splendid success of the venture, and simply because they have catered only to the best class of people and then retained them through the excellency of their management. The dining-rooms have recently been enlarged, and other improvements and changes are taking place from time to time which cannot but make the St. Nicholas one of our model hotels of the Coast.

When our holidays and Saturdays come round, and we feel like stealing a day or two from the cares and bustle of the city, we do not always know just where to go or what to do. Let us suggest to you that you can find no better jaunt than to take the Sausalito ferry and take a run up the narrow-gauge route,—the North Pacific Coast Railroad. It has any quantity of cozy, delightful, sequestered little spots where one can while away the time in a lazy, sleepy kind of a way that we take comfort in when we go to the country. There's Mill Valley, one of the most picturesque recesses in the State; Mount Tamalpais, for a lusty tramp to the summit, and a splendid view of the bay and surroundings; San Rafael, Camp Taylor with its little cottages and tents, Tocaloma, Moscow Cottage just this side of Duncan's Mills, then Duncan's Mills itself, the former terminus of the road, and delightful Cazadero, the present terminus. And then to think that the environments and attractions of all these places embrace great thick forests of redwood, beautiful little streams and large rivers, and some of the best hunting, fishing and swimming there is to be had in the State. What more can one ask for? If you have never taken one of these trips, take our word for it, you will not find so close to the metropolis anything rivaling its varied attractions.

THEODORE S. SOLOMONS.

Among the many places in California that abound in remarkable scenery, and which, either because of their remoteness and inaccessibility or the difficulty attending their exploration, are almost unknown to the sight-seeing public, none are held in greater admiration by the mountaineer than the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne River.

Lying but fifteen miles north of the Yosemite Valley, and connecting two such well-known and oft-visited localities as the Tuolumne Meadows and Hetch Hetchy Valley, it might seem strange indeed that this wonderful canyon has remained almost unknown. Yet such is the fact. Until the present summer, those who, so far as known, have traveled it from end to end, could be counted on the fingers of one hand. While thousands upon thousands have witnessed the wonders of the Yosemite, this canyon, of quite equal scenic attractions, has continued a *terra incognita*.

The reason is to be found in the exceptional roughness of the descent, and the fact that, once fairly in its depths, the traveler must either traverse its entire length,—a several days' journey,—or beat an ignominious retreat; for the side walls, up which he might have hoped to climb, are practically perpendicular, and so lofty that those who have seen them from below are afraid to express their estimate, for fear of ridicule.

The Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne is a great scenic wonderland, probably the greatest continuous stretch of cascade and gorge in all California. For miles and miles it is a veritable Yosemite, minus the width of valley between the walls. Wonderful rebounding cascades and falls mark the precipitous descents of its upper courses and give character and beauty to the many side streams that dash down its walls. The cliffs that frown down upon the brawling river have been carved and smoothed by the ancient Tuolumne Glacier,—that greatest of all middle-Sierra ice-streams,—so that they shine like glass. Throughout all but a few miles of its entire length, earthquake boulders the size of small buildings lie at a steep angle from cliff bases to stream bed, choking up the gorges and completing a wildness which probably has few rivals among the phenomena of the scenic world.

Early in the 70's John Muir made the descent of the canyon alone. Subsequently he twice took small parties through it. Mr. J. M. Hutchings also describes his visit to the canyon at about the same time. With these exceptions, few or none have in past years taken the trip, so far as known to the residents of the Yosemite, from which place alone the Tuolumne Canyon is conveniently accessible. Prospectors, sheepmen and nondescript adventurous persons may have gone through, but their names are impossible to obtain. Two years ago, however, Robert M. Price and Louis de F. Bartlett, two Berkeley students, woke the echoes of the sublime old gorge by climbing through its entire length, from the head to Hetch Hetchy Valley.

It was during last summer, however, that the Tuolumne Canyon received its liveliest awakening. Three parties made the descent. Mr. Price, accompanied by Walter S. Brann, in the latter part of July, undertook, on behalf of the Sierra Club, to blaze a rude trail through. In the Tuolumne Meadows, at the head of the gorge, they met the second party,—also University boys,—consisting of Will Colby, Ernest C. Bonner and Leon M. Solomons, who were all ready to start on the same hazardous expedition. The third party, composed of the writer and Mr. Leigh Bierce, followed a couple of weeks later, improving the trail and photographing the scenery. The cuts illustrating this article are reproduced from the negatives then obtained. No camera had ever previously been taken into the canyon.

Whether or not the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne has now been rendered accessible to the average amateur mountaineer remains to be seen. Owing to the peculiar and indescribable roughness of the trip few will be likely to undertake it, even in view of the assistance which the blazes and monuments are calculated to afford. To endeavor to cut an actual trail would be utterly impossible short of an expenditure of many thousands of dollars. An indication of the best course to pursue, of when to keep to the river, when to hug the wall, what bluffs are passable and the like, is all that the Sierra Club members attempted.

The concurrent judgment of the seven persons who went through the canyon last summer is that, as a whole, it constitutes a scenic region that easily equals, if not surpasses, the Yosemite Valley. All three parties left the Yosemite for the canyon, and, returning thence, re-entered the valley, thus affording an excellent opportunity for intelligently comparing the two localities. On their return the walls of the valley struck them as distinctly low. Glacier Point, with its 3,200 feet of perpendicular granite, looked a puny imitation or original (if priority of discovery should confer precedence) of a dozen precipices of the south wall of the canyon. A Yosemite Fall there of course was not, nor a Half Dome. Eliminating these two celebrated features, there seemed to the returned explorers no others that had not their counterparts, their rivals or their superiors in the wonderland of their recent travels.

To the student of historic geology no portion of the Sierra is more interesting than the region of the Tuolumne Canyon. Of the many great glaciers which covered the crest of the Middle Sierra during the later centuries of the Ice Age, that of the Tuolumne was by far the largest, deepest and longest. Starting from Mount Lyell, where its shrunken remains still exist, a glacier in every essential respect, it spread out through the Tuolumne Meadows, receiving reinforcements from the east and north, when, as a nearly half-mile high mass of ice, in the very zenith of its might, it reached the edge of the level and plunged over the brink of the long depression which is now the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne. By its constant and mighty friction every hollow was symmetrically rounded, every angle blunted, every point broken, every wall planed, smoothed and polished till it shone like glass. Simultaneously with the polishing of the walls the half-mile depth of ice was grinding and tearing and ripping up the layers of the solid granite floor beneath, digging deeper and deeper the trench and gradually excavating those walls which, at the present day, fill the breast of the puny human creature at their base with an unspeakable awe.

The elevation of the meadows at the head of the canyon is about 9,000 feet. That of Hetch Hetchy Valley, its terminus, is something less than 4,000 feet. Thus, in a little over twenty miles, there is a descent of 5,000 feet, most of which is made in the upper portion of the canyon, where the falls, cascades and rapids are principally located. It is also in the vicinity of the upper portion of the canyon that the inclosing mountain mass is most lofty, for from the meadows the granite rises in wave-like domes and pinnacled crests to a height of nearly 11,000 feet.

The descent of the Tuolumne Canyon is not child's play. Perfect health, steady nerves and muscular endurance are essential. Three or four days at least must be consumed in the journey, provisions and necessariel must be taken on the back so as to leave the arms free for the incessant "cat-climbing," and a roaring fire each night must serve as a makeshift for blankets.

Our outfit for the trip was, as might be supposed, a very carefully selected one; we packed it on burros in the Yosemite, took the Tioga road to the meadows, and reached the head of the canyon in a day and a half. A few miles down we found a little grassy valley securely inclosed by granite walls, where we hobbled our animals and made up our packs. The fewest and lightest cooking utensils and about thirty pounds of nutritious food made up the contents of my companion's knapsack; and mine, which was a specially constructed camera-case, was occupied by a 6½ x 8½ camera, thirty-five plates, twelve plate-holders, tripod, rubber blanket for changing plates, socks and handkerchiefs,—the whole weighing exactly thirty-eight pounds.

We started in high spirits from the little meadow corral, and had no sooner surmounted the first bluff along the river bank than a series of the most beautiful cascades met our eyes. In briefly describing the canyon, John Muir has said that "for miles the river seems to have no definite channel." This remark immediately recurred to us as we gazed upon the river. The dam of some reservoir in the vicinity might have burst and precipitated this flood upon the granite below us for all it resembled a river bed. The surface that the torrent was utilizing as a racecourse was a steeply inclined, flattish bottomed gully of bedded granite, laid

1. Round Valley at the Canyon Head. 2. The Water Whirls. 3. El Cap
6 Down the Gorge. 7. Twin Falls on South Wall. 8. A

in irregular plates like steps. Here it was "bouldery," there it lay in smooth, glacier-polished tables and basins; again, it was massed in irregular piles that supported a stunted but hardy and picturesque growth of tamarack and juniper trees. Down the trough thus formed the river flung itself headlong. While the irregularities of the granite were small, the stream was merely a frothing and surging rapid; where the bottom was smooth and polished, it was a beautiful green and silver apron, like that so named above the Vernal Fall. Where the bottom was a series of steep pitches, the river, with the marvelous adaptability of falling water, turned to a series of frothing cataracts; and, where the bottom changed to precipices, there the river flung itself over in sheer falls, the while roaring in seeming boastfulness of its temerity.

And so for nearly seven miles of the descent, while the canyon walls are rearing their heads in loftier and still loftier sublimity and confining the maddened river at their feet to narrower and narrower passages, the

falls and cascades grow higher and more and more beautiful, as they gather volume from the many entering streams.

Of this almost uninterrupted series of falls and cascades only a few bear names, and these are such as are accessible to those who take a day's or half-a-day's ramble down the canyon. Above the point where the Virginia Creek trail crosses, which is only a few miles from the meadows, there is an Upper and Lower Virginia Cascade. Just before reaching the trail is the Tuolumne Fall, a small affair indeed when compared to those farther down the canyon; and at the end of a little forested valley, through which for the first time the river swims placidly, are the White Cascades, where, after dividing into a number of streams, the river spreads itself out and courses down the rock in a series of foamy fans, through which the burnished plates of granite show like satin behind flowing gauze. From the White Cascades, which are the last that have received names, to the final group, near Return Creek, it is safe to say there are twenty series of falls, cas-

Theodore S. Solomons photo.

[illegible]e Tuolumne Canyon. 4. Looking up the Canyon. 5. Fairview Dome. [illegible]eristic Upper Canyon Scene. 9. Series of Spreading Rapids.

cades and rapids. In some places we stood on a boulder at the torrent's edge and looked up a quarter of a mile of sheer cascade.

The last of the cascades, which are divided into an upper and lower, are the finest of all, and marvels of beauty. The Lower Cascade starts down a two or three hundred foot incline, which at first glance seems straight as a gangplank. But the wonderful "water whirls," as John Muir dubbed them, give instant evidence of the gashes and rents in its surface. At irregular intervals the swiftly gliding mass of foaming water shoots out from the rock in a perfect wheel.

On the northern side of the canyon and about midway down the cascades, several great rocks rear their heads. There is the El Capitan-like rock previously spoken of, of most symmetrical proportions, and which, upon a near approach, appears stupendously lofty. Its front and side are beautifully polished by the ancient ice. Walking on similarly glaciated surface in the bottom of the canyon, even where the slope is hardly noticeable, is difficult, if not impossible. The first day out, both of us, in foolish bravado, essayed sliding, and came down on our hips with a painful and simultaneous whack.

At Return Creek, a large tributary which enters from the north, the more striking cascades cease; but, as though to mollify the disappointed toiler, who, if he have a soul, would as lief the series should continue on indefinitely, the canyon walls begin to rise in ever-increasing perpendicularity, and gradually, instead of looking down at the kaleidoscopic changes of the river, the traveler finds himself turning his gaze to the right, to the left and above with growing wonder and admiration. Yet neither wonder nor admiration adequately expresses his feelings. Considering its tremendous height and comparative narrowness, the canyon is practically a cleft, but a cleft of such magnitude as to oppress him with a sense of smallness, of helplessness, of dependence upon Mother Earth, between whose mighty ribs, as it were, he is crawling, steadily crawling, and yet appearing to make little if any progress. Never, does it seem to him, has he been into the earth and himself a part of it sc truly as now. The Tuolumne Canyon cannot fail to awaken emotions which no other environment has ever previously developed.

On the north wall there is the apparent hardness, the yellow and cream colored granite and dark perpendicular striping of El Capitan and the Yosemite Fall cliff. On the southern wall the rock is slate colored and riven by great brush-grown crevasses like the heights of Glacier Point and the cliffs surrounding the Sentinel. Thus the presence of the sun on the north wall the whole day through, and its almost entire absence on the south wall, have resulted in the same radical differences of appearance as in the Yosemite. This fact is equally true of all the narrow and perpendicular gorges of the southern Sierra.

Half way down the canyon we saw a great double-peaked rock, just back of the south wall, bearing the name Tuolumne Castle, and which is so tremendously lofty, when viewed from the canyon, as seemingly to pierce the very sky. It may be five thousand feet above the canyon floor as easily as three.

From Return Creek down to within nine or ten miles of Hetch Hetchy, the walls are about as nearly sheer as the average in the Yosemite. Along the central portion of this locality the walls attain their maximum height and perpendicularity. For miles, as it seems to the human flea hopping laboriously from boulder to boulder in the narrow bottom of the gorge, the walls shoot up straight as the sides of a building and extend up and up till, on their summits, tall conifers—they must be from the altitude of the brink—are tiniest, elongated specks. Towering straight above us, obscuring nearly every constellation of the firmament for three of the five nights we spent in the canyon, they exerted a fascination that not only resulted in straining the muscles of our necks, but kept us gazing when we should have been in bed, *i. e.*, our tired bodies in full dress flung out on the ground in dangerous proximity to burning logs. Later, in the Yosemite, it were well for the "oldest inhabitants" to answer our expressions of opinion as to their height and perpendicularity by reminding us that the canyon is narrow and our visual judgment vitiated in consequence! How many hours in the aggregate did we spend in calculating with all care and deliberation the height of the lower wall, the recession of the ledge above, the slope to the foot of the next section of the wall, again the recession and the final wall, with the approximate visual angle subtended by the Lilliputian trees at the top, calculated by their probable height, judged by their species. This process, though frequently repeated, invariably resulted in a conclusion as to height and perpendicularity which we, in common with most of the other persons who have made the trip and told their friends about it, have since been expiating by a martyrdom which we are trying to bear with fortitude.

Among the innumerable unnamed beauties of the canyon are twin falls,—not upon the river, but that come plunging down the south wall,—at this point higher, perhaps, than anywhere else in the canyon. This creek is by no means a small one, and in early summer, when the volume of water is at maximum, these falls must be nearly as fine as the smaller Yosemite Falls.

To even name the separate marvels of this most marvelous of gorges, much less to describe them separately, would be quite impossible in a short account. New ones are revealed at every turn in the river.

The final act of this drama of ages agone was the carving of a gorge within the gorge, so deep, so narrow, and heralded by so terrific a roar, that the now tired traveler instinctively guesses he is nearing the end of the scenic paradise. We stood on a giant boulder, on which, as we afterward found, the previous party had also stood,—while the frothing waters swirled madly by, and gazed with profoundest feeling into a veritable hell of granite. Up from the snarled white thread of river, two smooth, bare, cruel walls rose nearly side by side. Up, up they went, bending back from each other a very little, till they rose almost a thousand feet, when one, the northern, turned and swept back to the canyon wall, forming a great spur,—about the first of any size encountered on the trip. Over this spur the traveler must climb, if he would continue his journey. The previous party named this gorge after John Muir.

Upon descending from the spur, we reached the gorge's mouth, where, after emerging from the narrow throat between the walls, the river falls in short descents among caverns formed by piled-up earthquake boulders of immense size. The picture presented by this gorge mouth, framed by the distant canyon, is something utterly indescribable.

Four hours' climb from the Muir Gorge, and Pait Valley ended the canyon for us. To be sure, Hetch Hetchy, whither the preceding party had gone, was still a day's journey ahead, but in a scenic sense the canyon ended here; so we climbed the south wall, which certainly could not have been less than 4,000 feet high, though quite slanting, and made our way to the Tioga road.

The element of personal adventure in a trip of this sort, while seldom lacking either in amount or variety, is so dwarfed by the superior interest of the scenery as to become quite insignificant,—indeed, quite contemptible, in a sense, in any spoken or written retrospect. After our days of unremitting toil in the brush and boulders, we spent the nights in the little forest flats that occur none too frequently, building big fires, and trying to persuade ourselves that we "slept like a log" by frequently repeating the lie in the way of casual remark. We braved the swift and icy current several times each day, when the opposite side seemed better traveling, and it was no uncommon thing for us to walk in the river nearly up to our waists for a quarter of a mile to avoid the fearful roughness of the banks.

Before stepping on rattlesnakes we invariably observed the formality of first killing them. Through some inexplicable mystery of miscalculation or unparalleled velocity of appetite, we fell short of provisions and had to go for a couple of days on half rations, and for a day and a half on practically none at all, till, dragging our jaded legs one after another, slowly, oh! so slowly, we managed to reach that haven of rest and kitchens, the Yosemite Valley, where we soon turned ourselves loose on all sorts of edibles. New shoes had ripped, stout overalls were in shreds, shirts were torn, and finger tips were worn to the quick from the incessant laying hold of the rocks. The spectacle of such a person seated by a picnic table at Yosemite Point, innocently engaged in mending his only pair of trousers, and fleeing to the brush with his trousers on his arm on the unexpected approach of stylish tourists, such a spectacle may not be altogether devoid of humor; but who cares a fig for the smothered mirth of these "lollers in silk," to whom the hotel dining-table is an object of greater interest and concern than El Capitan itself. One meets at the shrine of Nature all manner and conditions of people. It is a vantage at which to study the end and aim of life.

After an encompassment of Tuolumne Canyon cliffs there is an expansion of soul that more than compensates for contraction of pantaloons, and beside there are the days of rest that follow, when all one has to do is to scrub and mend leisurely, and develop photographs like all possessed.

ITEMS.

Fear of the future drives many to desperate acts. No one need fear for the future if he be properly educated. A proper education is not one devoted exclusively to polish, but is one that can be turned to account, that can be used to evolve the daily bread and butter. Such an education can be gained at the San Francisco Business College, Murphy Building. No graduate of this school ever lost a position through incompetency, and they are to be found in every place of importance.

A Viennese doctor has been applying the test of photography to the human skin, and finds that each skin has its own distinctive markings. What with thumb marks and skin photography, it ought to be easy for police authorities to have a serviceable rogue's gallery, even if a criminal won't sit still long enough to have his face photographed.

"The Wardrobe Renovatory," at 121 Stockton Street, "Phone" 1492. Renovation, renewal and repair of wearing apparel. Efficient workmanship; free delivery; reasonable charges. Special monthly contracts.

"The Alphabet of Homeopathic Home Medication," a reliable and useful publication, will be mailed free by Brooks' Homeopathic Pharmacy, No. 119 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.

No tipping the waiters at Johnson's, the new first-class restaurant at No. 28 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

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John W. Carmany, No. 25 Kearny Street, leading shirt-maker and men's furnisher. Fall styles now ready.

Those who suffer from weak nerves, impaired digestion, and all the evils that flow from that national scourge, chronic dyspepsia, should seek relief in a nerve-renewing, life-invigorating panacea of world-wide efficacy. The truest tonic known to mankind is "Old Jesse Moore's" time-honored brand of pure, unadulterated whisky. It sheds a new radiance upon sublunary things, and its golden glow in liquid form recalls the nectar of Olympus and all the festive joys of classical mythology.

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"Mary Jane," said the rector solemnly, "the steak is cooked to a crisp and the potatoes are raw. You have left undone things that ought to be done, and cooked too done the things that ought not to be done, and there is no health in them."

Ladies visiting the city should not fail to call on La Verite Hairdressing and Manicure Bazaar at No. 1170 Market Street. It is strictly first-class. Artistic hairdressing, bleaching, dyeing and shampooing, and the only place where you can have the *egg* shampoo. Bangs, switches and wigs of natural curl at reasonable rates Scalp treatment, face steaming and ironing. Further particulars gladly furnished on application.

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Dr. Parker's Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price twenty-five cents. Geo. Dahlbender & Co., 214 Kearny Street.

Travelers, Attention!

Reduced Rates to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River!

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is a mammoth opening in the earth which is **eighteen miles wide** and **seven thousand feet deep.** At the bottom is the Colorado River, which rushes and boils through this deep abyss, but which, from the top of the rim, looks like a silver thread. The rocks are of a variety of bright colors, which give it the appearance of a mighty kaleidoscope.

The Santa Fe Railroad System is the only line passing through Flagstaff, A. T., from which point the Canyon is reached by stage.

A beautifully illustrated descriptive book of the Canyon will be forwarded without charge on application, and all information desired will be cheerfully given by W. A. BISSELL,
General Passenger Agent.
550 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The editor of this department will be glad to answer questions submitted by inquiring readers, or to engage in a discussion upon topics of special interest.

To Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood of Canton, O., I am indebted for the receipt of several copies of the *National Tribune* of Washington, D. C., relative to the adoption of the flag salute in the schools of the United States. Mrs. Sherwood is a poet whose verses have been the inspiration of thousands to the highest, noblest form of patriotism. She has been the poet of the soldiers reunion and of the nation's Decoration Day. Mrs. Sherwood is chairman of the standing committee on patriotic teaching of the National Council of Women, and secretary of the Women's Relief Corps, G. A. R.

From Mrs. Sherwood I learn that Col. Geo. R. Balch, recently deceased, was the originator of the flag salute in the public schools of the East, and that he had given years to the development of his patriotic idea which culminated in the salute to the flag, school elections, and the education of the child in an appreciation of its duties, rights and privileges as an American citizen. The movement is rapidly spreading throughout the United States, even in the South, and it will not be long before every American child salutes the flag of his country every day.

It is a fact worthy of notice as another instance of the synchronism, the spontaneity of ideas, that while Colonel Balch was elaborating his patriotic plan in the East, a woman teacher in California, without ever having heard of this noble man, was working along the same line of thought,—having the flag saluted daily, writing on the subject, urging the teaching of patriotism in our schools, and the need of supplementing the flying of the schoolhouse flag with more specific instruction in patriotism.

Long before the people in the East had taken any concerted action in regard to the matter, the daily salute to the flag had been adopted in several of our San Francisco schools, prior to Columbus Day; our local Board of Education, in response to a request from this woman teacher, had allowed the children to take up a collection to place a flag in each and every schoolroom.

In 1894 "Flag Friday" was made a part of the regular curriculum of each month; but, while that calls for special exercises only on one Friday of the month, since long before Columbus Day, 1892, our city schools, many of them, have had the flag saluted daily in the classroom, by individual classes, or in a body as a school in the school-yard. The verbal form of salute varies; some have adopted the Balch words, others are more cumbersome. It is a satisfaction to all loyal Californians to know that this great patriotic movement, now swelling over the East, originated, as far as California is concerned, in California itself, originated with a Californian, its adoption urged by a Californian, and its adoption made sure by Californians who, at the time, were totally ignorant of another's efforts in the same direction. It is a grand thought that from the East and the West, from the North and the South, the children of our great Republic are coming forward to do honor to our glorious flag,—to the stars and stripes; that, with their hands on their hearts, they say in Colonel Balch's words, "We give our heads and our hearts to our country,—one country, one language and one flag." To this form the Californian has added the clincher to the whole avowal, "We are Americans." Let the good work go on.

Some time ago Kate Field called upon the theatrical managers of the country to place at least one patriotic selection upon their musical programme for each evening. This was done, so I am told, in the days before the war, and Miss Field urged a return to the custom. Some of the New York managers fell into line, much to Miss Field's delight. It is only of recent date that the idea has begun to obtain in our San Francisco theaters. The last time I was at the Baldwin, I noticed that the orchestra played The Star Spangled Banner with a great deal of spirit. Manager Bouvier deserves the thanks of the community for his patriotic action, and it is to be hoped that his example may be followed in all the theaters of our city.

That was a delightfully graceful thing in Manager Friedlander of the California Theater to tender a complimentary benefit to that worthy charity, the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission. Everything was donated, and the Mission realized a handsome sum.

The Flower Mission cares for the sick and the discouraged. It gives material aid. Contributions of fruit, flowers, groceries, reading matter and cast-off clothing are always in great demand. Parties desiring to contribute to the Flower Mission, if residents of San Francisco, have only to notify the secretary of the Society, 420 Post Street, by postal, and an expressman will call for the goods. Wells, Fargo & Co. have carried goods to the Flower Mission from all parts of the State free of charge. Please remember that when fruit time comes, and send the Mission a box or two of fruit.

One of my correspondents accuses me of being a humorist because I wrote in last month's TRAVELER that San Francisco is becoming a clean city; that since the Merchants' Association have taken the street-sweeping contract our thoroughfares are no longer disagreeable with dust.

Time will bear me out in the truth of what I have stated. Without dirt and dust as their burden, our winds are blessings, not curses. A broad, liberal and progressive policy adopted and pursued by our commercial bodies and by our municipalities will make San Francisco the winter city of the American continent. Just consider our climate. On the very days that snow storms and forest fires and ocean disasters are marking their paths with death and desolation, our people are visiting Sutro's Baths and swarming out to the Cliff House to watch the seals, or thronging Golden Gate Park to sit for hours on the bright-green grass in the warm sun, while a bright-blue sky shines over all. California is the garden spot of gods and men. In all Eastern parks the visitor is confronted at every turn with prohibitive signs. It is "Keep off the grass" here and "Keep off the grass" there, and such grass, too, growing thin and in patches, while our grass is thick and velvety and is Nature's own carpet for her thousands of appreciative and happy children. How can I describe our climate in midwinter? It is impossible to do it just. Let me quote from the verses of Flora MacDonald Shearer, a local poet whose published poems have been extensively copied both in this country and in Europe. These are the lines:

"Now in midwinter, see! the buds unfold;
The yellow poppies open one by one;
The mountain streams, bound by no despot cold,
Flash through the woods, rejoicing as they run.
O, most fair land! it is the land of gold:
It is the land of pleasure and the sun."

Isn't that a picture most alluring? If you don't believe it just come out here and see for yourself.

To a true San Franciscan, one who knows the history of this wonderful city by the sea, there is nothing more irritating than to hear the metropolis of the Pacific Coast called "Frisco." That offensive appellation is never used by our metropolitan press, by any San Franciscan, or by any traveler or tourist who has caught the spirit of our people. It is the cant term used by Barbary Coasters, by country bumpkins who want to be facetious and don't know how. It is sometimes used by newcomers to our city, who fancy that, by using an abbreviation of the city's name, they are showing their familiarity with the city itself. To a true San Franciscan the term always arouses a feeling of resentment. It is a matter of humiliation to me that on more than one occasion letters that I have written from this city to the East have been headed by editors in such a way as to use the word "Frisco." Be pleased to take notice, kind friends, that San Francisco is the name of the city by the Golden Gate.

It is wonderful how things go with a rush in California. The bicycle has been adopted by all classes of society, and, despite the prophecies of a few, that the craze will soon die out, the bicycle, if the signs of the times mean anything, has come to stay. If it were only the fad of the hour would so many people, especially ladies, invest a hundred or more dollars in wheels that would be abandoned sooner or later? Hardly. It is a good thing for San Francisco, it is a good thing for any city, when bicycle riding becomes general; for that means agitation for good roads, and their construction, too. One great drawback, or rather what has hitherto been a drawback to the more general adoption of the bicycle as a pleasure vehicle, has been our San Francisco hills and our poorly paved streets. But with the spread of the bituminous pavement, one objection is fading from view, and bicycle riders have hopes that a more level way of approach to our Park may yet be devised. Once at Golden Gate Park, the cyclist is happy. No one who has not ridden a wheel can know how delightful, how fascinating, is the sport. The ladies have adopted the bicycle in good earnest. There is one admonition they should ever bear in mind, and that is, to avoid over-exertion. To practice every day, and to extend the course a little each day, will give an increase of muscle and of power, so gradually, yet so surely, acquired, that no ill effects are to be felt. Another equally important direction is comprised in the warning, "No woman should try to ride up steep hills."

One of the most interesting features attending the spread of the bicycle craze is the appearance of bifurcated costumes. They are all but universal The woman who rides in skirts will soon find herself the subject of remark. She is already conspicuous.

What a good thing it is for the short story writer when a new subject is discovered, or rather a new vehicle for the old ideas. If war is a godsend to writers of fiction, the invention of the telegraph gave them a new stage-setting for their ideas; then the phonograph, and now the bicycle. Why, the other day I came upon a bicycle ghost story. What more could one want?

Among the many projects for the improvement of San Francisco that have been discussed is the one that proposes the planting of trees along our principal residence streets. If this project could be successfully carried out it would do more to beautify San Francisco than almost any other plan. Let us do all that is possible to arouse civic pride and give it food upon which to thrive.

In a former issue of the TRAVELER I made several suggestions to the editor of *Frank Leslie's Weekly* in response to his general invitation to his readers to discuss subjects of interest with him. I now desire to make acknowledgment to B. Arkell of *Leslie's Weekly* for his complimentary and courteous reception of the same.

Relative to my remarks concerning the educative value of an illustrated paper in our public schools, the editor says: "There was a time during the Civil War when in the schools of some of the Western States the war news was regularly read, with explanatory remarks by the teachers, who, in this way, inculcated the spirit of patriotism in their pupils while keeping them fully informed as to the progress of events. The illustrations accompanying the text added immensely to the value of these readings. We should be delighted to place *Leslie's* in every public school as suggested, but that would involve an expenditure which the school authorities, rather than ourselves, ought to meet. We will do our share by a just reduction of rates in any case where it is desired to try the plan."

Certainly that is a handsome offer and should be accepted.

The best war correspondent in the China-Japanese War was a woman,—and a woman young in years. Margherita Arlina Hamm, the brilliant journalist whose famous interview with Blaine at Bar Harbor was the sensation of the hour, has added new laurels to her honors by acting as a war correspondent in Corea. Over 250 Oriental stories have appeared in the United States from her pen since last October. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, the leading New York papers, and the San Francisco *Examiner*, have devoted pages to her work.

She is the only woman to have intercourse with the Empress Dowager of China, and the Queen of Corea, and this was gained through consular influences. She has studied carefully and faithfully the industrial position of woman in the far East, and already has an excellent publisher for a book upon the subject.

The various diplomats at Corea were so interested in her for her courage and pluck that they aided her in every possible way. At all events she brought the first story to America, and accomplished the feat of wiring the first one to London.

Upon her return to the United States, Margherita Arlina Hamm has become the editor of *The Journalist* of New York, which was so long identified with Allan Forman. Already the strong, vigorous works of this brilliant young American are showing what an American woman can do when she has ability, grit and "get there."

H. C. Brainard of the *Pacific Tree and Vine* of San Jose is one of the Horticultural Commissioners for Santa Clara County. He is a great authority on bugs, and he urges orchardists not to spray for the scale, but to cultivate the harmless enemy of the scale, which, if colonized in a judicious manner, will exterminate the scale pest in short order. Spraying is no respecter of insects; it kills the good and the bad at once, altogether. Farmers and orchardists are warned against purchasing foreign trees, as these are likely to be infested with some pest or other. It is easier to keep out these insect parasites than to put them out after they get in.

William Steinway says of musical matters in this country: "The love and appreciation of good music by the American people has been and is still rapidly increasing, and its progress has been quite phenomenal, and at the present time the United States may justly be placed in the front rank as a land of music and song." It is not too much then to hope that California will yet give the American singers to the world. We already have Sybil Sanderson to represent us.

ELIZA D. KEITH (DI VERNON).

THE SALUTE.

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE TRAVELER,
MARCH, 1893.

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W. H. Lowden Photo

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

Supplement to THE TRAVELER, December, 1894

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